

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1902

1241

The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1902.

A DISCREDITABLE FACT.

Some time ago we happened upon an arraignment of the individuals who publish blood-curdling tales for boys and a certain kind of adult. The arguments were good and venerable. But, somehow or other, the demand for them is always greater than the supply. The writer who can pile up horrors and bring his hero scathless through manifold adventures will always find an employer and an abundance of cash. More's the pity! But was it not set for the last year in the daily prints that an individual with a deftness for manipulating this kind of fiction had amassed a goodly share of this world's goods. True, his name was not heralded by what are styled the foremost critics, nor was the prestige of a big publishing house behind his strivings after the dollar. But all the same he managed to get hold of the elusive scrip; and in this was more fortunate than many of our eminent bookmakers who, however sincere their love for art, keep a watchful eye on the coin of the realm. When he died, the critics did not deign to remember him. No prattle about his boyhood or of what number of shoes he wore. Oblivion settled fast upon this weaver of tales. Now if he had devoted his time to dishing up foreign dirt or concocting salacious figments or yclept psychological studies the critics might have tendered him some teary tributes. Instead, however, he bent his energies to the manufacturing of nightmares for the juvenile and was denied the poor fame that is based on the puffery of the current review. It was too bad. But the critics knew it all. Still, for our part we believe that the scribe who dashes off shockers to order is less dangerous to society than the "persons immersed in a cess-pool eagerly endeavoring to add to its foulness by their own personal contributions."

And when some out-of-date people venture to say aught derogatory to them, they are silenced by the assertion that such writers are original. Great word! Goethe, who was somewhat of a writer, used to say: "People are always talking about originality, but what do they mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work upon us and this goes on to the end. And, after all, what can we call our own except energy, strength and will. If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries there would be but a small balance in my favor." But this modest language is out of fashion. And so the writer with a pull and ability enough to provide provender for silly females and battered rones, who would like to believe that sin is but a matter of temperament, are original. When there is anything original born into the world we can be trusted to discover it as well as the critics. In the meanwhile we can solace ourselves in remembering that, as Donoso Cortes used to say, let one proclaim that two and two make five, and he will be regarded as an original thinker.

"LIGHT" LITERATURE.

So long as the boys are turned loose to grub for a living so long also shall we have a market for the fiction we have alluded to. And by no means let us imagine that the children of the slums who, because of parental improvidence or crime, begin life's battles at an early age, are the only ones to indulge in this kind of reading. Many of the boys who come from respectable homes, and are, thanks to gossip about literary celebrities, designated in school programmes as the study of literature, supposed to be discriminating readers, come under this category. They read the veriest trash because they have never been taught to form conceptions of proper dignity or worthiness. They cannot perceive true ideals. The story of a saint is meaningless and the adventures of an outlaw fills them with enthusiasm. In fact they are barbarians at heart, smart if you like, but devoid of the qualities which go to constitute true manhood. Without gentleness and without reverence they begin while in their teens to carry the banners of the world. It is a task of no little difficulty to do anything with them. One may advise, but it is apt to fall on heedless ears. They will read anything pertaining to the external, but nothing of that which tends to make one noble and happy. One might as well expect a votary of rag-time to interpret the world music as to

see an urchin taking pleasure in serious reading. All the exhortation in the world will not make him do it. And to increase the difficulty they are blind to their ignorance and faults, for your youngster of this century is nothing if not cock sure of himself. As he advances in years he may abandon the fiction of the woolly west variety and confine himself to the historical romance which in some instances is little different from the average dime novel. But by this time he is wedded to false ideals. He has a standard by which to measure anything and everything. And that standard is having, and not being. The boyish affection for the outlaw of the woods with his trophies at his belt gives way for the commercial or political outlaw with their treasures of gold and emoluments. And when the unthinking lads see these individuals eulogized by the newspapers, and received cap in hand by worthy citizens, they are apt to be convinced that they are not far wrong and that all the discourses of the Directors are merely in the way of business.

BETTER HOMES NEEDED.

There are many devices to allure the youth into the pastures of profitable reading. Some of them are invented by well-meaning people who seem to be in the dark as to the make-up of the average lad. Others are libraries. Reading some of the speeches against the Carnegie benefactions leaves no doubt that some of our friends believe that with a library in every town Canada would be a well-spring of noble thought and endeavor. Librarians, however, are not so optimistic. They tell us that the greatest demand is for fiction, and they see no change in the taste of the reading public. So far as improvement of conduct goes, the criminal statistics of much-librated Germany are not reassuring. For ourselves we believe that the multiplication of libraries is a menace in a certain sense to the growth of a community. At all events they have little or no influence on the people for whom they are established, and are certainly no proof of the worthiness of our citizenship. To our mind the one way to have a better race of men is to have a better home.

