

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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THE JESUITS.

We read some time ago a glowing eulogy of Francis Parkman, inspired doubtless by the attention which the new edition of his works is receiving. We, who are not disposed to become unduly enthusiastic, believe, however, that Parkman, by his efforts to portray the varied scenes of our early history, has more than earned a claim to our gratitude. The story of French conquest and exploration of the labors of the early missionaries is recounted brilliantly, and with an admiration that reflects credit on his candor and impartiality.

We did not need Mr. Parkman to tell us anything that could increase our love for the Jesuit missionaries of Canada. We know them as men who have ever fought for truth and justice; who have been, as they are to-day, in the advance guard of civilization, the fearless and uncompromising soldiers of the Cross. We know the Jesuit as the one who, says Spalding, was the first to put the forest brambles aside. He was the first to cross the threshold of the wigwam of every native tribe; the first to plant the cross of Christ in the wilderness and to shed his blood cheerfully at its base. Not a cape was turned, says Bancroft, nor a river entered but a Jesuit led the way.

Still, while reading the pages that fascinate our attention, we cannot withhold our thanks for the works of the American historian. "When we see them (the Jesuits) in the gloomy February of 1637," he says, "and the gloomier months that followed, toiling on foot from one infested town to another, wading through the sodden snow, under the bare and dripping forests, drenched with incessant rains, till they discerned at length through the storm the clustered dwellings of some barbarous hamlet: when we see them entering, one after another, these wretched abodes of misery and darkness, and all for one sole end—the baptism of the sick and the dying—we may smile at the fatality of the object, but we must needs admire the self-sacrificing zeal with which it was pursued."

According to his lights he has limned the pictures of Breton, Lallemont and the other heroes who bent their selves to the task of sowing in the Canadian wilderness the seeds of Christian civilization. Their self-abnegation and prodigious constancy inspire many a glowing paragraph—and yet, Mr. Parkman tells us, "they were surrounded with illusions, false lights and false shadows—breathing an atmosphere of miracle—compassed about with angels and devils."

Assertions like this show that Mr. Parkman, notwithstanding his brilliant talent, is out of his depth when assaying to point out the motives of the missionaries. Illusion can scarcely account for men sacrificing everything for the reclaiming of benighted savages; and preternatural excitement is a poor cause to assign for the deeds of heroism that gem-like sparkle on pages of our history. Their deeds appeal to him strongly, but, stricken with that curse of the Reformation—a loss of the sense of the supernatural—he cannot explain them save that they were due to vision and miracle. Any one conversant with the history of the Apostles is not likely to accept the explanation. Vision and miracle have long since been relegated to the domain of the fanciful by the ordinary Protestant, but to us they are as real as in the early days of Christianity. Breton and his associates believed in them, and so did the Apostles and others whose names are not writ in water on the pages of history: they were men to whom the supernatural was a reality, who in stress and storm were supported by the help that comes from God, and he who strives to read their lives aright must avail himself of the light that radiates from above.

Mr. Parkman used an earthly light—the only one he had at the time—and hence his strange reading. Still no son of Loyola could have written more eloquently of the influence of the missions. Speaking of the converts he says: "They built their bark chapel at every camp and no festival of the Church passed unobserved. On Good Friday they laid

their best robe of beaver-skin on the snow, placed on it a crucifix, and knelt around it in prayer." What was their prayer? It was a petition for the forgiveness and conversion of their enemies, the Iroquois. Those who know the intensity and tenacity of an Indian's hatred will see in this something more than a change from one superstition to another. An idea had been presented to the mind of the savage to which he had previously been an utter stranger. He tells us that the influence of the Jesuits eventually modified and softened the manners of many unconverted tribes.

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

Our esteemed contemporary of Cleveland informs us that a gang of strikers amused themselves recently with wrecking street cars and injuring thereby a number of people. Such dastard acts strengthen the hands of the capitalist and alienate from the working-man the sympathy and support of right-minded citizens. It may not have been the act of men on strike, because it is well known that, amongst those who are battling against the rapacity and greed of trusts, there is a lot of frowzy would-be anarchists who have hazy notions of the right to private property and are kept in order by the cringing whipt-dog fear of the powers that be.

