

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### JUST A FEW REMARKS.

"However we brave it out we men are a little broad."

When we are quite sure of our good qualities the words we have quoted are set down as the outpourings of a mind melancholy and diseased. But there may be some truth in them. Life as we live it, stripped of veneer, vanity and affectation, is apt to be a tawdry sort of affair. It is a going forward and slipping backward; a medley of tears and laughter, of childish plaints and vacuous words, of changing, of ingratitude, of hate mayhap, and parting from friends, and attempts to extract from the world the happiness that can satisfy the heart. And we do not learn much from the experience of others.

That wise king who lived in Israel some years ago told us that he found in all things vanity and vexation of mind. And he was no amateur in dealing with the good things of earth. Upon ourselves, however, the fact is forced, that now, as in the days of the king, life's music, however beautiful, is ever accompanied by the notes of weariness and disappointment. In this connection we think that an interesting book could be written by any man who keeps himself unspotted from the world. If he would tell us of his struggles, of his efforts to disprove in his own life the recorded experience of the ages, of his grasping at last the truth that God alone gives peace, the book would be one of absorbing interest. We have souls laid bare and scattered over printed pages, but they are oftentimes dirty souls, unshamed and crazy.

As a means to keep out of the "little breed" class we might follow the advice of one who struggled, failed and succeeded. We refer to a Kempis, who says: "First keep yourself in peace and then you will be able to bring peace to others: first be zealous about yourself and then you will have some right to be zealous about your neighbor. There is no other way to life and to true internal peace but the way of the Holy Cross and of daily mortification. If you carry the cross willingly, it will carry you; if you carry it unwillingly, you make a burden for yourself and weight yourself still more; and yet bear it you must. If you cast off one cross you will surely find another, and perhaps a heavier one. Do you imagine you are going to escape what no man ever yet escaped. But if you settle down to the inevitable, namely, to suffering and dying, things will quickly mend and you will find peace."

A French author informs us that the knowledge of oneself begets peace. It may sometimes, but few men have little more than a bowing acquaintance with themselves. And when one's interior is quest up in sets of three volumes, the quest of what we are may induce brooding, self pity and that kind of silliness that yields an abundant crop of trouble for certain people. We think that Father Tyrell is not far wrong when he says: "Know thyself is doubtless a precept of the highest wisdom, but as there is no folly like fancied self knowledge, so perhaps he is the wisest of all who knows that he does not know himself, but has learned to say with St. Peter: "Lord thou knowest all things."

### PRESIDENT WHITE'S LITTLE MISTAKES.

President Andrew D. White says in "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," that anatomical investigation was considered a sin against the Holy Ghost and that the Bull of John XXII. dealt a terrible blow at the beginnings of chemical science. In the Messenger for September, Dr. James J. Walsh says that he has written in previous articles that both of these assertions are false: "I have said that the Decretal of Pope Boniface VIII., which Dr. White admits did not directly forbid dissection, but was misinterpreted to express such a prohibition, had no effect at all upon the history of anatomy; that dissection can be traced in Italy during all the period in which, according to Dr. White, it was considered a sin against the Holy Ghost and that authoritative modern writers in the history of anatomy who mention the Decretal at all, deny that this Bull had any influence on anatomical studies." Dr. Walsh points out that the standard historians of chemistry are not unanimous, as Dr. White would have them, in asserting that the Bull of John XXII. dealt a terrible blow at the beginnings of chemical science.

To preclude all possible misunder-

standing, Dr. Walsh gives a translation of the Decretal of Boniface, in 1300, which should repress the efforts of those who try to read into it a prohibition of the practice of dissection. Authoritative writers on the history of medicine do not see eye to eye with Dr. White on this matter. Haeser, referred to by Dr. Walsh, says it is an error to think that Boniface's Bull, De Sepulturis, forbade dissection, since the practice was carried on without let or hindrance under ecclesiastical authorities, who universally presided over the universities of that day. Corradi, quoted by Haeser, expressly denies in his sketch of anatomy in Italy, during the middle ages, that the Bull of Boniface XIII. hampered the progress of anatomical study or teaching in any way. Dr. Walsh prefers testimony that dissections were made during the years immediately following Boniface's Decretal.

