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VOLUME XXVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23 1905

1405

The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1905.

AN APOLOGY NECESSARY.

After reading some editorial pronouncements a stranger might have an idea that the editors who penned them were models of journalistic propriety. We deplore with our friends the existence of the vulgar cartoon and the printing of divorce stories with all their unsavory details. We are not unduly enthusiastic over the ten cent magazine, which is, as a rule, an instrument to kill time. And what myriads of it come across the border, with chit-chat about stage-folk, trashy tales, articles on American public men to be read by the young Canadian in every town and village. Little wonder is it that many of us see things through American eyes!

What, however, troubles us just now is that some editors put themselves on a pedestal, crying out the while: "Behold us, purveyors of the solid and moral," and yet welcome accounts of New York divorce cases and give us on occasion home-made cartoons which are pointless save in so far as they prove the senility of their makers.

We know that the art of forgetting is worth striving for. Life is too beautiful to be encumbered with memories of insults—of men who tore off the veil that hid the bigots' heart and showed as that in their game of politics there were tricks and devices which consorted not with honor. But though we try to forget this we do not attach any importance to the utterances, howsoever conciliatory, of editors who fan the flame of anti-Catholic prejudice and in a shameful and shameless manner abused and calumniated the Canadian Bishops. What we are entitled to is an apology.

HYPNOTISM.

In reply to a correspondent we beg to repeat what we have said before in these columns that hypnotism is considered as a reality by distinguished medical men of the present day. But though they look upon it as a fact, and are far from under rating its usefulness in the treatment of certain ailments, they are unanimous in saying that all hypnotic experiments should be entrusted to skilled and conscientious medical practitioners. This advice is not heeded by the charlatans who give what they term "seances," but it should keep the average citizen from countenancing these exhibitions. The Church's attitude towards hypnotism is that of aversion. As a matter of fact, by an encyclical letter of July 30, 1866, addressed by the Holy Roman Inquisition to the Bishops of the world, the Church has forbidden the practice of hypnotism in its every phase save that of inducing hypnotic sleep. But in the case of hypnotic sleep permitted, the Church says that the means employed must savor neither of superstition nor of sin; they must not be injurious to health and must be used only for some weighty reasons.

WHAT IS THE CAUSE?

Professor Goldwin Smith has, we are told, bequeathed his brain for dissection by an American professor of anatomy. The American scientist may help us to understand why a gentleman of Mr. Smith's ability, erudite, a lover and writer of books, ranges him self, when he deals with a question pertaining to the Church, with the ignorant and uncultured. Did not the distinguished W. E. Channing say that Protestantism has written no creed, fashioned no culture, framed no Church, developed no power which could begin to take the place which the Catholic Church holds in the world? And we might go on and quote the testimonies of noteworthy men to the power of the Church which stands untroubled amidst the din of warring sects, and speaks to the soul "in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority."

But the professor sees nought of this. In his latest effusion, for instance, he distorts facts aent the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He knows, we presume, that impartial historians attest that the Church had no part whatsoever in that deed of blood. Yet he disowns, in this matter at least, the scholarship that is accurate and allies himself with the bigot. And for what reason? It is a mystery which may be cleared up when his brain is dissected. In the meantime he should take to heart the advice of Leo XIII. to writers of history: "The first law of

history," says the Pope, "is to dread writing falsehood; the next, not to fear stating the truth; lastly, that the historian's writings should be open to no suspicion of partiality or animosity."

A MYSTERY.

Writing on the "Present Boundaries of human ignorance" Professor A. E. Dolbear, of Tuft's college, says that the nature of gravitation is as unknown as the nature of life itself. We know how it acts, and this action is millions of times quicker than light, but that is all, and the one who unravels the mystery will deserve to rank with the greatest of discoverers.

Scientists accept the theory of gravitation because it accounts for the phenomena of inorganic motion. And yet some of them, instead of searching for a theory to explain the phenomena of the spiritual world, deluge us with guesses which mean nothing and omit no ray of knowledge. Roman and Greek struggled with the problems of origin and destiny and admitted their failure; the infidel scientist either bothers with it not at all or dismisses it with a solution that he has found in a test tube. The scientist who knows his business, knows too, in the words of Pascal, that "the knowledge of Jesus Christ frees us from both pride and despair, because there we find at once God, our own sinfulness, and its remedy. . . . He is the centre of everything and the end of everything; and he who does not know Him knows nothing either of the world or of himself."

