The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, Nov 2, 1907.

THE UNSCIENTIFIC SCIENTISTS.

In an address delivered at the recent Catholic Truth conference (England) Father J. Gerard, S. J., referred to scientific fakirs in the following words: "In the first place the authors of whom we are speaking know nothing of scientific caution, nothing of what Professor Huxley styles the art of arts -that of saying 'I do not know.' For them there are no dark places in nature: they are ready at any moment to turn their searchlight upon its every nook and cranny." "I wish," said Lord Melbourne, when Prine Minister, " I wish I was as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." And in like manner our acknowledged leaders in science, our Kelvins, our Thompsons. our Crookes, Gills, Wilsons, Lodges and Pasteurs-even our Huxleys and Darwins-might well envy the sublime assurance of those who contribute " scientific " articles to popular magazines, or load our bookstalls with sixpenny treatises which are to impart to the millions the pest results of modern research.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Says the Anglican Rev. Percy Deamer, in the Commonwealth: "Or may we see again a Church . . . fearless, radiant and splendid with the light in her eyes." The editor of The Lamp applauds this sentiment, but he asks what is there to bring light into the eyes of our Anglican Mother save the vision of re-union with the Holy See as she looks again to the Rock " whence (she) was hewn and the hole of the pit whence (she) was digged," and remembers once more her ancient glory when the hand of Peter guided the ship of her destiny.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

The Christian Guardian is a curious type of paper for the household. Some time ago the editor lifted up his voice in praise of the " extreme but reason able measures" of Clemenceau. It mattered not that the synical Prime Minister of France was unashamed in his declaration of war against Christianity. It did not shock him that some of the officials went up and down the land vomiting blasphemies against all that he should reverence. But no word of disapprobation fell from his lips. He saw but the hands that tried to strangle the Church, and to the best of his ability he strengthened them. In his own poor way he denounced the policy of the Vatican, forgetful that to us, as well as to many without the fold, sources of our vocabulary. These the action of Pius X. is essentially in preachers, offensive oftimes, and ridicharmony with the spirit of the Apos- glous always, make us smile: the

In a recent number the editor descants on the latest disciplinary decree of the Holy Father with a volubility that is as futile as it is pathetic. To his mind the "more liberal Roman Catholics will view it as an unfortunate piece of reactionary legislation ;" and he concludes his performance with the old fashioned ditty : "The thunders of the Vatican have lost their ter-

His is a bad case of Catholic phobia, but a dose of reading, plus a regard for the canons of social amenity, might

As a change of subject may not be an inconsiderable aid towards his recovery we prescribe for him a " look at" the "Eighty-Right Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church," for the year 1906.

We do not question the sincerity and earnestness of the missionaries : we but wish his editorial eye to note how little, despite money and work, they have garnered in foreign fields.

Our esteemed contemporary, Rone, says that one is justified in calculating that since 1870 over \$2,500,000 have been lavished (by Methodists) in converting Italy. The pages 118 and 119 of the report inform us that in Italy and Italian Switzerland, with a population of about 34,000,000 of people, the Methodists, among them including both members and probationers, total exactly 3,449. It will be found, then says Rome, that the attainment of the present Methodist following in Italy that the 500,000 francs spent on Italian Methodistism last year has resulted in

of progress, it will take 12,500,000,000 francs and 36,000 years to convert the Italian people from the errors of popery to the light of Methodism.

To prevent our friends from getting comfort from this prediction Rome says the last report announces that there were 32 "native preachers" "on the field," whereas the previous one registered 55; we note, also, that in the space of one brief year these 32, aided by the 9 foreign missionaries of Methodism, baptized as many as 2 adults and 86 infant Italian Methodists, while in the previous year the baptisms of adults were no fewer than 5. and of infants 87. This means a diminution of 6 baptisms in the year but it must be remembered that there were 23 fewer missioniaries to do the work.

SEEING GHOSTS.

The Syllabus of Pius X. has a disquieting effect on some of our friends. They regard it as an affront to the intellect, and in expressing their annovance make use of the vocabulary of vituperation. It is amazing-a kind of insanity-this outcry, this reiteration of charges that are as old as the Church.