Fair-minded men will readily acknowledge that Dr. Walsh buttresses his side of the question with arguments and facts that cannot be ignored. For Dr. White, however, who may, in deference to his reputation as an historian, wish to flee from the mazes of groundless assertions, he builds a bridge of gold.

Dr. Walsh devotes some attention to a Dr. Cruikshank, who, on his own showing, is deplorably out of date so far as history is concerned. Strange in this age of books and libraries that some writers delve for material against the Church into annals that are looked at askance by scholars. By approving an expression of Frederick the Great, that from Constantine to the date of the Reformation the whole race was insane, Dr. Cruikshank shows himself to be the peer of any Chicago University professor. Frederick the Great's apothegm on the causes of the Reformation, viz.: In Germany it was self-interest, in England lust, and in France the love of novelty, is conceded to be a not unfair presentment of the case. When asked to expel the Jesuits from his dominions we are not disposed to quarrel with his reply: "I know no better teachers for my Catholic subjects." But when he would have us believe that Dante, Thomas a Kempis, the makers of Magna Charta, etc., were insane—well, Dr. Cruikshank should spare the dead and achieve notoriety without quoting this absurd utterance of the great war maker. Dr. Walsh shows that Dr. Cruikshank has been unfortunate in the selection of his reading. In many people it happens that the loss of faith in the eternal verities leads to the pinning of faith to some very fallible authorities.

### THE GAME OF BLUFF.

The newspapers tell us that sundry residents of Cuba are presenting the drama "Revolution." Their accounts are adorned with incidents which may or may not be true, and which may remind us of the feverish energy of the days of "Remember the Maine."

Down around Cuba the stage is generally occupied by gentlemen who indulge in gun play without disturbing the equanimity of the outside world. But Cuba's little drama has called forth weird screeds from some of Uncle Sam's editors. Never having had any internal dissensions themselves, Cuba must be saved from internal dissension. As Artemus Ward would say, this is "2 unch." But the most amusing and amazing reason advanced to justify intervention, or the part of the United States, is that Cuba is in the hands of graters, political intriguers and other adults who are blots on the landscape. It is a queer old world away, but we were not prepared to learn that the spirit of political purity yearns to take to its loving heart the graft and dishonest politics ridden isle of Cuba.

The Cubans who are so accused should borrow a District Attorney, or learn from New York, for instance, that as politicians they are in the kindergarten class. The Urah Heep stage may come later.

### THE ROMeward PROGRESS.

Matthew Arnold's assertion that Catholicism has, on account of its unity, a great future before it; that it will endure while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear, cannot, we think, be dismissed by our separated brethren as the idle words of a dreamer. That many without the fold are tired of controversy, of sects which increase space, tired in a word, of religious anarchy, are moving toward Rome, is undeniable. Non-Catholic writers are assisting them on the way. The example of those who have conquered the tyranny of environment, of education, of prejudice,

and have found peace, encourages them to journey on. And these examples are not few. According to the American Statistical Society, the persons who have embraced Catholicity since the tractarian movement, in 1850, include 445 graduates of Oxford, 213 of Cambridge, and 63 of other universities, besides 27 peers, 24 military officers, 162 authors, 139 lawyers and 60 physicians. Among the graduates were 446 clergymen of the Established Church.

### THE MANUFACTURING OF FICTION.

It is strange that anything connected with the Jesuits causes a ripple of excitement in the offices of the secular press. When the writer folk heard that the Society of Jesus was about to elect a General they geared up the typewriter and plunged into work. They scented a mystery—they penetrated the mystery and told us about it, with a wealth of detail due to imaginative fervor. The facts, however, are prosaic enough: a few Jesuits elected the scholarly Father Wernz to the post of Superior of their Society, which seeks, above all things, the greater glory of God. But between the day, we may remark, when the knightly Loyola marshalled his souls for the fight against the world and the devil, and the election of Father Wernz, how various a history and how long a tale, if the tale were told. It quickens the blood and makes us proud that, though we wear not the robe of the Jesuit, yet are we sharers with him of the faith which they have borne to many countries and upheld and defended and died for and given all the resources of the culture, scholarship and saintliness which have always graced the society of Jesus. At another time we may go into detail on these points. For the present let us frown upon the twaddle and manderings of scribes and pray for the priest upon whose shoulders has been placed the heavy burden of authority.

