

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Our note book serves us correctly, it was McGee who said in discussing the School question:

"I have but one son whom I dearly love, whose future I have deeply at heart. And if in one hand, I could secure him all the knowledge our best universities could impart, without that of the 5 cent catechism, and on the other have him thoroughly instructed in the latter to the neglect of all the rest, I would give him the catechism and my blessing and think I had best equipped him for his future career."

Parents, we presume, are ready to endorse these words of the distinguished orator. But it strikes us that the five cent catechism is not so much in evidence in households as it should be. It is held in honor doubtless, but the world, with its teachings, the talk about fashion and getting on, and rivaling our neighbor in show and display, conspire to make its lessons cold and meaningless. In one word, the negligent parent is responsible for much of the indifference that confronts us.

What is the reason, we were asked some time ago, for the fact that so many are entangled in the meshes of unbelief. Reasoning infidelity has something to do with it. But the most potent destroyer of purity and faith is the flippant ridicule of the joys and terrors set before us by revelation.

Doctrines consecrated by the belief and veneration of past ages are the subjects of thoughtless word and jest. In the time of Luther men trained on guns of Scriptural argument against the Catholic; to-day the groundless assumption, the scoff of the sceptic and blasphemy misused wit are the favorite weapons of attack.

We do not say that these methods affect us. But we have no hesitation in declaring that many are so wrapt up in the pride of life that the things which pertain to the faith are flat and insipid to them and out of date.

Hence their reading is confined to books which make them presumptuous and devoid of the fear which should accompany the Christian; to novels depicting the intrigue and passions of guilty love; and to magazines with their high art illustrations and chatter about actors and actresses and nonentities. There are sundry remedies given for this state of things. One remedy is to think: which is, however, a task of some difficulty to those maddled by desultory reading. And to stimulate thought one must have the right kind of books. So wise counsellors admonish us to woo the masters in literature. But what message has a great book for those whose mental food has been drawn from the newspaper and the output of flippant and shallow writers.

And when one remembers that the knowledge of great books depends upon hard study, that their meaning becomes apparent only after years of communing with them, and the life blood which courses in their pages is not discernible to the untrained eye we cannot see how the advice is to be of value to the majority of individuals.

We rely more on the family book shelf. If we had this in the household we might venture to hope that more attention would be given to the substantial in literature. We must not look for miracles. If we suffer the young to befool their souls with all manner of printed stuff we cannot expect to see them guiltless of indifference in after years. Do we think that if we prized our faith we should not manifest it in a more striking manner than we do?

Men barter their lives for wealth, hang around some political opinion, defend and yield it the unswerving devotion of a life-time and to their eternal interest they give but a passing recognition. Parents should examine their consciences once in a while on this matter, and see if they have a balance on the right side.

### CATHOLIC BOOKS IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

One of our friends writes enquiring why the public library in his town has not more Catholic books. We confess our ignorance in this point. It may be that the librarian is a bigot, or it may be—and this is probably the reason—that the Catholics there are profoundly indifferent to the question of being represented on the catalogue. It avails little to denounce the librarian. His salary comes out of the pockets of the

tax-payers, and it is for them to judge as to his impartiality in the discharge of his duties. If they see nothing reprehensible in his official conduct he will go his way undisturbed by the complaints of but a few individuals. And an argument that tends to convince him that he is not far wrong is there is such a little demand for Catholic works. He is there to satisfy his patrons, and when months pass with but few requests for those of the household who are in the forefront of literature, we cannot blame him for thinking that the spending of public monies for books which people do not want would invite the censure of the authorities. We can get a fair representation in public libraries if we go about in sensible fashion. Concerted action in the part of reading Catholics would work wonders in this respect. A committee from the various denominations empowered to pass on books for general circulation is to our mind an imperative necessity.

### SOME REVIEWERS.

Some of our Catholic Reviewers are, when dealing with works by non-Catholics, as courteously critical as the greatest stickler for academic poise and dignity can desire. This, of course, is worthy of praise. But they should not be so certain of their pronouncements and should keep cool when a Catholic writer shows little of the judicial temper on which they set store.

### A BID FOR NOTORIETY.

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, is a star performer among the mediocrities who take themselves too seriously. In 1896 he emerged from obscurity to expatiate on the beauties of the theory of sixteen to one. When the public prints lost sight of him, he too, we are told, lost sight of the aforesaid theory. But the longing for the lime light remained, and so we have him declaring that the Standard Oil Company's treatment of weaker rivals is not reprehensible. His reason, entertaining if not convincing, is "they all do it." And not satisfied with this, he advocates the killing of sickly and deformed children. Did he get the idea from Daan Swift, who proposed that infants should be eaten, or from the old pagan doctrine of infanticide? It is merely a bid for notoriety. But the man who bears in mind God's command, Thou shalt not kill, will not envy it to the chancellor of Nebraska University.