The Holy Father has his definite work to do-to instruct and safe guard his people. We render him obedience because he has the right to rule. And all this talk about our being unmanly for doing this is claptrap, and an insult to all who respect and heed the voice of authority.

The scribes who regard the Syllabus as a menace to progress have abnormal optic nerves. They remind us, in a certain sense of Mr. Pickwick's discovery of the curious words on the stone found in the Cobham church yard-BILSTUMPHISMARK. The inscription was burdened with mean ing. How he and his triends gloated over it, and around it wove the airiest speculations, our readers know, as well as how Mr. Blotton dammed up the waves of erudition by declaring that it only meant Bill Stump' his mark. The individual, however, who descants on the Syllabus and reaction ary legislation of the Vatican lacks the simplicity of Mr. Pickwick. Instead of seeing things as they are, they persist in looking at them through the haze of prejudice. And as record of their impressions we have the commonplaces, the half-baked ineptitudes that sully the pages of some non Catholic writers.

DEADLY DULL PROSINGS.

When we say they are more tiresome than the preachers who clamor about ungodly Quebec we exhaust the rescribes who see weird things in every pronouncement emanating from Rome are descendants of editors who wrote for a public that neither read nor thought.

SEEING THINGS AS THEY ARE.

Says the doctor, in Rev. Dr. Aveling's " Philosophers of the Smoking-Room:" "Nowadays people are wondering whether there is a Godnot what are the proper colors of the Sarum rite. It is nothing - or the Catholic Church-I haven't made up my mind which; but provisionally it's nothing. In the thundering roar of questions, like that one surging hungrily around the solid rocks of reason and religion, the petty little squabbles between the sects are like the-like the squeals of mice. One of the best reasons why I admire your Church is be cause she takes things calmly. She always says the same thing with monotonous reiteration. She does not care what other people shrick out. She has seen 'em all come and go. Systems of philosophy, theories of science, new religions. And she goes on saying always the same thing in the same tone of voice, while they all shift and change like a kaleidoscope picture."

A PROBLEM AND OUR ADVICE.

Why some preachers wax vociferous on the "sad state" of Quebec is

problem we pass on to our readers. We may remark, however, that the journey at 10 o'clock on Friday night. She remained allent all that night, things which afflict the vision of the We may remark, however, that the has cost about 7,000 francs a head; | preacher, and concurs, with Carlyle, that religious belief-at least when it seems heartfelt and well-intentioned-

which the French Canadian loves. In other words, they should destroy the caricature which for them does duty as the Church. Then with open minds let them visit the French-Canadian and see for themselves that the portentous nothings shrieked from pulpit and platform are as childish as they are contemptible.

MODERN MIRACLES-A GEM FROM THE TREASURY.

The Journal de la Grotte is surely one of the most interesting papers pub-lished in this twentieth century of ours. By a mere chance one of the recent issues of it, that for September 29, has found its way to the editor's desk— a little sheet of four pages, the last of which is mostly occupied with advertis ments for the hotels of Lourdes (which, and the first by a communique of the Bishop of Tarbes with a calendar of the religious services for the coming week in the Basilica and the crypt and the Grotto, besides a list of the pilgrimages which are to arrive during the first

the Official Resume of the cures registered by the Bareau des Constatations there is a bureau of doctors at Lourdes to examine and report on cases of alleged miracles. In this number of the Journal de la Grotte there are a the Journal de la Grotte there are a dozen such cases, which came under the observation of the Bureau des Constatations during the preceding week, and which are here set forth with almost painfully scientific accuracy and an utter lack of enthusiasm. But all though neither the scientific accuracy nor the lack of enthusiasm serves to diminish the extraordinary character of these cures, it is very pleasant to turn from them to the second page, in which the Journal copies from the Sem-aine Religieuse de Nantes of September 21 the following touching story from real life narrated by an eye-witness— the Abbe Colas, vicaire at St. Donatien

