

National... Business College... W. WESTERVELT, P.O. Principal.

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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Autumn.

Autumn once more begins to teach; Sees leaves their annual sermon preach...

Life glides away in many a bend, In chapters which begin and end; Each has its trials, each its grace...

Have I laid by from summer hours Ripe fruits, as well as leaves and flowers? Hath my past year a growth hardened...

My soul appears, as I get old, More prompt in act, in prayer less cold; Crosses, from use, more lightly press...

THESE PRELIMINARIES.

Last week we demonstrated the impudence of Dr. McAllister in disputing the Pope's interpretation of a quotation from St. Augustine...

McAllister—Another part of this first quotation from Augustine in this Encyclical is as follows in the Latin: "Cui nolle primas dare est summus arrogantia est, et in univertis arguitur."

Freeman—The doctor's translation is misleading. It makes St. Augustine appear to speak of the Church in general, whereas he was speaking of a particular Church, namely, the Church of Rome...

How difficult is this from the general and indefinite meaning given by Dr. McAllister to the relative pronoun "cui"! How could he have made so egregious a blunder with the whole text before him?

McAllister—But this does not mean that the authority of the Apostolic See is identical with that of the Roman Church. Freeman is the See or Chair of the Bishop of the Roman Church...

So much for Dr. McAllister's improper rendering of the text. That the reader may better understand our contention and see the lapse in the doctor's translation, we will quote the text of St. Augustine given in the encyclical, so far as it concerns the issue in hand.

"Cum igitur tantum auxilium Dei, tantum fructumque videmus, dubitamus nos esse Ecclesie condere gremio, quae usque ad confessionem generis humani ab apostolica sede per successores eius successorum, fructu haereticis circumstantiis, partium plebis ipsius, iudicio, partem Conciliorum gravitate partem etiam miraculorum maiestate damnae, culmen auctoritatis obtinuit? Cui nolle primas dare, vel summam potestatem impetari, vel praecipitibus arrogantibus."

Of this we give the careful English rendering of Berrington and Kirk, in "Faith of Catholics," vol. I, page 349. It is somewhat awkward, but elegance of style was sacrificed to fidelity:

When, therefore, we see such aid from God, so great progress and fruit, shall we hesitate to fling ourselves into the bosom of that Church, which, even by the confession of mankind, has, from the Apostolic See, through successions of Bishops, obtained the loftiest pinnacle of authority...

Here two things are to be noted. First, that by Apostolic See Augustine referred to the Roman See, to the chair of Peter; and by the Church which obtained pre-eminent authority from the Apostolic See he referred to the Church of Rome. And second, that he condemns those who refuse to recognize her pre-eminence of authority as impious and arrogant.

McAllister—to claim that the Pontiff's definitions are of themselves and not from the consent of the Church, the final and authoritative rule of faith, is certainly to refuse to the Church the primacy.

Freeman—The conclusion is just the other way. To claim, as the Catholic does, the infallibility of the Pope is to affirm the primacy of that Church of which he is the head. The Church of which the Pope is the head is the Church of Rome, the Church St. Augustine referred to when he said, "To which Church to refuse to grant the primacy is the height of impiety and arrogance."

Dr. McAllister does not seem to have grasped the idea that the union between the Church and her head is, for the purpose of teaching, as essential as the union between Dr. McAllister's body and his head for the purpose of speaking.

McAllister speaks; when the Church's head speaks the Church speaks. The doctor must get rid of the habit of viewing the Church and her head as two separate and distinct agencies acting in antagonism one to the other.

They are essentially united and constitute one agent, just as his body and head constitute one moral agent. When we attribute rationality to his head we attribute it to his personality. If we could attribute infallibility to his head it would be to attribute it to his whole personality.

It is through his head that his mind manifests its volitions and judgments to the external world. In the same way, to attribute infallibility to the head of the Church is to attribute to the Church as one moral agent, her infallibility.

