

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### OFFICIOUS MEDDLERS

Much harm is done by officious meddlers of both sexes who pose as moral leaders. Subjects demanding deft and expert handling are treated so as to counteract any good effects that may be accomplished. Recently, however, a woman more or less "advanced" was prevented by the Chicago Board of Education from giving a course of lectures on sex-hygiene. This lady is one of the products of the times. For to day educators and faddists assume that parental responsibility is a lost art, and that children exist but to be made the experiment of their theories. That neglect of duty in regard to the moral and hygienic training of children is one of the disheartening phenomena of our civilization requires more proof than the mere word of a publicist. The average mother can be depended upon to start her children on life's journey properly equipped to meet its perils.

### INDIFFERENCE

One of the greatest menaces to spiritual growth is the indifference to God and the soul. It emanates from books and periodicals; it is visible in lives about us, in the pre-occupation with business, in absorption in the satisfaction offered by the senses. It blunts the edge of our spiritual side and makes us blind to the things that are out of sight. It strives to give permanent value to the transient, and saturates its victims with the poison of worldliness. It wears seemly garments and may speak in cultured accents. It may go its way decorously, respecting always every social convention, and so wrap itself around a man as to make him unconscious of its contact. And one smitten with worldliness may busy himself with divers things, may be a substantial citizen in his community, may be lauded and be praised and yet have to his credit years that when winnowed by eternity may have little fruit. Without wishing to preach one wonders at the senseless manner of living of people destined for the life beyond the spheres. It is so—to quote them in other matters—so unbusiness-like. It is such a poor investment this devotion of time and talents and energy to the acquisition of baubles that are valueless at the end—the feverish pursuit of place that dissolves when death calls. And it is so difficult to convince them of this real and pressing danger. They strive and they play in the market place, but they have forgotten their destiny. It is an old story, but with vision restored, with the tide of enthusiasm flooding their veins, with a quickened sense of their personal and social responsibilities, what an impress they could make upon the community and what potent factors they could be in the moulding of a healthy public opinion. With the soul no longer an outcast, no longer submerged in business, in clubs, in ambitions, no longer preyed upon by fashion and society and amusements, what a fount of happiness would be theirs for the healing and sustaining of their lives.

### GUARD THE CHILDREN

Indifference is a seed sown in the hearts and minds of children. When they are not educated in their religion, and when, by example at least, they are taught that the world should enlist their energies they grow up hardly believing in the world to come. The objects of their faith become vague and dim and the blessed word of leisurely living is forgotten, ignored, despised. We fail to remember that the home is a workshop in which character is fashioned, bent in this or that, directed, tempered and tried. The parent is the worker by divine appointment. His is the mission to bring out the divine on his own flesh and blood, he has the model always before him. Day by day he can, by his watchfulness, his guidance, his severity, perhaps, his words and examples, see growing under his hands a purity and beauty which even the greatest artists can never portray. But he must be careful in the selection of his tools. His

faith will show him what should be the aim of his endeavors, and the sense of his dread responsibility should shield him from either apathy or negligence. There are homes indeed which, owing to truly Catholic parents, are the ante-chambers of heaven. There peace and innocent merriment have their abode. There the soul is made strong for the stress and strain of the after years. There is inculcated the principle that the great source of happiness, the surest anodyne for disappointment is that to be and not to have, is the thing that counts. Hence the children who enter life's lists from such homes are accustomed to measure values by the standard of eternity. They may never achieve what the world terms success, and may in obscurity and poverty pass all their days, but the religion taught them in their youth is a barrier to discontent and is ever directing their minds to their dwelling beyond the grave.