The last pilgrimage, he writes, from Nantes to Lourdes was favoured by a quite extraordinary cure which took place during the return journey. I was

a happy witness of it, and I have been asked to describe it. Mile Jeanne Vincent is twenty-three years of age and lives with her relatives in the rue du Coudray. She suffered for nine years from an osteo-periostitis. The development of the though sharp, were bearable, and the girl, with her energy, succeeded in hiding them from others. But in Oct. 1904 they became intolerable and in February following Drs. Lacambre and Rivet decided to make a paracenthesis, which, however, brought no re-lief to the sufferer. At the end of March 1905. Dr. Lacambre employed March 1905, Dr. Lacambre employed cautery, and several times pointes de feu, but still without result. From that time walking became extremely pairful to the patient, and it was only with great difficulty and very slowly that she used to manage to drag herself every Sunday to the chapel of the Good Shapherd, about twenty-five Good Shepherd, about twenty-five metres from her house, to assist at holy Mass and communicate. She went there for the last time on Dec. 8, went there for the last time on Dec. 5, 1908—after that she was obliged to keep her room; the least attempt to walk caused her racking pains and she passed her days stretched on a chaiselongue. Dr. Lacambre who continue attend her all the while expressed move even a few steps in the state she

But her trouble did not end here In November 1904 an abcess formed on her neck and during the following winters suppurated for two or three months. Then other abcesses made their appearance—last winter there were fifty of them which suppurated from seven to eight weeks. When she left for Lourdes there were two of them which caused her much suffering them which caused her much suffering during the pilgrimage. With this, au obesity which Dr. Lacambre pronounced must go on increasing and which already gave her thirty seven inches around the waist. On August 15 last Dr. Lacambre gave her the following certificate: "I, the understand detects in medicine of the signed dootor in medicine of the Faculty of Paris, formerly head of the Clinic of the Hospitals of Nantes, certify that Mile. Jeanne Vincent, living at Nantes with her relatives, 72 rue du Coudray, has suffered since the summer of 1904 from osteo periostitis of the right iliac crest (crete) a malady for which all possible treatments, medical and surgical, have been tried without success: that since then Mile. Vincent has been reduced to a state of almost powerlessness, suffering terribly from the least attempt to walk; and that in consequence I consider her malady permanent (je considere cette situation

comme acquise.")
The journey was intensely painful. No improvement took place at Lourder and she was very afflicted when she was taken back to the station for the return soled because she had not been cured. She had prayed so hard, and her confid-

ence and her fervour had been so warm!

hood and hierarchy, etc. They should lives in Vertou. A year ago she enstrive to know something of the Caurch | tered as novice the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny with the idea of going on the African missions, but last January a terrible disease, pulmonary consumption, made its appearance, and she had to return to her family. The first time I entered her compartment on the way

I entered her compartment on the way to Lourdes she had just had a paroxysm of coughing. I asked her:
"Are you suffering much?"
"Oh yes." she replied, "I am a consumptive—I am going to die soon. What happiness! I am going to heaven!" "But then," I asked, "Why are you

going to Lourdes? Will you not ask for your cure?"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I have a mother and father who are so good, and who love me so much; I have a little

sister who cries every time I speak of friends who have begged me so much ! It is for them that I am going to Very soon she made friends with Mile.

"I am going to pray hard, but not at

all for myself—only for Jeanne."

Several times when I went to her at Lourdes she said to me with angelic fervour: "I am praying for Jeanne." She, also, left Lourdes without any improvement, and on the return journey did her best to console her companion.

did her best to console her companion. I got into their compartment at about 10 in the morning, at the station of Saintes, and asked Mile. Vincent how she had passed the night.

'Very badly,' she replied, "the pains have been terrible, Besides, I have found it hard to make the sacrifice of my cure. I have only just now resigned myself—but now I have submitted and as a proof of just now resigned myself — but now I have submitted, and as a proof of it I have resolved not to be cast down but cheerful."