It is needless to say that the reports of the strained relations between Spain and the Vatican, and of the Holy Father's desire to be done with life, are merely signs of how much fluent and artistic lying can be done by correspondents who know their public.

### LETTER FROM FATHER MUGAN.

We have reached Edinburgh, the flower of Scottish cities. This is a beautiful city, with broad, clean, well-paved streets, built in an oblong bowl, formed by the surrounding mountains. Midway in the city stands the famous Edinburgh Castle and fortress, built on the summit of an almost perpendicular rocky mound, to the height of 384 feet. The castle is strongly garrisoned by heavy guns, garrisoned by several hundred British soldiers, polite, accommodating. It was at different times the residence of the kings and queens of Scotland, and here are still shown the royal apartments, richly furnished, in one of which are preserved and exhibited to visitors the crown, sceptre, sword of state and other innumerable emblems of royalty. Holyrood Palace, the abode of James VI., afterwards James I of England, still stands an object of historic interest. It was the principal residence of Mary Queen of Scots, and one cannot overcome a feeling of reverential sadness, as one passes through these silent apartments, and views the beautiful faces on the walls, so long a memory of the past. We cannot help recalling the suggestive lines of the poet:

"Go, woe against a grain of sand  
The glories of a throne."

The process for the canonization of Mary Queen of Scots was entered at Rome about fifteen years ago. Edinburgh is rich in public buildings and private residences, built altogether of cut stone, granite and marble. Mention may be made of the museums of science and art, the national galleries of sculpture and painting and the mammoth banking and commercial buildings. The great monument to Sir Walter Scott towers 200 feet high, while those to Wallace, Bruce, Burns and Wellington are decidedly remarkable. The great Waverley Railway station is claimed to be the largest and best in the world. It has an expanse of 45 acres, 33 of which are under roof, mostly of glass, and it has 57 lines entering it. Its smooth, concrete, solid platforms and its perfectly arranged facilities for transportation make it the admiration of travellers. From Edinburgh to Glasgow, on the Firth of Clyde, renowned the world over for its ship-building, in fact, most of the ships of the line and of the navies of the world, have been built here. The University, recently richly endowed by Andrew Carnegie, occupies an elevated position in a picturesque part of the city, and is the most magnificent and stately array of buildings we have yet seen. Glasgow may have its poverty, but we venture to say it can show more magnificence of marble and granite places on one acre than any city in America. Melrose is famous for its Abbey, the largest and most picturesque ruin left after Cromwell's destruction. Two miles from here is "Abbotsford," the residence of Sir Walter Scott. We and forty other

travellers are conducted by an expert guide over this interesting historical place, rich in relics of Scotland and her greatest poet. Of rare interest are the crucifix carried by Mary Queen of Scots at her execution; the letters and missives sent the poet by the Holy Father; and the manuscripts of the "Lady of the Lake" and the "Lay of the last Minstrel," and our guide

"Then from a rusty iron book  
The bunch of iron keys he took."  
with which John of Brent admitted Allan-bane to the prison cell of Roderick Dhu, in Sterling Castle. Inspired by these reminiscences of the great poet, we eagerly sought out places immortalized in his writings, passing through Berfoyle, Waverley, the country of Robin Hood, until we reached the place where

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glenelg, the hazel shade."

The four horse coaches brought us through the route of the chase, from Callander past the Lake of Vanachar and the Brig of Turk, where

"The headmost horseman rode alone  
Into the deep Troasachs widest nook  
Where stumbling in the rugged dell,  
The gallant horse chanced to fall."

