

AUGUST 12, 1899.

A BIT OF CHIVALRY.

General Young Butcher's Defense of Sister Anthony.

Catholic Columbian. This little incident, related by "Moina" in The Advocate, will be read with interest by all who admired the grand character of Sister Anthony, the "Angel of the Battlefield."

A bit of history connected with Sister Anthony's coming to Cincinnati, which has not been told before may prove interesting. In those early days Catholics of means were few and far between. Religious intolerance ran so high that a Sister appearing on the street in a religious garb was liable to insult, and it took a brave woman to go forth in public thus attired. Sister Anthony was not in the least timid. Had she been, she never could have succeeded.

The old Fifth St. Market House, that famous mart of trade, stood then where are now located our beautiful fountain and esplanade. On a market morning when the market-house was in its glory there was no livelier or busier spot in the whole city. The old time butchers were a great power in the community, and in many instances they were a law unto themselves. Although many decent, honorable men pursued the useful and lucrative avocation of butchery, yet a good sprinkling of ruffians, rowdies and reckless fellows were found in their guild. The market house, unless necessarily compelled to, was not considered a safe or desirable place to walk through.

Among the leading and prosperous butchers was a young man named R., an Irishman and a Catholic. Some people, through force of genius and perseverance, forge ahead in life. He had to literally fight his way through. He was a powerfully built young man, a perfect athlete, and as brave as a lion. Many attempts were made to take an unfair advantage of him, and cowards laid in wait time and again to take him unawares. But he was equal to every occasion and came out scathless, while his assailants for whole months were forced to nurse broken noses, cut lips and black eyes. He had one advantage over his enemies in those days of drunkenness and dissipation—he never touched a drop of liquor. He was industrious, too, and had the reputation of being strictly honest. No wonder that such a man could surmount difficulties and go right to the front; and we may add that he accumulated quite a fortune here and left this city in 1857, going out to the west where he met with marvelous prosperity and died five years ago a multi-millionaire.

But to return to Sister Anthony. She started with about forty orphan girls—and children, as all mothers will understand, must have something to eat. If she had but the means to buy some coarse meat and a few vegetables she might get along, for the Sisters are the best cooks in the world and understand the art of making a little go far. Some one told her to go down on Tuesday morning bright and early to the stall of Mr. R., the butcher in the Fifth St. Market. It took nerve to do it, but that was one quality in which Sister Anthony was never lacking. She procured a moderate sized basket, and taking two of the orphan children by the hand set out for the market.

It was a rather unusual thing in those days to see a Sister in the garb of her order on the street, especially in such a public place as the market-house, and Sister Anthony was not the one to furl her colors under any circumstances. No wonder she was gaped and stared at by the crowd, and she had to listen to the vile, coarse remarks of the journeyman butchers.

The Sister with her little girls was pushing through the crowded passage to reach the stall of Mr. R., located about in the centre of the market, when a big stout young butcher picked up a bull pup that was dazing under one of the benches, and threw it into the basket which the Sister carried. She gave a little scream of terror at this rudeness and looked up appealingly to the coarse, leering countenance of her tormentor; but her terror was increased when she beheld a handsome young man, wearing a snow-white apron, clear one of the high benches at a single bound; she then saw his right fist swing out like a mill hammer and land under the ear of the ruffian with an ominous thud, and in less than four seconds there were three objects lying in a heap at her feet, viz: the basket, the bull pup and the butcher. "You are one of the Catholic Sisters, I believe, madame," said R., for it was he. "Please step in behind my stall," and as he spoke he moved the bench to one side, clearing a passage way for the really frightened Sister and her two orphan children.

"You must pardon my rudeness in fighting in your presence," continued the young man, "but that blackguard did not get as much as he deserved. This is a rather rough place for you to come."

"It was the sheerest necessity, Mr. R., that drove me here," and then she told him of her story of want and suffering. "I was directed to come to you, Mr. R.," she said, "to ask you to provide us with a little meat."

"Well, now, Sister," he answered, "you came to the right place; you shall not want for meat while I am here; but that basket you brought is all broken, and is not large enough anyway."

