

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## TRAINING OF A JESUIT.

The Selection of the Sons of St. Ignatius is Carefully Made—A Glimpse at Their Daily Life.

Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., in the August number of *The Nineteenth Century Magazine*, writes most instructively on the "Training of a Jesuit." After promising that the Jesuits have always had a bad name, and hinting—before the readers of a periodical like *The Nineteenth Century*—he dares do no more than hint—that the badness of the name was the answer to St. Ignatius' prayer, that his sons like their Master, should be thought ill of, he goes on to consider the secret of their strength. It lies, after God's grace, he believes, in their training. The selection of novices is most carefully made. Not every youth at hazard is chosen, but those who apply for admission undergo a most careful scrutiny.

## KNOWS THE MEANING OF OBEDIENCE.

It is his novitiate he has realized its purpose, he has learned what obedience means—simple, absolute and blind—the bending not only of the will but of the judgment also, to the will of his superior. Whatever criticisms may be passed on the morality of such a submission—and those who criticize know little of the Catholic ascetical life—there can be no question of its effectiveness. It makes strong, reserved men, and it makes the whole society act with a common purpose.

Father Clarke devotes some space to the consideration of the means the rules takes to safeguard against sinful obediences; but the obedience of the Jesuit stands as a wonderful thing in the eyes of Catholics, more because of the penance to the subject it supposes than of the dangers to morality it may imply.

## HE STUDIES AS A SCHOLASTIC.

When the Jesuit enters the scholastic his religious exercises are shortened. The main part of the day is given to study. He still meditates in the morning, hears Mass, examines his conscience twice a day, and visits the Blessed Sacrament. But now he is a student. For two years he studies the classics and follows a course of rhetoric. It is work similar to that done in the universities. Then, after two years, he goes to the seminary, where he studies Catholic philosophy for three years. Lectures and discussions are the method of the public work. Disputations spirited, brilliant, and in scholastic form, are conducted several times a week, and the faculties are quickened while the powers develop. Examinations from time to time, not frequent, but severe.

## TEACHES FOR FIVE OR SIX YEARS.

Then the novice is sent out to teach in college for five or six years. Generally he begins with a lower class and moves up with his boys, though this is not always the case. When the novice is about thirty he proceeds to his course of theology, which lasts three or four years. It is the work of the seminary, though generally it is very much harder work than the ordinary theological students, and they "goat" their work more vigorously. The disputations are extremely lively.

## FINALLY HE IS ORDAINED.

At the end of the third year, if 34 or 35 years of age, the novice is ordained priest. His work for the last year becomes lighter. Much of his time is devoted to the preparation for the examination in theology, which his theological course closes. On it depends whether he will be a professed Father of the Society, or merely a "spiritual coadjutor."

Another year follows before his noviceship is over. He becomes as he was in the first days of the novitiate. He is "tried" with mental offices, and he is occupied with the study of the Institute of the Society. Then it is over, and he is a Jesuit. No wonder that after standing such a training, and being made the plant instrument in the hands of a guiding mind, he should come to something, if his superiors ever deem it for God's greater glory that he should come to something.

## LORD AND LADY RUSSELL.

"Kit," the clever writer in the *Woman's Department of the Mail and Empire*, refers in that journal as follows to Lord and Lady Russell, who visited Toronto on the 26th and 27th ult.:

When Lord Russell comes into a room he pervades it. Yet he is not a very tall man, nor a very short man; but he is certainly a very impressive man. There is, indeed, such life in his deep eye, such sympathy in his personality, such easy eloquence upon his Irish tongue, that the other people in the room fade out of all knowing and all seeing when one is listening to the Irish Chief Justice. Dressed with the easy carelessness of a gentleman, in usual morning attire, he sits in a deep chair, turning a card between his fingers, and talking to you as if for the moment there was no more interesting person to him in the world. It does not affect the gentility of his manner that you are merely the representative of a great journal—a sort of human linotype, so to speak. To Lord Russell you are a woman, and, passing a gentleman or two, he walks straight to you with outstretched hand directly he enters the famous red parlour of the Queen's hotel.

Perhaps a letter relating to Old Country matters and friends there procured for one more readily an interview with this brilliant man. In any event, the affability and kindness of Lord Russell to all with whom he comes in contact are most marked. You at once discern the lawyer in the man. Quick and sharp come questions. In a few moments, almost before you are aware of it, you are answering as rapidly and very truthfully. This man with his piercing, steady eye elicits the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and you feel a certain same helplessness; you know, intuitively, on the spot, that he is a man who would immediately detect the slightest prevarication. If needs were, and he wished it, you know that the whole

story of any life to its minutest details would be laid bare before him. Everything about this man speaks of an extraordinary and nimble mind of a true kindliness of heart. He resembles in no small degree his brother, the eminent Jesuit, Father Matthew Russell, of Gardiner street, Dublin. The same poised head, only the head is a more massive one; the same clear eye, only more piercing; quite the same gentle expression about the lips, only those of the Lord Chief Justice are more firm and tense.