In the Troasachs at the head of Loch Katrine we boarded the tourists' steamer with the crowd of poetic travellers to the far end of Loch Lomond. The scenery of the lakes, mountains, glens, etc., is perfectly enchanting. The captain recites as our steamer glides along to where:

"Highest of all their white peaks glancing,  
Where glistering streamers waved and  
The wanderer's eye could barely view  
The summer heaven's delicious blue  
So loudly with the whole might seem,  
The scenery of a fairy dream,  
One burst of air of living gold,  
Loch Katrine lay beneath us rolled."

The steamer suddenly stops at the place and the captain continues where:

"The boat had touched the silver strands,  
Just as the hunter left his stand  
And stood concealed amid the brake  
To view this "Lady of the Lake."

The spot is identical with the description. After this poetical boat ride we took the coach again and passed

"Along Benledi's living side  
The crozier's gown and the monk's hood  
A giant made his den of od."

It was in this cavern Ellen sang her evening prayer:

"Hail Mary, Maiden mild  
Thou canst hear though from the wild,  
Listen to a maiden's prayer,  
By the daisies and the wild thyme,  
So may we sleep beneath thy care,  
Hail Mary undefiled,  
Loch Katrine lay beneath us rolled,  
And for a father bear a child."

Our coach brought us through the beautiful valley of the Troasachs.

"Through watch and ward  
Fair past Clan-Alpin's outmost guard  
As far as Colinton's ford  
By Stirling's gates and Stirling's towers  
Where indignant smiled the Douglas proud  
And threw the gold among the crowd."

With our companions of the coaches, we were taken through Stirling Castle by the guide, and on the relics of former greatness! Into the hall where

"Mid furs and silks and jewelled sheen,  
He stood in simple Lincoln's green,  
The centre of the glittering ring—  
And Scaudon's Knight was Scotland's king."

### THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS BY A EUROPEAN WRITER.

In a recent issue of the Revue Generale, Brussels, M. Primball attempts to answer the important question as to the future of Catholicity in America. That, he says, is the question which all Europeans ask themselves on visiting the New World for the first time. He writes:

"The detractors of the Catholic Church in America never hesitate to say that the efforts of Catholic missionaries have, in reality, been fruitless as far as attachment to the head of the Church is concerned; that the enormous body of so-called Catholics are not Catholics, but really free-thinkers. Since official religious statistics show that indifference is very rare, they conclude that the reign of Catholicity has passed, and that the youth of the New World has raised the banner of skepticism. Others say that there are so many sects in America that no single one of them can ever have a preponderating influence. It is permissible to object to all these statements on several reasonable grounds. First of all, we must be either very blind or of very bad faith to deny that North America is profoundly religious. Everything proves this, and, above all, the vast number of churches erected yearly, such monuments being material evidence of the faith that is in the men and women of America. America is still the best nursery of new religions, a fact going to show that skepticism has little place in the American's heart. The wondrous success of the Salvation Army again shows that the people are instinctively religious.

"As to Catholicity, though statistics show that she is but one fifth of the entire population of the United States, it is to be remembered that the Catholic body is closely bound by spiritual and material ties; that it is intellectually the fear of all other creeds. Even as to its numbers it still leads, and can therefore be called the dominant religion in America. The public or natural powers have for it the greatest respect, and freely recognize the tremendous moral influence of its pastors and dignitaries. It is certainly the only church in America that can boast of being ubiquitous. None other can show so many churches or missionaries on the continent. It possesses the soundest, the most laborious and the most homogeneous body of adherents

in the United States. Finally, to Catholicity, beyond other religions, belong the middle classes of America. The Irish race has laid the foundation of its perpetuity in America, and is daily growing in numbers, and in attachment to the faith of its ancestors. St. Patrick has become the patron saint of the New World, of the most beautiful cathedrals, the finest churches of entire cities. Under his aegis are banded millions of men who, even the English admit, will yet become the arbiters of the world. It is in the Irish race that the future of Catholicity in America rests. The particular characteristics of the race are ever renewing themselves, and a day will perhaps come when an Irishman, the descendant of some exiled immigrant, will take his place in the White House and exercise greater powers than the King of England.

