

The Catholic Record.

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

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A WORD TO THE WISE.

During a visitation of his parish a reverend pastor made enquiries as to the books read by his flock. The parish comprises all sorts and conditions of men—people of means and those eking out a livelihood—men who have had a college education and others with but a diploma from the world's university.

In many houses he found the daily prints and that awful Sunday newspaper that comes to us from over the border. Despite this latter's weird cartoons and illustrations that travesty childhood and mock old age, and are betimes bordering on indecency, its transcripts of divorce and elopement doings—in fact, its chronicle of sin—it is given access to Christian households. This kind of printed stuff is had enough for the adult; but who can calculate the harm that it must do to boys and girls? At an age when they are impressionable and with white souls that wait for the impress of all that is good, they are thrown into a world in which supernatural principles are unknown, and which is dominated by hardness and selfishness. From these prints they learn the jargon of the streets, and they learn also much that takes away that purity of heart that enables one to see God. Catholic ideals—if they ever had any—grow dim and are overshadowed by ideals that give neither peace nor hope.

And when these godless newspapers are supplemented by the trashy talk of parents, by ceaseless twaddle about money and position, the children are to be pitied.

UNCATHOLIC ADORNMENTS.

In homes which could afford a well-stocked library the pastor noticed ornate bookshelves, which contained, however, but a few subscription books. In their literature and home decorations there was nothing distinctively Catholic. So far, in fact, as one could judge by appearances, they might have belonged to pagans. With a barren book-shelf and walls covered with representations more or less indelicate, it is the last place any sensible parent would care to have his children. And yet parents will answer to God for their boys and girls! They are given to them to be fashioned for heaven, and they allow the forces of evil to fashion them for hell. The adornments may be in fashion, and be credited with artistic merit; but this will not help fathers and mothers who war against Christ by subjecting their children to temptation, and flinging souls bought with a great price into the mire of sensuality. We may be dubbed extremists, but an experience of some years reassures us on that point. Furthermore, we do not hesitate to say that the home, un-Catholic as to books and pictures, is a source of ignorance and sin: it sends forth the empty-headed chatter and the worldly Catholic who is a stumbling block to our progress; the young man who knows and frequents the ways of the town and the woman whose life's horizon is to all practical intents bounded by this world.

WHY THEY STOP THE PAPER.

The pastor also met the man who for various reasons "has to use" for a Catholic paper. To some it is too slow—because, forsooth, it has no space for the pugilist and ball player and supplies no hints, as do some of our exchanges, to the preparation of food and the best way of managing the baby. Then again lengthy narratives descriptive of local celebrities never reach cold type. We are willing to believe that Miss—sings divinely and Mr.—is oratorically a star of the first magnitude, but until we enlarge the paper we may not so inform our subscribers. I takes money to publish any kind of a paper; and as we are neither mine owners nor insurance magnates we must depend for funds on an appreciative public. Consequently the mighty press of which we hear much will be ours when we are ready to pay for it.

We have men who view art and literature by the light of the Gospel and can handle grave questions with reverence and knowledge and show that Catholic truth can generate light and energy in the confusion and doubt of a world which after all is intended by its Creator to know and to believe. But these men cannot subsist on cheap criticism. Meantime while waiting for the ideal of a Catholic press to become an actuality, we may say that the Catholic paper is, so far as the family is

concerned, far better than the average secular print.

THE BAR KEEPER AND THE PAPER.

The pastor also encountered the man who cancelled his subscription because the paper published an article which displeased him. This is always to be regretted, from the publisher's view point at least; but so long as we have "so many men so many minds" it cannot be avoided. Now and then an irate subscriber gives us a peremptory order "to stop the paper," conjoined with a communication which is, we presume, meant to be an eloquent arraignment of our defects. We do not mind any reflection on our ability, but the fateful words "stop the paper" make us dejected. And we wonder greatly that inability to see eye to eye with a fellow-citizen should cause us to be singled out as a target for unpleasant words. For instance we wrote an article on the rum seller, and in the course of it did not, if we remember aright, crown him with any rhetorical garlands. We referred to his benefactions, and said our opinion you know, that if he gave over the mixing of drinks and betook himself to work demanding brawn and brain, and contributing to the betterment of the community, we could still live and achieve more than we do. We showed him what eminent prelates said of his business. We hazarded the remark, just as a warning, that rum-money was not lucky. We might have adverted to the fact that fortunes based on rum dwindle away; and, if we attach credence to parish history, bring no peace or happiness to their possessors. But, alas! instead of being grateful, the knight of the apron and cock tail "stops the paper." For endeavoring to get him out of the saloon, and into some more decent way of gaining a livelihood, he "stops the paper." For venturing to persuade him not to live behind a bar—which by the way would be to dire a fate for our worst enemy—he rehearses the history of departed rum sellers and of those still on the planet and then bids us "stop the paper." Some day, we hope, our citizens will order him to close the saloon, and then we may get together and exchange confidences about our harrowed feelings. Until that happy hour we must stumple along somehow, consoling ourselves the while that we are not owned by any brewery magnate or wholesale purveyor of liquor, and that upon our quill-driving, however devoid of merit, rests no curse from children and wives.

