

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus nomen est. Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

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STATE CONTROLLED LIQUOR SELLING.

In a letter to the *Cosmopolitan* (February) Mr. J. Roland Cortwell states that five months' residence in Arken, South Carolina, in 1897, with daily observation of the working of the state dispensary in that city made him an enthusiastic advocate of the assumption of the liquor business by the state. There is no drinking on the premises, no treating, no lounging, no mixed drink, no buying after Sundown. All is matter of fact bare and repellent. The dispenser has no motive to increase his sales; he is on a salary. The writer believes that could the same plan be put in operation throughout the country drinking and drunkenness would be enormously reduced.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

Mr. Frank A. Munsey recently sent out a notice to an advertiser, saying: no more advertising contracts for whisky, beer or wine, and no more objectionable medical advertising or objectionable anything in fact will be accepted for *Munsey's Magazine*. This sign of the times is accentuated by the fact that the loss of revenue from this particular source will amount to \$75,000 during the year.

ANGLICANISM.

Recently there came under our notice a sermon on Anglicanism conservatism as to faith, and liberal in matters of opinion. The preacher was very much in earnest and employed learning and eloquence to convince his hearers that Anglicanism stands firm against the onslaughts of infidelity, and has, practically speaking, doctrines so well defined that to impugn them is to incur the stigma of heterodoxy. What these doctrines are he failed to say. Judged by his history they must be few, if any; for its adherents have ranged over a vast field of doctrine, and have disagreed among themselves, and without ceasing to be Anglicans on matters of vital importance. Macaulay's generalization of it as a hundred sects battling within one Church is not without point; and Newman says that heresy and scepticism and infidelity and fanaticism may challenge it in vain.

It is certainly a task for the deftest tact and skill to show how men as Mr. Jowett, Canon Liddon, Dean Phillips Brooks, the Ritualist, etc., could stand with any degree of consistency on a common platform, and how all their teaching fell, with the pale of identity of principle and of the unity of faith. Many a one who has attempted to do this has learned to say, in the words of Newman: when I looked back upon the poor Anglican Church for which I had laboured so hard, and upon all that appertained to it, and thought of our various attempts to dress it up doctrinally and esthetically it seemed to me to be veriest of nonentities. And, going on to recognize the Anglican Church to a certain point a witness and teacher of religious truth, Newman continues: But that it is something sacred, that it is an oracle of revealed doctrine that it can claim a share in St. Ignatius or St. Cyprian; that it can take the rank, contest the teaching and stop the path of the Church of St. Peter, that it can call itself "the Bride of the Lamb, this is the view which simply disappeared from my mind on my conversion, and which it would be almost a miracle to reproduce. I went by, and lo! it was gone. I sought it, but its place could no where be found: and nothing can bring it back to me.

TEACHERS' SALARIES.

The question of teachers seems to have a fascination for some of our readers. What we think about it may be learned from back numbers of the *RECORD*. We may remark, however, that "fine words butter no parsnips." It is one thing to solace ourselves with preachments on the dignity and responsibility of the teacher, and it is quite another thing to give that dignity proper support in the way of dollars and cents.

BUDDHISM.

They who have read Maurice Francis Egan's "Vocation of Edward Conway" will remember the description of the dinner at the residence of Major Conway—the negligent Catholic who was fond of religious controversy mixed

with champagne, on ordinary occasions or a little whiskey and ginger ale.

One of the guests, who is expatiating on the beauties of Buddhism, the religion of millions of people, is interrupted by a Lady Tyrrell, just over from England, in the following fashion: You cannot whitewash Buddhism, my dear; we people who have cousins and uncles and brothers in India know too much about it. It may do for Americans, who don't know better, and whose eyes you can shut up on all matters except where the almighty dollar is concerned; but I know it's a sham and you know it's a shame. Sir Edwin Arnold has varnished the nasty, worm eaten old fabric; and people who don't want a religion that will keep 'em from the sins they have a mind to have taken hold of this awful jumble of lies and selfishness—which is recommended to the lots and acanthus and spend valuable time in dallying with Buddhism.

