

The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

NO. 1151.

VOLUME XXII.

The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, Nov. 10, 1900.

GRATITUDE TO OUR BENEFACTORS.

We should remind our readers to remember in their prayers the priests who have departed this life. The best way to show our gratitude is to pray for the repose of their souls.

THE LAST SOLEMN HOUR.

"O, but they say, the tongues of dying men enforce attention like deep harmony."

If the thoughts of those about to pass into eternity could be recorded what an interesting volume it would make! Here, with every energy enlisted in the service of the world, and at the exclusion of all that is best and highest, the hereafter troubles us but little; but when the heart is beating out into stillness, the shame and conceits obscuring our mental vision fade away and we see things as they really are. We then understand why those heroic figures who long since peopled the deserts, walked hand in hand with mortification. Many of them had erred. Many also could claim the goodly possession of unsullied souls, but all were intent in preparing themselves for the greatest act of human life. The last hour was ever present to their minds, and when it came was hailed with joy. It was not merely the decomposition of a worn out machine—it was a change of life—a passing into the realms of light and love. Death had for them a beautiful side, and many could say, with St. Ambrose, that they had so lived that they had no sorrow for having lived, and that they did not fear death, knowing that they were in the hands of a good Master.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

With regard to burial of the dead as practised in the Ages of Faith we cull some valuable information from the admirable pages of Digby. Acting on the advice of St. Augustine that the bodies of the faithful are not to be despoiled and cast out, since they were the organs and vessels used by the Holy Spirit, they took care to impress a becoming reverence upon the character of their funeral ceremonies.

The primitive Christians kept their dead exposed during three days, and watched over them in prayer during that time. Bearing them to the tomb they carried lighted tapers and sang hymns expressive of their hope of the Resurrection. And the same spirit pervaded those ages when men lived near to the supernatural, and who, untormented by a desire of material aggrandizement, had a true idea of living. Instead of pronouncing panegyrics over their dead:

"The Mass was sung and prayers were said
And solemn Requiem for the Dead,
And bells tolled out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal."

Despite the fact that the first Christians made a wall for their dead it became the custom in a very early age of the Church to suppress all public lamentations. A synod in the tenth century orders:

"That laics who observe funeral vicils should do it with fear and trembling and reverence. No one there should presume to sing diabolic songs, or to dance, or to make jests which the Angels learned to practise from the devil. For who does not perceive that it is diabolic, not only alien from the Christian religion, but even contrary to human nature, there to sing, rejoice, get drunk and be dissolved in laughter, laying aside all piety and affection. Therefore such insane joy and pestiferous singing must be altogether prohibited on the authority of God. But if any one desires to sing, let him sing 'Kyrie Eleison,' otherwise let him keep silence."

OUR YOUNG MEN.

We hear it occasionally stated that young men have fewer opportunities to-day for advancement than those of a former generation. They have many reasons, such as changed social and commercial conditions, to support their contention, and come in the end to believe that it is just as well to take things easy—the easier the better. The young man, however, who faces life with that excuse for inaction—for not making the very best of himself, is a miserable coward. There is ever a place for the right man, and that, too, at the top, where there is always elbow room and fresh air.

We except governmental appointments, which depend not so much upon work or ability as upon a political know at least one Catholic lay-

man who has made his way because he has had the courage to work and the courage to wait. And yet he began his career with every chance against him! He was ridiculed by the coterie that "resolves and talks big and likes easy positions," but he kept on, determined to succeed or to go down in harness. Had he been satisfied with joining the army of croakers and blue ruin prophets he would be a non-entity to-day instead of holding a responsible position.

And we say that any young man who decides upon concentrating his energies upon a pursuit, and holds to it despite weariness and difficulties, is bound to find a place, no matter how crowded life's walks may be. "The longer I live," says a writer, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

A NOVEL SCHEME.