### THE COST OF NEGLIGENCE

Some homes, however, turn out very indifferent specimens of workmanship. There is no harmony in their proportions. They are object-lessons of ignorance and neglect. They are marred by dirt and slovenliness. They can hear but the clamour of the world, and see, but its treasures. And because their vision is distorted (the men and women who hear the whisperings of divine truths, walk circumspectly and are not worshippers of the "God of Getting On," are but strange phenomena, old-fashioned and out of joint with modern progress. These children have not been fashioned according to the Divine Model, and must, if they ever reach the end for which they were created be made over by the Church. Experience will cleanse them of some of their conceit, but the Church alone can adjust their vision and give them sightliness. What we should understand is that as the stream can be nowhere purer than at its source so neither human society nor the Church of Christ itself can rise higher than the morality of the homes which constitute one and the other.

### GRUMBLERS

Few people would care to confess to actual thought or intention of rebellion against the Divine plan or order of things, yet people the world over grumble at the weather, the climate, the seasons. The sun and the rain, the heat of summer and the cold of winter, the general scheme of things beyond their control, all come in for an ample share of the blame so generously distributed. Such grumbling seems to the thoughtful, dangerously near to irreverence. Tho' it is not so meant. Yet it might not be amiss for every grumbler to stop and consider just where the habit leads:

### HOLY IRELAND

"In Home Life in Ireland," written by Robt. Lynd, a Presbyterian, we find this passage:

"If you are in a little town in any part of Ireland—except the north-west—about noon, when the chapel bells ring for the Angelus, you will see all the men suddenly taking off their hats and crossing themselves as they say their mid-day prayers. The world loses its air of work, or of common-place idleness, and the streets take on an intense beauty for the moment as the old people and the young people half hide their eyes and murmur a prayer to the Mother of God. The boy walking with a loaded cart stands still with bowed head, or stumbles forward, praying as he walks. In the doors of the houses, in the entries on the bridge over the river, the town assumes a multitudinous reverence as the tide of prayer sweeps through it to the dining music of the bells. Even the policeman, ludicrously stiff in his military uniform, lowers his head with a kind salute, and offers homage to heaven. I confess I like this daily forgetfulness of the world in the middle of the day. It brings wonder into almost every country town in Ireland at least once every day."

### DO OUR PART

Humanity hates a traitor. From the very first ages the sons of this earth have despised the renegade and the apostate. The man who deserts his convictions deserves his deserts, but to cling to a name rather than

to hold fast to an issue is folly and asininity. Party labels have meaning only so long as the party lives up to the label and these labels are mere phrases to designate schools of political thought. When they cease to fulfill their pledges, the voter who stands for this conviction looms forth in sanity, courage and good citizenship. Growth necessarily alters original outlines. Time changes conditions and wise men change with the times. It is not the label that counts, but the man and measure represented on the label. Men make the laws, they preside over the courts which interpret them and then they defend and break them. The time is near at hand when this state of affairs must change, and until that hour arrives we shall have more or less of chaos. But first there must come an awakening to responsibility on the part of those who are now lifting their voices in protest against things as they are. Catholic men, as a body, lack responsibility. They complain of the incapability of the law-makers but refuse to devote any of their own precious time to remedying the situation or improving the outlook. They count their salaries before the opportunity and honor of serving their fellowmen. They do not present themselves as possible candidates, they figure the cost of citizenship in only ones—dollars and cents. When men, efficient enough to work for themselves, wise enough to work for their children and broad enough to devote talents to the upbuilding of affairs—are ready to apply their brains and to utilize their experience and to spend their salary for the greatest good of the greatest number, the saloon potentate will no longer hold sway. The administration of civic affairs will be characterized by dignity and sanity and honor. The square deal is not only ethically sound, but it is a sound, safe and profitable financial proposition. Nowadays the only way to get a square deal is to ask for it—very loudly. We all smile and sympathize when we hear politicians, of vast humanitarian tendencies, telling us that we must "bear one another's burdens." Into much of our recent politics has come, by the way, a gentle moral flavor. In the dreadful days of long ago politicians were accustomed to justify their schemes by showing them to be useful and by claiming that they would pay. Only one, if we remember correctly, was able, at all seasons, to sound the moral note. His disciples have multiplied, however, and a sound of "my brethren, let us be good," pervades speeches from many a modern platform.

