

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE COMING MAN.

The managing board of Knox College will have some anxious and arduous work in appointing a man to the chair vacated by Prof. Robinson. We should like to propose the professor who in an article written some time ago gave the "genuine sin-tariff used by Romish priests in the confessional." He is the man for the position. His ripe scholarship and accurate knowledge of the ways of the emissaries of Rome would have an excellent effect upon the students, and, besides, he has some original ideas on medieval ignorance and superstition! All this together with beautiful reflections on the "light of the gospel" and leaning on the Lord should dry our tears over the departure of the Professor.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

We had a few weeks ago the pleasure of listening to the hymns of the Benediction service sung by a congregation of men. It was inspiring and more devotional than the music we ordinarily hear from our choirs. We have no quarrel with them, but when we hear our majestic prayers, etc., and Credo hallowed by the lips of saint and doctor and martyr, set to jangling music that conjures up visions of music halls we pray fervently for the day when the plain chant—the music of the Church—will alone be heard at Mass and Vespers.

The singing we refer to had no fantastic trills and turns, but there was a plainness and honesty and a reverence about it befitting a place of divine worship, and, watching the faces, we could not but feel that the singers were deeply conscious of the presence of the Eucharistic God. The hymns of the Angelic Doctor were without any bewildering array of pretentious notes, and we were thankful. It seemed to us at the time that congregational singing could be adapted successfully in every church. Apart from the spirit of reverence which would be fostered and strengthened by it, it has other very obvious qualifications which may comment it to our attention. It would be a means of making the people take more interest in church services and prompt them to learn somewhat of ceremonies and liturgy. Its beginning in a parish would entail labor and vigilance, but we see no reason why, when once established, it should not prove a success. It would also convince a great many that Catholic hymns are just as appropriate for the home as the vulgar ballads that come to us from over the border.

This alone would more than compensate us for our trouble, for there are few things more painful than to hear the popular song with its mawkish sentimentality dinning into our ears from morning to night, even sometimes by young ladies who have graduated from high-class schools and have theoretically a fondness for the great composers. Here is another chance for the layman who has musical ability. Train the altar boys of the parish to sing the common hymns, and, through them, you will teach the whole congregation. You will meet with obstacles from good people who dread innovations, but you will be recompensed by hearing Church music rendered, if not artistically, at least reverentially, and that is the one thing to look to.

THE SPANISH AMERICAN IMBROGLIO.

The Spanish American imbroglio has been the means of proving very effectively that Uncle Sam's subjects are as yet but children. It has shown that they have no self-control or dignity. Bluster and empty declamation are ever the signs of immaturity, and Americans of the future will look back wonderingly at the events of the last few weeks.

We venture to say that in no parliament of the civilized world has so much rot and unmitigated nonsense been given vent to as within the precincts of the capital. It would be bad enough, but excusable, in a backwoods district; but to hear it at the council of the nation and from the lips of public men passes comprehension. It seems to us some of them

must have been insane for the moment. It is the only excuse we can give, for no man with a modicum of sense would dare to utter the inanities that have been chronicled by the press.

They have no sordid motives in championing the cause of Cuba. No enemies' eye is cast upon the rich plantations, and they are innocent of any thought of the dollars that may be garnered when the Spaniards are driven into the sea.

They are actuated simply by love for humanity, with a capital H. Their own blacks do not come under this heading; they are things reserved for the game of lynching, which is quite gentle and humane in comparison with the brutal bull fights of Spain. But the blacks of Cuba are children of humanity, and must be protected against the woes and miseries that have very little foundation save in the highly developed imaginations of their reporters. It is very inspiring to hear some of those Congressmen, who would not eat or talk with a negro of his own country, declaring that the Cubans are his brethren.

They would confer an unspeakable blessing on Humanity if in case of hostilities they would go off and find a grave in the still depths of the deep. They have no desire of discussing the cause of Spanish misgovernment, but Americans should enforce the laws of humanity within their own borders before undertaking the task of reforming their neighbors.

There would be to say that the man who kept his own door step clean did more to keep the street clean than if he went around calling upon the people to clean their door steps.