It is through her head that the Church manifests her volitions and judgments to the external world. Hence when the head, as spoken, has spoken the Church has spoken. If the head of Dr. McAllister's Conventicle Church—if it had a head—were infallible he could justly claim that his Church was infallible, and we should without hesitation admit the claim.

The head, by reason of his infallibility, would hold the primacy in the Church, and his Church, by reason of its head's infallibility, would hold the primacy among all Churches in communion with it; and all others not in communion with it would be schismatical, or heretical, or both.

Thus it will be seen that to claim infallibility for the head is not to deny the primacy to the Church. On the contrary, it is to affirm it.

St. Augustine, as quoted in the Encyclical, says: "Romanae ecclesiae in qua semper Apostolicae Cathedrae viguit principatus."—"To the Roman Church in which the primacy (principatus) of the Apostolic Chair has always flourished."

On this the doctor comments as follows: McAllister—But this does not mean that the authority of the Apostolic See is identical with that of the Roman Church.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Sermon by Rev. Father Rosswinkel, S. J. in the Jesuit's Church, Detroit. Detroit Witness.

A cursory glance over the pages of ancient history, last Sunday evening, gave us a glimpse of the pitiful condition of woman in the pagan family.

We saw her debasement from her high estate; her chastity, the brightest gem in her diadem, torn ruthlessly from her brow; her home turned into a gruesome prison, in which her husband was her gaoler, and her cruel despot; herself a petty toy; petted or spat aside at the will of her tyrant, and with no means of redress.

The beautiful allegory of the Sacred Scriptures which tells of woman as the sun of joy and source of life and happiness, had no longer any meaning. Home, the solid foundation of family life, was meaningless, and the model home of Eden was turned into a dreary, cheerless spot. But Christ, the Lord, was desirous to sanctify the family tie.

He made all things new. He came to redeem us not only individually but collectively. Hence He reconstructed the family. He willed to be born of a Virgin, but of a Virgin espoused to a man. He wished to grow up with children, to grow up in a family as an ordinary child, and to be known as "the carpenter's son."

And why was this? Great truths lie hidden under the actions of His life. According to St. Thomas it was because in Mary we honor her Virgin and the Mother. Virginité and motherhood are the only two honorable states open to woman.

And, secondly, it was because He wished the home of Nazareth to be the model of every Christian family. Every home should be like it. There never was and never will be such a happy home as that of Nazareth.

The pagan husband was and is a cruel despot; the personification of sensualism; the model Christian husband is Joseph, a "just man," feared and obeyed in reason. The pagan wife was the tool of sensualism; the model Christian spouse is "full of grace," the mother of love.

The pagan child was the victim of the father's brutality; to the Christian child his rights and privileges are restored; no longer the property of the State but God's, in his father's care.

The ruin of the family was caused by the degradation of woman, its restoration by her elevation. Its preservation will depend on the faithful imitation of the Mother of mothers. Hence in the dawn of the new creation rises the woman of the Apocalypse "clothed with the sun, and the moon beneath her feet and on her head a crown of twelve stars," worshipped as queen of the angels, Mary the sweet mother of Christ.

In her dignity every Christian mother recognizes her own. The super-eminent sanctity expressed in the Angelic Salutation, "Hail, full of Grace" does not form her highest distinction. It was a condition absolutely necessary that the mother of Christ should cooperate with the Holy Ghost, and only after her acceptance of the condition, only after the words, "Be it done unto me according to thy word" did the most stupendous miracle of the Incarnation become possible, and Mary became the mother of God and of all Christian mothers.

If we consider a source of greatness to be union with Christ, what of Mary's dignity. To all He has said, "You are My friends;" to others more "You are My ministers," and to some "You are My apostles;" but to Mary alone has He said, "You are My mother." To all He is a Redeemer and He has ennobled us; but to Mary He is only Son, and has no divided affection. None can conceive a more intimate union, or higher dignity. It is so unique that no other can ever follow, as none has ever preceded it.

ship, the Holy Ghost will overshadow you and give you graces necessary for your duties, and when about to undertake a mother's work remember your souls and bodies become indeed the temples of the living God. Behold, then the exalted dignity of the Christian mother, derived from union with God with whom she is confederate.