KINGSLEY'S POSITION.

We cannot agree with a correspondent's estimate of the works of Charles Kingsley. That he was a bigot is true. That his "Hypatia" is a rehash of unproved charges against St. Cyril and his "Westward Ho" a glorification of the buccannier, combined with sundry revelations of an earnest man battling against things which he assumes to be Catholic, cannot be denied. He was worsted, we know, by Newman, in the controversial arena, but then others—Mr. Gladstone, for instance—felt the power of the great Oratorian. To be brief: it is idle and unjust to deny Charles Kingsley a place in the beards of the makers of literature. Whatever his faults, and blind rage against the Church, he wrote some books that are remembered and read. Just where his place in the literary world is, may be a subject for discussion but his right to be there and his claim to the title of artist are indisputable and undisputed.

A WORD TO THE BACHELOR.

Lo, the poor bachelor! He is anxious to be married, but unfortunately the right kind of female never crosses his path. He has dreams of the ideal woman, and has never a misgiving that she would not be glad to accept him. He is aware of his own importance, the debonair bachelor, and convinced that the wedding bells will ring when he gives the signal. And he is eloquence itself on the shortcomings of the women he does know. They are extravagant, he says, with the air of one who is sure of his facts. Inability to cook, etc., run trippingly from his tongue. Having heard all this many times we should be grateful to anyone who would enable us to see the work of the bachelor-mind. We may cherish the belief that in any community there is a sufficient number of women with ideals high enough and character good and strong enough to satisfy the most exacting male. They ought to be able to cook well enough to satisfy even those who pride themselves in their biceps. The bachelor, then, should tell us the real reason for his bachelorhood, and so dear scribes from assailing his personality. Has he been jilted? Or is he loth to give up the "boys" and the little game with any kind of a limit and the privilege of becoming bald in his own fashion?

Is he so exacting as he would have us believe; or is it dread of spending money except on himself, that keeps him from marriage. Will some of the hairless ones kindly enlighten us?

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Speaking recently in Catholic societies Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati said that an organization Catholic in name and spirit is the pride and glory of the Church and will do much to make her better known and more respected. But a society which merely flaunts the name "Catholic" upon its banner whilst lacking the spirit and conduct alone worthy of that glorious name brings disgrace upon the Church; yea, a greater disgrace than the evil conduct of a single individual because of the greater weight and publicity of the example.

The purest charity consists in doing the spiritual rather than in doing the corporal works of mercy, since the essential good is the good of the soul. Let us have confidence in whatever increases the power of the soul; confidence therefore in the virtues of religion, which are faith, hope and love; confidence in knowledge, science, freedom and labor, persuaded that riches are good only when they are the possessions of the wise and good.—Bishop Spalding.

THE DIARY OF A NEW YORK MISSIONARY.

It was not without a certain fear and considerable hesitation that I, who had never attended a mission, consented a few weeks ago to accompany an old veteran missionary to a large city church, actually to take part in the giving of the mission. However, it was to the missions that I had determined to consecrate my life; a start must be made sometime. I had a few sermons and instructions written; and at any rate, such a golden opportunity must not be lost. What better than to go right out into the field with a thoroughly experienced associate? So I went.

On arriving at the parish rectory, I was shown to my room, and asked to make myself at home. I tried, but everything seemed so strange. I had indeed been tossed about considerably during the summer, and had become somewhat accustomed to strange people, strange houses, and strange beds; here was the queer sensation of being one of the big Mission Fathers. So I was considered, and so I had to act.

I retired early, but I felt rather uncomfortable. The morning's work was on my mind, the announcements of the mission in the morning, and the answering of the questions in the evening. I thought of the daily late morning instruction which I was to give, and, worst of all, I must preach two of the great mission sermons in the course of the week. I wondered how it would feel to stand on the platform there in front of the big black cross in full view of the large throng of eight or nine hundred people. I had done some little preaching before; it is true, but this was to be mission preaching—a thing quite different. It is needless to say that I slept but little.