And Mr. Tyndall tells us that science has no answer to the great problems which vex the human mind. "The question as to our origin and destiny dies without an answer, without even an echo upon the infinite shores of the unknown. . . . Having thus exhausted physics and reached its very rim, the real mystery still looms up before us, and thus it will ever loom beyond the bourne of knowledge."

MORE POPULAR LITERATURE NEEDED.

Some time ago the Rev. Jno. Gerard, S. J., in commenting on the repulsive trash that loads the bookstalls, and the systematic dissemination of anti-religious books and pamphlets, said that Catholics should provide an antidote in the shape of solid and instructive literature. We need a popular literature of such a stamp as will furnish a sound and solid course of elementary philosophy for the people, and one which the people will read. Not folios, but six-penny tracts, lucid and stored with argument and couched in language understood by the people, so that he who runs may read, and reading may comprehend.

Father Gerard says that in order that this literature may be brought home to those for whose benefit it is designed, the Catholic body in general must co-operate. In a word, we ought to be willing to pay our writers. It seems to us that with a Federation of societies plans could be better made to repel the anti-religious assault and demonstrate that ours is the cause of reason itself quite apart from any authority of scripture or the Church. We have men who can write the literature that is needed. There is more than one brilliant pen lying idle in civil service berths; and throughout the country there are clerics qualified for the writing of tracts and pamphlets that will be read. Again, let us have the Federation of societies so that inactivity may be roused into action and the activity wasted on trifles may be directed to the building up and extension of God's Kingdom on earth. One in aim and aspiration, banded together for man and God, what could we not do. In the course of an address before the Pennsylvania Convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies the Rev. Dr. Lucas said:

"Unorganized, non-federated, pusillanimous Catholics of France, look at their condition. Federated, courageous, aggressive Catholics of non-Catholic Germany and of non-Catholic Holland, be inspired by their example."

FEDERATION'S SERVICE.

Our advocacy of Federation is inspired by the belief that by husbanding and concentrating our strength we can do more than we do for Church and country. For many of the problems which confront us can be solved only as they should be solved by Catholic philosophy. With our faith in action we shall do something towards eradicating prejudices, errors and misconceptions. "Oblige men to know you," said Cardinal Newman, "persuade them,

importune them, shane them into knowing you. Make it so clear what you are that they cannot affect not to see you nor refuse to justify you."

It is true that, judging from letters received by us, some Catholics look with disfavor on Federation. One reason for this may be set down to cowardice, which they miscall prudence. They either imagine they are here on sufferance or are living in hopes that the "don't wake the baby air" will gain them some position or enable their good ladies who have social aspirations to get a foothold among the coterie which is neither Irish nor Catholic. They are satisfied with things as they are and are fearful lest any movement on our part may arouse the opposition of our separated brethren. We fear nothing of the sort. The sensible non-Catholic will welcome any scheme that makes for good citizenship, that aims at disseminating truth and fostering toleration and amity and the Canadianism that does not discriminate in civil and political matters on the lines either of religion or of race.

READY FOR ACTION.

And we are certain that the order to federate will be obeyed by every Catholic in Canada.

"Laymen need not," in the words of Archbishop Ireland, "wait for priest, nor priest for Bishop, nor Bishop for Pope. The timid move in crowds, the brave in single file. When combined efforts are called for, be ready to act and prompt to obey the orders which are given; but never forget that vast room remains for individual action."

NATIONAL DECAY THE WORK OF THE REFORMATION.

Years ago Cardinal Newman described in that matchless sermon, "The Second Spring," the condition of Catholics in England. Who they were or what they did or what was meant by calling them Roman Catholics no one could tell;—though it had an unpleasant sound and told of form and superstition. Such were Catholics in England found in corners and alleys and cellars—cut off from a populous world around them and dimly seen, as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro by the high Protestants, the lords of the earth.

Times have changed somewhat since the great Oratorian uttered these words. Englishmen listen to a Dr. James Gourner tracing the Reformation to a very ignoble origin—to Henry VIII's infatuation for Anne Boleyn. They listen, too, with some degree of equanimity to adverse criticism of the civilization and prosperity which they were disposed to look upon as their reward for having accepted the principles of the Reformation. They are beginning to suspect that the Church of their forefathers is not the monstrosity limned by some historians. More than this, they are realizing that creeds which are destitute of authority and of unity can be but a feeble barrier to agnosticism.