"The essentially religious character of the American and the incessant progress of the Catholic Church in America are of great importance, for it is in the first centuries of its national history that the traditions of a people become fixed. The Americans are now forging their religious traditions, and among them the Catholic Church is playing the dominant role, the consequence being certain that the tenacious spirit of its prelates will assure to it a future that in all likelihood will never be equaled by any other church in North America."

### "THE ADVENTURES OF A BIBLE."

A TYPICAL STORY OF A "CONVERSION" AND A FRUITLESS EFFORT TO SUBSTANTIATE IT.

A story illustrating Protestant Bible missionary methods comes from Mr. Samuel Young, M. P., of Belfast, who in a letter to an Irish paper thus tells of an interesting pamphlet he received recently:

"There came to me a pamphlet entitled 'The Adventures of a Bible,' by Rev. I. H. Townsend, D. D., Vicar of St. Mark's, Tunbridge Wells (England), which gives an account of a Mrs. Blake, Dublin, who had been in low spirits, and was recommended by her

confessor to visit a place of amusement. Somehow, on her way, Mrs. Blake got into a (Protestant) Mission Hall by mistake, where she got a Bible, which she had never seen before. This book rendered her very uncomfortable for a time, but ultimately converted her. Whereupon the priest called and took the Bible from her in anger. Mrs. Blake soon wanted her Bible returned, and called upon the priest, where she saw a nun who refused her admission, but conveyed a curse from the young priest who had been ill. However, Mrs. Blake, after some time, called again for her Bible, and was told by the nun that on her last visit she (the nun) had told her a lie; that the young priest had since died, and that before his death, he, by reading this Bible, had found forgiveness, and blessed her for the book, and that she herself had left the convent and found peace by the reading of this same Bible."

Such was the tale of the pamphlet, but Mr. Young (a Protestant himself) was anxious to know more about the extraordinary and interesting "conversions" of Mrs. Blake, priest and nun, and so he wrote to Rev. Mr. Townsend, asking him as follows for further particulars:

"Someone unknown has sent me a pamphlet, of which you are the author, entitled 'The Adventures of a Bible.' I feel interested in these documents. Will you give me particulars? First, where did Mrs. Blake live in Dublin; second, what was the name of the young priest who took the Bible from Mrs. Blake, which Bible had the effect of enabling him to find forgiveness before his death; third, what is the name of the nun who told the lie to Mrs. Blake, and of the curate made confession and escaped from the convent? The pathetic story would have great force if I could but know the particulars."

Did Mr. Young get the particulars thus asked for? Did Rev. Mr. Townsend confirm his "pathetic story" by giving the names? "Not on your life," instead, he sent Mr. Young this characteristic "Irish Church Mission" explanation:

"I am glad that you are interested in 'The Adventures of a Bible.' Anything which illustrates the power of the Bible without human teaching is helpful to us. Many wish to know the particulars in this case; some, like you, from sympathetic interest, others for a different reason. On this account, to save some from relentless persecution, I am obliged to keep in strict secrecy the particulars which have been confided to me. This is a bitter disappointment to foes; you as a friend, and a Protestant, residing in Ireland, will both understand and appreciate the need of silence."

Truly there was need of silence on the Townsend side as to the names, but Mr. Young failed to "understand and appreciate" it. On the contrary he wrote another letter to the Rev. Townsend in the following style:

"It is curious that this magical Bible of your story should have converted Mrs. Blake, the priest and the nun when Bibles, large and small, which are to be found in every Catholic family, and are sold by all Catholic booksellers, and read, too, under the care of the Church, fail to produce a similar effect. It is really very curious how these three, two of whom are notable persons, could be converted, and the whole matter kept secret. It is difficult to conceive of any danger to a convert in Ireland. All such are eagerly taken up and provided for, notably two or three well known converts to Protestantism have made, and are making a good thing of it.