But, as says Archbishop Ireland "I am assuredly deeply concerned for the poor man, but for that very reason I wish to see him out of the liquor traffic. I cannot feel in my heart such hatred for any man as to wish him to spend his days behind a bar."

NOT PROVEN.

Another individual who threatens to "stop the paper" is the one who scores any commendation of a man in public life as "politics." While thanking him for his interest—due, doubtless, to a desire to have the Catholic paper a welcome visitant to all who see things through the eyes of a partisan press—we may not preen ourselves on being politicians. For we sound no party watch-words, dabble not in personalities, and so long as public men lay no violent hands on principles dear to us, we are content with watching the political game. But if once in a blue moon, we call attention to a Canadian's character and achievements, and for the edification and emulation of Canadians, portray the mode of his progress towards distinction, we cannot in justice be given the title of politician, and we do not claim it, for according to Swift "whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

THE AVERAGE YOUNG MAN.

What does the young man read? We do not believe he reads anything that is worth while. He stands up for the church, he says; but unfortunately his weapons are without edge, and the blows of one who has but dim memories of the catechism, cannot harm the foe. Some time ago the *Albion Quarterly* said that "your ordinarily respectable young fellow is selfish, and that his characteristics are those of a healthy animal endowed with an attenuated soul."

Now on the supposition that this estimate is true, we may say with propriety that the young man is not a personage of whom we have reason to be proud. He can reverse the foregoing estimate whenever he likes. He has much to do, but despite his varied activities, he has, we surmise, time to read the "sporting extras." Else how could he be so conversant with the careers of this and that brilliant exponent of the pugilistic art, and of ball players of renown. He knows who will "make good" in this year's Toronto or Montreal team. He is an authority on boat racing—in fine, the various ways of killing time are to him as an open book. No objection to this were the world but a playground. Amusement is good in its place, but life is not one eternal gulf. We have the church, our community, our souls to serve. The golden years of youth pass, and then comes after a space the black box with the gilded nails. And this is nothing to laugh over. The man who is not somewhat of an owl sees it and acts accordingly.

"Sun and sky," says the author whom our readers know, "and breeze and solitary walks and summer holidays . . . and the cheerful glass and candlelight and fireside conversation and innocent vanities and jest and irony itself—do these things go out with life?" We know the answer. And yet "against our fallen and traitor lives" the great winds utter prophecies and

For a cap and bells our lives we pay. Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking. The heaven above that is given away. The only God may be had for the asking."

ONE KIND OF USEFUL READING.

"Reading," says Bishop Hodley, "for recreation is by no means wrong; but recreation and amusement should have their limits, or else they degenerate into waste of time, corruption of the mind and sin. Catholics know well that in matters of purity what is wrong to do is wrong to read about—on account of the danger of taking pleasure in such things." He goes on to say that some of the time now given to novel reading might be devoted to a reading that would perhaps be just as attractive and would be of infinitely greater utility. But it is certain that if we desire to bring up a generation of well informed and intelligent Catholics there is hardly any better way of doing so than to interest them in the Lives of the Saints. God-fearing fathers and mothers, who read themselves, and do their best to keep their children out of the streets, and to teach them also to read, will find in the Lives of the Saints the most effectual competition with the attractions which all of us regret and deplore so deeply.

THE SILENCES OF HOLY WRIT.