And Rev. Dr. Barry told them but the other day that under the influence of agnosticism precepts most positive, shaping the creed of no small number, have risen from the depths. When we look at the ways of business, fashion, literature, and at social statistics, a new decalogue appears in view. What are its commandments? I seem to read among them these: "Thou shalt make money, have no children, commit adultery, plead in the divorce court; and, such duties done, commit suicide." The test and proof that a mistake has been made by our agnostic philosophers are to be found in the national decay which follows in their teaching as darkness follows an eclipse. The pronouncement of Dr. Barry has provoked some indignant rejoinders. But he has facts enough to warrant him in saying that not the individual only but the nation, if it loses its old Christian principles, will enter on this journey to Hades.

Friend is a tender name, and friendship is a precious title. To be sure, we are children of God by the grace of divine faith. But haven't you noticed that children sometimes feel awkward and timid in the presence of their father? But there is no such estrangement between one in the state of grace and his heavenly Father. Has been a deadly foe of God and then sought reconciliation? No unpleasant awkwardness remains; no bitter recollections rankle in God's memory; the forgiveness is perfect. The very need of confession and penance makes it but the more perfect, for it gives us some shadow of right to the sweet title of friend. Sinner, if you will return to the divine friendship all will be forgotten.

HOW GLAD I AM TO BE A CATHOLIC.

My heart is filled with joy to think that I have been asked or even allowed the blessed privilege of writing of my conversion to the true faith. I am glad to let every one know of my unspeakable happiness. But first let me tell what led me to question whether "my Church" was truly the Church founded by Divine Lord. For several years I had been a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In my little town there was only one church, so High Church and Low Church worshipped together. I belonged to the first named and was called "extremely high." Our pastor had been coming to us from a neighboring town and was decidedly Low Church. When our beloved Bishop sent us a resident minister who was High Church and a Ritualist my heart filled with joy. I was his scaccristan, and my work about the altar carrying for the vestments made me very happy. Mr. F—, or "Father," as I called him, was devoted to his work. He had a wife and one child, and we never could agree on the celibacy of the clergy. One Sunday in his sermon he spoke of Purgatory. I saw that he believed the same as the Roman Catholics did and I knew our Bishop did not agree with him. As this thought troubled me I went to him and explained it to me as it seemed. He gave me a different reply. In fact they did not believe at all alike. This led to other questions, on which too I found they differed. Why, thought I, should there be these different opinions between those of the same faith, and in the same Church? I began to doubt, and I felt I should promise, but he insisted they agreed and it was only in non-essentials they differed. Mr. F— was kind and patient in trying to clear away my doubts. I began to wonder if it were possible we were wrong, and had a longing to read some Catholic books, so I sent to Father C—. He loaned me "Albion," eagerly I read and sent it back, asking for more reading matter. Before I had read much more my pastor objected unless I would promise to show him all I read and let him explain it to me. I consented to this; so I would go to him and he would look over what I had been reading and he would explain it according to his way of thinking. I was not reading one side alone, but Mr. F— was lending me books also. I grew more and more dissatisfied with his explanations, for somehow I could not see all things as he did. I finally begged that I need not go to him with my reading. Once he asked me to promise not to read for some months any "Roman" books. As my cause Mr. F— should promise, but he would not touch the books which were then in my home. I would look at them and then turn away unspcakably sad, because of my promise. Once I took up a book, opened it feeling that I must read, but oh, that promise, and hastily laying it down I went out of the room wringing my hands to think of having to wait so many weeks. The Catholic priest said I might keep the books as long as I wished. Before the time was up I went to Mr. F—, begging him to release me from the promise. He did so, and I eagerly read and studied both sides. The clouds began to lift a little, but I would walk the floor in agony, saying if the Roman Catholic Church is the true Church what shall I do?—leave my own dear little Church I never could. Some little I would go to Mass to the Catholic church and was so impressed with the solemnity, the grandeur and the beauty of the service I felt our dear Lord was indeed present on the altar. I so truly felt this that at last I was no longer a Roman Catholic, but a Catholic. I knew that I was in the presence of God—that if I went longer to the Episcopal Church I would be a hypocrite and in danger of losing my soul. I gave up going to confession, for I could not go to one whom I did not believe was a priest. I should be committing a sacrilege. I continued, however, my work as the scaccristan with a heavy heart, praying, so earnestly, for courage to follow my convictions. I found no peace—no rest. I knew my duty; still, coward as I was, I hesitated. One Sunday during service, like a shock came the thought: oh he has no right to be saying Mass, to wear the vestments—it is all a horrible mockery. It seemed as if I could not live until it was over. It was the last time I ever attended service there. I sent word to Father C— of my desire to become a Catholic. He told my husband, asking if he had any objections, to which he replied, "none whatever. If he believes in that Church I am willing to have her join it." Father C— told him that I might lose some friends by so doing, but he thought that a friendship could not be worth much if they would give me up because of a change in belief. I was duly instructed in the Catholic faith. It is no easy matter for a non-Catholic to prepare for admission into the Catholic Church. It requires a good deal of study. The priest made me very sure that I fully believed and understood every article of faith. It was study, study, but at last came the joyful day when I was told I could be allowed to make my profession of faith. I never can forget that day above all days. What happiness! I made my general confession and in the morning I received our dear Lord in Holy Communion. What peace was mine after the months of worrying and anxious thought. My mother has turned against me, never coming to see me, she feels that I have fallen and disgraced her. She has begged me to leave the Church. Some