We have every sympathy for the toiler subjected to injustice; but strikes and deeds of lawlessness will not improve his condition. It is very easy to wax eloquent over the woes of the down-trodden laborer and to provoke him to organized opposition to the capitalist, with never a thought of the misery it brings in its train. A strike or lock out means in a great many instances starvation for the toiler. He may of course assemble in hundreds and say threatening things, and perhaps fire off a few guns; but when the smoke disappears he will find he is still at the mercy of the capitalist, and he will remain so until the principles of Christianity have something more than a mere theoretical significance.

Industrial kings care nothing for the toiler. They are in business for money, which will give them power and notoriety, and make them the friend and confidant of political magnates, and cause them to be admired and envied by the multitude. What so great to-day as money? It elbows its way everywhere, and, no matter how gained, is accorded reverence. To be without it is to be a social leprosy.

In days long since men saw under the rags of the pauper the lineaments of Christ; but this generation sees but something loathsome to be ticketed and put out of sight.

Workmen then were protected by guilds; and they were considered as possessing immortal souls and entitled to a wage that would support them in reasonable and frugal comfort. They were not the victims of force and injustice, because man then regarded himself as his brother's keeper. The rich man was not the owner but the steward of his money. The teaching then in honor was what Leo XIII. has taught our century that "the chiefest and most excellent rule for the right use of money rests in the principle that it is one thing to have a right to the possession of money and another to have the right to use money as one pleases. . . . Whoever has received from the Divine bounty a large share of blessings has received them for the purpose of using them for the perfecting of his own nature, and at the same time that he may employ them, as the minister of God's providence, for the benefit of others."

If such principles were in vogue to-day we should have no occasion to chronicle deeds of violence, and we should not hear the foreboding murmurs of discontent that economical schemes have failed to silence.

Social conditions have, we admit, greatly changed; the laborer, however, remains what the Creator intended him to be, not a machine to be used, or an animal to be fed, but a being with spiritual and mental aspirations that cannot be overlooked.

If, says Leo XIII., employers impose burdens upon those who work for them which are unjust, or degrade them with conditions that are repugnant to

their dignity as human beings . . . in these cases there can be no question that it would be right to call in the help and authority of law.

But what law is there for a trust? It can pocket the dollars coined out of the moral or physical fire of the workman and then make laws. They who are watching the trend of events must admit that the centralization of wealth is a menace to social stability and that something must be done to either destroy or to lessen its power.

The acceptance of Christian principles can alone give a practical and permanent solution to the labor problem. If Christian precepts prevail, says Leo XIII., the two classes (rich and poor) will not only be united in the bonds of friendship, but also in those of brotherly love. For they will understand and feel that all men are the children of the common Father, that is, of God; that all have the same last end, which is God Himself, Who alone can make either men or angels absolutely and perfectly happy: that all and each are redeemed by Jesus Christ and raised to the dignity of children of God and are thus united in brotherly ties both with each other and Jesus Christ, and that the blessings of nature and the gifts of grace belong in common to the whole human race.

Such is the scheme of duties and of rights which is put forth to the world by the Gospel. Would it not seem that strife must quickly cease were society penetrated with ideas like these?

CONVERTS AMONG THE ENGLISH POOR.

From Father C. L. Walworth's Reminiscences.

Boston Pilot.

In the latest instalment of the Rev. C. L. Walworth's "Reminiscences of a Catholic Crisis in England Fifty Years Ago," in the Catholic World for September, we get some most interesting details of conversions among the English peasantry.

This is a subject of which we have not heretofore heard enough. Consciously or unconsciously, many Catholic writers show a pride altogether too natural in the fact that conversions to the Church in England and America are so largely from the cultivated classes, as if Christ Himself had not told us that one of the signs by which His mission would be recognized was that "the poor" have the Gospel preached to them.

Indeed, the Gospel is faithfully announced by the priests of the Catholic Church to the humbler classes in England, and conversions are not few, especially in the manufacturing cities like Manchester, Lincolnshire, etc.

In the rural districts it was harder to get such beginnings of a Catholic congregation as would warrant a resident priest. A gentleman with much knowledge of rural England once told me that he had met the least English peasant who had not the least idea that any religion but the Anglican Establishment had ever existed in their country, or that such a personage as the Pope ever dwelt on earth.

