

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Children.

A correspondent says the following beautiful lines were found in the desk of Charles Dickens after his death. Independent of their intrinsic beauty, they show how tender the heart of the great novelist was toward children:

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace,
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love in my face.
And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last,
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the love of the past;
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was above me
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And fountains of sorrow will flow;
When I think of the paths strewn with roses,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them
Of the tempests of fate growing wild;
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise,
His sunlight still shines on their tresses,
Oh, those tresses from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could like them,
The kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back on my self.

Alas, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.
The twig is so easily bent,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowl-
edge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old home in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah, how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the good-night and the kisses,
And the rush of their innocent glees;
The group on the green, and the flowers,
They are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

A PRIEST TO AN INFIDEL.

Ringed Words From a Paulist.

FATHER YOUNG ANSWERS INGERSOLL'S UTTERANCES AT THE UNITARIAN CLUB DINNER—HE HOLDS THE MIRROR UP TO THE COLONEL IN A CAUSTIC WAY.

The following letter from the distinguished Paulist, Father Alfred Young, will be read with the greatest interest. It was addressed to the New York Evening Telegram, and appeared in that paper on Jan. 30:

I have read your report of Mr. Ingersoll's speech at the dinner of the Unitarian Club. He has given us in it his theory or "idea" of religion, past, present, and, as he hopes, to come. He has also told us what is his idea of the universal prevalence of religion of one kind or another in the world. He has pictured for us his idea again of the rise, progress and fall of the notion of God; how there came to be many gods, and how civilization and the diffusion of human knowledge has reduced the number to one; and, strangely enough, in flat contradiction to his high opinion of civilization and book learning, this one God is a thousand times worse than all the rest put together. So, as he is quite sure that man fashioned for himself the best god he could to suit the times and his own cravings—his "wants," as Mr. Ingersoll puts it—he also fashioned the God of modern civilization, which proves that our civilization wants a very bad god indeed.

It that be true, then, our boasted civilization, in fashioning the worst of all the gods, is the worst of all civilizations that ever existed. Brother Ingersoll may not be a very good logician—I do not think he pretends to be, judging from his utterances—but, at least, he ought to know enough to see that the conclusion of my syllogism is just and not to be overturned by any rhetoric.

It seems also that, since mankind, in every direction and in all departments, has been getting more and more "information," they have begun to discover a curious and absurd fact, *viz.*, that this one God, real or imaginary, is responsible for all the troubles of the world. Mr. Ingersoll's own included. He was good enough to unburden his mind on this occasion, and own up that even he had his troubles. He owned to having a good many, too. The greatest and most poignant of all his troubles, apparently, was that, if it should happen, he was mistaken in his "idea" how the notion of God came into men's heads, and that, in believing in one God, they have hit on the truth—how in the name of common sense can he be such a monster, as in Mr. Ingersoll's opinion He must be?

GOD AS INGERSOLL SEES HIM.
If God exists, He ought to be good and just and loving. If a man must believe in God, he ought to believe in a good one; but it seems man just do

lights in believing in a God who is a cruel monster. One thing, sure, if He exists, there is a count against His being anything good or just that is credited to Him. He has made a world that is full of pain, sorrow, crime, ignorance, sickness and death. He can go on living up in heaven, perfectly happy Himself, able to stop all this misery, and won't do it. How can such a being be happy? How can He be wise? How can He be good? Mr. Ingersoll knows that it is impossible. He is evidently deeply troubled that everybody else doesn't know that, too. This God looks down and sees a "Niagara of blood" going on; whose nations slaughter one another; but He Himself is mighty careful to keep clear of being shot and killed in the fray.

Isn't that the style of this "honest" critic of the Maker and Lord of the Universe? But let us be fair and give him due credit for the honesty he professes, although I would like to remind him that true gentlemen never go about assuring people that they are such. If he thought there was a God he certainly would not venture to ruthlessly blaspheme Him by such horribly irreverent ridicule, nor caustically wound the feelings of those who do believe in Him. I have heard that he is one of the kindest-hearted of men. No. His idea must be correct. God is only an imaginary bogie. There is no God upon whom to throw all the responsibility for the world's crimes and miseries, etc.