We are not a whit pessimistic on this point. While we take pride in the homes that turn out loyal and energetic Catholics we may not shut our eyes to those which give us Catholics who are careless, indifferent and devoid of enthusiasm for aught that is ennobling and self-improving. A wise father is aware of his responsibility in the matter of reading for his children. And, further, if day in and day out he impress upon them, not so much by word as by example, that their business in the world is primarily to save their souls, he will do much towards shielding them from the debasing and sinful. The lad who has burned into him that he belongs to God; that sin, however small, is the greatest evil in the world; that the strugglings of God-like souls are alone worthy of admiration, is in a condition to understand advice as to what he should read. But if instead of this we have a negligent father, and a mother always cooking about social position and the way of the world, we are apt to have a brood of youngsters who read little or nothing, and later on young men given to sport and "resoluting" about not having their rights.

EDUCATED YOUNG MEN.

At a meeting of educators held recently at Chicago Bishop Spalding made an earnest appeal for support of the Catholic University of America. The prelate is always at his best on this subject. Speaking of the necessity of having educated Catholics behind every factory that makes for the good of the country, he said: "How are we Catholics going to eternally talk about the Church, and talk about our glories and about our numbers? Are we not going to place men in many parts of this country who are thoroughly competent to discuss every possible problem, every possible subject—not in a popular, in a general way, but with the best knowledge of the day, acquainted thoroughly with the best that has been, and is done, has been and is right? We must do it!" We may not be able to point to many men in Canada as described by the Bishop, but we have certainly some who are competent to discuss the problems that come up from time for solution. But why don't they do it? Are they too modest to give their contributions the benefits of their learning and experience and most they are content

to dole it out to the admiring members of their family circle? Or are they too indolent? We do not presume to know the cause but we do know that for some time past we have been models of reticence in this respect. Are we afraid to hold to the antiquated theory that the "don't wake the baby" air which we have sedulously cultivated is the best passport to the favor of our non-Catholic brethren? Suppose that we break the monotony by attending the next public meeting in our town, just as a sign that we are beginning to notice. We may then believe that there are other representative citizens besides eloquent divines and budding politicians.

In our business we have to attend lectures. There is the old-timer bubbling over with patriotism and it is invariably chronicled as a brilliant effort. Sometimes some kind-hearted gentleman favors us with a dissertation on, say, the British North America Act. We all know the introductory sentences. He is pleased. He has had for years a respect and reverence for our belief and such like ear-tickling remarks. But as he generally favors us with all this just before an election we are inclined to remember that politicians sell what they seem to give. Then there is the lecture given by the Catholic apologist to bettering ourselves, socially and intellectually and morally. It may be instructive or a string of old saws and platitudes, but one should like to impress upon our men of wealth and education that a visit now and then to our societies and an attempt at sympathy with our poor, struggling lads will do them more good than if they were talked at for a century. That is how the Y. M. C. A. does business. Protestants of influence take an interest in it and give a helping hand to those who need it. Hence the stranger fills positions to the exclusion of the native. It is easy to say that the native is not qualified to fill these positions. Nine cases out of ten it is false. The poor unknown Protestant is pushed forward and the poor unknown Catholic is left to get a grip on the world as best he can. And so while non-Catholics, both ladies and gentlemen, work for their own with a patience and persistency that compels admiration, we have to be duly thankful for a lecture.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Special to THE CATHOLIC RECORD. A priest whose name is very well known, but who declines to make it public has recently donated \$10,000 for the Apostolic Mission House, which is about to be established at Washington in the Fall. This is money that came to him before he entered the ministry, and by judicious investment has grown to its present proportions. He was anxious to place it not in bricks and mortar, but in the direct work of saving souls. His first idea was to employ an hospital, because thought he, "there is no better time for the good effects of religion than when one is sick." But on second thought, he took her a larger and broader view of the office of religion, and when the scheme of the Apostolic Mission House was presented to him, he determined to help along this "infant industry." The Mission House will accept priests who are ordained, and will give them a year or two of a post-graduate course in apologetics and methods of mission work, and will return them to their dioceses equipped to give missions. Every one knows how very successful missions are. There seems to be a special grace going along with the preaching at the time of a Mission that awakens the hardest heart. If there were more missions, if the work already established were extended to every diocese in the country, what wonderful results would there not be attained!