The Cubans have received a great deal of undeserved sympathy. They may be confronted by starvation, but we are not going to "wipe out Spain" because the crops have failed. They have not received impartial treatment at the hands of the Spanish authorities, but that does not prove they are a chivalrous race with an evergreening love for the Star Spangled Banner.

WARLIKE PARSONS.

War and rumors of war have been a veritable boon to the sensational preacher. He smells the battle afar off, and he prances around denouncing the cruel and treacherous Spaniard. The Spaniard is a Catholic and guilty of any enormity! They are tracking his footsteps on the American continent and every departure from the path of rectitude is gloated over with exultation, and exhibited as a convincing proof that he cannot be permitted to remain in the same planet with the law-abiding American! Every reasonable individual who to the Stars and Stripes must hang his head for shame at the unseemly pranks of these so-called clergymen who were not so patriotic during the Venezuela crisis. But, as Kipling says, that is another story. These preachers are not supposed to know anything of past history, and if they did it would not change the tone of their utterances. They are in the business for the dollar (they term it the call of the Lord), and the gullible American pays it.

Every educated man knows, however, that the United States should be the last nation to raise a threatening cry against Spain. He remembers that Charles Sumner in 1857 declared that the United States should always remember the helping hand Spain gave to her in her hour of suffering and peril. That speech is very interesting and well worthy of perusal, and we shall give our readers its principal points.

In 1776 the Spanish Government donated one million francs as a free gift for the American colonies, sent them military stores and allowed them entry to the port of Havana. When John Jay went to Madrid as minister of the States the Spaniards made him a present of \$150,000.

Spain also induced Russia not to form an alliance with England but to observe an armed neutrality—a measure which, as Lord Shelburne declared in the House of Lords, consummated the independence of America, and gave us, as John Adams said, all the blessings of peace.

All this should be remembered by the beaters of the ecclesiastical war-drum. But, as we remarked before,

they may be pardoned for not remembering; they never learned and we know they are beyond educational influence. The most amusing feature of their hysterical harangues is their yearning for liberty and fraternity because they come of a class that never obtained a dominant position without persecuting those who did not share their opinions. There are exceptions, who have at least the natural virtue of honesty, but the majority, anti Catholic to the core, are emptying the vials of their wrath on Spain because she is a Catholic nation. Another thing worthy of note is that some of the most enthusiastic defenders of Old Glory are Canadians who, after a post graduate course in an A. P. A. lodge, have drifted over to teach Americans its broad and humane principles. They talk of Spanish cruelty and they wage war on Good Shepherd nuns, and no unclean epithet is good enough to be applied to them. They prate about liberty and they cannot open their mouths in their conventicles without vilifying Catholics.

If the dread phantom of war should stalk through the land let the preachers be sent to the front. The Catholic priest will be there, but the parson will be in Canada giving magic lantern views of the war to Sunday schools.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.

Cardinal Taschereau died April 12, 1898. When the wire flashed us the sad news we realized with a shock that one of the makers of Canadian history for over a quarter of a century had gone home to his reward. We knew the prelate's strength was on the wane, and that over the active heart and brain was falling the shadow of dissolution, but we cherished the hope that many days might pass before we had the mournful duty of announcing his death in our columns.

All Canadians regardless of class or creed will gladly tender him their tribute of admiration for his unwearying labors in the cause of religion, and will sympathize with Quebec in its sorrow. But those only who came under the influence of his winning personality, and were witnesses of the life not known to the world, will understand why the dread summons—a harbinger indeed of joy to the prelate—was for them a message of desolation. We are not—for more competent pens will undertake the task of portraying his admirable qualities of mind and heart—attempting his eulogy, but we cannot refrain from saying that he was a worthy successor to the line of illustrious Bishops who have guided the spiritual destinies of Quebec.