On the following day I made my announcements and answered the questions with what I at best regarded fair success. On Monday I mounted the platform with more confidence; and so things went on with ever-increasing facility and interest to the end of the two weeks.

My mission is over; and what impressions has it left on me? They are simply indescribable. They must be felt to be appreciated. They were the most interesting and perhaps the most valuable two weeks of my life so full of new experiences. I lived in a new world, and breathed a new atmosphere.

There was first of all the sensation of being a missionary, there was the various little attention shown by all, from the pastor down to the smallest altar boy; there were people, not a few, coming in for special private consultation with the Mission Fathers; there were articles of every kind that the Fathers must bless, and questions innumerable asked. The missionary is supposed to be all-wise and all-powerful—even the little missionary of one day. Then there were what might be called rubrics of the mission, the way everything is done, things that could be learned and appreciated only by actually taking part in them.

The closing scene, consisting of the renewal of Baptismal vows, was grand and most impressive. The actual handling of the question box furnished its lesson. It is there that people show their ignorance and queer turn of mind. The people are intensely interested in the question box, and yet it demands no great effort on the part of the missionary. As a rule the questions are easily answered, and the answers are the preparation I had had at the Apostolic Mission House.

The most valuable experience of the mission was, however, that of the confessional. During the two weeks we heard more than eighteen hundred confessions—all kinds of confessions, confessions of the rich and of the poor, of the ignorant and of the well-instructed, of the zealous and the indifferent, of the pious and of the careless.

There was the story of many a broken heart. It had nothing to do with confession, but yet who that has a heart could refuse to listen patiently? The crushed soul had come to lay its burden before God's minister. Why? It scarcely knew why perhaps. But it might win a word of sympathy and encouragement, at any rate. There was some satisfaction in the telling, and the secret. We must be patient and listen. I never before so much as began to realize what the confessional meant in this world of ours. How well Jesus knew the needs and cravings of the human soul when He instituted it!

Well, here I am with all my many impressions and experiences mixed and jumbled together. Time must disentangle them. I am most glad that I was at the mission. The strange room felt home-like, and the bed seemed quite comfortable even; after a few nights I liked the novel surroundings. The life of a missionary is a most interesting and instructive one. I learned many things which no books or professors could ever teach me. I learned something real about the human soul—its strivings and its aspirations. Its trials and difficulties, I saw its good side and its evil side—its strength and its weakness. I learned something about the world, and what good souls, yes, and bad souls, must contend with there. I learned that I knew very little; and I have returned from the mission convinced that many things even in my sermons and instructions which before I thought excellent must be changed. It is a great thing for the people of a parish to have a mission; but it is a greater thing to be a missionary.

And now I look forward to participating in non-Catholic missions with yet deeper interest and more precious lessons than even what I felt and enjoyed in my missionary start among the

faithful. May God grant me many years of this apostolic work in my diocesan band!—A Novice in The Missionary.

POPE PIUS X.

APPRECIATION BY FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.

In an address before a very large congregation at Sts. Mary and Michael's, in the East End of London, Father Bernard Vaughan gave a sketch of the life and character of Pope Pius X. He described the simple surroundings of his boyhood, his keen love for learning, and the gentleness and unselfishness which marked his bearing towards others. When he became a priest, he said, the only thing he neglected was his own ill-fed and ill-clothed body, and his sister, who was his housekeeper, had to hide away his things under lock and key lest they should all be given away. In later years the diocese of Mantua became under his rule, a centre of good works. His very presence was an inspiration. Nor did he neglect the social and industrial needs of Mantua. He recognized the principle that

TO CONQUER YOU MUST RELEGE, so the Bishop set on foot co-operative societies, savings banks, and made himself responsible for a newspaper, "Il Cittadino di Mantova" knowing that it was a mockery to ask people to give up food, however injurious to them, unless you supplied them instead with a diet that was wholesome. "Few persons," he said later when Pope, "have a nobler mission than the journalist in the world to-day. My predecessors blessed the swords and shields of Christian warriors, while we choose to bless the pen which the journalist must use in the cause of righteousness."