of my friends have turned the cold shoulder. It was hard to lose my darling mother and so give up my friends, but I can only say that my regret is that I have no more to offer. Every cross is sweetened, and every trial is welcomed; I feel I deserve to suffer much for my cowardice in not leaving all as soon as convinced of the truth.

Now I feel impelled to tell something heretofore told only to my Father Confessor, a Carmelite Sister and a very devout Catholic woman. One night, a short time after my baptism, I was all alone in my house in deep anguish of mind because of wrong stories told of me, and my mother's deep feeling of condemnation of the step that I had taken; I prayed before my crucifix earnestly, and I pleaded with my Lord to give me some sign that I might know that I was doing right in leaving all my friends, and being the cause of so much grief to my mother, when a great stillness that I cannot explain fell upon me and the room seemed to fade away and I was sensible only of my crucifix and our Lord. It seemed as if the earth was removed and the Holy Family was with me. I seemed to stand around me. I covered my face and knelt in silence and very distinctly I heard the words "go in peace, my child." After this they seemed to vanish and I felt almost exhausted but filled with joy. From that moment every lingering doubt disappeared and I knew I was doing right; from that time I have been so happy. There are many crosses. I am misused by many, sneered at by some, yet it is worth it all; my religion is my comfort, my only true happiness and each Communion only seems to make me stronger. I am proud of the word "Catholic." I cannot be thankful enough that the good Lord has led me into His true home. I can only pray that my dear mother may some day see the truth as it is and know the beauty of the one holy religion. Surely I cannot be thankful enough for the gift of the faith.—The Missionary.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON EDUCATION.

From a recent sermon by Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, we take the following extract:

"Schools and colleges where the mind is solely cared for cannot suffice for the education of the children of the land. For the masses of those children, the home and the Sunday school do not apply the moral training required in schools and colleges. The problem facing the country is awful in its portents—what is to happen as the result of the lack of moral training in schools and colleges frequented by the multitude of its children? They who give thought to the problem are affrighted, and well they may be. Remedies are proposed; but the sole remedy that is effective is feared and shunned—the inculcation of religion in schools and colleges. Moral training, it is admitted, should be sought, but it must be such that religion is not evoked to define and enforce its teachings. But morality without the God is void of force, as it is void of sanction."

"The peril of the age, the peril of America is secularism in schools and colleges. I signalize the peril, how it is to be removed, the people of the land will some day declare when the harsh lessons of facts will have forced them to realize the gravity of the situation."

"Catholics I can speak with special insistence of the necessity of religion in education. With Catholics, all hopes for weal and happiness, in time and eternity, are wrapped up in religion—in religion as expounded and practised by the Catholic Church. The religious faith is the treasure, precious above all others, which they covet for themselves; the legacy, precious above all others, which they wish to do over their children."

"For this reason they should bend their energies to give their children a thoroughly Catholic education. There is no room for argument—experience teaches too clearly the lesson—nothing but the daily drill in the teachings of the faith and the assiduous breathings of an atmosphere permeated with the spirit of faith will sink religion so deeply into the soul of the child that it must remain there through life, unaltered and unswerving."

"To be a firm and uncompromising Catholic in the midst of prevailing unbelief and indifference to retain the warmth and ardor of Catholic faith in the trying atmosphere of the irreligious world in which we live, requires the heroism of the martyr, the ardor and enthusiasm of the saint; and it is folly to think that the martyr and the saint are born of the perambulatory and superficial religious instruction which is usually vouchsafed by parent or priest outside the Catholic school."