### FOREIGN MISSIONS

JAPANESE CONVERTED BY GOOD DEEDS.—Father Michael Saurer, P. F. M., writing from Kurume, says: "The Japanese people, whom St. Francis Xavier called the delight of my heart," have for some years excited the admiration of the entire world by the facility with which they have assimilated our material civilization. Unhappily the progress of this people along religious lines has not been so rapid, and the missionary finds much to disappoint his apostolic heart. The numerous Protestant sects are as great an obstacle to the conversion of the Japanese, as Buddhism and Shintoism.

"Under such conditions the continual sermon of good work, who are considered best, and a hospital at Kurume, where I have resided twenty-four years, has been found very practical. It is in charge of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, and the dispensary is frequented by the poor, who derive much benefit. Hundreds of dying infants have also been baptized by the Sisters whose devotion is making a good impression upon the pagans. Money, however, is needed to enlarge and perfect the hospital so that it may be able to accommodate the wealthy Japanese, who are somewhat critical of outward appointments, and who would never mingle with the poor. This class appeals also to our missionary zeal, and we would like to see our conversions extend to them by the ministrations of the Sisters in times of illness and distress."

WHY WE AID HEATHENS.—"I can conceive that someone may say: 'We need everything at home. We have thousands and tens of thousands without education. Half the population of London never go to be baptized, or if they have, they live as if they never have been. Here is our heathen world. Here is our missionary work. Why then send missionaries into other lands?'"

"The answer is: 'If you wish to put out a fire you have to stifle it. Keep down the flame of the love of God and of your neighbor, and it will soon die out.'"

"This answer would be sufficient, but we have an ample reply: Our Divine Lord has promised, 'Give, and it shall be given to you.' Therefore, if I did not know how to find the means even to build a school, I would refuse alms to send the Gospel to the heathen. Be assured that the same Lord who is Almighty is also generous. He is able and willing to give us all we want. It is an axiom of faith, that the Church was never yet made poor by giving its last farthing for the salvation of souls."—Cardinal Manning.—(Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects.)

Hankow, China, is a city thickly populated with foreigners of every nationality, but nearly all speaking English. The majority of these are Protestants.

"We can live a day on one third of a dollar," writes Father Hood, of India. "The remaining two-thirds is devoted to mission needs. I am glad to say that all the missionaries whom I have met think first of their mission, and are satisfied with what is left for themselves."

Usually, Chinese native Christians who go about baptizing children in danger of death, ask no salary. They are satisfied with the least little gift from the missionary—a small cross, a picture, a medal, a devotional book. He can make their happiness complete by presenting their village chapel, in recognition of their zeal, a pair of candlesticks, a crucifix, or a set of Stations of the Cross. In the case of travelling baptizers, the small sum of \$2 per month is given. Out of this they are expected to pay all their expenses.

It is said by some of our missionaries that the Catholic African native has an altogether different expression from that of his Protestant or Mohammedan brother. The Protestant native, as a rule, looks rather impudent though intelligent; the Mohammedan is very clean in his appearance and wears an expression of indifference, except when he is addressed, when he smiles very pleasantly; the heathen are generally very dense looking; while the Catholic native can usually be distinguished from the others by a certain expression of gentleness.

### THE OPPOSITION TO HOME RULE

#### TRUE STATE OF THE CASE

His Eminence Cardinal Logue recently visited Bradford, Eng., and during the course of an address made the following reference to the condition of affairs in Ireland. We wish every member of the rank and file of Orangemen in Canada would read it as it is the best evidence that can be given that the anti-Home Rule leaders are actuated solely by selfish motives.