He accepted the dignity of the Episcopate with reluctance, and in stress and storm, as well as in sunshine, he has given ample testimony to the fact that its duties and responsibilities were dearer to him than life itself. And there was nothing imperious about the man. He had an old-fashioned courtesy and dignity that carried one back to the days of Frontenac, and a childlike simplicity withal that could not but impress the observer. He was gentle, as are all strong men, and he was just. He was reticent—a very desirable accomplishment in our days of gush and insincerity. His lips knew no other language save truths, and he had a profound contempt for the sycophant and hypocrite. He was the father of his priests; and to them, most of all, do we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

He loved his Seminary and University. He watched over its progress with an unceasing solicitude and noted with delight its ever-growing influence and prosperity. The students were enshrined in his affection, and no matter who they were or whether they went, the fact that they called Laval their Alma Mater gave them ready admission to the heart of the Cardinal. He took part in their excursions and amusements, and they will go back in spirit to the old days when life was like a story, when in company with a Prince of the Church they climbed the rugged slopes of Cape Tourment or stood watching the tumbling, foaming waters of St. Anne's Falls. They will remember his address to them in the summer of 1886, in which he declared that the source of his deepest joy was in the love of his children of the Seminary, and they will show him now that the love which he possessed during life is, though he has

entered the gates of eternity, still his own.

He was for many years a professor, director and chancellor, identified with Laval University, and its present state of efficiency is largely due to his wise counsel and prudent administration. Those who are advocates of fads and crams—the pioneers in a word of the short way to knowledge—deemed him unprogressive in matters educational, but the Cardinal heeded them not and clung fastly to the methods and principles handed down by the ancients. He was conservative, but in the best sense of the term. Novel schemes in imparting instruction or in authorizing courses of study received scant consideration, for he believed that methods of which the past recorded no failure could succeed to day; and who will say he was not right?

Thoroughness in one subject is better than a shallow knowledge of many, and methods that have stood the test of experience are preferable to the pretentious vagaries of educational and religious quacks.

We pass over his labors as Professor; his devotion and self-sacrifice during the days of the terrible ship-fever; his success as a Director; his ability as an administrator, and content ourselves with referring to the fact that he wore ever the white flower of a blameless priesthood. He remembered always that he was set apart from the people, and word and action showed the consciousness of his responsibility. He was a "shell but not a canal," and the overflowings of his zeal and love for God that coursed through every fibre made his people strong and gave them an example that will be long cherished in grateful remembrance. He was a learned man, a great Bishop, and, greatest glory of all, he was a priest after God's heart.

DOINGS IN IRELAND.

The Famine-Stricken West—Death and Destitution.

Miss Maud Gonne writes to the Freeman as follows: "I have been traveling in Mayo for the last month, where I have been distributing the little suns kindly contributed by the readers of *l'irlande Libre*. I am powerless to describe the suffering I have witnessed. The famine, as usual, is accompanied by a terrible amount of sickness. In Belderrig, a village in Killala Union, composed of some twenty houses, eighteen people have died from these famine measles, killing people in less than three days and leaving the corpses black and dreadful. In many other places I hear the influenza is proving as fatal.

"Few seem to fully realize the terrible extent or intensity of the famine and how inadequate the methods adopted for its relief. Private charity is doing something, but unless the funds in the possession of the Mansion House and Manchester committees are very much larger than they are at present, they will not be able to stave off the dreadful catastrophe which is menacing the south and west of Ireland for next year.

"As Mr. Dillon said in a recent letter, no sufficient publicity is being given to all such facts, and his suggestion that the Manchester and Mansion House committees should add to the good work they are doing by the publication of reports of the distress, is a very practical one. I enclose £10 subscription to the Mansion House fund, to show my appreciation of the efforts they are making and the useful work they are doing in supplying seed (I only wish they were able to supply a great deal more) and in organizing relief work on the people's own holdings."

DESOLATION AT PARTREE.

A Ballinrobe correspondent writes: "The unfortunate people in the mountain glens of Partree are in a truly pitiable state. To exaggerate their condition would be an utter impossibility. In Glensul— a village of about eighty families— chronic misery prevails. The food of the people for the most part consists solely of boiled turnips and Indian meal, their bed a bundle of leaves, or in some cases straw, spread upon the cold earthen floor, and their covering a few guano bags. Here, as in other divisions of the Partree mountains, relief committees have been formed, and certainly some good and charitable work has been done, but to support a whole country side is not easy, and at the present moment the Glensul relief committee have not £3 to their credit.