But a word to Christian husbands. Treat holy things in a holy manner. Be wary lest by work or deed you interfere with God's work. The Holy Scriptures have pronounced God's curse on those who dare to tamper with His work.

But every dignity is a burden in proportion to its height. And a heavy load of responsibility rests upon the Christian mother. Sincere pity should be hers who has not learned to sacrifice herself in obedience and constant suffering. Imitate the holy Mother of God. See! An angel messenger of God appears not to Mary, but rather to Joseph, the head of the house and source of authority. Notice is given to be ready to flee into a strange land.

Notice the ready compliance of the Blessed Virgin, without a murmur, with the orders of her inferior, St. Joseph. And again an angel appears to St. Joseph to bid him return, and St. Joseph again gives orders. Learn, then, obedience of wife to husband. And why this sacrifice? Not because man is the stronger sex; not because he is born to command, but if you wish to be truly Christian women, in imitation of Mary. And there is no degradation in this, but rather true nobility and dignity. It is a relation not of servility, but of honor, as is the relation between Christ and the Church. But let husbands not forget that St. Joseph is their model and never exact anything that is not honorable and just. It is right to obey God rather than man.

Since the first full motherhood with our pain or sorrow has not been possible. From generation to generation the divine decree obtains "I will multiply in sorrow thy conception." We may not deny original sin and we cannot abrogate its consequences. Never was there a mother free from pain and sorrow. Look at Mary, conceived without sin, therefore exempt from the law of suffering. She was the "mother of sorrows." She gave birth to Him in a stable and laid Him shivering in the straw. With Him she took the weary journey when bidden to flee to save His life, and spent seven long years in a strange land. His public career had not commenced. St. Joseph goes to his eternal reward and she alone is left to share the sorrow. See at the foot of the cross; His lifeless remains are laid in her arms to teach that a Christian mother must not only make the sacrifice of obedience but also that of suffering.

Thank God there are many mother willing and ready to make such sacrifice, truly great noble women, who hate and shun all that interferes with nature's law. But also, there are exceptions, women who should have lived in pagan times, and on the great day of reckoning it will be better for the poor, miserable pagan than for such women.

The sorrows, pains and sacrifices of a Christian mother do not cease with the birth of the child. See this in the life of Mary. Her proper place is in the family, near the child. The child is yours and you are the children's. Elsewhere dignity suffers and duty is neglected. A tender, strong will that many mothers strive against the natural impulse!

Mothers should give their dearest attention to their children during infancy. How often are children given in charge of careless, ignorant, often vicious nurses, or placed in kindergartens away from the care of their mothers? How many of them are allowed to run the streets and play in the gutters? Hence the "curfew" in many of our cities. Children brought up in this way will never love their parents. Christian mothers, if you thus lose the respect of your children, blame no one but yourselves. Gradually, but surely, they will come to the conclusion that anything is better than that dreary, dismal place called "home."

This it is that accounts for so much heartlessness and cruelty to parents. Children are sacred pledges given by Almighty God to your personal care: He will require an account at your hands and you cannot shift the responsibility. Dire results will follow if you attempt it.

Look at your model once more. She is present at every trial yet she is not seen at Tabor, the one bright spot in the life of the Man of sorrows. She is not there at Easter; she is, as it were, overlooked and her Son appears first to the penitent Magdalen. Nor is she heard of during the great Forty Days. Her mission as a mother ceased at the awful tragedy of Good Friday and the deposition in the tomb. It is an awful lesson. Your crown of dignity is sacrifice. Suffering and sacrifice are necessary in Christian motherhood; she must be ready and willing to share sorrow and trouble and have no part in joy and honor. With the breath your mission as a mother ceases and not till then, when you have given back the child to God from whom you

received him. Only heroines are fit for mothers. Christian mother, prepare for this high and exalted dignity by innocence of life. Appreciate the dignity of the mother of Christ, the mother of sorrows, and may your sorrows be turned into the joy of the glorious Virgin Queen of Heaven.