The London Free Press of Oct. 21 gives an account of a public meeting held in the Dundas Street Methodist Church in the interests of the McAll Mission. Mr. Wm. Bowman, the chairman, said in his introductory remarks that the "progress of Protestantism in France was the arbiter of peace to the nations of the world." What that may mean we are, owing to lack of time, unable to discover. It probably contains a mine of wisdom, and some day when we have leisure and are well-braced mentally we intend to delve for it. When the auditors recovered from the shock of the chairman's eloquent and mysterious utterances Dr. Rissitor of New York came forward and explained that the mission was for the purpose of regenerating France. Quite a large contract! But the doctor, who was in a singularly optimistic mood, declared the work was prospering, and that one of the means employed to bring the people to Christ was the singing of sweet Christian hymns. Before the advent of the mission the people had been accustomed to the chanting of choirs, but the hymn was unknown to them. It speaks volumes for the gullibility or ignorance of the Dundas street auditors when they permit a statement like that to pass unchallenged. Now, however, that the sweet hymn makes music in the ears of Frenchmen, may we expect a religious upheaval—the fall of Infidelity's strongholds and a rush McAllwards?

It is certainly a novel scheme—in-ingenious and worthy of being patented! And it is so simple! With a good pair of lungs and a hymn well sugared one can work wonders in the mission field! If a beauteous denizen of France refuses to come to Christ one has merely to croon a sweet lullaby and he is forthwith regenerated. And if it has such a potent influence upon individuals who are presumably civilized what may we not hope from it when it is used upon those who are accustomed only to warwhoops and savage dissonances. It takes one's breath away to think of it.

Whilst complimenting the doctor on his admirable address we cannot refrain from exhorting him to give dear old London the benefit of his invention. It will take a lot of wind and sweetness to lift many Londoners to higher and better things, but they are, we imagine, entitled to first chance. At any rate he should sing into phonographs and have them distributed amongst the men and women who, so far as religion is concerned, are as ignorant as untutored barbarians.

LABOR vs. CAPITAL.

The great strike is virtually at an end, and friends of labor are jubilant over the fact that the miners' demands have in a measure been acceded to. But after all it is but a truce between labor and capital. How long it may continue we are not prepared to say, but in the present industrial conditions there must inevitably be conflict between employer and employee. No legislation and no scheme, however plausible, that is based on mere human economic lines can or will avert it.

Christianity alone can supply the remedy.

We know that some mighty capitalists take a kindly interest in religious matters, and even, as in the case of Mr. Carnegie, devote their efforts to the betterment of the world. But admitting all this, we say that the employer, who, as it often happens, grinds men down with excessive labor, and who looks upon the workman as a machine without mental or spiritual rights, has no practical conception of Christianity. Nay, more, they may be lauded for their philanthropy—for their libraries for those who have no time to read them—but they are, nevertheless, a menace to the stability of a country.

An oligarchy of wealth is a real and very evident danger to national prosperity. We are told, however, that no injustice is done the laborer when he agrees to work for even a starvation wage, and when the employer pays what was agreed upon he has done his part and is not called upon for anything further. This mode of reasoning, says Leo XIII. in the Encyclical on the Condition of Labor, is by no means convincing to a fair minded man. He points out that a man's labor is at once personal and necessary. In so far as it is personal it would be within his right to accept any rate of wages whatever. But the Pope says:

"This is a mere abstract supposition: the labor of the workman is not only his personal attribute, but it is necessary, and this makes all the difference. The preservation of life is the bounden duty of each and each one has a right to procure what is required in order to live; and the poor can procure it in no other way than by work and wages."

Admitting that workman and employer should freely agree as to wages, the Pope says, again, that:

"There is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort."

When the workman is thus given a wage that will ensure immunity from starvation he can easily be induced to make an effort to better his condition. He will practice economy and his earnings can in time be invested in real estate. "The law should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many of the people as possible to become owners." Pope Leo says that this, by causing property to be more equitably divided, would tend to bridge the gulf between vast wealth and deep poverty, to make labor give better results and to develop in the hearts of all classes a deep and abiding love for the country in which they were born.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

The world of non-Christian or of un-Christian thought has, within a few years, experienced something very like a revulsion of feeling on the immortality of the soul. Twenty years ago, or less, Christian teaching as of the life beyond the grave was smiled or sneered away as "unscientific."

Sentimental and sanguine people expressed their satisfaction with the precarious prospect, implied in the words of the poet:

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Still others, with George Eliot, yearned to:

—Join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In lives made better by their presence.

But all discarded the idea of personal immortality, of aught to fear or hope after the breath had left the body.

To-day, Science is turning on its tracks, and beginning respectfully to investigate certain things which are, it is obliged to admit, beyond natural solution. Men like Camille Flammarion believe that the immortality of the soul can be and will yet be scientifically demonstrated.