Passing on to refer to what he described as a misconception, the Cardinal said that it was alleged at the present day that if the people of Ireland obtained control of their own affairs they would be likely to persecute some of their neighbours. He defied any person who read the history of Ireland to find a single instance where Irish Catholics had persecuted their neighbours because of their religion. He had lived among people of different denominations for the greater part of his life, and he could conscientiously say that he never intentionally or knowingly used a word to give offence to anyone, and he certainly would not be a party to persecution. If Ireland gained control of her own affairs there would be a distribution of public offices. Every man would have such right to these offices as his capabilities and knowledge entitled him to. They had a saying in Ireland if there was a contest for a public office, "Let the best horse take the jump." He would be sorry to exclude anyone from a public office, and if a Protestant or dissenter or anyone else was better qualified for office than one of his (the Cardinal's) co-religionists he would support him. And in his attitude he believed he was not alone; he thought it was the general feeling of the Catholics of Ireland.

Even if Sir Edward Carson raised his army and used the cast-off Italian rifles and commenced to shoot, they would not shoot back. He did not think there would be much need of shooting back, because from the quality of the rifles, and the skill of the riflemen, he did not think there would be much danger to anyone. He did not interfere much in politics, but he was certainly a determined Home Ruler. He desired Home Rule not for the benefit of Catholics but for the welfare of the country generally. When the day came, as he believed the day would come, when this enactment was passed—and the sooner the better—he thought it would be found that, notwithstanding all the talk about persecution, injustice and everything else, the people of Ireland would see their own interests, and would work shoulder to shoulder to endeavor to improve the condition of the country. The quarrels

were kept up by politicians for their own objects, and as soon as politicians dropped them the people of the country would work harmoniously together. There would be no civil war in Ireland. It would take two parties to make a fight, and even if one side desired to make a fight there would be no other side to fight against, because the people of the country did not want to fight."—Tablet.

### NOT CATHOLICS

Over in England a number of editors seem to think that G. K. Chesterton is a Catholic. His writings would lead one to believe so, because of their Catholic tone. But he is a member of the Church of England. Here in America some Catholic editors constantly refer to Miss Caroline D. Swan as a Catholic. We know for a fact, and have known it for years, that our colleagues are mistaken. It would be right to call Miss Swan a Catholic-minded poet, if one wished to compliment her on her verse, much of which is excellent; but she is not a Catholic in the true sense of the term. She is an Anglican or Protestant Episcopalian of the High Church wing. Some day, she may, by God's help, become a Catholic, and certainly her poetic aspiration after the whole unbroken gift of faith would seem to deserve such a boon; but meanwhile we do not think she helps matters by accepting from Catholic editors the title "Catholic," which she must know is given to her by them under a misapprehension. There is nothing like keeping the record clear and straight.—Sacred Heart Review.

### THE FORCE OF CATHOLICITY

The marvelous fact of the ancient world, at least that part of it that was Greco-Roman in civilization, was the acceptance of a Jew as the Saviour of the human race. The mountains of prejudice that had to be overcome (in subscribing to the cardinal belief that Jesus of Nazareth was true God), can only be conjectured in the light of the extant documents that show the unmeasured hatred and contempt against the Jew. It was at variance with the deepest convictions. It ran counter to established respectability. It outraged time-honored tradition. It was a complete surrender of everything that was sacred and patriotic. No wonder that these Roman converts were accused of atheism and treason. The ferocity of the law proscribing Christianity, makes clear the utter impossibility of any toleration of the new Religion. "Non licet esse," "it is not allowed to exist." It is characteristic of the true faith in all ages of persecution that its complete extermination was always aimed at. It was not only to be harassed, belabored, belied; it was to be wiped out. There have never been any half-way measures against Catholicity. Like its Founder death was always to be its portion. Whether through rack or rope, through schism or heresy, men would rid themselves of it. This is the constant miracle of the ages that against such onslaughts the Church has survived. Men batter in vain. They try new tactics with the same results. They succumb when weary of persecution. Meanwhile they have been renewing the Church. They have weeded out the weak and the vicious, and they have fertilized the ground in the blood and sweat of the martyr and the confessor. Phenix or hydra, as men may look on it, the Church survives all vicissitudes.—New World.