A SHINING INCIDENT.

Noble Conduct of the Sisters in Memphis During the Fever Epidemic. The Memphis Commercial Appeal says, editorially:

An example of unpretentious bravery and altruism has been furnished in this city during the existence of the yellow fever here which is worth more than a passing mention. When the fever first appeared the Dominican Sisters of St. Agnes' Academy took their pupils to St. Catherine's Springfield, Ky., and having made the necessary arrangements there to continue their studies, the Sisters returned to Memphis and announced that they were ready to nurse any persons who might be stricken with the yellow fever. St. Joseph's Hospital was closed temporarily and the Franciscan Sisters of Charity of that institution went where ever summoned to nurse the sick. It should be understood that the Sisters of both these institutions placed their services at the call of the stricken ones free of charge.

Circumstances made it necessary to close the hospital for a few days, but these noble women have, without any hope of substantial reward, freely risked their lives. The good Sisters of St. Mary likewise volunteered their services and stood ready to respond to any call of duty. While they would be the very last persons, perhaps, to desire any public commendation of their course, it seems only fair that attention should be called to this incident. In this age of money getting and place hunting such deeds as these reconfirm our faith in the beauty of self-sacrifice and humanity. It too often happens that as we hurry along the pathway of life we forget those who perish by the wayside, and our eyes see nothing but the goal of selfishness in the far distance. It has been said that as the little candle sheds its beams afar, so shines a good deed in a wicked world. The action of these humble but earnest Sisters is the shining incident in this season of misfortune and distress.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

Powerful Denunciation of the Sin of Blasphemy by a Dominican Preacher. Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Father McKenna, who conducted the mission which closed last week at St. Mary's Star of the Sea Church, is one of the finest preachers of the Dominican Order—an order that has always devoted itself especially to preaching, says the Catholic Mirror.

On Sunday night there was a vast crowd in the beautiful Gothic church, with its exquisite white altar and the spire over the tabernacle, springing up so slender and light and graceful and yet so strong and almost massive. The crowd began to gather as on every night during the mission before 7 o'clock, assembling in front of the church under the ruddy and mysterious beacon light which beams so tranquilly and encouragingly above, visible far away, even to the mariners upon the distant waters.

The Dominicans, of whom there were two in addition to Father McKenna, wear a white habit and hood; they are, in fact, the "White Friars" so often alluded to in the accounts of old London and especially in the plays of Shakespeare.

There is the little scene of the funeral of King Henry, when Catesby speaks to Gloster, while the procession halts in the street: "Toward Chertsey, my lord?" "No; to White Friars, and there attend my coming."

Father McKenna wears a purple hood. He is a man of strong build, adapted to enormous labors, with a face like that of an actor—a broad expression, changing every moment as he speaks; with rugged eyebrows and penetrating eyes. His hair is snowy white, and he has graceful arms, which sweep and curve as he speaks, and flexible fingers.

He begins in a tranquil subdued tone, the first words scarcely audible, and with some short, pregnant sentence that arrests attention at once. This idea he slowly unfolds and develops, the auditor absorbed in speculation as to what is really to be the theme or the discourse. On Sunday night the preacher, ascending the pulpit, and after a short pause said, glancing at the congregation: "The greatest phenomenon in the world is the Catholic Church." Then he rested for an instant, and then went on to show how she had begun and continued, had grown and spread amid every kind of peril and persecution; had witnessed kingdoms and empires, Princes and potentates, rise and fall. With a few masterly strokes he traced her course to the present day.

