

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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CATHOLIC COLLEGES SUPERIOR.

We have spoken somewhat on education in recent issues because we wished to call attention to the advantages of Catholic training and to note the fact that the dislike which has been intensified by Catholic snobs for our institutions is passing away. We are getting proud of our own. We certainly have no reason to be otherwise. Without being adulatory in any way, we affirm that our colleges are as good as the best, and our duty is to support them. The snobs will be always with us, but we are satisfied to have the confidence of the plain people, who even if they do have a few dollars, do not go around as if they were small tin gods.

AN IMMORAL EDUCATOR.

A New York paper denounced as sensational, albeit oftentimes quoted by godly men, is warning up to the statue business. Representations of distinguished worthies should be in every street corner for the edification and inspiration of the young. They should be in every flat, we suppose, to quicken the artistic and spiritual development of the inmates. And think of the celebrity paper wants to have pedestals in park and thoroughfare—Rousseau, father of modern education. We do not blame the editor for this. He heard it from a so-called educational authority. He forgot it ere his paper was cried in the streets, but it went on its way of destruction. It, mayhap, sent the inquisitive youngster to the nearest library to find out that with Rousseau as guide he can do what he likes: that he must spurn all authority and look upon the possession of property as robbery. Far from us to say that such principles are advocated in the schools. But it looks very much as if a country were on the down grade when they who are in the forefront of its educators evince a respect for a teacher of immorality and atheism—of everything in fact that can be a menace to national stability. They do tell us just how their pronouncement should be understood, but the man in the street—and he is the man to be reckoned with—takes it at its face value. It is had enough to have a system without God and a morality bred of sentiment and etiquette without garnishing it with the raving of an unclean rascal like Rousseau.

And yet these educators give us weighty documents against anarchism. Why do not they begin right and abolish the system that tends to make anarchists? They may speak softly to desperate men—men without God—who look upon their rags and then wonder upon their well-groomed brothers—upon their hovels and then upon the mansions of millionaires, but they will not be understood. It is a puzzle—an injustice to them. The glib talk of economists will not quiet their discontent. They will chafe under the yoke, and mayhaps throw it off when they become less fearful of the policeman's baton. And is it not a monstrous injustice to a child to fling it into the hurly burly of life without a key to its mysteries and benefit of aught that can console and heal when its feet are bleeding through much trampling on the stones. And it is being done every day. Far better for a child to remain unlettered than to run the risk of becoming, as St. Paul said, "haughty, proud, blasphemous, disobedient to parents . . . lovers of pleasures more than of God."

AN UP-TO-DATE CONFESSION.

The Westminster Confession has had a history, and a long one. Begun in 1643 by divines who wrangled over its provisions for five years—fought for by Scots as grim as their creed, defended by learned and eloquent preachers, it has been for years the standard of Presbyterian orthodoxy. But the minds of the present members are not cast in so rigid a mould as their ancestors. Some of them, indeed, have a sentimental regard for it, but others—and they are not a few—are of the opinion that the age has outgrown it. They are willing to correct its mistakes, and to erase its unnecessary references to the Pope. They are more than anxious to draft a creed containing more mercy and love and less vengeance and destruction.

Needless to say that revision of the Confession will be a shock to simple-minded Presbyterians. It is, however, entirely complimentary to the promoters to rid it of false and offensive

articles which have not, we venture to say, been regarded seriously for years by a good many of the Presbyterian body, but it must make them dubious as to their present position. If they succeed in getting their expurgated Confession adopted, what guarantee can they give Presbyterians that it is free from error. However scholarly, they are as fallible as the Westminster divines. They may appeal to the Scriptures, but so did the framers of the original Confession. They may claim that the doctrines of the up-to-date programme are in accordance with Scriptures; but the claim has nothing more solid to rest upon than human judgement, and, moreover, is rejected by other sects which also profess to be rooted in the Bible.

When the questions at issue transcend human reason it is evident that the amendments are nothing but matters of opinion which may or may not be true, and liable to be modified or changed by a future generation.

Any supernatural religion, says Mallock, that renounces its claim to absolute infallibility can profess to be a semi-revelation only. It is a hybrid thing partly natural and partly supernatural, and it thus practically has all the qualities of a religion that is wholly natural. In so far as it professes to be revealed, it, of course, professes to be infallible; but if the revealed part be, in the first place, hard to distinguish, and, in the second place hard to understand, it may mean many things, and many of these things contradictory. It might just as well have been never made at all. To make it in any sense an infallible revelation, or in other words a revelation to us, we need a power to interpret the testament that shall have equal authority with the testament itself.