### HOMEDOM vs. CLUBDOM.

A correspondent has asked us to write a few words about a club that is in process of formation. It seems that a few of our friends have decided that an organization wherein, we suppose, base-ball and "high balls" might be discussed was one of the needs of this generation. It aims also to develop the "social side"—a mystic phrase which may mean anything from a euchre party to a clam chowder supper. The club, we understand, is to have a steward and an entrance fee of such a character as to prevent the great unwashed from breaking into it. By all means let them have it. But it strikes us that married men should have little time to give it as clubdom is apt to play havoc with home duties. And the bachelor might cultivate merely as an experiment the society of mother and sister who will not tell him stories that need fumigating and may put some vim into his blood. At any rate the young man who undertakes a hundred dollar swath with an income of ten dollars per week will get much experience and possible paresis. Ruskin says that to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray, these are the things that make men happy. But then there is the steward.

### THE LAWYER IN POLITICS.

If some kind friends should dissuade our young men of promise from entering the political arena at too early an age they would be instrumental in adding to the strength of this country. The young lawyer, for example, who fronts a brilliant future in danger of being inveigled by foolish friends into "politics." He may be a prodigy; most of men are at some stage of their existence and endowed with gifts that may carry him ahead, but there are facts which show that turmoil and constant utterance are not favorable to the development of prodigies. He may be incited to emulate the exploits of those who are distinguished for their ability in electioneering or in manipulating a caucus, but he forgets that such

men have had, as a rule, the advantages of years in training either in law or in business. Their success is the outcome of years of labor. What they bring to the councils of nations is thought, matured by silence and unflagging toil. Tact and patience they have learned in the school of experience. But the young man who, with nothing but his college lore and a diploma, trusts to a rosy future as depicted by either his own vanity or foolish admirers courts disappointment and failure. In nine cases out of ten he will be the abject slave of the ward heeler, and when his eloquence ceases to attract the voter he will be supplicating the powers to give him a position of some kind. Living in the outside is not conducive to success in any profession. It breeds emptiness and weariness. A college career, however brilliant, is not proof against its ravages. But the man who is wise will stand aloof from politics during his early years, and bend himself to the task of increasing his mental stature. Then he may be able to say something worth while. Citizens are not ideal, and a proof is the fact that they prefer a real man either as their representative or leader, to the one who is made up of antique witticisms, quotations from Hansard and denunciations of opponents.

### FREDERICK OZANAM, THE MODEL CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

By our own Reporter.  
"Frederick Ozanam, the Model Catholic Layman," was the subject of a cultured and highly interesting lecture given in St. Mary's church on Easter Monday evening by the Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S. J. The talented lecturer began by stating that we might perhaps ask how has this subject application to the audience assembled that evening. It was meant in the first place to put before our Catholic men a high type and model of what a Catholic layman should be. It is also suggestive for the Catholic woman of the kind of man she should choose as her life partner; to the wives how they should help their husbands in the work of the great Catholic apostolate; and to the mothers how they should form and mould the characters of their sons. The subject is one that should awaken a kindly interest in every Catholic heart—and indeed in every heart, irrespective of creed—in the admirable system there is to be found in the St. Vincent de Paul Society. In spite of the nobility of the aims of this model Catholic society, many there are—perhaps even some of its members and beneficiaries—who know little or absolutely nothing of its origin or of the model Christian gentleman who was really its founder—under whose fostering care it was established. Its study is well worth the pains that we may bestow upon it. It tells us of the good that could be done by one earnest man imbued with the spirit of true Christian charity.

The subject of the lecture—Frederick Ozanam—was born in Milan on April 23, 1813, of French parents. Political troubles in their native land necessitated the removal of Dr. and Madam Ozanam to Italy. Frederick was the fifth of their children, nine others being born after him. This model Catholic father and mother gratefully accepted their children as treasures from on High. In 1816 the family returned to Lyons. Frederick passed his boyhood days in the midst of the joys of family life and in attendance at the Royal College, until at the age of sixteen years he took the degree of Bachelor of Letters.

Even as a child his heart was ever filled with pity and consideration for the poor and suffering. His great tenderness of heart was no doubt inherited from the fond and admirable woman whom God had given him for his mother.