COMPARED TO A SURGEON.
Then why does he say anything about it? Because he (Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll) has a great mission to fulfill. He has to perform a dreadful surgical operation on mankind. He has to cut out a cancerous growth from men's minds—the belief in God—and like a good surgeon, he doesn't go mincing about, but cuts quick and cuts deep, saying, with the surgeon, "I wouldn't hurt you, my dear, for the world, but I must cut."

In his great love for humanity, suffering from the cancer aforesaid, he wants to bring home to us the other alternative. There is a Niagara flood of blood and sorrows, etc. And you, my brother men, are responsible for all of it, and are as unjust as you are foolish to be throwing the responsibility upon God, angel, devil, anybody but your own stupid, ignorant, uncommon-schooled selves. The quicker you come to a deep sense of this responsibility, and quit trying to pitch the damnable load upward toward heaven to a God who isn't there the better for yourselves. The higher you throw it up the heavier it will fall back upon your own heads. Now if I didn't think Mr. Ingersoll, reading thus far, would surely say, "Father Young is fair, and interprets my thoughts to a dot," I'd like to stop right here.

"But we have a little game on that will fetch them. We're bound to get rid of this belief in God. You must begin with the youngsters and bring 'em up so. The game has worked mighty well in France, and it is going to work well here. Do you want to know why the Sixteenth amendment is proposed, which will hinder the name of God and of all religion from being mentioned in the Public Schools? Do you want to know why the names of the Episcopalians, John Jay and Bishop Cox; the Methodist preacher, James M. King; the Baptist preacher, Robert S. MacArthur; the Presbyterian preacher, John Hall, are all on the list of petitioners, and not the name of a single Catholic or infidel—though we infidels are all in it to a man?

"Brothers, perhaps in the days of your callow youth you have read the fable of the monkey, the cat and the nuts in the fire? That is the story of this amendment. We are the monkey. The Protestants are ready to sell out God at any price to put the Catholics in a hole. But to get back to our fable, I said 'Life feeds on life.' I cannot keep my own life without sacrificing the lives of lots of animals and vegetables. But then I see the life we have way for life—the kind of life we have in this world—to continue and spread itself. And as this is the only world I have to travel in I will swallow my trouble and not quarrel with the staff that supports me on the way.

DIE THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE.
"Neither will I be such a fool as to quarrel with death. Without death there would be no spread of life. Suppose no fruit dropped from any tree, no animal or man ever died and got out of the way, and everything lived right on the whole world would have been choke full long ago, and we there wouldn't be any place for ME; there wouldn't be any place for ME; and supposing I did manage to get in, then certainly there wouldn't be the smallest chance left in creation for anybody else to edge in. Therefore I go that others may come. I die that others may live. We can't absorb all the good that's going. God is prolific. Other beings have got to come and get their share of life; and we who live here must do for them what our forefathers have had to do for us—get out of the way and let others enjoy the boon of life.

"If there's a God who made that arrangement, then in that I own up He is a good God; and death is one of the best things He contrived for the everlasting continuance and spread of the good of life. If there is a way to continue life in another fashion after

death without being in anybody's way I'll be glad.
"So that tear must fall, brothers, into the grave, as it ought to fall, for love is as true as life and stronger than death; and men must die and love must weep for the dead. Blessed be the death that causes such tears of love to flow! I thank Thee, God, if Thou dost exist, and art the author of such love and such tears that surely will fall upon my grave!

"What is that you are pleased to remark, Brother Unitarian? That, if I admit one tear of sorrow to be good I must admit all suffering in the world on the same platform? Thank you for nothing. I'm here to-night to talk on the Ideal and to give you people some ideas, and that's one of them. Of course I have travelled a little in this world and read a few books. I have talked with men who knew almost as much as myself, and I have come to the conclusion that the biggest thing in this world—the things which have kept the physical world and the moral world in order—are the throes of Nature and the sufferings of man.