"But," said he, suddenly, with a rising voice, "the greatest enemies she has ever had were those within her fold."

There were three especially—the drunkard, the libertine and the blasphemer—and he showed how each did her incalculable injury. He was particularly eloquent in regard to the blasphemer, and he pointed out the folly and uselessness of this vice. The drunkard by his sin buys a short moment of beastly pleasure, but the blasphemer gains nothing.

He is the greatest of fools. What would you think, said the preacher, of a man who had a case about to come off before an earthly tribunal, a culprit whose liberty and welfare depended upon a judge in this world, what would you think of such a man if before the beginning of his case he should curse, revile and hurl maledictions at the judge? He would be a madman. And yet this is what the madman does, only in a more terrible degree—he insults and flings curses into the face of the Judge who is to try him for all eternity.

"Now, men," cried the preacher, stretching forth his arm and sweeping the whole auditorium with his fiery gaze, "stop this infamous vice! Stand up, every one of you, and make a solemn vow here in my presence that you will never insult the majesty of God again. Stand up, I say—stand up!"

There followed a truly dramatic scene; every man in the vast congregation sprang to his feet and repeated after the preacher the vow.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

We Catholics are all called to be saints. When will we all begin to live up to that high vocation? When we do, we shall go to Mass more than once a week, we shall receive Holy Communion more than once a month, we shall practice more austerities than we do now, we shall do more good to our neighbor, and we shall love God more ardently than at present, and we shall aim more strenuously at sanctification than at riches. When will we all begin this life of Christian perfection?—Catholic Review.

The Rev. Luke Rivington, D. D., contributes to the American Ecclesiastical Review for November an interesting summary of the recent Lambeth Conference. Dr. Rivington is himself a convert from Anglicanism, having once been the head of the Oxford Mission in India, and is peculiarly fitted to grasp the various phases of Anglican thought, and to estimate the value of those things which are apparently making for the return of England to the true Faith. The result of the Lambeth Conference is not the least of these things; for devout and earnest people outside the Church are grievously disappointed at the painfully evident variations in religious teaching, and at the impossibility of eliciting from the assembled Bishops a downright authoritative utterance even on so simple a question as the indissolubility of the marriage tie.—Boston Pilot.

It seems rather strange that the sign of the cross should be an emblem of reproach to any person professing to be a Christian. Christ's death on the cross is the warrant of redemption and salvation for Christian believers. Yet it is a fact that a crucifix or the making of the sign of the cross will cause shivers to chase each other up and down the spine of the average Protestant. We get a fresh proof of the existence of this foolish and absurd prejudice in an incident reported from Sunderland, England. Recently in St. George's Presbyterian church in that place a harvest festival was held. The church was decorated profusely. Among the decorations was a banner upon which was displayed a cross. On the following Sunday evening the pastor discovered that the banner had been removed by order of an elder, who said that its presence was a serious offence, as it suggested "Romish" practices.—Boston Republic.

Anecdotes of Tennyson will be rife, now that his biography is out. One of the best of them so far was told by the poet himself, and refers to his short visit to the island of Skye. After he had left the inn there, the landlord was asked impressively: "Do you know who was staying in your house? It was the poet Tennyson." To which the landlord replied: "Lord, mon, to think o' that! And sure I thought he was a gentleman. Jist a poet writer, an' I gied him ma best bedroom." An agnostic once asked Tennyson why he showed so much deference to Cardinal Manning, whom he used to meet at the Metaphysical Society. "Because," said the poet, "he is the distinguished head of a great Church." The character of Tennyson was so much misunderstood during his life that we are glad to get the true picture. It shows him to have been far more religious than most people have thought, and to have been, besides, a man of the finest honor. One of his tests of manhood was a chivalrous regard for woman. He once said: "I would pluck my hand from a man, even if he wore my greatest hero or dearest friend, if he wronged a woman or told her a lie." What a wealth of energy upon the character of Lady Tennyson!—Ave Maria.

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