Then he picked up a large, two-handled willow basket that would easily contain two hundred pounds, and telling one of his hired men to take one handle, he took the other; and, invited the Sister to accompany him as he wanted to introduce her to

some of his friends, the butchers. They went from stall to stall and no butcher they approached felt like refusing a solicitor such as R., and so the basket was filled and piled up with excellent beef, for R would take nothing else, and sent it in a wagon to Sister Anthony's orphanage. While he remained in Cincinnati the orphans never wanted for meat; and although thousands of miles separated them at times, the friendship then founded was continued through correspondence for forty years. R. had been loose in the practice of his religion and married a Protestant lady whose family was extremely bigoted, but the prayers and influence of Sister Anthony brought about the conversion of R. and his whole family.

RELIGION AND THE STAGE.

Surprising Facts Recalled by Madame Modjeska.

Mme. Modjeska, the distinguished and cultured Polish lady, who, besides being the leading actress of heroic classic roles on the English speaking stage, is at the same time an exemplary Catholic, read an interesting paper on "The Influence of Christianity Upon the Stage," before the Newman Club of Los Angeles, Cal., a few days ago. Some of the facts she cites will be surprising news to a great many Catholics, both of the theatre-going class and of those who abstain from that form of diversion. Among other things Mme. Modjeska said:

The subject is very rich and offers a tempting field to the student, but I fear my scant erudition can hardly do even slight justice to such a task; and instead of a few words long volumes would be required for the briefest exposition of the influence of Christianity upon the stage.

Besides the mind of the average woman is not much inclined toward abstract logical dissertations; it is more apt to draw conclusions from concrete facts.

Not being familiar with scholarly methods, I prefer to present you a few facts which will prove better than any arguments that the Christian spirit has exerted the same action upon the stage as upon all other manifestations of modern life.

We all know that the ancient theatre had a theocratic origin. Is it not from the Greek mythological mysteries and religious ceremonies that has evolved this magnificent array of tragedies and comedies, both Greek and Roman, admired by us as the ancient classic theatre? Outside of Greece and Rome dramatic genius has been

INSPIRED BY RELIGION.

The Old Testament contains what is considered until now one of the highest instances of dramatic dialogue in the Book of Job; and "Sakuntala," Kalidasa's magnificent tragedy, has equally its source in the worship of Brahma, and is placed among the sacred books of East India. In the Semitic races, among the Moslem races, the spirit of the drama never manifested itself beyond the limits of the temple. Even in the oldest civilization of America, under the Aztecs and the Incas, we find traces of dramatic performances combined with religious ceremonies. It is, therefore, nothing strange that the theatre of the Christian era has had its cradle in the Christian religion. It is only a natural consequence of the essence itself of dramatic art.

Before I pass, however, to any further reference to the Christian stage, I shall take the liberty of mentioning a fact with which, I confess, I became acquainted two years ago, through the kindness of a brother actor, John Malone, and which I presume is not generally known. It is one of those illustrative instances of which I spoke before, and which to a woman's mind has more significance than long dissertations. I refer to the martyrdom of St. Genesius, St. Porphyrius and four or five other actors. The most prominent among them is the first, St. Genesius.

ACTOR, SAINT AND MARTYR.

The history of his conversion and subsequent martyrdom as told by the Bollandists, is one of the most striking and miraculous in the whole martyrology. At one occasion in the presence of the Emperor Diocletian he was performing a play of his own intended to ridicule Christian ceremonies and in particular the sacrament of baptism. The plot included a perfectly correct execution of the holy rite. Genesius was personating the man who had to be baptized. At the very moment the water was poured on his head a heavenly vision rose before his eyes. Immediately touched by divine grace he went in front of the stage, addressed himself to the Emperor and the audience, expressing his repentance for the sacrilegious horror just committed, praising Christ the Lord, asking the people to desist from their pagan practices and to join with him in his repentance. He was beheaded on the stage by order of the Emperor.

The effect of this event was wonderful. The miraculous conversion of this prince of actors, "princeps mimorum," was the occasion of many conversions. For two long years the Christian community kept sacred the memory of the poor showman in whose honor later a Church was erected which existed in the ninth century.