"We cannot but look with alarm on the future of religion in America, when we recall what a large fraction of children are excluded from Catholic schools, and how little is done for the religious instruction of such children. The losses to the faith will be immense unless much more is done for our little ones than is being actually done. Heretofore we have not been made to feel, as we feel to-day, how vitally important it is to attend to the religious instruction of childhood. Heretofore Catholics lived very largely in a strong inherited faith, not were they heretofore exposed to the perils which now confront them. Conditions and circumstances are altered: our plans and methods of work must be altered accordingly. If, in the past, we labored for our children and youth, we must, in the future, labor for them with energy

and zeal increased a hundredfold. As never before, we must exhort parents to send their children to Catholic schools and colleges. The hope of the Catholic Church in America is in Catholic schools and colleges."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Archbishop Quigley has donated to the Sisters of the Holy Family of Nazareth fifty-eight acres of land at Peckanville, Ill., where a novitiate building is to be erected. The community is devoted mainly to teaching in Polish parish schools.

A press despatch from Seville, Spain, describing the sufferings from the famine, and the efforts being made to relieve them, says that Cardinal Sanchez, having exhausted the available charitable funds, is going from house to house in Seville begging for contributions.

Archbishop Smyon, who has been in the United States for the past three months investigating conditions in the Polish Catholic churches, sailed on Aug. 25 for Rome. He expressed himself as greatly pleased with conditions as he found them there, and he regards his mission as successful.

Lady Butt and her daughter, the Princess Margaret Ruspoli, have become Catholics. Lady Butt is the widow of the late Charles Butt, President of the English Probate and Admiralty Division. Sir Charles was a convert to the Church, and was the late Dr. Butt, the lamented Bishop of Southwark.

Not long ago Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles, California, conferred a class of twenty-nine converts in his cathedral. During the following week several Protestants presented themselves for instruction in the different parishes of the city, saying they were drawn to do so by the impression made on them by this solemn administration of the sacrament and by the sermon of the Bishop.—The Missionary.

The rumored conversion of Lord Dunsay to the Catholic faith, which has just been authoritatively and definitely denied, will recall the circumstance, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, that his father became, late in life, a Catholic at the same time as Mr. Monnell, the first Lord Emly, who had a seat in a Liberal Cabinet. Both Lord Emly and Lord Dunsay were powerfully influenced by Aubrey De Vere.

A recently published work entitled "Un Siecle d'Eglise de France," is authoritative for the statement that the conversions to Catholicity in the nineteenth century number twenty-six millions. This has been due, under God, in no small measure, to the organization of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which to-day is the main support of our missionaries all over the world. When this society was first organized, eighty three years ago, Catholic missionaries numbered one thousand, all told. To-day we count, priests, brothers and nuns, sixty-five thousand. This increase in the army of our workers explains largely the gains of the century. "But what are these among so many?" More than one thousand millions have yet to be reached.

HEROINES OF CHARITY.

Here is a paragraph clipped from a long dispatch from New Orleans that appeared a day or two ago in the daily newspapers:

"The Italian Sisters of the Missionary Order of the Sacred Heart have volunteered their services in charity work, and are working actively to relieve distress among the Italian population."

In all the epidemics that have ravaged the Southern States, killing off thousands of people with yellow fever, small-pox and cholera, the Sisters have proved themselves heroines of charity. They have given themselves to God and how can they better serve Him than in the persons of His creatures who are in desperate need of care and have no one else willing to attend them? To die in that service is gain.

The Sisters are inspired with a divine mission in their lives, and grace combines with it to make them fearless and self-sacrificing—Catholic Columbian.

LETTER FROM A CONVERT.

A Paris contemporary publishes the text of an interesting letter written by Henry Schaffer, a French Protestant publicist, who some years ago distinguished himself as the founder of the "Union of Christian Churches," and later on wrote several violently bigoted articles against Catholic religious orders. In his letter, which was dated from Rome, he says in part: "After much study and prayer, I have renounced Protestantism, with its sects and divisions that war incessantly against the Church, One and Apostolic. I have here beheld the ineffaceable evidences of antiquity, the monuments to Catholic dogmas, notably those furnished by the catacombs and hastened to attach myself intimately to the Church founded by Christ. I regret that as a Protestant 'conformist' I have written much of nonsense of a bad cause, and as a conscientious journalist I retract formally all my articles in the Protestant and anticlerical press, especially in my campaign against the religious associations." This is a manly acknowledgment of grievous mistakes, and an honest effort to repair whatever injury his articles inflicted.