Father Walworth was a member of a religious house in the country, and evidently enjoyed his opportunity to plead the cause of our Holy Faith to the honest and industrious working-people, who, by the way, were most kind to the impoverished Irish people coming hither in great numbers during the famine years, '48 and '49, in quest of work.

We quote from Father Walworth's fascinating pages:

Let me record here another instance of conversion where the motives assigned at first were insufficient to warrant so great a change, but which, as it turned out, gave to the holy faith two earnest and intelligent converts. These two were also of Upton, and nominally engaged themselves to each other by promise of marriage, but having, as they thought, some good cause of offence against the pastor, they felt unwilling to be united by him. They came, therefore, for this purpose to me. I told them that it was against the law of England for me to marry them, neither of them being Catholic, and that I might be made to suffer for it. If, however, they were willing to join our communion after having received the necessary preliminary instructions, I would marry them. They declared themselves willing to be instructed and to wait as long as I should think right. I found them most promising disciples. Both became well versed in the differences between Protestantism and the true faith, and keen-witted combatants in all the controversial contests which every convert is doomed to encounter.

A Baptist minister, newly imported from Ireland, an Orangeman of the deepest hue, hearing of their conversion, entered boldly into their house and soon engaged them in a dispute. He accused them of having bound themselves to a faith under which they would be forced to become idolaters and to worship images. This

they denied. They said they did not worship the image of a thing of mere bronze, or brass or wood. When they saw the figure of Christ their Saviour sculptured on a cross they kneeled down before it. They worshipped the living Christ crucified for them, but not the figure on the crucifix, which was therefore, no idol. Its only value was that of a religious memorial.

"We know what we mean to do very well, better than you who cannot read our hearts."

"It makes little difference," he replied, "what you mean. The thing is wrong in itself and you must be held accountable for it as idolaters."

"I suppose, sir," they said, "that you say prayers before getting into bed at night."

"I do," he said.

"Do you do this standing up, or sitting down, or kneeling down?"

"I kneel down," he replied.

"Does it make any difference which way you face—east, west, north, south?"

"Not a particle," was the reply.

"I generally face towards the bed and lean on it."

"Ah, then, you worship the bed-post?"

"No, indeed, I don't. My prayers are meant for God and to God they go, without the intervention of any creature."

"But don't forget, sir, what you have already asserted. It makes no difference what you mean, but what you do. You kneel before the bed-post in worship. The act is in itself idolatrous, and you are responsible for it."

The minister could make no points in disputing with these young neophytes, and so gave them up.

This same minister, a Baptist and an Irish Orangeman, made a special point of opposing himself to the conversions going on at Upton, and haunted my footsteps there. I had been invited to visit a family consisting of a man and wife with a large number of children. They desired instruction with a view of uniting themselves to the Church. On my first visit, when I had been in the house only a few minutes, I was startled by the sudden appearance of this reverend gentleman. He accosted me at once, taking little notice of the family, who were assembled together in one room, and soon drew me into a controversy on the worship of images.

I pleaded that a cross, and especially a crucifix, made intentionally to represent the sacrifice of Christ for our redemption, must necessarily command the respect of a Christian. This he denied. "You, yourself," I said, "must necessarily feel this in your heart." This again he positively denied.

"I think," said I, "that I could prove this by your own confession, and before these witnesses."

"Try it," said he defiantly.

I drew out a small crucifix which I wore upon my breast concealed under my coat, and showed it to him.

"Now then," said I, "suppose I lay this crucifix upon the floor, would you be willing in presence of this family to place your foot upon it, to show that you have no respect for it?"

"I would," was the answer.

"No, you will not," I said indignantly. "I will defend this sign of my redemption against any such insult upon your part."

Every eye in the room was fixed with horror upon my opponent, and he saw that so far as our little audience was concerned his cause was lost.

There had been all the while a gathering of interested observers of this interview outside the house. They stood on the sidewalk, and some looked over from windows opposite.

My good man, the catechumen, told me afterwards that when he went out upon the street his neighbors gathered around him, eager to learn the issue of this contest between the minister and the priest.

He told them that the minister was nowhere.

"What!" they said, "couldn't he help himself out with the Bible?"

"No," so he told them. "For every text he could think of the priest had two to match him."

This was not a very appreciative statement of the merits of the whole combat, but it made a strong impression on the crowd, who wondered at it greatly.