### A TRIBUTE AND A REBUKE

Of the late Sir Richard W. Scot of Canada, a Canadian Bishop, once his pastor, said:

"He was a parishioner of mine for several years when I was at St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa. I esteemed him as the highest type of a Christian gentleman. While he was known to the people of Canada in his political relations largely, he was particularly esteemed by myself for his religious faithfulness and charitable work. He was an active worker in the St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Joseph's Church, and even when he was a Cabinet Minister, with all the duties of that office, he attended regularly to his personal calls on the poor."

There is in this tribute a rebuke to the indifference toward the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society which characterizes so many of us. We think we are too busy, too pre-occupied, to be bothered with looking after our poor and unfortunate brethren. "Let the old, simple-hearted men attend to that. They have had fewer educational advantages than we, and hence have fewer calls upon their time. They feel more at home than we visiting poor tenements and humble homes." This is what we hear an excuse and not a reason. The real cause of our apathy is a lack of charity. We may be better educated than some others, but we have not the heart-learning which leads to the love of God and our neighbor.—Sacred Heart Review.

### FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China.

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest.

Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser.

Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of alms-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of God.

### REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....\$1,708 75  
P. E. Woodford, Harbor, Main 1 00  
Francis Melady, St. Columban 2 00  
A Friend, Barrie..... 50  
James Jack, Calgary..... 1 00  
A Friend, Regina..... 1 00  
J. O. A., Charlottetown..... 1 00  
Miss M. Delay, Lethbridge..... 1 00  
F., South March..... 1 00  
Hugh S. Quinn, Ottawa..... 2 00

### REMITTANCES TO FATHER FRASER

By cheque April 25, 1913..... \$780 00  
May 15, 1913..... 5 00  
(Special)..... 5 00  
July 11, 1913..... 736 70

### GOD'S CINEMATOGRAPH

FATHER VAUGHAN USES BEAUTIFUL SUNSET TO TEACH A GODLESS MILLIONAIRE

Someone, perhaps, now listening to me may be saying in his heart: "Religion does not appeal to me. I have cut it out of my life long ago." Another will be thinking: "It is all very well for you to preach about religion; it is your business, whereas mine is money-making in the city." "My religion," the philanthropist will tell me, "is not to be found between the covers of the New Testament, but in the pages of the Social Year Book. We have done with dogma and the formalism of religion altogether."

I stood not many weeks ago, on the deck of a Pacific liner, ploughing her way from Honolulu to Yokohama. The sun sinking to the west divided the smooth expanse of waters on stern and port side into seas of gold and silver; while the western heavens from horizon to zenith were a rainbow of color pierced through and through by strong rays of glory shot forth by the sun in his setting. It was an inspiring motion picture painted by the Master's hand.

As I stood on the upper deck enraptured by this sight, a multi-millionaire, travelling to distract his unhinged mind, sidled up to me, and in tones of voice harmonizing with his misery, asked me why I appeared so ravished by a mere ball of fire dropping behind the water's edge, and he added: "I see nothing in it, and I've no use for it."

From the mere fact that he had thus expressed himself, I felt sure that my solitary friend, who had spoken to hardly a soul on the voyage, felt there was some lesson in the sunset, and that he was to blame for not learning something from it.

Taking him by the arm, I said: "Friend, nearly ten millions of your fellow countrymen in the State pay their dimes every day of the year to watch a cinematograph incomparably inferior to that one unfolding itself yonder. Our motion pictures change once a week; God's sunsets have been changing every day for millions of years; no two sunsets being alike and every sunset changing every second."

"What you really want, my friend," I continued, "is a little more poetry and a great deal more religion. If only you could open wide the gates of your soul to the presence and influence of Jesus Christ, I feel quite sure that in a very short space of time His friendship would mean so much to you that not a wild dower at your feet, nor a throbbing star over your head, but would speak to you in bursts of eloquence about Him Who made them all for your delight and benefit."

"Religion is nothing to you because it is not everything." "Religion," says the poet, "is all or nothing." You are sour, sad, and a cynical man, because your soul, being without religion, without the Interpreter of Life and Nature, it is like a ship without a pilot, like an army without its leader; or, may I say, like a heart without love."