As illustrating his lovable character, Father Vaughan said that when the children saw him approaching they ran to him, knowing that his pockets were full of good things for them, while the poor would extend their hands to receive the alms which never failed. It was his delight to share all that he had with the poor, and that he might have the wherewithal to give he sold everything he could lay his hand on, even his watch, his pectoral cross and whatever else would bring him in more to give away. Being asked to accept a gold watch enriched with precious stones, he replied, "Thank you; my nickel watch keeps good time, and I am not likely to sell it." However, the gold watch was forced upon him, but he hung the old nickel timepiece was hanging from his pocket by a shoe string—the gold watch had gone, like everything else of any value.

How pathetic it was, said Father Vaughan, describing the Pope as he is to-day, to watch the countenance of the Sovereign Pontiff as he sat on his throne during any great function in St. Peter's, surrounded by the College of Cardinals and countless Bishops and prelates.

THE SIGHT WAS TRULY PATHETIC. There was a fixed look of bowed resignation to a burden which, but for strong help from on High, seemed to threaten the Pope's life by its crushing weight. Only the other day he had said in a private audience, "Pray for me constantly that I may have strength to endure my life—it is on a cross on Calvary." And yet when one was with the Holy Father alone that look of distressed anxiety changed to an expression of fatherly sweetness, whilst the different emotions that chased each other across his fine and open countenance, revealed the beautiful virtues that went to make up a character the most Christ-like the preacher had yet met with.

The Pope, it was said, was no diplomatist. It was true he was no professional diplomatist, but he was a man of infinite resource and tact—a man who knew his own mind, which when made up on any matter of importance was as firm as steel. The quiet but firm step, the soft but strong hands, the sweet but clear voice, the kind but keen eyes, the easy but dignified manner, all served to portray

A MAN OF UNLIMITED RESOLUTION. An Italian newspaper had not missed the mark when it said of the Pope that he was a politician of the first order, a real statesman, who had known marvellously well how to strengthen the clerical party in Venice, how to help as well as to influence the City Councils; and that there was no resisting the Patriarch.

It was said that the Pope wanted to come to terms with the Quirinal, whatever that might mean. They might be sure that the Holy Father would come to no terms that might in any way compromise his unique position. He would always assert his absolute independence, so that no terms whatever could be even considered that did not undertake to restore to him at least territory enough to give him an independence and a sovereignty sufficiently clearly defined to ensure him to be regarded Europe as the Sovereign Pontiff.

Father Vaughan said the Holy Father had proclaimed to the whole world that his supreme aim and purpose as Christ's Vicar on earth. "We have declared that our object shall be to restore all things in Christ, and since Christ is the Truth, the teaching and the duty to be undertaken by us." And again, "The interests of God shall be our interests, and for those we are resolved to spend all our strength and our very life." The Holy Father's ore and only motto was "To renew all things in Christ." That God would deign and give to His Vicar, Pope Pius X., strength to carry out his lofty and holy mission was the prayer that the children of the Catholic Church were

asked to offer daily before the throne of grace. God had been indulgent to the Church. He had chosen one to be their Father whom to know was to love—a man after God's own heart—one full of goodness and kindness and of human sympathy—one who was so entirely absorbed in Christ and in the interests of the Church that he might be said to have no other interests but "to renew all things in Christ," that so "Christ may be all and in all." "Preach, preach," were his words to Father Vaughan, "Christ, to bring souls to know and love Jesus Christ and His beautiful Mother is the mission of the preacher: and what sublimer vocation can there be? When, then, you return home, take to England the Child and the Mother and make them better known and better loved throughout the length and breadth of your island home once called the Isle of Saints, Mary's Dowry, England."—London, Eng., Catholic News.