There is not the slightest ring of English accent about the tones of Lord Russell of Killowen. He speaks with the brogue—the educated brogue of an Irish gentleman. One should not really call it a brogue, for it is a cadence, an intonation, deep, musical, tender. A welcome, an interest, a sympathy broods in this man's voice. One lost all the timidity that seizes one in the presence of great people. One of the greatest and most decided charms about Lord Russell of Killowen is his faculty for making you feel at home with him, and at full ease. He talks freely and continuously, changing from topic to topic, and in a short time touching everything, lightly, gracefully, and with vast tact. Politics, promises, social matters, the aspect of countries, scenery, impressions, all move swiftly through his conversation.

Lady Russell is a slight and very graceful woman. I found her arranging in little bunches the flowers she and her friends had gathered in the woods about the Town and Country Hunt Club house, where the ladies of the party had spent the afternoon. She wore a gown of some soft lustrous material, simply made, with a folded front of white lace, and rather small sleeves. In her little bonnet, against her soft gray hair, a cream rose rested; and as her hands moved swiftly among the flowers one had time to notice the poise of the graceful head, the vivacity of the whole figure. Lady Russell has also the Irish intonation in her voice. She talks freely, and told me how delighted she was with her reception in Toronto. "How could I help liking Canada?" she said, "when we have been so warmly received?"

In manner Lady Russell is so unaffected. This may seem an odd thing to say; in short, an absurd remark to make; but when you have been through a long "course of interviewing," when you have had to talk and ask questions of all sorts of people; when you have chatted, in the interests of your journal, with many great ladies, and found some of them stiff, and cold, and abrupt, and even rude, you do appreciate the exquisite manner of the really *grande dame*.

Lady Russell seemed interested in what women write for papers. I said we wrote all sorts of things; anything we were sent to do. I shall not easily forget her.

"Now, what do you write for the papers?" The Irish cadence came so sweetly and so—to me—famously, on that "Now."

Lady Russell spoke of her famous sister, Miss Rosa Mulholland, the well-known Irish writer. I had been deploring the lack of Irish novelists, such as Crockett and McLaren are to Scotland, when she gently reminded me of her sister.

"She has not done much of late years," said Lady Russell, and a deeper look came into her eyes, "but she is a beautiful writer. So is Katherine Tynan, the Irish poetess, whom I know very well."

And so we talked until it was time for me to go. Then a great favor had to be asked of Lord Russell, and one thought it might be a wise and prudent thing to get this genial and quiet lady to intercede for one. So the bonnet was asked. "I cannot promise for him," said Lady Russell of Killowen, as a bunch of roses in her hand, she walked with me a little way down the corridor, "but write to him in Ottawa. And, now, is there anything more I can do for you?" Kindly and sweet to the last, she asked the question. There was much, and there was nothing. One wanted to linger near a personal life so gentle, yet vivacious; but *les convenances* must be observed, and the dinner bell had sounded. One look back at the gracious little figure with the bunch of flowers, at the bright face, and the soft hair, with the rose set against it, and Lady Russell of Killowen faded from sight.

## DEVOTION TO ST. ANNE.

The devotion to St. Anne is one that finds an echo in every true Christian heart. Altar in her honor and churches under her patronage are found everywhere. Her relics are honored with special veneration, and "the good St. Anne" is beloved and invoked by all. She belonged in Bethlehem, and was of the tribe of Judah and of the family of David. At twenty years of age she married Joachim, who was of the City of Nazareth and like her belonged to the royal house of David. Joachim was a herdsman, and with Anne led a blameless life, scrupulously observing the law. They were prosperous and envied by their neighbors, but a child had been vouchsafed them; and in the earnestness of prayer and penance Anne besought the Lord to bless her as He had blessed Sara of old. An angel of the Lord stood beside her, under a laurel tree, and promised her that a child would be born to her and that she would be blessed for all generations. A similar message