THE BIBLE.

The Presbyterian Banner says that the Bible is not only still being sold, but is being sold in enormously increased numbers. Within the last twenty-five years six great Bible houses have been established and the sales of the book have more than quadrupled. It is sent everywhere to China—the Philippines, where, it assures us, it had practically for three hundred years before the American occupation, no circulation. "Practically" is good and elastic. There are in all probability no large publishing houses in the Philippines, for the dreary Oriental has as yet not awakened to the advantages of strenuous hustling for the dollar. However, they manage—and this on the testimony of reputable witnesses—to furnish us with no inconsiderable proof of their Christianity. They have the Bible, but they do not get garrulous over the fact. And they read it, not through the eyes of the colporteur, but as in the days of St. Ignace, with the aid of those who are priests in the church, and in whose hands, as we have shown, rests the doctrine of the apostles." Hence they read intelligently, and, undisturbed by the cries of creed fashioners and critics, hold to it because the authority of the Church commands them to receive it.

For our part we confess to an inability to understand why some of our separated brethren look kindly upon the senseless scattering of the Bible. It is certainly a good thing for the publishing houses, but its merit as a factor in the work of conversions will not bear any scrutiny. In fact we are informed that the spectacle of women and men parading foreign countries and finding in the same Bible authority for contradictory opinions has confused and mystified the natives and rendered them indifferent if not hostile to Christianity. This is so evident to the sects that their workers in the Philippines are endeavoring to veil the deformity of disunion with a semblance of unity in order to beguile the people into believing that they are one happy family.

Time was when the experiment of propagating Christianity by the Bible, was new, and, in the eyes of those behind it, secure of a bountiful harvest of converts. Its friends were enthusiastic with never a thought of the absurdity of constituting every man the fit interpreter of the many-sided and mysterious Bible. It had an abundance of material resources—missionaries of all kind, and yet its success has been far below the anticipations of its adherents and utterly inadequate to the outlay of money and energy. The wonder is that they have clung to it for so long a time. It may be that they are loth to give over the dream of their for-

bears or that hope of ultimate triumph abides within them.

But if they failed in their palmist days, what do they expect now when block after block of the Bible is sinking annually into the waters of hostile criticism, and many of its exponents are befuddling the minds of their auditors with opinions as to which parts of it must or must not be believed.

It is not surprising that the bigoted Froude said that "considering all the heresies, the enormous crimes, the wickedness, the astounding follies which the Bible has been made to justify and which its indiscriminate reading has suggested. I think certainly that to send hawkers over the world loaded with copies of this book, scattering it in all places, among all persons . . . is the most culpable folly of which it is possible for man to be guilty."

WORK AMONG NON-CATHOLICS.

Excellent Prospects and Good Results are Reported from the Mission Field.

The missionaries associated with the Catholic Missionary Union have given within the last few months forty missions, during which they have received seventy-eight converts and left one hundred and thirty-eight under instruction with the resident pastors.

There is nothing, perchance, which better indicates the growth of this movement than this simple statement of fact. A few years ago we were very content if we were able to record that there were some interested listeners. Now it is actual converts that are reported. It will be remembered that these converts have been made in out-of-the-way places, where the Catholic Church was scarcely known, or if known at all, was not known very favorably; in places where bigotry was rampant and ingrained prejudices prevailed; in places where the Church was timid, and hiding itself on a back street, and where it had no influence on public sentiment. Now all this is changed. Catholic doctrine has been preached. An aggressive attitude has been assumed and an appeal to truth has been made. The attractive power of the Church has been aroused. This change has taken place all over the country as the result of the past Catholic missions, and the reports that are made to-day will be deemed as meagre ten years from now, as we now consider the reports of five years ago, when the work first started. The Church is moving on into that larger era of activity and usefulness when she will become one of the dominant factors of our national life.

The missions of Paulists have been notably fruitful in converts. Fathers Conway and Doherty have had a long list of missions in the large centres of the West—at Minneapolis, at Winona, at Holy Angels, Chicago, and at other places. The eastern bands have been equally busy in New York, Philadelphia and Buffalo, while Fathers Handy and Healy have been working in the South. Since the beginning of the year there have been received on these missions the remarkable number of 376 converts, and nearly as many have been left under instruction. If there be added to this number the 161 converts who were received last fall, we have 537 converts as the fruit of the mission work of one of the smallest of the missionary communities engaged in the work. The other missionary bodies will probably double this number.

Interesting letters descriptive of non-Catholic mission work from a number of priests connected with the Catholic Missionary Union are given in The Missionary for the current quarter.