"Speaking of the throes of Nature reminds me of a pretty little story I told you about God and the atmosphere; and what a monster I made you think He must have been to let it rain in Russia when He knew there would be a famine, and babies would die on the breast of their dead mothers: JUMPING OVER A SUBBEAM.

"Bob," said an old lawyer to a young one, "if you want to be successful with your juries don't let them think. You do all the thinking. Play the bell wether and lead the flock of sheep. Jump over a dusty subbeam shining through a knothole in a fence and they'll all take it for a fence rail and jump after you, every one of them."

"How loudly you all applauded that Russian atmosphere—argument you thought it was; but it wasn't; it was only a dusty subbeam. I'll show you how:

"Look here, sonny," I say to a little ten-year-old, "what would you think of a man who knew that by just writing his name on a piece of paper, hundreds of thousands of the best men in the country would be killed and hundreds of thousands of graves would be dug to bury them in, and the land would be covered with hospitals full of sick and dying men, and thousands of happy homes would have only widows and orphans to live in them. You don't think there ever was such a man as that, do you?"

"No," says sonny, "I don't believe there ever was such a man."
"But just suppose there was, I'd say, 'he must have been an awful monster, don't you think so?"
"Yes, indeed," says the ten-year-old, "but then I'm sure there never could be such a monster as that."

"You see, Brothers, how little I played bell wether to that innocent little lamb, and how he followed me when I jumped over the dusty subbeam. For there was just such a man, and no monster either, but a wise and good man, and his name was Lincoln. Now you see how I did the thinking for you, that the Russian atmosphere was a solid fence rail, and how all you silly sheep jumped over it after me."

"There is plenty of such wholesale and retail sufferings in this world, but in all his sufferings man is no less the better for them. If there hadn't been any suffering in the world, what heaven—there is a heaven—what a world full of criminals we would have had! I'm honest. I hate crime. I'm a lawyer, and I vote for suffering every time, for criminals. I believe in justice and ample justice, too, served hot. This world must be kept in order. And the suffering of punishment expiates disorder and brings back the equilibrium of things."

IS "WORD OF HONOR."
It is plainly his opinion, as he says, that the world can very well get along without any such an imaginary God. He is quite sure he can. He gives his "word of honor" that he "doesn't see what God can do for him or for God." Which shows he is ready to take his own share of the responsibility. "But, oh! my dear beloved Unitarian brethren, you who have done so much by your superior Boston intelligence to show man in general and particularly the American man—the biggest man in creation—what a fool he is to believe in any such a being; even you cannot but own that this is a weary world and full of wrong, so desperately unlovely, so discouragingly ignorant and superstitious, that even I myself, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, sometimes wish I had never been started out to travel over the blood-stained pathway of the only life it has to offer.

"It is too bad that such a superior being as I am should not have been allowed to travel in the sun or Jupiter, or in some much more worthy planet. You see how little even I can know here. In a place more fitted to my great capacities a fellow like me might have had a better show. This world hasn't done me justice—because I can't. It isn't big enough."

HOLDING UP THE MIRROR.
Now, if I thought my other readers would condemn me as caricaturing Mr. Ingersoll undeservedly I would take it all back, beg his pardon and shut up. Somehow I cannot resist the

opportunity of letting him "see how it sounds," and of holding up to his face just enough of a mirror for him to "see himself as others see him," hoping "it may from many a blunder free him, an' foolish notion." But let him proceed:

"Brother Unitarians, there is too much ignorance in this world, but it ought not to be. I ought to know; you ought to know. Everybody ought to know all there is to be known. We ought to know the relation and the cohesion of things. Even I get the head ache, the stomach ache, the heart ache, and divers other pains, and I don't know where they come from. I ought to be free from all pain and all sorrow. You ought to be free from them. Everybody ought to be free from them. The word 'pain' or any word like it ought never to have been in the dictionary.