We hope Father Walworth will give us more like this. The religious side of the short and simple annals of the poor—the touching stories of their mutual charity would be most encouraging and suggestive.

Father Walworth in concluding these sketches:

This must be my apology (this desire to reveal a side of life too little known to the prosperous) for introducing into these pages such sketches from the wilderness of lowly life. I am not satisfied with apologizing to the reader. I feel it my duty to ask pardon also of the poor. I cannot put them on paper as they ought to be represented. It is like the effort of an artist who endeavors to represent green hills at a few miles' distance. The only way to do it and to make it look natural is to keep his brush free from all green paint and color the hills blue. There is only one large Eye that sees poverty as it really is, and that they would study it rightly must see it by the light of that Eye.

THE NEW CULT.

The Vagaries and Inconsistencies of So-called "Christian Science."

Judge Wm. G. Ewing, of Chicago, whose card says he is a member of the Christian Science Board of Lectureship, is an authorized expositor of the queer intellectual fad, "Christian Science." He says he is Scotch Irish, and hence one would anticipate a little of the Celtic fire and Scotch logic in his lectures. Alas! no, he even fails to keep up the credit of the fraternity he belongs to—the law—for generally lawyers and judges are presumed to use logic and argument.

The Judge deals in glittering generalities and his exposition of this strange novelty is much like what a few years ago said of one of Chauncey Depew's speeches—"more frills than shirt." However, I was surprised to hear the Judge state that Christian Scientists believe in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Mother of God—it sounded out of place among so many queer and crude theories.

The Christian Scientist has a specious way of claiming that he desires to interfere with no man's religion, but simply wants to add to it—the new fangled notions that Mrs. Eddy, the founder of the system discovered some thirty-three years ago. "Different phases of religion" is an expression they like to use. The Christian Scientist is not satisfied with the old system of theology but wants to fashion one more suitable to the intellectual demands of modern civilization.

Amid all the plausible statements 'tis hard to find a single argument. "They know and they feel," that's about the amount of their convincing (?) logic.

Here are a few gems as they fell from the lips of Judge Ewing, whom I recently patiently listened to while trying to gather some idea of what he wished to impress upon the minds of his listeners. "You must have a

SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE of the Scripture before you can be called a Christian Scientist!" "Christian Science cured me—therefore I believe in it." "God is in corporeal intelligence." "It is a potent fact, that all the reasoning of Bacon or Locke could not overthrow, that God is all and in all." "Man has no separate mind from God," etc.

In the August number of the North American Review, W. A. Purrington puts "The Case against Christian Science" in an unanswerable way and scores the whole hodge-podge of a little truth with plenty of error. He takes up Mrs. Eddy, her life and her books and riddles the system with a trenchant pen. He says: "If Mrs. Eddy did nothing more than teach a philippic or religious theory we would waste no time in academic discussion of it. But she teaches a practice that daily puts the lives of adults and, more horrible still, of little children at the mercy of persons ignorant both of medical and mental science."

This writer calls attention to the contradiction of which Mrs. Eddy is guilty—there are many—but this one is very striking. She claims there is no such thing as disease—but says that one of her husbands died of the insidious disease of yellow fever. Her last husband, Mr. Eddy, Christian Science could not save and she says he died of "arsenical poisoning, mentally administered!" The doctors who conducted the autopsy say his death was the result of distinctly developed heart disease.

Mrs. Eddy is not an educated woman; Mr. Purrington proves that and yet, strange to note, her followers claim to be just a little bit higher up in the plane of mentality than the rest of humanity. Any one who wishes to learn something of the crude and in some cases nonsensical teachings of this cult, ought to read last month's number of the North American Review, or better still, Dr. T. P. Hart of Cincinnati, vol. 1, of McBride & Co's. Catholic Summer School essay—a lecture given at Madison, Wis., on Christian Science and Faith Cure.

Mr. Purrington thus concludes his magazine article: "We devoutly believe that Mrs. Eddy is an instrument in the hands of God, not for the healing of the nations, but to humble us intellectually by showing that, at the end of the nineteenth century, professedly intelligent persons can be as easily duped by her as their forbears were by Cagliostro at the close of the eighteenth."