This is what the Apostolic Mission House proposes. In a few years it will create mission bands for the various dioceses. These home missionaries will be a company of light infantry, at the command of the Bishop for special work. They can be sent here and there to preach "Forty Hours," to take the place of absent priests, to go into a town where there are a few Catholics, and preach to the non-Catholics, and organize a new parish, to weed out and to cultivate the uncared for places in the diocese, in short to make themselves generally useful. Why the time will come in the history of every well organized diocese when it will be impossible to get along without such a band of helpers!

However, this practical-minded, sagacious priest saw, that there would be no quicker and better return for his money than in creating these mission bands, and he gave quickly and generously to his pet scheme. The latest convert of note is Miss Sara Van Allen, the grand-daughter of Mrs. J. J. Astor. She belongs to an exclusive Newport set, and was about to be wedded to Mr. Peter Collier, jr., a Catholic. When she broached the matter to her father, he said the only objection he had to the marriage was the difference of religion between herself and her intended. "Father," she

answered him, "I have removed that objection by becoming a Catholic myself." She had seriously considered the question of the True Church, and some months previously after due instruction had been received into the Church. Her father accepted the situation and gave his permission. This incident, besides the romantic interest attached to it, serves to indicate how quickly all antagonism to the Church is dying out among the upper classes. There was not one bit of condemnation for the young bride, nor any severe censure on her for becoming a Catholic. It was universally conceded that it was just the proper thing to do.

A. P. DOYLE, C. S. P.

A PROTESTANT IN LONDON'S NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

An interesting letter from London in the Christian Register shows how the Westminster Cathedral (of whose architect, Bentley, we printed a few weeks ago the Athenaeum's appreciation) appeals to a Protestant of a different kind from the Athenaeum's editor. He writes: "Yesterday my official position as London correspondent of the Register stood me in good stead at the new Roman Catholic cathedral now approaching completion in Westminster. It is far away the largest church in London, and has been many years in building. It was already begun in 1894. It was erected, roughly so, to permit of its acoustic qualities being tested by a grand recital of sacred music. It suddenly occurred to me that I would like to attend. When I arrived at the door of entrance and saw that the best seats were \$5.25 cents, and the second best were half that price, I began to consider it again.

"The result was that I went directly up to the very courteous priest who played the part of 'Peter at the gate,' and quietly told him what I represented. Instantly his cordial welcome came. 'Please go around to the house (the Cardinal Archbishop's). I will meet you there immediately, and provide you with a ticket.' The ticket, No. 307, was with a ticket. 'The vast nave was already slowly filling with ladies and gentlemen whose carriages and liveried servants I had seen in long array upon the street. . . . The people still came streaming in until the vast nave began to look well filled. Then an orchestra of ninety or a hundred instrumentalists began to fill the sides of the great altar space, followed soon by the large choir of the Brompton Oratory and the of the cathedral itself.

"At half-past three the Cardinal, in his scarlet cap and gown, came down what will be the high altar steps, and bowing graciously to this and that familiar face in the audience, went rapidly down the nave to a seat in a little gallery over the door of entrance,—a point exactly opposite, and the most distant from, the musicians. Soon the music began. First, Wagner's 'Holy Supper of the Apostles,' written in 1843, when he was thirty years of age. The words, as well as the music, are Wagner's, and even in the English translation are admirable. Almost startling in its strength came the greeting from one band of disciples to the other: 'We greet you, brethren, in the Lord's Name.' This first movement is unaccompanied, and consists of expressions of emotions, grief, fear, growing confidence, uncertainty, sense of unity of spirit between different bands of disciples—until the apostles, twelve bass voices, come into the throng asking, 'Are ye met as in the name of Jesus Christ?' This, answered strongly in the affirmative, is followed by the apostles' admission: 'We pray you, men and brethren, in faith and in affection.'

With increasing depth of feeling the drama proceeds till all unite in prayer for the Holy Spirit. The voices from above, in some lofty tribune under one of the four domes of the nave, descend with: 'Peace be yours. I am with you. Be not afraid.' At these words: 'Be not afraid!' the orchestra first comes in with wonderful effect. A new inspiration of confidence and courage enters, and continues until apostles and disciples go forth from that supper 'to all the nations,' sent to every creature. After this singularly effective but, with Wagnerian's, unpopular piece, we had Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, Purcell's Te Deum in D, written in 1694, two or three Motets, a Sanctus, and a Benedictus. One or two salient musical expressions of feeling must remain permanently in the memory of all who are sensitive hearers of such sacred compositions. One came out in a quartette for soloists, devoutly rendered by members of the Brompton Oratory Choir, and written by Wingham, its late musical director, who died only some six or seven years ago. The pure voice of a boy rang out so clearly and tenderly as to entrance and hold in breathless attention the whole assembly in the vast edifice. Even the cardinal at the extreme rear heard distinctly. Another memorable rendering came in Purcell's Te Deum. We, who sing so glibly and indifferently, 'O Lord, have mercy upon us!' sing it as if we didn't care much whether He did or not, as if we didn't would have forgotten, the hearing of the same petition sung with that feeling which possesses the soul when realizing its bondage to sin, its need of help and deliverance. The pathos, the pitifulness, the suppliant's will of half-hopeful, half-despairing emotion in those words 'Miserere nostri, Domine, miserere nostri,' affected that great concourse