MGR DOANE'S CONVERSION.

THE STORY OF HIS SCULPTURES AS HE ONCE TOLD IT—GRITTY OF HIS FATHER OVER HIS CHANGE OF FAITH—EVEN IN WHICH HE WAS HELD IN NEWARK.

By the death of Mgr. George H. Doane, rector of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral in Newark, New Jersey has lost one of its most eminent men. The son of an Episcopalian Bishop, his brother at present the Bishop of the same church in charge of the diocese of Albany, and himself once a priest of the Episcopal Church, Mgr. Doane went over to Rome, when he was twenty-four, became a devout and consistent Roman Catholic, lived down all the bitterness that his change in faith engendered and in his declining years won the love of thousands of persons of different creeds, so that when he came to die his funeral was the largest ever seen in Newark, with mourners from every church and of all grades of society.

Ministers of many Protestant churches attended the services, and the bell of the First Presbyterian church, the oldest in the city and the successor of the old Puritanical institutions established when Newark was founded in 1666, tolled when his funeral was held, this being done at the direction of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. David R. Fraser, a trustee of Princeton University.

He was uncompromising in his allegiance to his Church, and would admit no parleyings if the conversation got upon religious themes, and yet he was one of the most prominent figures in the city, deeply interested in every public work, often severely criticising the action or non-action of public officials. In nearly every public gathering he had a part. He was genial and kind and helpful. He was called upon for advice by scores of prominent men, not a few of whom were opposed to the Church whose garb he wore.

Mgr. Doane's conversion to the Church of Rome was not accomplished without a great struggle. In his later life he seldom alluded to it. But there are those living in New Jersey who remember something of the stir caused when one of the brightest and most promising young priests in the Episcopal faith suddenly announced that he was about to leave the faith of his fathers, and when it became the duty of his father as Bishop to pronounce upon him sentence of deposition from the ministry.

When Mgr. Doane was twenty-four he was an assistant at Grace Episcopal Church in Newark. He went to Burlington, N. J., to spend a week with his father, Bishop George Washington Doane.

While he was there the news came to him that a young friend of his had joined the Roman Catholic Church. He and this friend had had the same theological views and the step which the friend took made a strong impression upon young Doane.

He had had some doubts of his own concerning the Episcopal Church and his friend's action awoke those doubts into new life. He meditated long and earnestly on the subject.

One Saturday he took the train for Newark, still absorbed in his inward struggle. As the train stopped at New Brunswick the Roman Catholic Bishop of Newark James Roosevelt Bayley, boarded it and entered the car where young Doane sat.

"There is the man," said the young minister to himself, "who could help me."

He could not bring himself to speak, however. When he reached the Grace Church rectory he chanced to meet at the door the rector, the Rev. Dr. Stewart, to whom he told of his friend's change of faith. Dr. Stewart's comment was:

"Whatever is not of faith is sin." "That greatly disturbed me," said Mgr. Doane in telling his experience years after. "As I had doubts, I decided I could not go to the altar in Grace Church the next day. As evening wore on I became more distressed and finally resolved to go and see Bishop Bayley.

"When I arrived at his house it was near midnight. A priest met me at the door and, seeing a young man in clerical garb thought I was a seminarian. He said I could not see the Bishop, as it was very late.

"I insisted, and finally I was admitted. I had a talk with Bishop Bayley and when I left him, at one o'clock in the morning, I began to see the light."

Young Doane then had an interview with other prominent Roman Catholics and made repeated visits to Bishop Bayley, the result being that he soon became a Roman Catholic. Thereafter to him there was no question concerning the supreme authority of Rome and the

soundness of her teachings, and it was not easy for him to understand how any other well informed man could be in doubt about it.

"Oh, it is so plain!" he once exclaimed when introducing the late Henry Adams, another convert, as the latter was about to deliver a lecture on Cardinal Newman in Newark.