The little consumptive, too, had made her sacrifice, but—O the sublime devotion that charity inspires!-it was the sacrifice of her life. Noting the sadness of her companion, she said in low tones with a fervour as impossible to forget as it is to describe:

'Holy Virgin, let me die, but cure Jeanne!" and then turning to me:

'I have not done wrong, have I?"

It will be easy to understand my emotion in the presence of these two invalids—the one uttering her Fiat and the other offering her own life for her companion's. After the stop at Saintes, the train moved on again, and only a few minutes had passed when I was struck by the brightness of Mile.

that you are not suffering so much?"
"Mais—it is true," she exclaimed quickly. "I have no longer any pain quickly. "I have no longer and her in my back," and she sat up on her

Vincent and the freedom of her move-

"Let us pray," I said, "let us say a Rosary. The Blessed Virgin can cure as well during the return as at the Grotto or at the Pools' and we took out our beads. There were seven of us in the compartment, including the mother and brother of Mile. Vincent. When we had finished the first chaplet, the sick girl stopped me and with an emotion which left us mute with

emotion which left us mute with astonishment exclaimed: "I cannot believe it, but the Blessed Virgin is curing me. I feel a strange feeling of health descending on me — I can get on my knees.—Oh, let us go on praying !" and she remained on her knees during the second chaplet. As with a piercing crown of thorns. It has

we finished the rosary we reached the station of Lucon. "I am cured," she said, "I am able to waik and get out of the train." We sent to tell her father who was in a distant carriage, and imagine his amazement on seeing his daughter run to embrace him! During the rest of the journey, whenever the train stopped, she got out and a paid visit to the invalids. All of us had the tears in our eyes, and the little consumptive was radiant.

"How good the Blessed Virgin is!"

"How good the Blessed Virgin is!"
she repeated again and again, but once
her sister sobbed out: "Why didn't
she cure you too!" and she answered:
"Don't cry—please don't; look at me,
and see how happy I am!"
On reaching Nantes Mile. Vincent
was able to go on foot to her house by
the rue de Coulmiers, a distance over
two kilometres. On the following Sanday she assisted at a Mass of thanks
giving, which I had the happiness to
celebrate, and at which she received
Communion with many of her relatives
and friends. She took part in all the
solemn offices of the day.

solemn offices of the day.

Since then she has attended to all her occupations and makes long jour-neys without fatigue or the slightest pain. She has regained her normal size and is waiting now to be visited

by Dr. Lacambre. . . The little consumptive returned to Vertou and grew weaker and weaker, until it became necessary to watch her night and day. Alarming symptoms soon declared themselves, but she never wavered in her resignation or lost her smile. On Saturday last, September 14, I had occasion to see her. She spoke to me of her approaching death as of a feast, and she made me this con-fidence: "My sweetest consolation is that I have never soiled the white robe of my baptism by a mortal sin." She started with joy when I suggested to her this thought of Sister Theresa of the Infant Jesus: "I wish to spend my

heaven by doing good on earth."
On the following day, September 15, she passed away peacably without agony. of Our Lady of Lourdes, uttered the methodistism last year has resulted in a net gain over the numbers of the previous year of just 75 persons, which works out at 6,606 france per every additional Methodist; that at the same rate of expenditure and the same rate of e

crown of roses on her head, and a rod of livies in her arms, and all her friends came and touched their medals and beads to her hands, and at her funeral in the front row knelt, sobbing with emotion the girl whom her sacrifice

BATTLE FOR TRUTH.

To relinquish the truth, the Cath-olic faith, the belief of the ages and that of countless millions, because something goes wrong on the human side of the Church, is base and cowardly. Catholic faith does not rest on human agencies, but on truth, and only that can make man free. Nor should the indifference of others, nor any earthly motive weaken the faith, nor retard it progress in the souls of those who know the truth and want to avail themselves one can save your soul without your own co-operation. The priest may stimulate one's spiritual slug-gishness when contrite and reof its many spiritual advantages. sins in confession by the power Christ conferred on him, but he cannot any more than God could, bring you to eternal life in spite of yourself. Do not be an habitual grumbler. There are hun-dreds of professing Christians who would do not sent of divine work for the do any sort of dirty work for the political leader of the ward in which they reside, and yet are constantly assailing the Caristian Church of God to the delectation of infidels and scoffers of all forms of belief.