Could there be any danger to your

converts if I give a guarantee in the shape of a deposit in money, which amount you can mention, to secure safety, or you can send particulars in a letter marked 'confidential,' which should be treated as such if the story be true.

"May I point out, there being an appetite for this sort of thing, that large sums of money are raised from silly people on the faith of the truth of these secret stories, hence your responsibility. Your refusal to give any explanation leads one to suspect a swindle somewhere. There was in the commercial world a law firm which had bogus houses in England, Scotland and Ireland, which drew bills on each other. No one would accuse you of aiding in a pious fraud. However, it is better to clear out in time, for I intend, when Parliament meets, in October, to bring these proselytizing frands before the House, unless, in the meantime, I can get more light on the subject."

### FOLLOWING NATURE'S PLAN.

Some who do not understand the sweet insistence of repetition, smile pitifully as they see the chaplet slip through the fingers of one who thus, by a material chain, binds spiritual gems on love's strand, as an offering to our Blessed Mother. But, as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says, though not as an argument in the case in question, "why should we be more shy of repeating ourselves than the spring tired of blossoms, or the night of stars? Look at Nature. She never wears of saying over her floral pater noster."

And, after all, love never tires of repeating. A single refrain on the lips of one we hold dear never grows old; sorrow and love strike over and over again the same chords. Let us, then, not grow weary of repeating the Angel's message to Our Lady, and, as the salutation and the pleading strike their double chord, with sweet insistence they will at last form part of the glad pulse of Mary's heart.

During the fair October days, when we repeat the Angelical Salutation so frequently, let us linger lovingly over the words, "Hail Mary," realizing all exclamations, in a sermon on the repetition of the Ave Maria in the Rosary: "Love has but one word to utter and while it is ever saying that word it never repeats it!"

If we have been faithful in reciting the Rosary during life, what consolation may we not expect to feel at the hour of death? When earth is fading hope from view, we may hope to hear the echo of the Angel's Amen, as Mary Our Mother, leads her faithful children Home?—

### THE NEW GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.

On September 8, the congregation of the society of Jesus assembled in Rome, duly elected a General in the person of the Rev. Francis Wernz, S. J. F., in succession to the late Father Louis Martin, who died last May. Pope Pius X. was immediately notified of the choice, which is effective only with Papal confirmation.

The new General is a native of Rothwell, Wurttemberg, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the forty-ninth of his religious life. He is an authority on canon law and his series on this subject of which four volumes have been published will perpetuate his name and service in the Church.

For twenty-three years he has been connected with the Gregorian University, first as professor, then since 1894 as rector. He is a consulting member of the congregation of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs.

The Very Reverend Father General, commander in chief of the Church's "Thundering Legion," has his soldiers in every part of the world. They are not so numerous as our separated brethren imagine—not more than 10,000 in all; but of a unity, loyalty, courage and self-sacrifice which give to every man the strength of ten. As missionaries—incidentally discoverers and explorers for the sake of the souls for whom Christ died—they have written their name large on the world's map within the past four hundred years. Their saints have greatly lengthened the calendar, and their martyrs are unnumbered.

As teachers, unsurpassed in the youth of their order, they hold their own today in all the departments of human knowledge, and have a peculiar faculty for winning the life-long allegiance of their pupils, as also of the people confided to their pastoral ministrations.

Arduously loved, bitterly feared and hated; raised to the heights of Heaven and calumnniated to the depths of hell; persecuted too often by men of their own faith and succored not seldom by the modern god Samaritan, their history is marvellous beyond that of any other. Picked men all, and tried like gold in the crucible before they are given to the Church's strong school systems. New York has a total of 87,500 children under Catholic care, 60,000 of whom are in the parochial school.

What consternation would prevail in the school board of that city if this multitude were turned over to them, in addition to the 66,000 for whom at the present hour they can provide only half-time accommodations! In Boston, there are 48,500 children in the various Catholic educational agencies of whom about 47,000 are in the parochial schools. Louisville, although its growth has not permitted it the strength of its sister Sees, nevertheless has done as well, proportionately, for Catholic education—Boston Pilot.