Mgr. Doane's change of faith caused great distress in his family. His brother, the present Episcopal Bishop of Albany, who was the chief mourner at the funeral in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Newark two weeks ago, says in his biography of his father in referring to his father's sorrow over the conversion:

"In 1855 there fell a cloud upon him which wrapped in its deep darkness the inmost feelings of his heart and soul. The perversion to the Church of Rome of his oldest son touched at once the instincts of his intense human love and the deep, lifelong devotion of his soul to the pure branch of Christ's Holy Church at whose altar he had ministered so long."

His father himself wrote: "On Saturday, 15th of September, I was brought to know what that means of which we read in Holy Scripture about cutting off the right hand and plucking out the right eye. It was my dreadful duty to pronounce sentence of deposition from the ministry on my oldest son and first born child, whom I had admitted to the diaconate with such sacred joy not seven months before."

THE MOTIVES OF PRAYER.

F. B. HAYES, from the French of Brother Esquerra, Capuchin of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

When our Divine Lord was about to enter upon His terrible passion, He taught us by His own example that, in the midst of our sufferings and in proportion as they increase, we must strive to raise ourselves up towards Him with greater constancy on the wings of prayer: "And being in an agony He prayed the longer." (St. Luke Cap. xvii, v. 43.)

Happy those who lovingly take to heart the lessons given them by the agony of Our Dear Saviour! Happy those who have formed the habit of taking refuge from the turmoil and temptations of the world, in the grottoes of Gethsemane and who, at least once a week during the space of one hour, contemplate in silence the anguish of Jesus, strive to share in the sufferings of His agony and to pour forth their prayer in union with His prayer.

The lesson which Jesus gives them, together with the strength to put it in practice, is ever the same and is expressed by the one single word: "Pray." Raise yourselves up towards God by prayer; unite yourselves to God in prayer. Prayer will render you stronger than your griefs and sorrows; it will raise you above yourselves and all the weakness of your nature; it will teach you to adore instead of complaining; it will impart to all your ills a purifying virtue." Since our hearts so quickly discover the thorn concealed in every earthly pleasure, and everything created, since our soul remains uneasy and distressed so long as it seeks rest in what is not God, since our aspirations and desires are far and away greater than the whole world—let us uplift towards God our hearts and our souls with all their desires and all their aspirations! Since time and space do not suffice for us, let God Himself, eternal, immense, infinite—be our all.

This is what Jesus in His agony teaches to the soul that contemplates Him prostrate in Gethsemane in presence of His Father.

But He teaches her something else, something infinitely consoling for us in our weakness. The prayer which will lift the soul up towards God need not be of special form or of the highest perfection. God, who knows the dust of which we are made, stoops down to us, the moment we pray, if the quality of our prayer does not hit us up sufficiently towards Him. Pray, if you will, not because you love, not because you fear God, but because you fear suffering and are terrified at the evils which threaten you. Pray, not in order to be strengthened or purified, but to obtain from God that the bitter chalice may pass away from you; just merely pray or begin to pray; turn towards your heavenly Father.

Whatever may have been the original motive impelling you to turn to Him, He will give you grace to pray better, and you will pray better. Your heart will have sought for God; for a moment, you will have recovered something of the treasure of original justice; creatures, for a moment, will no longer be an obstacle between you and God, but become once more what God had made them, the means of uniting you to Him. If you pray often, if the holy habit of prayer is formed in you; if, in a word, you learn amid the silence of your passions, to recollect yourself easily within your own soul, whether you live as the Most High taught Abraham to live—in the presence of God, or in accordance with the will of Him Who has said: "The Kingdom of God is within you," then shall you have attained, as far as it is possible, to human frailty, to that justice, rectitude and piety wherein God in His goodness established the first man. This is what Jesus teaches, this He gives grace and strength to accomplish, to those who love to keep faithful company with Him in the garden of Gethsemane."

The devotion of our Lady consists in nothing else than a conviction that she loves us, and those whom we are helping.