It usually costs a man something to listen to flattery.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

The Passion Play will be performed this year at five different places in the German-speaking countries, at Eri, Brixlegg, Stilldorf, Selzach and Radigund; also another in Slavak-tongue in Tynarn, Hungary.

America tells us that the indications are, that in 1925, the schools of Germany will contain more Catholic than Protestant children. The Church is making splendid progress in Germany, and would make much more were it not for mixed marriages.

The Bible, known as the Vulgate was compiled by St. Jerome in 380, who carefully collated and translated all texts, in the Chaldean, Greek, Hebrew and other languages, belonging to the first, second and third centuries.

According to the provisions of the Apostolic Constitution reorganizing the seminaries of Rome, the Collegio Leoniano is hereafter to be reserved solely for ordained priests who come to Rome, each with the permission of his Bishop, to study and to seek more advanced learning.

Belgium has a brilliant young Jesuit in Father Henusse. At the Palais de Justice he received an ovation after his address on the Psychology of Sacred Eloquence, delivered before a large assemblage of lawyers, magistrates and politicians.

A community of exiled French Sisters of La Sagesse (Daughters of Wisdom) were recently established in Liverpool. At a fete in their aid, Sir William Bowring declared that France might be the poorer for their loss, but they in England were the better for their presence.

Pope Pius, on Saturday, July 26, wrote Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, thanking him for the \$80,000 contribution made by the Archdiocese of Boston for the Constantine anniversary monument. The \$80,000 contribution was the largest made. The second largest contribution was \$25,000, sent by the Duke of Norfolk.

Right Rev. Bishop Byrne, of Nashville, Tennessee, has put the ban of his official censure on "animal" dances. His edict was read from every Catholic pulpit in the diocese a few Sundays ago. It is the most drastic yet recorded in the fight against rag dancing. It bars all offenders from participating in the sacraments.

The Society of Jesus will be three hundred and seventy-nine years old Aug. 15. On the feast of the Assumption, in the year 1584, Ignatius Loyola and six associates took their first vows in the chapel of Montmartre, Paris. This was the foundation of the Jesuit Order, which has grown until to day, when the Fathers are to be found working for souls in all parts of the world.

The following notice has been posted over the offertory box in the Church of the English Martyrs, Urmoston, Lancashire, England: "To the burglar: No money in box. Cleared this morning in the fight for new church. Kneel down and say a prayer. Yours truly, the rector. P. S.—Don't take this card."

The well-known English expert on works of art, Mr. Purves Carter, while in Rome recently presented to the Holy Father a beautiful, specially-designed engraving in aqua fortis from the original painting of the Blessed Thomas More, by Albert Durer. This valuable portrait was only recently discovered in Canada.

A teaching Sister of Antigonish, N. S., will receive in September from the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., a doctor's degree. She is Sister St. Leonard, Congregation of Notre Dame, and is already an M. A. of St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish. She is a sister of the Rev. Dr. Thompson, parish priest of Glace Bay, and also of Sister St. John the Baptist who has recently been appointed Provincial of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

The late Anthony N. Brady, the traction magnate of Albany, N. Y., left \$25,000 to St. Peter's hospital in that city by his will and \$75,000 to various other charities. His estate was valued at \$700,000. Mr. Brady had begun life in Albany as a poor boy. His first position was that of cashier in a barber shop. He had a genius for business and soon embarked in the tea trade from which he went into the gas and traction business where he amassed a fortune.

Catholic activities in English public life during the past few weeks are thus summarized by an American writer there: A Catholic priest blessed the colors of the Irish Guards in presence of a bare-headed king. A Roman Cardinal encouraged the International Congress for the suppression of the White Slave Traffic with the news that their efforts were watched sympathetically by the Vatican, which was devising ways and means of assistance. A Catholic from Beaumont College, rowed at Henley's famous regatta; while Catholic philanthropic work was represented by Father Bernard Vaughan's treat to one thousand East End children, whom he took to Epping Forest.