Continuing, Father O'Bryan remarked that in our day we go to no little trouble and expense in order to obtain for our children what is called a good education. We have our High Schools, teachers of pedagogy and masters of the various arts and professions—all of which, as far it goes, is very great and magnificent. We believe that all this makes the man. But the principal instrument in the formation of the heart and mind is the truly Catholic mother—the mother who is true to her duty, her child and her God. In this connection Father O'Bryan paid a tender and touching tribute to the ideal Catholic mother. In after years, when perchance we look back to the pure and joyous days of our childhood, we realize what a powerful factor in the formation of our character was the noble Catholic mother. Her sweet name—the name of mother—was the first that our childish lips ever uttered—a name that which none other can be more tender. In sorrow and in pain she was ever beside us. We erred and others turned their backs upon us, but mother was ever true to the child of her heart.

So also was the mother who shaped the future career of Frederick Ozanam. Madam Ozanam had fourteen children. Her means were small—in fact she had to depend solely upon the salary of her husband. In spite of this, however, she

managed to make all comfortable and inspired in her children a strong love of home. She also found time to interest herself in various good works without the pale of her numerous domestic duties. One of the causes in which Madam Ozanam was particularly interested was an association for working women, the members of which in turn night and day watched beside the bedside of the sick poor. In this work we see her anticipating the charity of her noble son. In proof of Madam Ozanam's singular love for the poor, Father O'Bryan narrated a charming incident of her life. Dr. Ozanam strongly objected to his wife—whose health was failing—mounting higher than the fourth or fifth flight of the tenements whose inmates she was in the habit of visiting. In fact he exacted a promise from her not to do so. Madam Ozanam, on her side—and for the same reason—insisted upon the doctor likewise confining his practice to the poor in the lower stories. This arrangement worked admirably for a while; but one day hearing of a particularly distressing case he went to the aid of the poor. On mounting the stairs what was his surprise to see the familiar figure of his virtuous wife in loving attendance upon the dying person.

Need we, said the rev. lecturer, seek elsewhere than in the hearts of such parents for the nobility of the character of Frederick Ozanam? There is no greater moral power to day—as in the days of Ozanam—than good Catholic parents. They impress their character upon the lives of those whom God has put into their care. Frederick loved his father and mother with the tenderest affection. Later on in life, when writing to a friend who praised him for his goodness of heart, Ozanam admitted that it was good in his character to the noble influence of his parents.

Having finished his academic studies he was articled to a celebrated lawyer in Lyons. This profession was, however, but little in accordance with his inclinations. His mornings and evenings, fortunately, were free, and these he devoted to other serious and useful occupations. It was during these two years of his life that he wrote his epic poem in Latin verses. Before he was twenty years of age he composed a work of rare literary merit—undertaken to make advances for a moment of vacillating faith.

His two years' apprenticeship having passed, Ozanam went to Paris. Here he found a room chosen for him by his mother. Once alone, and far from the joys of his beloved family, he was oppressed by sadness and loneliness. Bearing letters of introduction to a famous scientist, Ozanam called on him with great diffidence. He was received very kindly, and his host, reading into Ozanam's very soul, realized that his aspirations were similar. He offered him all the comforts of his home and the companionship of his children—a striking rebuke to the great anxiety and indifference manifested in our day towards those coming on to manhood. Under such happy social and domestic influences, in the midst of a cultured family, Ozanam progressed in the study of the law, taking his degree in 1836. He left Paris in 1840 for Lyons, where he was eminently successful. In 1853 he died, at the age of forty years.

His literary works merited the honor of being crowned by the French Academy; but on his death-bed what he longed for was not the consolation of his convictions. No slur on his faith was ever allowed to pass unchallenged. His manly bearing and dignified, convincing language compelled the respect, and finally the silence, of his adversaries, and even in spite of themselves, forced them to admire virtue. On every occasion—public or private—he took little, error was removed and the beauty and purity of the Christian religion was made manifest even to the scoffer.

His influence was felt in every walk of life. He finally prevailed upon the saintly Archbishop of Paris—belonging, as he did to the Old School—to send renowned preachers—men of nobility of soul and alive to the pressing needs of the day—Lacordaire being one of the first—to give lectures to the men of the world. Men who for the most part were estranged from the practices of religion flocked in great numbers to the stately Cathedral of Notre Dame to listen to these lectures.