There is a certain kind of grumbling that is harmless, and which can be used during those periodical hours when one has the blues after getting out of bed on the wrong side, or trying to eat everything on the table. One may say his neighbor gets in a bad temper or that he does not fast as he should do but he must not forget that he himself

never fasts.

One should not become lukewarm be cause he reads in the press of a few grave scandals in Mexico or Italy. Distance lends enchantment to the view, and what appears in the press is not always true. But true or there are tares and wheat, bad and good fish in the strong net of Peter the Fisher of men. Christ said: "All ye shall be

scandalized in me this night." apostles were excusable in the infancy of Christianity. Today there is no excuse, because we have the ages and their truths testifying what Christian ity has done for humanity to support our claims. Those, who hate, for ex ample, the oldest form of Christianity, wish to see her dead, have nothing to offer in her place but their own vaporings which would be quickly d ssipated by every novel and modern desire for a change. Courage to avow, and open profession of the truth, Christ exacted of his followers. "They who are ashamed of them before my Father in heaven." Again, "They who deny Me before men I will deny them before my Father in heaven." Be not ashamed of the Catholic Church, the bride of the Saviour, which He came to establish and sanctify with the shedding of His blood. It is well to remember that the Catholic Church whose first chief, Simon Bar-Jona, reigned in Rome, bears in its persecutions earmarks of its divine origin. been unjustly judged. Its arms have been fastened at times with the manacles of unjust laws. Its children have been crucified by iniquity and falsehood and their hearthstones drenched with their blood. All these things they did to the Son of God, but let us do as those storm-tossed clouds without water carried about by every wind of doctrine did. They who possess and in-herit the truth are the children of the rible multitude whose earthly wisdom the fearful and sublime King of the Jews will confound forever and whom He will eternally laugh at from his awful throne of omnipotence.

We are as little innocent children

brimming over with innocent laughter. Foolish are we then if we let the seed of sin, uncharitableness, hate and hypocrisy enter into our hearts making us hideously detestable to the Babe of Bethlehem. And if Lucifer, the prince of degeneracy, rage, deceitfulness, re-pulsive jests and tigerish malice, whom God in times past made a serpent and a roaring wild beast with all his off-pring, should momentarily overcome us, let us manfully, going forth as to a righteous cru-ade, rise again, and striking him across his double tongued mouth, by new deeds of virtue, forgiveness and generosity, say, take them thou bestial image of thy Creator in retaliation for the buffets thou didst urge men to strike the Rock of Ages, when He was unjustly judged by thy servile minions; we are not spiritual cowards in the battle for the Hero of Calvary; we will charitably hurl back the serried ranks of infidelity and indifferentism. And if we die on the battlefield of moral and Godly warfare, others braver than ourselves will spring into the breach, for the Christian martial struggle must go on.—R. S. K., in Salt Lake Catholic.

A Catholic who tells you, "I don't read a Catholic paper," is apt to have a son who will say, "I don't go to church."—Catholic Citizen.

Let us do all that depends on us to

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, head of the English Benedictines, has been appointed chairman of the committee for the revision of the text of St. Jerome's Vulgate, which work, as is well known, has been confided to the Benedictine

Father Fourquet, the rector of the Cathedral in Canton, China, is forming native teachers, men and women, for the Catholic schools. He writes of a class of young women, that they are advancing rapidly in knowledge and piety. Some are already capable enough to take a class of little ones.

consoled by the splendid unity of the Catholic Episcopate throughout the world in their condemnation of the errors denounced in the Syllabus and the Encyclical. No day passes without some striking proof of this unity being given to His Holiness.—Rome

While the Grand Dake of Luxem burg is a Protestant, mother and daughters are Catholics. In 1905 the population of the Grand Duchy was 246,455 souls; of these, 32,339 were foreigners; there were 241.883 Catholics; among the natives of the country there were only 189 Protestants.