was given to Joachim, and these two holy persons gave thanks to God. On the 8th of September the child was born; and this child was called Miriam or Mary; and this child was destined to be the Mother of God, our own sweet Mother Mary. Anne took special care of her and instructed her in prayer, for she felt that she was born for some great purpose. The parents had promised her to the Lord, and hence when Mary was three months old she was led to the temple to be consecrated. The daughters of Israel with tapers accompanied her and rejoiced as they saw her ascend the steps of the altar where the high priest received and blessed her saying, "Mary, the Lord has magnified thy name to all generations: in thee shall be made known the redemption of the children of Israel." Every year Joachim and Anne visited the temple and saw their daughter growing in innocence and knowledge. At the moment of Joachim's death Mary left the temple to visit him and console his last hours. St. Anne died shortly after she had seen the last honors paid to the body of her beloved Joachim. She saw them more clearly the destiny of her beloved child, and as the Scriptures say, she slept the sleep of the just. Mary was fourteen years of age and returned to the temple to follow her vocation, and prepare for the work of redemption, as she was soon to receive the angels' visit and be summoned to the dignity of the Mother of God. St. Anne is the model of mothers and a patron saint of the Christian home. St. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec, is one of the most famous of her shrines—Father Conaty in the *Little Messenger*.

## COLLAPSE OF BOSTON A. P. A.

The *Boston Daily Standard*, organ of the A. P. A., was born on the eve of All Fools' Day, 1895, and died on the eve of the Bayne Water Day, July 11, 1896.

In its salutatory it said: "We are in the fore front of the battle, and want neither reader nor advertiser who is not there."

"It is fair to state that just at this time the *Standard* and its constituency are not in love with the low-browed, long lipped Irish Kelt who runs a gim-mill or maybe two, and runs at the same time our local politics. We are thoroughly sick of him. He is a liar, a coward and a brute that we must eliminate from our politics. It is this vulgar beast that has stung the Americans into opposition, and forced the organization of that splendid body, the A. P. A."

Strange to say, the merchants of Boston did not hasten to patronize a paper which wanted no patrons that were not of its own way of thinking. A few did support it, however, and the *Standard* published a full list of them on the anniversary of its birth. It is a valuable directory of the Boston bigots in trade.

The inauguration of the A. P. A. daily was characteristically fraudulent. Its editor was introduced by Congressman Elijah A. Morse as "Major A. R. Callioun, editor-in-chief of the *Daily Standard*, and the author of that stirring war song, 'Marching Through Georgia.'" The *Pilot* had the painful duty of exposing that fraud some days later, and showing that Mr. Morse had been deceived by his A. P. A. friends.

The next "bad break" of the *Standard* was to abuse the Protestant missionaries to India and the Pacific as cranks and self-seekers. It apologized when brought to book for that insult. In fact a great part of its short life was spent in apologizing for one sin or another. It libelled a good priest in Brighton, and published an abject retraction of its lie when threatened with heavy damages. It lied about the House of the Angel Guardian a few weeks ago, and published its regular whining apology shortly afterwards.

The only A. P. A. daily is no more, and its stockholders, the Nova Scotia servant girls and country parsons, are poorer and wiser for their experience as owners in a risky experiment. The A. P. A. craze is passing away, and the death of the only daily but marks another step in its facile descent to limbo.—The *Pilot*.

## A MASTERPIECE OF 19TH CENTURY ELOQUENCE.

The *New York Tribune* says, in an editorial inspired by Russell's address before the American Bar Association last week: "For rectitude of vision, lucidity of eloquence, cogency of argument and sanity of judgment, it was worthy of its august theme. Euthusastic exaggeration is a common fault, but there is little fear of committing it in pronouncing this address to the one of the masterpieces of nineteenth century oratory, a composition that will become standard and classic, and will be future generations be quoted for its beauty of diction and studied for its wealth of knowledge. Uttered by the foremost lawyer and Chief Justice of that nation whose system of jurisprudence is of all in the world most perfect, it comes to us with the weight of an authority which is, for at least the present generation, unchallenged and supreme."

Lord Russell is an Irishman, a Catholic and a Home Ruler. But as he is also the greatest jurist of our day Protestant England wisely waded all the prejudices which might have stood in the way of his profferment, thereby setting an example of which we fear, America still can profit. Lord Russell, as Harold Frederic truly notes, has insensibly modified England's prejudices against Ireland in the highest and most influential places, and greatly influenced all recent legislation in Ireland's favor. By the way, what a wonderful quartette Ireland has given to the legal profession in Burke, Grattan, O'Connell and Russell!—*Boston Pilot*.