In 1848 the Revolution was ripe in Paris. Ozanam donned the National uniform, and though bullets whizzed around about him, he remained true to the cause of his country. At his solicitation the saintly Archbishop of Paris donned his Episcopal robes and ascended the platform in the name of Humanity in order to implore the insurgents to desist from their murderous work. This heroic attempt at reconciliation cost the noble prelate his life. Just as he was about to raise his hand in blessing, his heart was pierced with a cowardly bullet, and he breathed out his soul with a prayer to God that his might be the last blood shed in that unholy strife.

In this age of materialism we are, said Father O'Bryan, doing next to nothing to prove the reality of our personal faith. The noble work of Frederick Ozanam began on a small scale. At first there were only eight members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, one of these being only twenty years of age.

Twenty years later there were over 600,000. There was a distinct feature to his charity in the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Charity is not mere alms giving. It is that and something very much more. It is a living society—the giving to the poor of money of course, but above all else the gift of love. It brings to the poor consolation and hope. It is an antidote to selfishness, the characteristic vice of this century. It is the bringing the heart of the rich nearer to the heart of the poor. The first thought to Ozanam in the formation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was a religious one. It had also a social side.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society was not, however, his only work of charity. He was actively engaged in the management of a school for day nurses, working-men's clubs, apprenticeship clubs and in various other good causes. He, however, kept all these works free from narrowness. His idea was to embrace not only Catholics, but Protestants, Jews and Infidels—in fact all who were in need of assistance, even if they were unworthy their confidence. Ozanam is well known for his seven volumes of literary works; but for the one who has benefitted by these, hundreds of thousands have profited by his deeds of charity. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul has perpetuated his name. Even in the face of incessant suffering his zeal never flagged. Attacked by an insidious disease he travelled from place to place in quest of health, and everywhere he went he established a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. His reputation and influence, he it remembered, never suffered in this world, though some apathetic Catholics seem to think it might, on account of his connection with so many benevolent associations. On the contrary, he enjoyed the respect and confidence even of his adversaries.

On June 23, 1841, he married the accomplished daughter of a member of the Academy—a woman as good as she was beautiful and cultured. From his writings on the subject we know what a high conception he had of the holy sacrament of matrimony. Madam Ozanam proved a worthy partner of her noble husband. She had a tender heart, a refined and cultivated mind, and was a true companion. God had made for such a man as Ozanam. They had neither riches nor fortune; but they had what was infinitely better—a common faith, a community of interests, and their life was filled with contentment and love. God blessed them with a little daughter who was the joy of their noble hearts and their solace and comfort. Ozanam was very robust, grew weaker and weaker day by day until finally he could work no longer.

An extract from his writings of that period, read by Father O'Bryan, showed Ozanam's frame of mind at the approach of death. He enumerated all the gifts that God had given him in this life—a high-minded and virtuous wife, a beautiful daughter, many friends of noble character, the opportunity of bringing his soul to a state of perfection. He was willing to make every sacrifice in the face of death, and with tender and touching confidence he confided to his faithful wife the care and education of their child. His last thought was a prayer to Almighty God to have mercy on his soul and an appeal to his friends—particularly the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society—to be remembered in their solemn supplications. In his last will and testament, on the 23rd April, 1853, he commended his soul to Jesus Christ. "Filled with fear of my sins, I die," said he, "in the bosom of the Church Catholic, Apostolic and Roman. My supreme prayer to my family, wife and child is to persevere in the faith." It would indeed be a great blessing to die such a death after having lived such a life. All our efforts should be directed towards the achievement of heroism in the path of duty. Ozanam was, said Cardinal Manning, ever filled with zeal in the service of Holy Church—exemplary in every path of life. He was ready to lay down his life for every title of his faith.

May God raise up in every city, said Father O'Bryan in conclusion, noble Catholic laymen like Frederick Ozanam!

At the conclusion of Father O'Bryan's eloquent address, of which the above is but a very imperfect outline, Rev. Father McKeon thanked the rev. lecturer for his splendid manifestation of what good a model Catholic layman like Ozanam can accomplish in the world, and urged upon the congregation to make practical application in their everyday lives of the various good points of the lecture. He concluded by expressing his gratitude and that of his parishioners to Father O'Bryan for his many acts of kindness, and he prayed God to bless the zealous Jesuit Father in the excellent work he is doing in the cause of the Master. He earnestly hoped that Father O'Bryan's wish would be realized—that God would raise up in this fair city of ours young men imbued with the spirit of true Christian charity.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of the Cathedral.

Besides the priests above mentioned Rev. Father Devlin, S. J., was also present in the sanctuary.