One of the joys of heaven, as we can readily believe, will be the clear and beautiful explanations that we shall receive there of many things that have puzzled us on earth. We shall know why God has, in His perfect wisdom, permitted many things that perplexed us here; we shall understand every nuance of many a dark and weary hour against which human nature was often tempted to rebel on earth. So, too, with our Lord's earthly life—we shall find eternal joy in learning more about it there than ever was told us here. The concluding words of the gospel of St. John are these: "But there are also many other things which Jesus did, which, if they were written in every one of the books, I think would not be able to contain the books that should be written." Extraordinary statements, that carries us back to the very first lines of St. John's gospel: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was made nothing that was made." Jesus was God; and therefore every step He took, every thing He did, every word He said, possessed an infinite value. Impossible, indeed, would it be for the whole world to contain the things that might be written of Him! But there are some things that we think it would be so very easy for us to know. For instance: What was the first word our Lord spoke in His babyhood? What did He say to the doctors in the temple as a Boy of twelve years? What was He doing and thinking in Egypt, in the desert, in the carpenter's shop? What did He do, to whom did He go, when He first rose from the dead? This last question is one upon which we may fittingly dwell during these forty Easter days. We know that St. Mark tells us in his gospel, chapter 16, verse 7, that Jesus, "rising early the first day of the week, appeared first to Mary Magdalen." Yes, she was to be indeed His first public witness to the fact of His resurrection. But Christ has risen long before He designed to appear to her. His glorified body had passed through the unbroken tomb and had gone away, before ever the earthquake came, and before the angel of the Lord, descending from heaven had rolled back the

stone and sat upon it. For fear of this angel, and not for fear of the Risen Christ whom they had not seen, "the guards were struck with terror, and became as dead men." (St. Matthew, xxviii. 4.) This angel said to the wondering women, who had come early to see the sepulchre: "Fear not you; for I know that you seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid. And going quickly, tell ye His disciples that He is risen; and behold He will go before you into Galilee; there you shall see Him. Lo, I have foretold it to you." If Christ was then already risen, and if it was at some future time He was to go into Galilee, where was He while the angel was speaking to the women? Where went He at His first uprising from the tomb? The intuition of the faithful has already made reply. Jesus, the Risen Christ, was with Mary, His Mother.

In the story of Christ's birth in Bethlehem's stable, and in the story of His crucifixion on Calvary, the mother appears with the Son in the narrative, markedly, as a chief person in each hallowed scene. But, just as there is no description of the actual resurrection of Jesus, so there is also no mention of Mary His Mother. The sacred silences of Scripture are wrapped around them at that divinely beautiful moment, when death's Conqueror rose again. Faith follows Him onward, however, as He flashes, swifter than the sunbeam, through the walls that can not hinder the risen and glorified body, into the silent inner room where, all alone, the broken-hearted Mother keeps her Easter vigil. Perhaps it was the house of that mysterious personage to whom the Master had sent His disciples, forgetting them that they should be met by "a man carrying a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in, and ye shall say to the good man of the house: The Master saith to thee, where is the guest-chamber, where I may eat the pasch with My disciples?" To that room where our Divine Lord had instituted the Holy Eucharist and had offered the first holy sacrifice of the Mass, there, we may easily believe He came first after His resurrection, and there He found His mother waiting.

"Hush! there is silence in her heart. Her heart when she beheld Christ spoke. And upon the midnight's tinkling ear, The blessed Ave sweetly broke."

"Ah me! what wondrous change is this! What trembling floods of radiant light! Jesus before His Mother's eyes! Jesus all beautiful and bright!"

So Father Faber has written, but the eye of Faith follows further. What did our Risen Saviour do then? May we not devoutly think that then, once again, our great High Priest offered to His Father and our Father that tremendous sacrifice of the Mass that He had instituted on Holy Thursday; and that the archangel Gabriel served His Mass; and that Mary received from her Son's wounded and radiant hand the most adorable Sacrament of His most holy Body and His most precious Blood? O silences of Scripture! Shall we ever know it, or shall we never know it, the depths of beauty and of peace? Not the deeper we plunge into your glories, ever more marvellously lovely and fascinating shall they become. Meanwhile, may God Almighty give us grace to study here on earth, more and more reverently, what He has revealed to us in Holy Scripture—to prize His own written word above other books, whatsoever, though all were joined in one—to reverence His book, to read it, to love it, to treasure it, and to love His gospel as His own sweet revelation of Himself.—Sacred Heart Review.

PROTESTANT DECAY AND CATHOLIC GROWTH.

LESSON TO BE LEARNED FROM THE FATHETIC CONFESSION OF A CLEVELAND MINISTER.

Catholic Universe.

The sermon in which the pastor of Plymouth Congregational church discussed the reasons for his resignation recently forms a very suggestive and illuminative commentary on the failure of the Protestant church in general as a vital and permanent religious force. Plymouth church is generally recognized as one of the strongest and most representative Protestant churches in the city, yet Dr. Temple declared that its total regular membership had dwindled to one hundred, feebly enforced by fifty more who are occasional attendants.