"AUNT NABBY"

is a bright Yankee woman who, under that name, has published a book, consisting of a series of letters addressed to her "Dear Cuzzen Jerushy" and sometimes to an "Eddittur," in which, in her peculiar dialect, she touches upon many subjects, proving she has a vast fund of good sense.

She is very amusing and she is particularly crusty. When she comes to treat of "Mind Kurers." You needn't try to make me believe they can cure acute rheumatism by simply sayin' "Yu ain't stek 'not by no means! Nor it won't cure Britte's disease nor a broken neck. * * * These Mind Kurers don't think ser much of the responsibility Divolvin' on 'em ez they do ov sendin' in a big bill. * * * Ez

long ez there's roots n' herbs n' sassafrax growin' round New-byville I'll manage to kure myself."

A Western Doctor says now and then these "Mind Kurers" will slyly send after a physician. He was once called and provoked a smile all around by stating the ailment was nothing serious—simply a case of too much watermelon and ice-cream in close proximity, when he had been told that death was imminent. This same doctor adds that it is quite fashionable among a certain class of society ladies—those who know better than to have more than one child in the family—to boast of their high and exalted ideas, given to them by the wonderful Mrs. Eddy, the woman of many matrimonial experiences, the woman who charges \$300 for a few hours training in the new science and who, when the Massachusetts law forbid her issuing diplomas, closed her metaphysical college, as she says, on account of her "conscientious scruples about diplomas"—R. C. Gleason, in Catholic Columbian.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

As Catholics, we believe that, after the solemn words of consecration have been pronounced by the priest, we have really and truly upon our altars Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of God made man. We believe that at the consecration in the Mass the whole substance of the bread is changed into the whole substance of the Body of Jesus Christ, and the whole substance of the wine into the whole substance of His Most Precious Blood. We also hold that, under each species taken separately, Jesus Christ is there whole and entire—that is to say, that under the appearance of bread is contained the Person of Jesus Christ—His Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity—and that under the appearance of wine Jesus Christ is present in a similar manner; the same Body is there which was laid in the little manger at Bethlehem, and at length nailed to the cruel cross; the same Blood which trickled down those bruised limbs and bedewed the ground on Calvary. We believe all this, and, no doubt, with God's grace, we should be ready to die in defense of our belief. We do not wish to call in question for one single instant any Catholic's faith as regards this wonderful Sacrament, but we know that at times faith becomes, as it were dormant, it is not the practical, lively faith that it should be. If we had but a lively faith, and if our love for our Redeemer corresponded with the love which He bears us, what means should we not take to testify our gratitude for the great favor He bestows upon us by deigning to remain in our midst. In spite of our coldness and indifference toward Him, there He remains day after day and hour after hour, shut up in the little Tabernacle on our altars, longing for us to come and visit Him, longing to listen to all our troubles and needs—ever ready to console us, ever ready to assist us. We truly appreciate His Holy Presence, how eager should we not be to assist at holy Mass, to receive Him in Holy Communion, and to obtain His Divine blessing at the holy rite of Benediction. We do fully realize that Jesus is present in our churches, how could we ever pass by without making a short visit to Him, or if presented from doing this, without saying a little prayer and showing some mark of respect? To him who truly appreciates the great mystery of the holy Eucharist it is a pleasure to do anything in his power to honor the Blessed Sacrament, either by beautifying God's house or by assisting to erect or support churches where God may be worshipped and the faithful enjoy the privilege of having Jesus in their midst.—Sacerdos in American Herald.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND TO ROME.

In an interview, Dr. Browne, Bishop of Southwark, England gave the following optimistic view of the conversion of the English people to Catholicity:

"The signs are very hopeful that England will once again return to the true religion. The present agitation in the English Church means nothing."

"It is to the cultured classes we look to accomplish that for which the Roman Catholics in every part of the world are praying. We rejoice that they are the medium."

"Although we are holding our own among the poorer classes, we haven't met with so much success there. But once the leaders of the masses see the true light we are hopeful that the people will come around. Our first object is to convince the intelligent. It cannot be gainsaid, in any part of Great Britain, that Catholicism has a firmer hold now than ever since pre-reformation times. The wave is gaining strength. Every week brings fresh converts."

"Sanguine as we are of the eventful triumph of Catholicism in England, we know it must be a slow process. What is true of England is, I think, true of the whole Anglo-Saxon race, and the hope we cherish for England we hold for America."