I do not know the details of the martyrdom of St. Porphyrius and other actors who shed their blood for the faith, but it is a sublime consolation for us who belong to the craft, which has been for centuries and is some times even now an

OBJECT OF CONTEMPT AND AVERSION, to have these holy patrons of our vocations in the rank of the holy martyrs. I should only weary you if I related

here the beginnings of the Christian drama. Its development is very well known. It was born in the cathedrals first in the shape of liturgical dialogues, later on in the so called mysteries which for a long time supplied the only popular entertainment for our forefathers whose pious minds they edified by episodes from the holy scriptures and from lives of the saints. I prefer to pass to another illustrative fact, which being less known may offer you some interest, and which, moreover, concerns a Christian woman.

I claim myself happy to have had the occasion of proclaiming the name in a paper which I read before the International Woman's Congress in 1893. I refer to the influence, however indirect, upon the drama exerted by the works of a German nun of the tenth century called Hroswitha, or, as she is better known,

THE NUN OF GANDERSHEIM.

This great writer and holy woman may claim the honor of having marked the first steps in the evolution of the modern drama. Well acquainted with the classic authors, especially the Roman playwright, Terencius, whose works were then frequently studied, and even performed in the cloisters, the only asylum for a long time of learning and literature, she felt, as the good Christian she was, a strong aversion towards pagan morals and lascivious pictures contained in the Roman comedies, and so she conceived the laudable ambition of writing a series of plays in which the literary charm of the ancients would be subservient to Christian ideas and pictures of Christian life.

Her works are of great literary and artistic merit. Full of poetic imagination, with a mind rich in the most delicate shades of sentiment, Hroswitha was the first to break with many traditions of the old classics, such as the rule of three unities, and to introduce into the dramatic literature new elements, elements due entirely to Christianity.

Strange to say, considering that she was a pure and pious nun, her conception of love between man and woman, so entirely different from the old pagans, may seem to have inspired our modern romantic poets.

It is only just to say that she stands between the ancient and modern drama like a solitary column, the only logical and genuine transition. For six centuries her works remained hidden

IN THE RECESSES OF GERMAN CONVENTS.

It is only at the beginning of the sixteenth century that a German humanist, the poet Conrad Celtzer, had them printed in Wurtemberg and offered them to public light. They created a strong impression and were soon translated into Italian, German and Spanish. The supposition that she impressed the Elizabethan writers, and especially Shakespeare, is justified by the fact that, as we know, the poet took many of his plots from the Italians, who on their part followed in some of their works the subjects treated by Hroswitha, among others the story of "Romeo and Juliet." Certain scenes, notably the whole plot of the fifth act called "Calpurnius." Of course, the very end is different; the lovers are brought back to life by a miraculous intervention more acceptable to the Christian audience of the tenth century than it would have been to the English people of the sixteenth and seventeenth century.

On the first occasion I spoke in public of Hroswitha, my subject was the connection of woman with the stage, my object was to show how much the drama is indebted to woman. It is a pleasure for me now to again glorify her name as a Christian, to proclaim how much we owe to her for having first used the drama as a vehicle for the highest Christian ideas, for having first brought into it elements of charity, purity, abnegation, forgiveness and the most delicate refinement.

After the Renaissance movement the drama had passed many ups and downs. Not only did its authors forget its Christian origin, but they often proved false to an artistic standard. The dramatic literature of the present century, while brilliant during the revival of romanticism, especially in Germany and France, became in the latter half a matter of pure handicraft, and was prostituted only too frequently in order to

PANDER TO THE LOWEST INSTINCTS, and catch the pennies of the greatest numbers.

But the fault does not lie in the dramatic art itself. The so-called commercial spirit so aggressive in all manifestations of life at the end of the century has had a great deal to do with the degradation and with the deviation of the stage from its higher mission. Happily there is no lack of signs of a revolution for the better in its sphere. The public taste is already surfeited with the mediocre, idiotic, corrupt plays that were offered to it during the last decades, and it welcomes heartily any new works of a higher moral and artistic standard. I think we can safely look to a healthy revival in this direction, and I do not know anything that can help more to this result than such work as the Newman Club has for its object, the broadening of the minds and the improvement of the souls by the spreading of high Christian literature.