This is a pathetic confession of failure, and does not lose its pathos because the pastor and his scattering flock are so blind to its real causes. A comparison of the hundred survivors of a large congregation with the thousands who flock every Sunday to the Catholic churches in the vicinity—a number so increasing that new churches are filled each year without any appreciable falling off in the attendance of the old—ought to suggest to Dr. Temple that there are more fundamental reasons than the outward growth of the city for the condition he confronts so hopelessly. A religious system that assumes no authority, that offers nothing more satisfying to hungry souls than song services and neutral discussions of moral philosophy, and nothing more final to inquiring minds than doctrinal negations can hardly expect to secure a strong hold upon the hearts of men. If a dying Protestantism helps to

establish the claim of Catholicism to be the only living church, it is surely the part of wisdom for the watchers at the death-bed to investigate the sources of the abundant and inexhaustible vitality of that older faith which is ever building bigger walls to enclose its adherents.

DRINK AND LABOR.

"The drinking habits of the poorer classes," says John Burns, the English labor leader, "have everywhere contributed to their political dependence, industrial bondage, personal debasement, civic inferiority and domestic misery. The tavern has been the antechamber to the workhouse, the chapel of ease to the asylum, the rendezvous of the gambler, the gathering ground for the jail. There is no class in ancient or any section in modern society on which the evil of drink or the scourge of drunkenness has so mischievously impressed its destructive effect and sterilizing influence as on the class who could least resist it, the industrious poor, upon whom the lot of manual labor falls."

"Every workman ought to decree that liquor is useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished. For let him look what it does. It excites where it does not divert their best faculties. It irritates where it does not brutalize, and makes for discord, strife and bitterness where calmness, sobriety, kindness and decency should prevail. It is an aid to laziness, as it is an incentive to the most exhausting and reckless work; it is the most insidious foe to independence of character; it undermines manhood, enervates maternity, and dissipates the best elements of human nature as no other form of surfeit does. As was said of it by Lord Brougham: 'It is the mother of want and the nurse of crime.'"

THE EVILS OF DRINKING. My knowledge of drinking consists in pitiful, yet sympathetic, observation of the indulgence of others. Where this is moderate it is a loss of time, money and health. Where it is excessive it is foolish, wasteful and destructive. Where it goes further and ends in the chronic inebriate, then it ceases to be pitiful or tolerable, and becomes a danger to the community. My experience of the workshop, the asylum, the jail, has given me exceptional opportunities of seeing the ravages of alcohol. My participation in many of the greatest labor movements of the present generation has enabled me to witness how drinking dissipates the social force, industrial energy and political strength of the people. The general summary of my life's experience among the working classes of England and other countries in sharing their aims, voicing their ideals, championing their social causes, leading their movements, a section on the outskirts of their hopes, is that drink with too many of them is their bane, drunkenness their curse, excessive drinking their greatest defect. And that, from every aspect of their individual, social and political condition, it is the worse, and it is the chief cause of the many difficulties that beset and burden them as workmen, husband, father, breadwinner and citizen.

THE TRADES UNION AND THE DRINKING MEMBER. "The trades-unions are living monuments of what thrift, thought, and sober effort have secured for workmen and the nation. They would have been larger, more powerful, and of greater influence but for the strain upon their members and their resources which the drinking habits of the people reflect upon them. Their sick pay would have been larger in amount to the individual, but smaller in burden to the society, but for drink. Accidents would not be so numerous, benevolent grants so frequent and superannuation taken at so early an age if sobriety and abstinence were more generally prevalent. They have been unfortunately hampered in extricating themselves from the condemnation of drink by the necessary evil of holding their meeting at public houses—a perennial source of weakness, temptation and discredit. The claim that all dominant races are superior to others because they drink alcohol is absurd. The supremacy is due to other causes—machinery, education, political freedom, parliamentary liberty and the assertiveness of all communities that have been fired by democratic progress, inventiveness and a greater diffusion of wealth as a result of greater human energy."

THE DRUNKEN WORKMAN A "BLACKLEG." This view is supported because for other reasons, mostly climatic, religious or temperamental, low wages prevail in densely populated and autochthonic countries, and is not applicable to Americans and Australasians, whose wages are higher, where hours are not longer, and where the standard of comfort, to a great extent, is determined and has been secured by their superior tastes, are higher standards of life which they have attained by giving to greater comfort, better food, clothes and other amenities what the same people, if at home, would have perhaps given to drink.

"The shortest answer to this fallacy is that the workmen who spend the least on drink have the best homes and most regular employment, and are better prepared to resist encroachments on their wages. The drunkard blackleg invariably undersells his fellows in the labor market to the extent of the lowness of his tastes, which rarely rise above treachery to his trade, disloyalty to his home, and contempt for the elementary virtues of thrift, sobriety and civic decency."