## SAMPLE A. P. A. LEADERS.

A Georgia correspondent of the *New York Freeman's Journal* has taken pains to write a brief but vigorous sketch of the career of Mr. J. W. Echols, the supreme president of the moribund A. P. A. He desires to establish the fact that Echols is not a Georgian by birth. He is a Pennsylvanian. Moreover he was known as Echols not his name. When he left Pennsylvania he was known as J. Warrack. "He settled in Augusta," writes this indignant Georgian, "went into business in farming implements, and married the daughter of a Methodist minister by the name of Echols. After a time he failed in business. He had meantime had his name changed to Echols. He disappeared from Georgia after his failure, and its citizens lost sight of him till they were notified by the press that he had returned and was implicated in a scandalous case with his wife's sister in Oglethorpe county, near Athens, Ga.

He left that neighborhood and went to Atlanta, where he blossomed out as a lawyer, appearing as attorney for Harry Hill, who was on trial for forgery. Hill was convicted, and during the trial four reputable lawyers swore that they would not believe Warrack Echols, on his oath.

This is a severe arraignment of the supreme head of the "patriotic" order. His predecessor, Traynor, was a somewhat shady character, as we frequently pointed out. Indeed the leaders of the conspiracy generally have been an unsavory lot. But what can we expect? High-minded, honorable gentlemen would not join or lead an association such as the A. P. A. We have seen how they have been exposed in various parts of the country. One of them is in jail in California for selling obscene literature to children; another embezzled public funds in Montana; a whole group of them were sent to jail in St. Louis for malfeasance in office. Whenever they are found they prove to be men of low instincts and base purposes. It is a blessing to the country that the foul and dastardly conspiracy is dying out.—*Boston Republic*.

## RELIGION HAS ITS OWN ENLIGHTENMENT.

Religion has its own enlightenment, and an enlightenment not of tumbrels, but of peace. It is often remarked of uneducated persons who have hitherto thought little of the unseen world, that on their turning to God, looking into themselves, regulating their hearts, reforming their conduct and meditating on death and judgment, heaven and hell, they seem to become in point of intellect, different beings from what they were. Before they took things as they came, and thought no more of one thing than another. But now every event has a meaning, they have their own estimate of whatever happens to them; they are mindful of time and seasons, and compare the present with the past, and the world, no longer dull, monotonous, unprofitable, and hopeless, is a various and complicated drama, with part an object, and an awful moral.

## HON. JOHN SHERMAN ON LIQUOR.

There is no more instructive nor significant incident in the autobiography of John Sherman, recently published, than a short story of his youth.

Speaking of the young men who were contemporaries of his, he says that a very large proportion of them became habitual drunkards and died prematurely.

But what saved John Sherman from the fate of his friends of youth? Was he proof against all the attacks of the modern fire gods? Was he one of those ideal characters, about whom we read so much and of whom we see so little, that temptation never seems to affect? Not at all. His career might have been consigned to the charity of oblivion were it not for a loving mother and—a pledge.

Hear the story from his own mouth. "On one occasion," he says, "I went home very sick from drinking. My mother received me with much surprise and sorrow, but neither complained nor scolded, and with the utmost kindness put me to bed, and watch over and cared for me. I was not stupid enough to be unconscious of my degradation and of her affection, and then and there resolved never to be in such a condition again."

He kept his resolution and lived to play an important part in United States public life. He has always been remarkable as a sober and industrious man, and these qualities won for him a standing to which more brilliant men have not attained.

His temperate habits were undoubtedly the foundation of his successful career, and he never regretted the morning that he took the pledge.

## DR. GALLAGHER CODING.

London, Aug. 24.—It is learned from official sources that Dr. Gallagher, the Irish American, who, with Daly, Whitehead and others, convicted as dynamiters, has been confined in Portland prison, will be released in the course of the next ten days, and will sail for the United States without delay.

The United States government, through Mr. Roosevelt, secretary of the United States embassy, will pay the passage of Dr. Gallagher and the physician attending him to New York.

## A REQUiem FOR LISZT.

A requiem in memory of Franz Liszt, who died ten years ago, was celebrated in the Catholic church at Bayreuth on July 31. Frau Cosima Wagner, his daughter, observed the anniversary by a musical soiree at the villa Wahnfried.

New York, August 25.—The announcement is made that Mother Mary Rose, Superioress of the Order of the Sisters of Charity, whose headquarters are at Mount St. Vincent, had appointed Sister Teresa Vincent successor to the late Sister Mary Irene as Superioress of the Foundling Hospital on East Sixty-seventh street. Sister Teresa was Sister Irene's first assistant and secretary of the institution. She has been acting as Sister Superior since Sister Irene's demise. She has been in the order since 1861, and for twenty-seven years has done duty in the Foundling Hospital.

He left that neighborhood and went to Atlanta, where he blossomed out as a lawyer, appearing as attorney for Harry Hill, who was on trial for forgery. Hill was convicted, and during the trial four reputable lawyers swore that they would not believe Warrack Echols, on his oath.

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