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A JESUIT ON THE LATE ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

(Remarks by Rev. M. P. Dowling, President of Creighton University, Omaha.)

I believe that the first thought of a Catholic on hearing of the death of Ingersoll will be to pray that in his closing moments grace may have been given him to regret the wrong done by his lectures to the simple faith of thousands, and that God may deal mercifully in the next life with one who in this outraged Divine goodness and set at naught revelation. An old adage bids us say nothing of the dead but good—*nihil de mortuis nisi bonum*—but as Ingersoll stood forth for years as the type of rampant, aggressive and offensive infidelity and gloried in the fascination of his power, it is certainly not out of place, whilst leaving him to a higher tribunal for judgment of his responsibility and motives, to characterize even after his death the teaching which still survives him for the undoing of believers.

Fortune dealt kindly with him and gave him the species of success he valued most highly: he possessed an unenviable talent for ridiculing sacred things. Now, however, that he has passed away, the question arises, has he made the world any better by his sojourn in it? Has he contributed not only to the happiness of his fellow man? Has he uplifted human nature? Has he made mankind any richer in the sap of self sacrifices which gives life to society? Has he left after him any legacy of good? Has he embalm'd in his teachings anything noble or ennobling? He was a spirit of destruction; he tore down without building up. His familiar thesis was that Christianity is a failure, yet he offered nothing to replace it. Whilst pretending to strike off the shackles of superstition he really stripped man of the elements which dignify his manhood. He debased public and private conscience; he haunted with harrowing doubt men and women who before hearing him were free and happy. His jests and gibes against religion cast down priceless ideals and did away with all reverence for the good and the true, while his eulogies of worldly prosperity sowed the seeds of discontent.

In the name of free thought and liberty of conscience he filled minds with a wild thirst for pleasure that was unattainable and with feverish unrest; he attuned hearts to the exclusive music of earthly gains and losses and aspirations; he saw nothing higher than the climbing of ambition, the nervousness of acquisition and accumulation; he taught his hearers the forgotten lusts and passions of human greed; he encouraged the spirit of revolt against all that was whenever it was Christian.

The legitimate consequence was the world without God, but the world with out God is man without a moral law, and that means anarchy, the rule of selfishness, the strong hand of power as the representative of right. If heaven and hell are myths, and there is nothing real on the one hand but the sorrow and want, the misery and degradation from which the human victim seeks in vain to free himself, and on the other hand the good things of earth, which he craves without being able to obtain without violating rights; if there is no hereafter and man cannot here possess as much as his more fortunate neighbor does; if virtue is a name and magnanimity a delusion, then life is not worth the living, and the sooner it is ended the better it will be. No wonder that under such tuition believers in the tenets of Ingersoll commit suicide, because they are "tired," "tired of life, of cant, of deception, of unsatisfied longings and unfulfilled hopes."

Ingersoll was an iconoclast, a fanatic of the broadest type, while denouncing fanaticism as self-righteous as any Pharisee of old; as infallible in his own opinions as the most tenacious scientist; intolerant to the last degree, while preaching toleration; furiously dogmatic, while proclaiming against dogma. He would condemn to future punishment, if there were such a place, anyone who did not believe as he did. He looked at one side of a question and absolutely refused to look at the other, though he blamed his opponents on the same ground. If he were so powerfully sympathetic as he would have people think he could have seen any night he lectured in one of our great cities sorrow enough to cast a shadow over the remaining days of a life that is now eclipsed forever. He would have found thousands, who, unlike himself, are not thankful that they have been born into this world; women poisoned by the leprous touch of lust, sunk in degradation and shame begun for a mouthful of bread.