Rev. H. E. O'Grady writes from the Diocese of Mobile:

The season was opened this year in Greenville, a very promising town situated about half way between Mobile and Montgomery. It has a population of about 5,000, and out of that number there are twelve individuals who claim to be members of the old Church. For the last fifteen years, twice a year a priest from Montgomery has paid a visit to these children of the faith. At the request of Bishop Allan I went to Greenville for the first time last May. I received a very cordial welcome from Mr. J. C. Cassidy, a prominent young merchant of the city and a most devoted and energetic Catholic. Through the kindness of Mr. Cassidy I had the pleasure of meeting many of the prominent people of the place one or two days before the lectures were advertised to commence. The opera house was secured and the town was thoroughly billed.

The oldest citizen of Greenville attended the lectures regularly and seemed to be well pleased. He remained with me, and in the presence of quite a number said many nice things about the Church. He had been a life-long member of one of the churches of the city, but, expressed himself about them in this odd matter: "There is too much Paul in our churches and too little Peter. They must give us back Purgatory also. The Scriptures are too plain."

The handful of Catholics in Greenville being desirous of building a little church, were anxious to secure one of the best sites in town. The price asked for it was \$1,000. The non-Catholic people contributed at least \$700 of the amount. This fact speaks for itself and proves what can be done.

After leaving Greenville my next stop was in Pensacola. This city is the largest one in Western Florida. St.

Michael's congregation is one is the oldest in America. There was a time when Pensacola was entirely Catholic, but alas! this is not the case now. All of the sects have churches here. The lectures usually preached to non-Catholics were given here every night for eight nights to mixed congregations. The result was that many indifferent Catholics were made practical and quite a number of non-Catholics asked for further instruction.

After leaving Pensacola I went to Molino, Fla., a little mission attended from St. Michael's, Pensacola. About twenty Catholics live in the little town, and they have a nice little chapel. The non-Catholic portion of the community attended very well, and all of them heard a priest for the first time. There is a great deal in that expression, "Heard a priest for the first time."

They come up after the lecture and give you the information that the past said me: "I have read a great deal about priests, but you are the first one I ever heard speak." My readers will know just what style of books they get their information out of about priests. I never fail to remind them of the character of the books, and put it to them in this way: "Now, if I want information about any of your Churches I will not go to a minister who has been expelled from the Church for one cause or another, but I will consult one of your standard authors. This is all I ask you to do when you want information about the old Mother Church."

After Molino I made return engagements to Buddad and Milton, Fla. Under the circumstances I met with a most cordial reception in Milton. I lectured in the courthouse for two nights; I was there a year before and was pleased to notice that many were glad to see me again and so expressed themselves. My audience was entirely non-Catholic; no Catholic living in this town.

Marianna was the next place visited. This is a very thriving town in one of the best farming sections of Florida. It is a town of about four thousand people. There are two converts among this number and this is the strength of the Church here. They heard a priest here for the first time. The lecture I gave in Marianna was attended by all the ministers and the teachers of the High School. They all expressed themselves as well pleased and promised to unite in praying for Christian unity. I will have something to say about other missions in my next.

Rev. A. K. Gwynne and Rev. John J. Hughes write from Charleston, S. C.:

The inconveniences of a severe winter, such as the South seldom experiences, prevented our giving the missions in many places during the past three months, as the churches and halls we have to use were never intended to keep out the cold.

However, we feel gratified with the interest shown in a mission which we gave a few weeks ago in the town of McCormick, South Carolina. The population of McCormick is three hundred and a widow we have one Catholic in the town with four children. To this little band we are greatly indebted for advertising our mission among their townspeople.

McCormick was once a gold mining town; that was before the war, when, as tradition has it, great quantities of the precious metal were mined. Although it does not pay. The only mines are large shafts sunk in the earth, about two hundred yards apart, and vast ruins of costly machinery.

The people are intelligent and were quite willing to give us a fair hearing; many even expressed surprise when they heard that the lectures were to be free. The use of the Academy of Music, as the hall over the school-house is called, was freely given for the asking. From the mayor of the town, a prominent Methodist, we borrowed a Bible.

The hall was well filled our first night when we had about seventy-five present; only three of these Catholics, sickness preventing the other two from coming. Strict attention was paid during the entire course and great respect shown. At the close of the lecture thirty came to receive copies of "Clearing the Way." This afforded us great pleasure, for it was almost more than we dared hope for, that they would accept the books from the hand of the missionary.