Outside of scientific circles a host of men and women who have never doubted the future life, but who refuse the only authentic testimony to it, seek vainly to reach their beloved dead through psychic mediums, clairvoyants and the like, only to recoil upon themselves disappointed, blinded at the inconsequence and foolishness—to say nothing of the fraud—of the alleged revelations.

But the Catholic Christian goes his way untroubled by these fashions in doubt or faith. He is as sure of his future existence beyond the grave as he is of his actual existence on earth. He takes God's word for his immortality; but he knows that it rests with himself to determine whether it is a happy or a sorrowful condition.

He knows that he goes into life overlasting personally accountable for the deeds of his mortal life. The consequences of unatoned for, even though repented and forgiven sins trail themselves over the threshold of eternity. As few of us workers in the divine gifts have called upon to give

account of our stewardship, and no margin of time allowed for retrieving our negligence, however deeply we deplore it, it follows that most of those who die in God's favor have still between them and heaven a sojourn in that debtor's prison whence none can depart till the last farthing is paid.

This is the grave truth which the Church brings especially before us on All Souls' Day, and throughout the sad month of November, which is consecrated in a special way to the prayerful memory of the dead.

Every day, in the Apostles' Creed we proclaim our faith in the Communion of Saints. This faith we demonstrate on the one hand, when we seek the intercession of the blessed in heaven; on the other, when we pray for those who have saved their souls but are not yet sufficiently purified to be admitted to the Vision of God and the society of the saints.

We do not seek messages from the dead, as to the dupes of false beliefs. We seek rather to assure our dead of our unforgetting love for them, by the prayers and good works done for their eternal repose. If while they were with us, we failed in love or duty to them, here is our chance of retrieval.

A mockery is the sombre crape, a stone for bread is the costly monument to the suffering, helpless prisoners of the King, if we forget the prayers, and sacrifices, and almsdeeds that open for them a way into the place of refreshment, light and peace.—Boston Pilot.

NECESSITY OF RELIGION.

Buffalo Union and Times.

It is none other than Victor Hugo, the great French litterateur, who has written those soul uplifting thoughts on the necessity of religion. We commend them to the meditation of those persons who foolishly fancy that they must ape unbelief in order to pass as men of profound minds. They therefore pose as agnostics, whose only cult is negation, believing nothing save what they can touch and see and taste. These are Hugo's words:

The more a man grows, the more he ought to believe. As he draws nearer to God, the better ought he to recognize His existence, the end of all material existence, we aggravate all his miseries by the terrible negation at its close. We add to the burdens of the unfortunate the unupportable weight of a hopeless hereafter. God's laws of suffering merely to our unbelief into hell's law of despair. How do our finite miseries divide in the presence of infinite hope.

Our first duty, then, whether we be clergymen or laymen, legislators or writers, is not merely to direct all our social energies to the abatement of physical misery, but at the same time to lift every drooping head towards Heaven, to fix the attention and the faith of every human soul on that ulterior life where justice shall preside, where justice shall be rewarded. Dash is restitution, of the moral world equity. At the end of all reappears God. Let us not forget it. Let us everywhere teach it. There would be no dignity in life; it would not be worth the holding if in death we wholly perished.

All that lightens labor and sanctifies toil, all that renders man brave, good, wise, patient, benevolent, just, humble, and at the same time great, worthy of attention and before him the vision of a better world dawning its rays of celestial splendor through the dark shadows of this present life. It is to me more real, more substantial, more positive in its effects than this evanescence which we cling to and call life. It is necessarily before my eyes. I believe in it with all the strength of my convictions, and after many struggles and much study and experience, it is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul.

How these beautiful thoughts of the great master of French literature should shame the pretenders of whom we have spoken who look down pitying from their lofty intellectual theories upon all ministers of religion, and regard Christ's Church and His Revelation with sovereign contempt!

THE SACRED HEART ORDER

To Celebrate Its Centennial this Month.

The Order of the Sacred Heart is about to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its foundation. In the different convents the most elaborate preparations have begun for this important occasion, which is to mark the centenary milestone in one of the finest educational organizations in the Catholic Church. The centenary will take place on the Feast of Our Lady's Presentation, Nov. 21, and the ceremonies which are to distinguish it will be most impressive.