"It would have been better for the world now if the first man who started having pains, or spoke the word, had just been told right then and there, we won't have it. Keep out of the way; its catching. And then I have got another very bad trouble, indeed—his death. Even I have got to die. You must die. See what we get by living in such a world as this. Living to die in. So I say again; the first man that tried to die should have been prevented by law; for death is terribly catching. He died, and then everybody caught the disease, and it seems incurable.

GOD LEFT OUT OF THE TEACHING.
"Now, just here, I, the orator of the occasion, 'whom you have honored yourselves by inviting,' am going to tell you something you don't know. All this fool world has been believing that it is God who sends all this misery upon it. It isn't so. It's all due to the lack of civilization and common schools, with the belief in God left out of the teaching. Get to know all you can and you can civilize away pretty much, if not all sorrow, pain, misery, crime, etc., etc. I'll say to once—all! There, and I think I am generous and a benefactor to my kind. People have been blaming God for all this, and making themselves very miserable over it. So would I if I believed in Him; but now you see it is all their own fault. Now you know where the trouble comes from; your eyes are opened, and low! I and you are on the road to happiness.

"Civilization and common schools, to which no sectarian teachers need apply, as the Hon. John Jay, the Methodist Preacher James M. King, the shade of Dexter A. Hawkins, *et al.*, put it in the new Sixteenth amendment to the Constitution of these United States, ever glorious and free to all except sectarians—civilization and common schools will do the business for us and wipe away every tear. Did I say *every* tear? Well, almost every tear. I am quite sure about the pains and sorrows and crimes and all that, but as to the tear that falls into the new made grave of the loved and lost—excuse my emotion, gentlemen, I am a man of keen and tender sympathies—I cannot promise you nor myself that any civilization or a world full of common schools will hinder either the cause or the flow of that bitter drop; neither would I have them do so, even if they could.

FRIENDS OF GOD.
"As I said to you, 'Life feeds on life,' I am deeply troubled about that fact, but it is so. The big and the strong live on the little and weak, and the little and weak live on the big and the strong. Fleas, for example, live and feed on man; and the worst fleas are those which religion has begotten. They are to be found in the Roman churches, the churches of that religion which has built itself up on the belief in God. If we could shut up the mouth of that Church it would be short work with the rest. Catholics are now about the only faithful, uncompromising friends God has to-day. They will give their last dollar to save their children from losing their belief in Him.

THE GREATEST AND NOBLEST.
"I'm a realist. Who are the greatest, noblest men and women that ever lived? Those who have suffered the most. There's no denying it. It is the tear, Brother Unitarians, in the gear of grief, freely accepted and freely shed for others, which has baptized all heroes. Sacrifice is the measure of all greatness, and sacrifice is only suffering voluntarily accepted by a free man. This world cannot afford to live without its heroes of suffering. If you banished suffering and the glory it has brought to the human race I would just back my valise and, when the balloon starts, travel as far out of it as I could go.

"Fix up things so that they don't grow any more Sisters of Charity or Little Sisters of the Poor, and the likes of them, because there would be no more suffering for them to alleviate, no more orphans for them to nurse, no more anguished hearts to comfort, no more forlorn, old, dying, diseased, disgusting, homeless and friendless wretches to feed and clothe, to pat on the cheek and kiss to sleep, and therefore no need of their imposing upon themselves such sufferings and privations for pure love's sake, as they must do to all this; then I, for one, would take it all back, beg his pardon and shut up. Somehow I cannot resist the

"Labor without rest. Suffer without consolation. Die without honor." That's the motto I saw in the house of the "Friends of the Homeless" in West Fourteenth street. It just took my breath away.