"In Glensul the most abject misery and want is to be seen. It is no uncommon thing for a whole family to live for two days on one meal of boiled turnips and Indian meal. Even the turnips, upon which those poor people are now compelled to exist, are nearly exhausted, and when they are gone the people will be absolutely without any food whatever."

"YELLOW" LITERATURE.

Public attention is being more and more called to the pernicious effects and really dangerous tendencies of what is significantly styled "yellow literature." It would seem almost a hopeless warfare, inasmuch as the degeneracy of human nature warrants the conviction that the demand is likely to continue, and as long as there is a demand the supply will in some way be continued also. It is, of course, a pitiful confession to make, but there is no use in shutting our eyes to the facts, which constantly stare us in the face.

But what is the use in writing about it and even ringing the changes on the subject? We should, indeed, have more hope of success if what is written in exposition of the subject were more generally read, and the appeals for reform were more heeded, even by intelligent and well-meaning people. We believe the Catholic press takes the lead of all others in calling attention to this great and growing evil. But how small a portion of the great American press is reached by the Catholic press! Indeed, we fear we have to confess, with shame and mortification, that not all Catholics take a Catholic paper that should take one, and not all who take a Catholic paper are careful to read it, especially to read those articles which treat of these great moral and religious questions. The consequence is that even Catholics are not, as a general thing, aware of the fearful extent and threatening character of this tremendous evil.

The truth is, it is the great evil of the age, and it is all the more dangerous and alarming because our own people are, in a measure at least, being educated by the public press, a large portion of which may well come under the designation which we have chosen for our leading.

Our news-stands are loaded with a miscellaneous conglomeration of books, pamphlets, periodicals, and daily and weekly papers, a considerable part of which are vulgar, sensational, and, in the case of many of the stories, of the most demoralizing character. These are a constant temptation to our young children as well as to children of larger growth. What can we do but cry aloud and spare not? What can we do but warn at least our own people in the most solemn and earnest manner to be on their guard against this pernicious literature?

Nor is it this vile trash alone that constitutes a menace to good morals and good citizenship. The general tone of the public press and popular literature is anything but favorable to religion and morality.

We notice with pleasure that Cardinal Logue, of Ireland, alluded to this matter in a recent Lenten pastoral, and his language is worth quoting in this connection. He says: "A large part of the books, periodicals and journals which circulate so freely among the people are calculated to give an unhealthy tone to the mind, deaden its appreciation of spiritual things, and blind it to the importance of supernatural aims. Occupied as these publications so frequently are with the world and its concerns, borning from the pleasures, vicissitudes and sometimes even from the dark spots of life that interest, by which they so often hold the reader spell-bound, either ignoring or touching very distantly the great truths of religion, they can not fail to sap the foundations of fervor and dry up the springs of spiritual life."

There is the great danger—the sapping of the foundations of fervor—and, we might add, even of faith—and drying up the springs of spiritual life.

What is the remedy? Very simple indeed. Carefully avoid that portion of our popular literature which is saturated with the secret virus of skepticism and immorality. If you must take a daily paper, take the one that is freest from prurient reports and disgusting details; keep them from your children, and by all means, as a solemn and imperative obligation, see that your family is provided with books, periodicals and papers which will not only be an antidote to the pernicious literature with which the country is flooded, but which shall also serve to make them intelligent Catholics, fortify their faith, and encourage them in a consistent, manly, loyal devotion to their religion. A good, religious, Catholic education is a great essential duty of every Catholic family, but the good effects of such an education may be entirely destroyed by demoralizing reading. Alas! who can begin to estimate the number of youthful, innocent lives that have been wrecked, and gone down in darkness and despair, through the insidious, corrupting influence of a literature tainted with the subtle poison of immorality and unbelief? The darkest clouds that hang over the future of this glorious country, and we add of the Catholic Church here, arise out of the murky swamps of a contaminated literature reeking with the fumes of worldliness, devotion to pleasure and debauchery.

