

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 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 Prime Minister, "I wish I was as sure of anything as Tom Maoslay is of everything." And in like manner our acknowledged leaders in science, our Kelvins, our Thompsons, our Crookes, Glens, 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 bookshelves with sixpenny treatises which are to impart to the millions the best 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 dug," 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 reasonable measures" of Clemenceau. It mattered not that the cynical Prime Minister of France was unshamed 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, the action of Pius X. is essentially in harmony with the spirit of the Apostles.

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 terrors."

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

As a change of subject may not be an inconsiderable aid towards his recovery we prescribe for him a "look at" the "Eighty-Eight 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, *Rome*, 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 has cost about 7,000 francs a head; that the 500,000 francs spent on Italian Methodism last year has resulted in a net gain over the numbers of the previous year of just 75 persons, which works out at 6,986 francs per every additional Methodist; that at the same rate of expenditure and the same rate

of progress, it will take 12,500,000,000 francs and 35,000 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 missionaries 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 annoyance 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 safeguard 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 meaning. How he and his friends 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's mark. The individual, however, who descants on the Syllabus and reactionary 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 commonplace, 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 resources of our vocabulary. These preachers, offensive of times, and ridiculous always, make us smile: the scribes 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. Aveiling's "Philosophers of the Smoking-Room": "Nowadays people are wondering whether there is a God—not 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 because she takes things calmly. She always says the same thing with monotonous reiteration. She does not care what other people shriek 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.

Way some preachers wax vociferous on the "sad state" of Quebec is a problem we pass on to our readers.

We may remark, however, that the Canadian, as a rule, does not see the things which afflict the vision of the preacher, and concurs, with Carlyle, that religious belief—at least when it seems heartfelt and well-intentioned—is no subject for harsh or even irreverent investigation.

But, if they must go Quebecwards, they should clear their minds of cant and give over prating about the priest-

hood and hierarchy, etc. They should strive to know something of the Church 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 "Le Grotte" is surely one of the most interesting papers published 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 advertisements for the hotels of Lourdes (which, by the way, are mostly kept by Jews), and the first by a *communiqué* 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 week of October.

Half the third page is occupied by the Official Revenue of the cures registered by the Bureau des Constatations Médicales, for, as all the world knows, 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 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 although 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 de la Grotte, on the same date, tells us of a cure of a young girl, who had been blind since the following touching story from real life narrated by an eye-witness—the Abbe Colas, vicar at St. Donatien de Nantes:

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 Condry. She suffers for nine years from an osteo-periostitis. The development of the disease was slow at first; the pains, 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 the February following Drs. Lacambre and Rivat decided to make a paracentesis, which, however, brought no relief to the sufferer. At the end of March 1905, Dr. Lacambre employed cauterization, and several times points de feu, but still without result. From that time walking became extremely painful 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 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, 1906—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 chaise-longue. Dr. Lacambre who continued to attend her all the while expressed his astonishment that she was able to move even a few steps in the state she was in.

But her trouble did not end here. In November 1904 an abscess formed on her neck and during the following winters suppurated for two or three months. Then other abscesses 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 during the pilgrimage. With this, an 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 undersigned doctor in medicine of the Faculty of Paris, formerly head of the Clinique of the Hospitals of Nantes, certify that Mile. Jeanne Vincent, living at Nantes with her relatives, 72 rue du Condry, has suffered since the summer of 1904 from osteo-periostitis of the right iliac crest (orete) 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 considère cette situation comme acquise)."

The journey was intensely painful. No improvement took place at Lourdes and she was very afflicted when she was taken back to the station for the return journey at 10 o'clock on Friday night. She remained silent all that night, never sleeping and refusing to be consoled because she had not been cured. She had prayed so hard, and her confidence and her fervour had been so warm!

Before continuing the story, I must now introduce another invalid whom Providence had placed by the side of Mile. Vincent both going and coming. Her name is Victorine Desouillieres, she is twenty years of age, and she

lives in Verton. A year ago she entered 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 she 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 leaving her; I have a great many girl friends who have begged me so much! It is for them that I am going to Lourdes."

Very soon she made friends with Mile. Vincent, and a little farther on she said to me:

"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. I got into their compartment at about 10 in the morning, at the station of Nantes, 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 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. I have only 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."

"Really," I said, "it seems to me that you are not suffering so much?"

"Mais—it is true," she exclaimed quickly. "I have no longer any pain in my back," and she sat up on her mattress.

"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 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 we finished the rosary we reached the station of Looon.

"I am cured," she said, "I am able to walk 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 tears in our eyes, and the little consumptive was radiant.

"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 home by the rue de Coulliers, a distance over two kilometres. On the following Sunday 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.

Since then she has attended to all her occupations and makes long journeys 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 Verton 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 confession: "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 peacefully without agony. . . . She raised to her lips an image of Our Lady of Lourdes, uttered the names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and then leaned her head on her sister's shoulder, and gave up her beautiful soul to God. In death her face wore its expression of purity and her smile. They put a

crowns of roses on her head, and a rod of lilies 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 has restored to health.—*Rome*.

BATTLE FOR TRUTH.

To relinquish the truth, the Catholic 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 its progress in the souls of those who know the truth and want to avail themselves of its many spiritual advantages. No one can save your soul without your own co-operation. The priest may stimulate one's spiritual sluggishness when contrite and resolved to do better in the future; pardon 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 hundreds of professing Christians who would do any sort of dirty work for the political leader of the ward in which they reside, and yet are constantly assailing the Christian 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 because 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 false, there are tares and wheat, and good fish in the strong net of Peter the Fisher of men.

Christ said: "All ye shall be scandalized in me this night." The apostles were excusable in the infancy of Christianity. Today there is no excuse, because we have the ages and their truths testifying what Christianity has done for humanity to support our claims. Those, who hate, for example, the oldest form of Christianity, the imperishable Church of God, and wish to see her dead, have nothing to offer in her place but their own vapourings which would be quickly dissipated by every novel and modern desire for a change. Courage to avow, and profess the truth, Christ exhorted of his followers. "They who are ashamed of Me before Men I will be 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 has come 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. It has been spat upon. It has been called a devil. It has been crowned with a piercing crown of thorns. It has 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 heartstones 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 inherit the truth are the children 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. It has been spat upon. It has been called a devil. 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