TO SECULARIZE ENGLAND'S SCHOOLS.

The education bill of the Liberal Party has been introduced in Parliament. It secularizes all public or state-aided schools throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Still more, it proposes to teach a "skeleton of religion"—to give the essential points of morality as these may be understood by some agent for it. It practically takes possession of the property of the denominational schools, for, to get their share of the rates, they must give up their denominationalism. Religious teaching may be imparted in them only two mornings a week, if the consent of the local public school authorities can be obtained, but not even then by the regular staff, nor shall the attendance of pupils be compulsory, nor shall any expense for this instruction be incurred that will have to be paid by taxation.

Christ asked that the little children should be let come to Him, but this bill says not in the schools of England. It is on a line with the anti-Christian policy of secularism that I had noted by secret agency forces all over the world. Everywhere the devil is fighting God for the possession of the children. This bill is against God.—Catholic Columbian.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Pope Pius X. has sent a letter to Archbishop Farley, of New York, requesting him to convey to the American government the Papal condolences over the San Francisco disaster. The Pope also inclosed a donation for distribution among the families of the unfortunate.

Dean MacSweeney, who had been a priest for nearly seventy years, is dead at Cork City, Ireland. He had ministered in his church until last Sunday, although he was more than ninety years old.

The Jesuits are again bereft of their Father General. This latest in succession from St. Ignatius Loyola crowned a life of noble priestly labor by sufferings long and joyfully borne like those of the martyrs of old. May he rest in peace!—Boston Pilot.

The Most Reverend William H. O'Connell, D. D., Coadjutor Archbishop of Boston, and recent Papal Envoy to the Emperor of Japan, received a magnificent welcome from the Catholic laity of the Archdiocese and the citizenship of Boston, regardless of creed, in Symphony Hall on the evening of Wednesday, April 18.

Recently Father A. Lacombe, probably the oldest priest now living in the great North-West, was the guest of Bishop O'Dea and of Providence Hospital Spokane, Washington. He belongs in the Canadian North West Territory, and, though over fifty-five years in the discharge of priestly duties, and accustomed to the hardest kind of missionary labours, is still a most active and successful priest. He is past eighty-five years, and was on his way back to his post of duty.

Immediately after the closing of the Forty Hour's devotion at St. Francis' church, Portland, Ore., a few days ago, Pro. Edward Smith of Columbia University was received into the Catholic church by Rev. Francis J. Phelan, C. S. C. Mr. Smith made the profession of faith and received conditional baptism. Father Phelan was assisted by Fathers Waitt and Soproski. Prof. Smith was formerly a Methodist minister in the East. He is a Greek and Hebrew scholar, and is at present professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia University.

Patrick J. Meehan, of Jersey City, N. J., editor of the Irish-American newspaper in New York, the oldest Irish newspaper in the United States with the exception of the Pilot, and who may be styled the Nestor of the Irish-American and Catholic journalistic fraternity, as he has been in continuous service as an editor since 1850, died on April 29. Mr. Meehan is survived by his wife and eight children. He celebrated two years ago his golden jubilee. In recognition of his valued services to the church, the Right Rev. John J. O'Connor, Bishop of Newark, sent Mr. Meehan permission to have the jubilee Mass said in his own residence, the Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp, a nephew, of Detroit, Mich., being the celebrant. The deceased is an uncle of the Rev. A. Antwerp of the Sacred Heart Convent of this city. May he rest in peace!

On Sunday, April 29, took place the centenary of the Baltimore Cathedral. The notable event was celebrated with no less splendor and devotion than characterized the commemoration of the American Episcopate on November 10, 1889. When this Cathedral was begun, the total population of Baltimore was about 20,000, of which the Catholics were hardly one-fourth. They are probably close to one third of the present total population of 600,000. Twenty-six Bishops have been consecrated and many thousands of priests ordained within its venerable walls. Of the Bishops, Cardinal Gibbons has consecrated ten; of the priests, he has ordained 586,—to say nothing of more than that number ordained by him in his seminaries. Three prelates received there the insignia of the Cardinalate: Cardinal Gibbons himself in 1887; Cardinal Sotillo in 1895, and Cardinal Martinelli in 1901. Cardinal Gibbons invested the two last named. Under its high altar, the mortal part of six of the Archbishops of Baltimore, Drs. Carroll, Marechal, Whitfield, Eccleston, Kenrick and Spalding rest in hope.