"Take man in the long run in a wide field, and his opinion always comes out a safe ticket to truth. Now mankind has always rendered homage and worship to great misfortune and grief. I travel on that ticket, and it reads thus:—'For the under dog, every time!' Man always inclines in favor of the conquered, and misfortune has greater charms for him than victory. If that Bible story be true, then Moses dying alone on the mountain, looking over to the land of promised glory and plenty he was not allowed to put his foot on, after working for it all his life, is a sublimer picture than the great lawyer coming down from Mount Sinai, with the radiance of the light of heaven lingering around his head. What were the sublimest moments of existence for Julius Caesar and Abraham Lincoln?

MISFORTUNE IMPRESSES MORE THAN VIRTUE.

"Misfortune impresses us much more than even virtue. In its sight off come our hats as if in the presence of something consecrated. There is no majesty like the majesty of a great grief. All men are born brothers. They don't keep so. What is the worst enemy to this equality? Prosperity and fame. What binds men together with the strongest fraternal bond? Suffering and misfortune. Do you crave for true heroism and grandeur? Go, suck at the breasts of pain. That suffering child has mysteriously acquired the manliness of youth; that youth, the maturity and gravity of manhood; that man, the strength of a hero; that here, the sanctity of a saint.

"We can't put out the light of that fact, Brother Unitarians; and that is the why and the wherefore that this world is so truly great. The good and the innocent, too, suffer for others. That's why all the world fell prostrate at the grave of Father Damien. And the why suffer for the guilty; that is why the sinner mankind has set up for adoration is the sign of the suffering of the greatest, the most innocent of all beings that ever trod this earth—the sign of the Cross. The All-sufferer is the All-brother.

"Be good; but be good for something. Anything that doesn't wear out and suffer loss of itself in body or power is good for nothing, and of no use to anybody. That's why I brag on this world. It's good for something, and all in it wears out to prove its usefulness. If the billions of big worlds rolling away there up in space were all filled with goodly goodly good for nothing who couldn't wear out, nor suffer the least disequilibrium in the balance of their nature, they would all be outweighed by one human tear of love and grief.

"But when I look around and see so much cruelty, wrong and sin—murders, lies, adulteries and worse—I'm stumped. I own it. These things are troubles to me, my brethren, great troubles. I'd like to advise God, if He exists, to get rid of them, anyway. What do you think He would say to me? He would tell me I was a fool if I thought He could make a stick with only one end. Don't you see the point of my remark, not of the stick? Excuse me; I am obliged sometimes to wake up a dull audience with a question.

NO UP WITHOUT A DOWN.

"God would say, 'I cannot make up without down, I cannot make men who can freely do good without giving them the power to freely do evil. Isn't a right a good, and isn't wrong an evil? Can you make a right, or think of one that has not an opposite evil of its own? You had better go down and look in your dictionary, Mr. Ingersoll; and if you can find any such a right; just come up and show it to me, and then, with your assistance, I will build a world to suit your idea.' And if I said to Him, 'Please, good God, if you must give men the power to do good and evil, right and wrong, then stop them the minute they want to do wrong. You've got the power. See how easily you could clear this wretched world from its cruel crime and save your reputation from being blackened by the likes of me.' He would just laugh at me, and tell me to go back to the Unitarian Club dinner and repeat my own words.

"Didn't I say, as you remember, 'Man acts only because he wants?' Those are the words I'd have to repeat. Give a man no wants, no desires or needs, and then see how much good or right he will do. 'Now,' says God, 'that is just what I have done and done well. I have given man lots of wants, the very strongest mind that ought to lead him to do right every time and never to do wrong. I have put a want in man's soul to be like Me—to possess all good, and to know all truth. And it works admirably. It makes the best kind of a world. I don't fear for my reputation on account of the result.'