The one hundred and forty seven houses distributed throughout the world, are to join in a chorus of joy that the end of a century of work has found them prosperous in every way and that no less than 7,000 members of the order are alive to participate in the honor of the canonization of Rev. Mother Barat, the Venerable Foundress. The centenary is to have a double significance in the anniversary itself, and the fact of the canonization proceedings, which are now in progress and will reach completion in 1902. In the whole century the order has had but four Superior Generals, the last being Rev. Mother Digby, an English woman of noble birth. A little over a year ago Mother Digby visited London, and she is the only Superior General who had come to Canada from the headquarters in Paris.

THE POPE AS A WIT.

Humor of the Sublime Kind, It Never Wounds or Stings.

While his beautiful character places him first in the esteem of millions of hearts, nevertheless the present Pope owes a great deal of his popularity to talents not generally known—his firm hold on the world of arts, letters and society. Save that of the master painter, he has as many gifts as Leonardo da Vinci. Like him a fine mathematician, musician, art critic, oriental scholar, with a general culture deep and broad, he is one of the best of the living chess players. His knowledge of books, with all their strange and curious details, reminds one of such human phenomena as Magliabecchi and Pic di Mirandola. Well he might make the world wonder, as did the children in Goldsmith's "Village," how one head could contain it all.

In society, from the earliest diarist's recollection, Leo XIII has been noted as a wit. It is said that he has the greatest power of repartee of any man in Europe. It is an odd thing to remind one that "the greater the saint the greater the humorist." This has so generally passed into a first principle by students of men that one can understand why the wisest theologians are given to doubt the sanctity of any man who does not enjoy a joke. Perhaps Emerson was not aware that he was uttering an old Catholic truth he said: "You need never despair of the salvation of any man who can see a joke."

Those who have lived near His Holiness or who have associative ties with him know a volume of stories of his wit. It is said that he never lost the mastery of any situation—grotesque, painful, awkward or ridiculous. He has always enjoyed a reputation for this alone, and was betide the unlucky wight who crossed conversational rapiers with the aim of putting him in a worse case.

His humor is of the sublime kind: it never wounds or stings. It raises a laugh, but always to lift the hearer to a calm height not before known. Only once in all these *contes drolats* does he appear to have made a retort that stung, and then the victim richly deserved it.

A worthy American, one of the "new rich," was pleasantly roasted behind his back on one occasion. A convert he was, of course, more Roman than Rome, and he took ex-ravagant methods of helping Propaganda Fide with his wealth. He had done many generous things, and the Pope had rewarded him with medals and orders galore; for once a year this convert made a pilgrimage to Rome, where he was kindly received by the Holy Father as a son, and generally, until the orders were exhausted, each time was bestowed with some fresh honor. On such occasions all these brave metal pieces were attached to the rich American's breast.

"I'll soon end that," the Pope remarked to a confidante who was at his side during the leave. "Next time I shall give him a snuffbox." Which he did, and a beautiful jeweled box it was.

The following year the American turned up again and was granted audience, when to the Holy Father's consternation the faithful son of the church appeared, not only with all his medals, but with the snuff-box attached to his waistcoat.

"The next time," I shall present him with a marble topped table. It is the only thing I can think of that he can't tie to his waistcoat."—Chicago Times Herald.

AN APPARITION!

Bigotry manifests itself in many ways, but seldom in so ridiculous a manner as that exhibited by a minister at Atlantic City a week or two ago. A well-known hostelry, patronized in the main by Catholics, though its present lessee is a Protestant, was the scene of this incident. A man clothed in the clerical garb affected by the ministry who eschew the Roman collar, and accompanied by a woman and a child, applied to the hostess for accommodations. After examining a room and expressing satisfaction, he returned to the office to register, when he met a terrible apparition. It was dinner time, and from the dining room came forth a man wearing a Roman collar and without a woman and a child. It must be a priest! The man at the register, without a word of explanation to the hostess, grasped the woman's arm and said: "Come, let us get out of here." And they vanished—like-wise the child.