The lectures were to begin at 8.30 p. m., but the second night at that time only three persons were in the hall; others came in a little later, and after a wait of ten minutes we began with twenty-five present. We learned afterwards that there were three other attractions that same night—a party given a few doors away from the hall, a lodge meeting, and a prayer meeting.

The next night was better than the first, eighty-five coming in the course of the lecture on the church, in the course of which we took occasion to speak on Catholic doctrines. We again gave out literature—twelve more copies of the "Clearing the Way" and twenty-five leaflets, "What Catholics do Not Believe."

We were not overburdened with questions, only two being asked. One person requested an explanation of the doctrine of Purgatory, and another gentleman, who noticed us making the sign of the cross at the close of the lecture, asked his companions, why we did that. When leaving the hall the doctor told us about it, and he said he tried to bring him up and have it explained, but the man got away from him, so he asked us to explain it the next night. The other questions we had to supply ourselves.

We have reason to hope that the seed sown in McCormick will in time bring forth good fruit, for there is no

doubt that many heard the Catholic side for the first time in their life, and we heard that many read "Clearing the Way" the same night they received it. A gentleman told one of our Catholics that the only thing keeping him from becoming a Catholic was that he belonged to a secret society. A few others are on the right road, and with God's help some gold in the form of true converts will yet be found in McCormick.

An interesting account of mission labors among the Mormons is given by Rev. W. J. A. Hendrick, who writes from the Diocese of Boise:

In October I opened missionary work in the valley of Dempsey. About one hundred and eighty Mormon families inhabit this fertile valley. The Mormons there have not been able up to today to build a house of worship for themselves because their Church leaders in Salt Lake City strictly insist on them paying their tithes, which keeps that deluded people in continual poverty; and what do they receive in exchange? To be called saints already in this life and to be leaders in the coming millennium of Christ! On a Sunday afternoon I went to the school house at the time they finished their services. The building was packed to the doors. I begged them to remain, and not one left. For an hour I addressed them on the claims of our holy Church, which made some impression upon them. They said, as St. Paul's time those of Athens did, we will hear you at another time. It just happened a couple of months afterwards that an old lady, Mrs. Emily Potter, who had been baptized by the priest of Pocatello, became dangerously ill. She was duly prepared for death, and at her funeral I had another occasion to address them. Since then the number of converts has increased to such an extent that I built a shack for them. Is it not strange that the idea of building shacks originated in the West about the same time as it prevailed in the South? There are at present twenty-seven persons worshipping in that little chapel. Our work in Dempsey caused the anger of the Mormon authorities, who forbade the Mormons receiving any tracts from the priest. They sent prominent men to confirm the brethren, but to no avail.

Occasionally I am challenged to a debate on religion. Last New Year's Day three men were waiting for me for that purpose. We met in a private house. About forty persons were present. The first one got up and stated that the Catholic Church was the true one until the fourth century. That at that time she collapsed and became corrupted that our Lord was obliged to take the faith, the sacraments and the priesthood to heaven, in order to restore them to mankind, in 1827, by Joseph Smith in Ontario county, New York State. The second one said that Jesus had been baptized by immersion and that all Catholic baptisms were invalid. The third one proclaimed the necessity of Adam's fall. He said through his fall Adam raised the dignity of manhood, etc.

I answered these statements to their satisfaction and caused general laughter in referring to the third remark, about Adam's fall, saying that I never knew that a man could fall up hill. The result of the debate is that all three asked for tracts and are now learning the catechism.

Last week I received an invitation from the Gentle Valley, adjoining Dempsey. There are four hundred families in that valley. They sent a man, who came twenty-five miles to invite me to come to see them. He said that at least seventeen families there were tired of Mormonism. I again took up the work at Kemmerer, in the Diocese of Cheyenne, and the interest awakened by the announcement of the mission and the question box brought people for miles around. The result of this mission was the one following at Diamondville was the reception of eleven adults. Among the aspirants for baptism is a Mormon elder and erstwhile missionary. Not the least good flowing from the Diamondville mission was the prospective building of a Catholic church in the town.

Since I began my work among the Mormons there have been fifty converts received, thirty-four of whom were Mormons.