To perpetuate the memory of Cardinal Manning a monument, consisting of a recumbent bronze effigy on a marble pedestal, is to be erected in the crypt of Westminster Cathedral. The Cardinal will be represented as an Archbishop, vested in full pontificals. Bishop Johnson, Archbishop's house, Ambrosden avenue, S. W., is acting as treasurer to the fund.

Fourteen thousand members of Holy Forteen thousand members of Holy Name societies in Hudson and Bergen counties, New Jersey, participated Sunday afternoon in a parade and openair meeting in Hoboken as a protest against profanity. Every man in line carried a small flag of the order, with white letters "H. N. S." on a blue background, and the sight was an impressive one as they marghed along pressive one as they marched along the principle streets of the city.

Latterly the papers have published foolish stories to the effect that the Pope intends to give an absolute divorce to the King of Saxony from his wife the Princess Louise, who contracted a civil union in England with one Signor Toselli, and that His Holiness has consented to receive the ex-Princess in audience when she comes to Rome. Of course both stories are false and absurd .- Rome.

There were thirty-two converts among the fifty adults confirmed in a class of two hundred at St. Agnes' Church, Cleveland, a few days ago. This is probably the largest number of converts ever confirmed at one time in a Cleveland parish and represents inaugurated with the lectures of Dr. Lloyd last year and zealously kept up by the pastor, Father Jennings, and his assistants.

Cyril Martindale, S. J., of Pope's Hall Oxford, has lately crowned an academic career of almost unexampled brilliancy by carrying off no less a prize than the Ellerton theological scholarship! Mr. Martindale is a mem-Benedictines also have done, a few years ago. The Etlerton prize was founded by a clergyman of extreme evangelical views, who wrote a famous, but your forgotten invacting Treaturi but now forgotten, invective Tracturianism in 1845, and it is a curious sign anism in 1845, and it is a curious sign of the times that a young Jesult should now win a prize which its founder suggested should be awarded for an essay on some such theme as "the diference between the Protestant and Romish Churches." — The Living Church, Episcopal.

The national complexion of the Diocese of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, is given as follows: Irish Catholics, 21,992; Acadians, 13,863; Scotch, 7,930; others, 2,012; total, 45,796. Of the clergy the Scotch are in the great majority there being 26 of them, several speaking the Gaelic tongue; 9 are Acadians, the Gaelic tongue; 9 are Acadanas, speaking the French tongue; 6 are native born of Irish parentage and 3 are from Ireland. The first Bishop of the Island was a Highland Scotchman named McEachern; the second, Bishop McDonald, a native of Scotch Bishop McDonald, a native of Scotten descent; the third, Bishop McIntyre, a'so a Scotchman; and the present, or fourth, Bishop McDonald the second. The Magdalen Islands, geographically in the Province of Quebec, are under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Chaplethelows. of Charlottetown.

NUNS OF GENTLE BLOOD

Of the Sisters of the Duke of Norfolk one is a Carmelite nun and the other is a Sister of Charity. Lady Frances Bertie, sister of the Earl of Abingdon, is also a nun, and resides at the Convent is also a nun, and resides at the Convent of Visitation at Harrow. Lady Edith Fielding, a sister of the Earl of Denbigh and of Lady Agnes de Trafford, is a Sister of Charity at Kion-Kiang, China. The Hon. Cicely Arundel, half-sister of the recently-deceased Lord Arundel of Wardour; the Hons. Mary and Edith Clifford, sisters of Lord Clifford of Chuldish: the Hons. Ellen Clifford of Chudleigh; the Hons. Ellen snd Marie French, sisters of Lord French; and the Hon. Frances Morris, sister of Lord Killanin, are nuns. So are several sisters of Lord Trimlestown. Four sisters of the Lord Herries, and aunts, therefore, of the Duchess of Norfolk, are nuns; while of Lord Petre's sisters, two are nums of the Order of the Good Shepherd and a third is a Sister of Charity. Lady Leopoldina Keppel is the sister of a Protessant peer, the Earl of Albemarle. She is a nun of the Sacred Heart.

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