The following musical programme was exceptionally well rendered, under the management of Mrs. James P. Murray, organist, and Mr. B. Joseph Leech, director, the solos being taken by Miss Bergin and Miss Susie McGill; McDonagh's "Magnificat"; "Ave Marie" (Lucy); Miss McGill; "Regina Coeli"; Goeb's "Tantum Ergo." The solos of Miss Susie McGill, Miss Bergin and Mr. Leech were particularly admired.

### THE BIBLE.

The Centenary Celebrations of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which, took place four weeks ago in London, call for a few remarks in our columns, and from our point of view.

It has been so often asserted and maintained that the Catholic Church was opposed to the reading of the Bible that we make it a point to express our sincere sympathy with an institution undoubtedly intended to spread reverence for the Word of God, and knowledge of His will, and of His providential agency throughout history and mankind.

At the same time there are certain reservations which an impartial on-looker and an honest Christian cannot refrain from making, at seeing how the Holy Scriptures are dealt with by the very same people who disseminate them so generously and profusely. See the Archbishop of Canterbury in his sermon, at St. Paul's Cathedral: "Picture the scene enacted upon this very spot less than four hundred years ago, when on Shrove Sunday, 1527, . . . a fire was burning with a multitude of condemned books ranged round it in baskets waiting for the flames. What were those books? They were the Testaments in English, the very translation which forms the basis of that which we have read to-day."

"The baskets were cast upon the flames, not because those who burned them wished to withhold from any man the Word of God, but because they honestly believed the form of these vernacular translations to be erroneous, or their circulation to be misleading and therefore harmful."

For ourselves, we sincerely deplore that such useless and unworthy action was ever taken against books—whatever they were—and especially against the Scriptures. Still, we ask, were those who enacted these measures wholly in the wrong in believing that a day would come when these vernacular translations, spread broadcast and indiscriminately, would lose their sacred prestige, and when the Scriptures "would be considered as having no other claim than their own intrinsic merits." For that is exactly what Canon Henson also said in his sermon in Westminster Abbey; and he added: "The modern Christian ignored inspiration and canonically, and taking the books on their merits, saw that they were very unequal, and that some, or parts of some, seemed far below the level of the best profane literature."

However this may be, we make bold to believe that if our forefathers, and the forefathers of our Protestant co-citizens just as well, had entertained the ideas rampant nowadays about the non-inspiration and the non-canonically of the Scriptures, they would never have found in the Bible such help, strength and religious impulse as they needed in a trying age, and as have made heroes of them all, heroes of political liberty, and founders of a world-famed commonwealth.

A singular and suggestive coincidence it is surely that, in proportion as biblical scholars discover and apply to the Bible the questionable methods of the higher criticism, and as the Scriptures are losing, day after day, their sacred halo, the standard of citizenship and of private character is becoming gradually poorer, nay more, the level of public and of individual morals is getting more debased.

True, if those who burned the English Bibles in the year 1527 had been endowed with a kind of prophetic vision of the future; if they could have foreseen what havoc is being played with the Holy Scriptures, at present, they would have felt even more justified in casting upon the flames the baskets filled with the condemned books.

And behold how Canon Henson countenances the very idea which our Catholic theologians have always advocated, namely, that the Bible cannot be put indiscriminately in the hands of everybody. Says the Canon:

"Perhaps there was a general agreement among thoughtful Christians that the time had come for a serious re-consideration of the uses now made of the Bible. It was certain that they no longer held the traditional notions about it, and it was only reasonable and prudent to bring usage into line with actual belief. They wanted expurgated Bibles for the use of children, to put in the hands of converts from heathenism, and for public reading in churches." And again, can there be any admission more satisfactory to Catholics than the learned Canon's words when he said: "Only the astonishing power of custom could blind them to the intrinsic unreasonableness of a practice (the whole Bible being indiscriminately to all—Ed.) which caused the present unhappy contempt to spread among the people in the Christian camp itself!" We ask now: have Catholic authorities ever said anything else?

Ambassador Choate's address in Queen's Hall was extremely felicitous. He said in part: "When the Pilgrim Fathers and afterwards the Puritans, went over to New England, they carried King James's Bible with them as their best possession, the only one of lasting value, and their only readable book, and on that foundation they built their infant State. . . . Very true and very good, but it ought to have been added that the Book would have had no lasting value in their eyes, had it not been regarded as inspired, and therefore as God's book!"

Where are the Protestants that hold that entire belief nowadays?—Providence Visitor.