RELIGION OF FREEDOM.
"If I were fool enough, then, to remind Him that there were lots of men who did not show much sign of having such good wants, and used their power to fill up the world with misery by wanting to act like the devil and not

like Him, He would tell me to repeat some more of my words; this sentence, for instance: 'I am not so much for the freedom of religion as I am for the religion of freedom.' 'Mr. Ingersoll,' He would say, 'the biggest thing I ever gave to man was his freedom to do right or to do wrong. There may be many who see that freedom to do wrong, nevertheless all they do is nothing but a shadow in the picture of freedom made by those who do right. As every up must have it down, so shadows are necessary, or there wouldn't be any picture. The picture of truth, for instance, is never so bright and clear as when men like you throw in the shadows. Will I punish those who freely do wrong? Certainly, so will you. Violated order must be restored. Punishment for wrong doing is equally demanded by justice as reward for right doing. Will I punish them justly? Yes; and I will also do what man will not do. I will be as merciful as I am just.'

"If I went on to say, 'Men complain that you are a cruel God, and have made a hell of everlasting and painful punishment for evil doers,' what do you think He would say to that? Just this:—'Justice sits enthroned as glorious and true and lovely in hell as in heaven. My punished creatures want justice and want it as everlasting as the blessed in heaven want it, because both, in their own deserving capacity, want Me. All beings want Me. And I have not created, nor ever will create, one being that shall not have Me from eternity to eternity.'

ONLY RANT.

"Ascend into heaven, I am there; descend into hell, I am there. Take wings in the early morning and fly to the uttermost bounds of creation—there is no place where I am not nor where any one shall not have Me *what he should have*. The worst of evil doers whom I must punish in the lowest hell shall receive no more punishment than he justly deserves and fully accepts—sinking his whole being and all its desires into the embrace of My supreme love, everlastingly worshipping My justice and bound to Me with ties of eternal gratitude for My mercy, which is as great, as tender and as enduring as My justice is pure and strict.

"He has lost My heaven. No one can lose it who has not freely given it up and taken that lower state of existence which now you cannot know about any more than you can know what heaven is, but which, compared to the blissful state of heaven, must be spoken of as a state of everlasting pain; and, if you will, as My words report it, as the pain of fire, or mankind would not have as intense a conception of either present condition of ignorance and weak will to do what honest reason demands they should do to gain the exalted state of heavenly existence or fear to lose it. When you rant about the motive of fear as unworthy of Me, you rant, that is all you do, Mr. Ingersoll, you rant. I draw men to Me with the cords of Adam, the greatest love and the greatest fear. I made man and I know what is in him and how to treat him. I am God, and My speech is wise.

"You seem to think this world existence is good enough heaven for you, or for any man. You must think so if you do not believe in Me. But compared to My future heaven of reward this world existence is hell, and if you couldn't get out of it for ever and ever and rise to a better one, whose year yearnings to know all truth, possess all good and behold all beauty, could be fulfilled, it would be an everlasting hell that no words could so well describe as to call it 'fire.' You have hit on the right religion, Mr. Ingersoll, the religion of freedom. That is the religion which must end in either heaven or hell.

THE GIFT OF LIBERTY.

"Above all possible gifts I have bestowed on man stands the gift of Liberty. So wonderfully worthy is that gift that it shall be owned in eternity by both the dwellers in heaven and in hell that, though one or millions chose the latter because they were free to choose, it is better than if I had created man an intellectual and moral slave, man an intellectual and moral slave, no more fit himself for a higher destiny than a dog or a hog.

"You ridicule the term 'fire.' Are you quite sure that you know what you are talking about? Suppose that the choice had to be put before an unborn child, to come into the world with all the senses developed to their highest capacity, or to be born blind and deaf. In his mother's womb it is of course absolutely impossible for him to know either condition. He cannot appreciate the bliss of the one or the pain of the other. He is told that his free acts will and must determine the result.

"What would you think of his God, who created him, if He should fail to tell him of the life-long loss, and torment, of the life-long 'fire' which will consume him, vainly longing for the forfeited joys of sight and hearing? What ought you to think of yourself who would have the hardihood—for which he would curse you forever—to stand up and 'put out the fire,' deny the torment, make little of the loss and the pain, and ridicule the

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