as I have seldom or never seen and felt any multitude affected. The wail out of the depths of a single soul took hold upon us all. It was difficult to restrain tears. After the extreme tension of that cry was past, one noticed a kind of covert demand for pocket handkerchiefs. Deep had appealed, and responded unto deep. Just in front of me sat a fine, twenty-one. Already I had noticed how his body shook with emotion as this cry for mercy, this *miserere*, came again and again, and that he was fighting back the tears that came flooding up into his eyes. He, at least, knew the reality of the desire for peace and pardon which Purcell so religiously and fully expressed.

"As I have said, this new cathedral is not nearly finished. Apart from its beautiful columns it is yet bare, and utterly unadorned. Only the nave was ready for use yesterday; and in it alone were seats for between four and five thousand people, and these were well filled. Only here and there a vacant chair. The galleries and transepts are still not ready for use. Under these galleries were hundreds and hundreds of people who had been admitted to standing places for a shilling fee. I noticed that the music kept and held them from 3.30 until 6.30. This cathedral has already cost a sum of money that sounds almost fabulous, about \$2,200,000. Some \$16,000 more will be required before its cost is covered, and it can be given over in the solemn act of consecration 'in fee simple to God.' Its spacious, massive, and apparently imperishable shell, even as it now stands, is well worthy of the American visitor's attention. Its style, seen from the outside, like that of so many latter-day churches, staggers one, reminding him of so many famous bits of old-time work. The great entrance door—and something, indeed, about the entire facade—suggests St. Mark's, Venice. Its campanile lifts itself above everything in London, if not in Italy. It is a Byzantine cathedral. Its architect is a recently dead, having lived only long enough to see the outer shell of his great work completed. Just now I mentioned transepts. In the popular understanding of that term there are no transepts. He would have none of those open side-spaces. All the lines of the basilica should converge upon the altar. He was a bold man, know what he wanted as well as what the past had given him, and got what he wanted, so far as one man may ever have his own way. On some points he bowed to the preference of the Cardinal Archbishop. His Eminence preferred a roof of saucer domes to the vaulted and the building has it. The architect wished to build two campaniles. His Eminence said that one would do, and one there is. But, for the most part, this great work is stamped with the impress of a great worker, a man who had the poet's delicate sense of fitness, a Puritan's passion for the right and sincerity in his work, and a determination to do whatever was given him with a fidelity visible in every detail. It will take all this twentieth century to bring this building to its full artistic adornment and perfection, when all these bare and solid spaces shall glow and be sheathed with mosaics, the shall tell each its own story—of the Baptism in the Jordan, the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, and the Ascension. These sumptuous interiors, like that of St. Marco at Venice, are only possible to the piety and devotion and affectionate associations that come forth from the faithful again and again as generation succeeds generation. Some day the Catholic Congress of London may say, 'Come and see whether it were not better to have built and adorned a Byzantine cathedral that stands unrivalled in all Christendom than to have attempted a Gothic structure which could hardly have aspired to some secondary rank.'

THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

The Priests Point the Way to Heaven. It is a habit with us to speak of the triumphs and glories of the Church in ages which are gone. We love to tell the story of her martyrs and confessors, her saints and founders of religious orders; we dwell gladly on her revelations, her successes in converting the barbarous races, which have grown into Christendom, in purifying morals, in softening manners, in consecrating and protecting women, in founding schools, in preserving the treasures of classical literature, in fostering the arts, leading migratory tribes to choose fixed homes, to till the forest, drain the marsh, build cities and put themselves under the rule of law. Her decrees have, at times been abused, but her constant course and influence have ever made for righteousness, peace, charity, reverence, chastity, obedience, mildness, modesty, kindness and habits of cheerful industry. What she has been able to do in other ages and other lands, she is still able to do for us here and now; and though we rise in dignity of being in proportion to our power to live in the thought of the past and the future, yet since life is chiefly action, our first concern is with the present. In the Church is spiritual energy, since in her as the Saviour has taught us to believe, there abides the Spirit of God. But if this energy is to manifest itself in the world, it can only be through Godlike men. To such it was intrusted in the beginning, by such it was spread throughout the earth, and by such alone can its divide being be communicated to the sick and hungry souls of the people. On us it depends whether the Sacred Ark shall ride in safety, bearing the holiest and most priceless treasures, on the rising waters of the modern