On, brethren, let us wake up to the direful danger that threatens us. Let us bestir ourselves, and by every means in our power strive to avert the final catastrophe by removing the provoking cause.—Sacred Heart Review.

AN INGERSOLL INCIDENT.

The work of St. Joseph's League of the Sacred Heart takes a multiplicity of forms. An incident of Bob Ingersoll's recent visit to this city reveals somewhat the activity of the Catholic Truth branch of the League's work. Many useful pamphlets and tracts have been published by this organization, and others have been bought in large quantities and distributed. On the occasion referred to a thousand copies of "Notes on Ingersoll," by Father Lambert, whom Bob declined to meet in debate, because, as he alleged, the Father is "a casuist," were obtained by the League, and members of it undertook to distribute them, not at Bob's price for enlightenment, but gratuitously. Seven hundred were put in the hands of attendants upon Colonel Bob's lecture, and that number at least were put in possession of means of finding out "Why I (Bob) Am an Agnostic." It is said that Bob himself was offered a copy, but with an air of disgust refused to take it.

The incident will have a good effect in many ways, showing as it does that Catholics are ready to give a reason for the faith that is in them, and that at least one organization is going to spread Catholic literature where it will do the most good. A step in this direction was that taken by a gentleman who sent to the Catholic Standard and Times a batch of names and addresses of non-Catholics, to whom he desired to send copies (for which he paid) of an issue which set forth the Catholic side of a controverted point.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH AND MR. GLADSTONE.

Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, having been informed that influenza prevailed to a great extent in his archdiocese, issued a letter removing the obligation of fasting during the closing days of Lent, except on certain specified days. In the concluding part of his letter he says he has been asked to remind the faithful of the diocese of a duty they owe to the aged and suffering statesman to whom Ireland is mainly indebted to more than one great measure of justice. The letter proceeds:

"Withdrawn forever from the connections of public life, Mr. Gladstone in his present state of patient suffering attracts the sympathy not only of those who in his years of energetic public service venerated him as a political leader, but also, and perhaps even more especially, of those who in public offices were his strenuous opponents. From a respected Irish Catholic gentleman the thoughtful suggestion has come within the last few days that if any opportunity presented itself I should ask the faithful of the diocese to discharge some portion of the debt of gratitude which we owe to Mr. Gladstone by now remembering him in our prayers before the Throne of Mercy. I feel grateful for the suggestion. Doubtless through this letter it will be the means of obtaining for our venerable benefactor of former years many prayers, and in particular a prayer that God, in whom He always trusted, may now in his hour of suffering be pleased to send him comfort and relief to lighten his heavy burden, and to give him strength and patience to bear it, in so far as in the designs of Providence it may have to be borne for his greater good."

Beauties of Holy Church.

There is something extremely touching in the material, ascetic, and poetical character of Catholicism; and the soul finds a constant asylum in her quiet chapels, before the Christmas candles, in soft purifying atmosphere of the heavenly Mother, while it sinks down before her in humility, filial meekness, and contemplation of the Saviour's love. The Catholic churches, with their ever open portals, their ever burning lamps, and ever-resounding voices of thanksgiving, with their Masses, their ever-recurring festivals and days of commemoration, declare with touching truth, that here the arms of a mother are ever open, ready to refresh everyone who is troubled and heavy laden; that here the sweet Rapture of love is prepared for all, and a refuge is by day and night. When we consider this constant occupation of priests, this carrying in and out of the Holy of Holies, the fulness of emblems, the ornaments, varying every day like the changing leaves of a flower, the Catholic Church appears like a deep, copious well in the midst of a city, which collects around it all the inhabitants, and whose waters perpetually cool, refresh, bless, and pervade all around.—Cunt Isidore von Liben.

The Orangemen, A. P. A.'s, Methodist and Baptist Conferences have all denounced the Pope for trying to make peace between the United States and Spain. They are in the same position as the gentleman who wrote to the editor of the Pilot when the Pope sent his blessing to the Temperance Societies a few years ago: "There shows the cloven foot of Rome. Henceforth I consider it the duty of every self-respecting Protestant to fill a drunkard's grave, and I have ordered mine."—Pilot.