A DEVOTION WITH A PURPOSE.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The more men preach altruism, the more selfish they grow. The more they pretend to act purely for the good of others, without any thought of their own advantage, the more they are seeking it in one way or other, and the more heartless they are in respect to what others really need. No man can properly love another unless he cultivates a proper self-love. The law is: Thy neighbor as, not more than, nor not, but as thyself. Even love of God does not preclude, but supposes well-ordered self-love. We are bidden to esteem our souls above all else in the world. What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul? Or, what will not a man give for his soul? Even if this truth were not impressed upon us by the very tendencies of our nature, we might learn it from the fact that God has deemed us worthy of this love, having so loved the world as to send His Only Begotten Son to redeem our souls from evil and to restore them to Himself. Christ is then the expression of the love of the father of mankind. How shall we estimate, form some conception of His love for each one of us? What value do we set on Christ the expression of it? Is His love in our estimation universal, or do we limit it

to narrow bounds? Does He love all, without exception, with the greatest love, greater than which no man can have, by laying down his life for all? The proceedings in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in session in this city, remind us that a vast number of men limit the charity or what is the same thing, the application of the merits, the effects of the love of Christ to mankind. The proposal to revise the article in their Creed about the election of infants, and their tenets about predestination generally, show that the founders of their Church tended to give men very narrow views of this love. This same tendency was manifest in the Jansenists, who for fully two centuries endeavored to introduce among Catholics in France similar limited views about Christ's love for men. They did not succeed, thanks to the propagation in that country of an intense devotion to Christ, represented and conceived as the Redeemer of boundless love, not earnestly longing to have all benefit by his copious Redemption. This devotion was intense, not because it was unreflecting, but because it was founded on truth, and because it enabled men to grasp that truth as they had never grasped it before. It became universal and it has been for the past two centuries, and is still, the most prominent devotion in the Church. In June a special feast-day commemorates the love of Christ for men manifested to them under the symbol of His Heart. A Mass and Office, the liturgical litany and, for the laity, the Little Office of the Sacred Heart, are some of the means of giving public and private expression to this devotion. Better than every other tribute we can pay to Christ, it expresses our loyalty to Him as our King, a King who rules by love and exacts only the service of our love. It is a feast of triumph, one which means more than any other other in this commercial age, and at a time when human hearts are growing selfish and striving to justify every excess of license under altruistic pretenses. The purpose of this feast is to inspire every one who thinks of Christ with a sense of the great personal love of Christ. He loved me and gave Himself up for me. That is the measure of God's love, and no man has any concept of it until he has meditated on this fact and considered what it means for himself. To bring about unity among Christians and to cultivate a true knowledge of Christ, we can do nothing better than practice this devotion ourselves and pray that others may be inspired to practice it.

ANOTHER PRIEST HERO.

The Record-Herald.

Last Monday Mont Pelée again broke forth with renewed energy, and for fifteen hours scattered flame and lava and mud with terrible fury. Fort de France was bombarded mercilessly and a number of people lost their lives. The volcano gave no warning, as on previous occasions, but suddenly began and continued with alarming force. The outbreak was accompanied by the greatest electrical display yet seen. Two representatives of the Chicago Record-Herald were present at the time, and, in yesterday's issue of that journal, tell a story of remarkable heroism shown by a priest in Marne-Rouge, a little mountain hamlet existing right under the terrible crater. They state how, intent on getting a view of the volcano, they had clambered up to the little place and were kindly received by the priest, who gave them such information as was in his possession. He insisted on a pause being made for refreshments, and in his humble home food was prepared. It was this generous courtesy of the priest that saved the expedition from destruction. The original plan was that the visit should be made to the crater as soon as possible and a quick return to Fort de France to avoid all danger.

"While the evening meal was being prepared the priest pointed out the work of ruin that had been accomplished. He said that he had refused to leave his post, though he was not at all certain that Marne-Rouge would not be swept from existence as was St. Pierre. It was while he was talking that the explosion came.

"From their homes the inhabitants of the village ran in a panic. Some did not wait to see what was happening, but hurried off in the direction of Fort de France. Others turned instinctively to the priest as their protector. He directed them to the church, telling them that they could not escape at that late hour by fleeing, and that they should pray for preservation from the danger that threatened them. This was done; scores went into the church and fell upon their knees, but by far the greater number ran without daring to look behind.

"Part of this scene of terror was witnessed by the representatives of the Record-Herald. They saw the column of smoke and ashes shoot into the air. They watched the hot and steaming mud pour down the sides of the volcano. They watched the old priest, calm and brave, giving encouragement to those whom he regarded as his children."

This is a scene worthy of a painter. Poets sing of Casabiancas, faithful amid the storm of battle; but the priest stays with his flock so long as danger stays. Incidentally, geologists say the volcano has not reached its worst.

When we receive the afflictions which God sends us, with entire and perfect resignation, they become great blessings in our regard, as conformity to God's will is an advantage far superior to all temporal gains.