democracy; whether again as of old, the priest shall not merely point the way to Heaven but be also a pioneer in all the paths that lead to wider knowledge, truer freedom and more wholesome living.

Now, all the great changes that mould and transform human life—religion, patriotism, friendship, love, devotion to heroic men and right causes—must be cared for and followed for themselves, and with all one's mind and heart, or their power to strengthen, uplift and purify is less. Shall we, the leaders of the Church in America, be able to turn resolutely from the false lights of momentary success, of material progress, of pride in mere numbers and showy buildings to the inner sources of power, to knowledge and wisdom, to purity and love to modesty and mildness! Shall we be able to free ourselves from the awful pressure of a public opinion which believes in nothing but money—and shrewdness as a means to money—an opinion that

"Hangs upon us with a weight Heavy as frost and deep almost as life!"

Shall we be able to reach and maintain a living and passionate faith in an estate higher than that of men—a faith which will make us reverent, devout, patient and self-denying! Which shall impel us to desire and labor for the things that lead to life, and to put far away the things that lead to destruction? If so, then in making ourselves worthy to be called ministers of Him who died for all, we shall find that we have become capable of rendering the highest services to the state of which we are citizens. "That country is richest," says Ruskin, "which nourishes the greatest number of noble and human beings; that man is richest, who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."—Catholic Columbian.

Should be Widely Read.

We are glad to give space this week to the article, "Poisoning the Wells," from Messenger of the Sacred Heart. It is a masterly arraignment of Appleton's Universal Cyclopedia and Atlas, and is a crushing refutation and correction of the anti-Catholic statements and insinuations contained in that work. The article we print is a most timely one, and must certainly forestall much injury that would otherwise be done. It is a crying shame that in this, our day, it is necessary for anyone to take up the cudgels against so pretentious a work as Appleton's Cyclopedia. Editors of any such work pretending to give information about the Catholic Church ought first, last and all the time be fair and impartial. More power to the trenchant pen of the editor of the Messenger!—Catholic Union and Times.

BAND-BOX CATHOLICS.

Some passages of Prof. Rivier's paper on Catholic labor unions last week are rather suggestive. While we cannot see any valid objection to spiritual advisers for Catholic labor unions, we can see reasons why such unions themselves are not feasible; and some of those reasons have not been enlarged upon by Prof. Rivier. 1. The plan of incessantly herding Catholics together will result in adding to the supply of hand-box Catholics. 2. Insisting that all one's associations shall be Catholic, inevitably must be accepted by the outside world as a confession of the weakness of the Catholic position. 3. A time has come for the Catholic mind to make itself felt in public affairs. As to the first, it may be asked, What is a hand-box Catholic? He may be defined as one unworthy of being trusted to stand by himself, even after he is full-grown. If he is so, it must be because he has never found necessity for using his limbs. It is, of course, necessary that a Catholic should receive proper training. This result is reached through the home, the church, the school. There are, moreover, numerous Catholic societies to which he may turn for strength in after-life. But, after all this preparation, is it possible he shall be found incapable in the presence of the enemy? Are full-grown Catholics such ridiculous weaklings that in order to preserve their faith they must be kept perpetually in a Catholic hand-box? Some of the strongest Catholic laymen in this country are men who are forced to engage in almost daily struggle with their Protestant neighbors. One such to our knowledge, converted an entirely Protestant community some years ago. Had the hand-box man prevailed in his day, as with some, it does in ours, this result would not have been attained. If Catholics are properly trained they may be trusted to "give a reason for the hope that is in them." The most imperative need of the age is the presence of the Catholic mind, clerical and lay, in our labor unions, literary circles and legislative halls. Let the Church give us strong men, and let these influence public opinion.—Catholic Union and Times.

The "cup of water" given in the name of Christ, is glorified by love. The water becomes like the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God; the cup becomes radiant with heaven's gold, richer than a king's golden chalice beset with jewels; the hand that lifts it to thirsting lips becomes rosy with beauty, though it may be rough and worn with toil.—Robert H. Paine.