With his rich gleanings from the purses of the opulent and deceived, what did he do to relieve such distress in comparison with the efforts of the meek and lowly followers of the Christ he rallied at? He would have found hearts breaking in agony, eyes red with weeping, cheeks scorched with burning tears. Have his teachings soled them or brought comfort to the doors of the sorrowing? He would have found gullible holding high carnival over the body of prostrate Innocence, gaunt Poverty staring through the pinched faces of half-starved children, broken hearted widows pointing with despair at their hovel homes and asking: "What are the joys of this world to us?" Could his gospel of fine clothes, good living, comfortable homes, stately and painting and music do anything for these despairing souls? Had he spent an hour in the home of the aged he would have seen what Christianity is doing to alleviate distress, and at the end of the hour I would have given him a pen which he might dip in the deepest gail

of unbelief, and I would wager my faith against his unbelief that he would have been compelled to write at last as of old: "Take the shoes from off thy feet, for the ground on which thou standest is holy." For one night's lecture Ingersoll received \$500. Half that sum would, in many cases, be a perfect godsend as a whole year's salary to those despised ministers of God, for whom he had nothing but sneers and contempt. He has played his part on the stage of life. For his own sake and that of the thousands who listened to his living voice we may well exclaim: Would that he had been a Christian!

Rev. M. P. Dowling.

WHY SHE SUCCEEDS.

Rev. Sabín Halsey, a Methodist minister of Janesville, Wis., recently preached from his pulpit a sermon whose subject was "Why Does the Catholic Church Win?" The following portion of his utterances will be found interesting and edifying. "One statement of fact," said Mr. Halsey, "which would help to prepare the way for an intelligent answer to the question under consideration is that whoever reads the history of past events with a desire to ascertain what influence any religious society has exerted upon the world's civilization, whoever can fully discern the signs of the times, must, if candid, admit that the Catholic Church has been for nineteen centuries, and is to day, a mighty power among men. Her influence has been felt in every land. Nations have felt her power, crowned heads have trembled in her presence, and rulers have bowed themselves at her feet. It is the part of wisdom to study a Church backed up by such a remarkable history. It is a question fraught with deep interest and one that demands the most careful thought."

"The first reason for the success of the Catholic Church is that she believes she is the true Church of Christ with a special divine mission to a world that is in bondage to the slavery of sin. She holds to the doctrine of a supernatural revelation given to the world through inspired men for the purpose of teaching the plan of human redemption, how to escape the fearful consequence of sin in time and in eternity."

"The Catholic Church believes in the Deity of Christ, in the guilt and peril of sin, in the necessity of hearty repentance and faith as the ground of forgiveness. Souls are exposed and must be rescued. Her services, her ordinances, her altars and sacraments, the ministrations of her priests, her holidays and festivals, the very chimes of her bells, tell the story of the sinfulness of the human heart and the necessity of forgiveness."

"Her organization gives her authority to command her people in all matters of faith and conduct. She stands first and supreme in every locality."

"She does not bow to the will of man or any number of men. Established services are not shoved off one side at everybody's request as of minor importance."

"Her organization enables her to give special attention to the work of training the children and youth of her fold to become zealous advocates of her doctrines and practices. In early life they are rooted and grounded in the faith. She rocks the cradle in every Catholic home, and has a right to do so. She sings her Masses in the ear of the child until the soul catches the spirit of them. She puts her creed into object lessons, and thus through the eye touches the heart and inspires religious emotions which never die."

"Another reason for her success is the intense loyalty of her people everywhere in every country, regardless of cost. They are in the Church, a part of the Church, and in the Church to stay until death takes them out of the world. Living and dying they are true to their profession. If they wander away they invariably retrace their steps and seek forgiveness. They are loyal to their system of doctrine. No one can be a Catholic without believing something without any effort at discount. Whoever tries to change the opinion of a son or daughter in the Church has a big job on hand, and will doubtless find his head white before the work is finished. The speaker had yet to find a Catholic going about the streets criticizing his Church, finding fault with her doctrines or defaming the character of those who serve at her consecrated altars. Their loyalty in this respect is worthy of commendation. Surely it is not difficult to see in this fact one element of victory. Catholics are loyal to the services of their Church. A little foolish whim does not keep them from the sacraments and from Mass, and in this they are right. They are Church-going people year in and year out. Through storm and sunshine, snow and sleet, they bend their way to the altars of their father, to the altars of their Church."—Sacred Heart Review.

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