The hostess was for a time lost in amazement, but later she recovered, and when Father was about to depart to celebrate Mass she asked him to pray that she might get more boarders, laughingly remarking that he had driven three away. "That man had bad conscience," is the explanation she gives of this manifestation of intolerance. He is, no doubt, of the too numerous class who teach their congregation to hate their (Catholic) neighbor, and perhaps some poor fellows believe what they say. He would have formed a different idea of his brother man had he remained and become acquainted with that genial

priest. The Protestant hostess, perhaps, would not believe this story had she merely heard it and not taken part in the incident as described.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

SHAMELESS FICTION.

Of the ten most popular books in England during last May, one, and the only one not concerned with the South African war, was S. R. Crockett's novel "Joan of the Sword-Hand." It may show how much enlightenment and intelligence Great Britain has to spare and to spread. In one place, for instance, it gives this scene in the Vatican Gardens between Pope Sixtus and Prince Conrad, described as a priest and a cardinal:

The Pope turned half round in his seat and looked with a certain indulgent fondness upon the gay young man who wore conducting a battle of flowers with the laughing girls beneath them. Two of them had laid hold of another by the legs and were holding him over the trefined flowers that he might kiss a girl whom her companions were elevating from below for a like purpose. As their young lips met the Pontiff slapped the purple silk on his thigh and laughed aloud. "Ah, rascals, merry rascals!" (here he sighed, "What it is to be young! Take an old man's advice, live while you are young. Yes, live and leave penance for old age is sufficient penance in itself. (Tut tut)—what am I saying? Let his pocket do penance!) . . . Well, most of these young men are Cardinals (or will be, so soon as I can get the gold to set them up.) "These are Cardinals and priests?" queried Conrad, vastly astonished. The Holy Father nodded and took another sip. "And now you wish to marry?" "Well, I will receive back your hat. I will annul your orders—the usual payments being made to Holy Church. . . . Good—good, my son. You are a true standard bearer of the Church. I will throw in a perpetual indulgence—with blanks which you may fill up."

This new novel will furnish Mr. James Britten a good page or two additional to his admirable penny pamphlet on "Protestant fiction."—Catholic Columbian.

THE CONVERSION MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

The conversion of England and America is attracting considerable attention. It is manifesting all the vigor of a movement that has virility, volume, and momentum to it. The first sign of its strength is the fact that it is awakening a bitter opposition.

They are celebrating in England, on the 29th of September, the Golden Jubilee of the re-establishment of the Hierarchy, and it will be a very favorable opportunity to mark the progress that the last fifty years have brought about. It was an hour of gloom and apparent disaster when Cardinal Wiseman returned to England to face the storm of opposition that the Ball of Roses abjuration created. His own frank and fearless attitude, as well as his pronounced love of his people and his country, did a great deal to ally antagonisms. Cardinal Manning's policy carried to perfection the work inaugurated by Wiseman.

Father Cuthbert, the well-known English essayist, reviews this period in the leading article in the Catholic World Magazine for October. For breadth of view and for grasp of the situation the article is well worth the reading.

ARGUMENTS.

It is sometimes prudent to argue side questions with a non-Catholic before considering the main difficulty; for a man who is in error can hardly be expected to be logical. If he can be induced to consider the main question, which is the claim of the Church to teach infallibly, well and good; let the battle rage about the citadel. But let the battle rage anyhow and anywhere rather than withdraw wholly from the conflict.

To adopt a different figure: when a man falls overboard you throw him a life-preserver, for although that alone will not save him, it will never the less keep him afloat till a boat can be lowered. So it is with one struggling amid delusions and prejudices. Any good word of truth that he knows comes from the Holy Church, if he can only be induced to grasp it firmly, will turn his eyes and his heart hopefully towards the only refuge of the soul from whence his help has come. Meantime and one by one all questions may in turn be considered.

Owels afraid, and says: "I fear that I cannot answer their objections." Then place your Protestant friends on the defensive; make them answer yours. Challenge them to prove the all sufficiency of private interpretation from Holy Scripture. As they begin to sputter, launch at them the texts that have placed Peter as the Rock of perpetuity and stability, that have appointed him the key bearer of the Church of Christ. Just say this: Tell me what Christ means when He says to the Apostles: "Going teach all nations?" and this: "If a man will not hear the Church let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican?" The impossibility of defending Protestantism is demonstrated by any honest attempt.—The Missionary.

How many spring times and seed-times have we lost! how many a summer is past without a harvest! how many an autumn without a vintage!—Cardinal Manning.