

# 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 Catholic Record. London, Saturday, March 18, 1899. CATHOLICITY IN FRANCE.

The Buffalo Union and Times has in an editorial on the death of President Faure a few words which should not pass unchallenged. It says that "It is well enough for French women to go to church, but for men they have no time for such nonsense. Three or four times is enough for them—viz., when they are baptized, make their first communion, are married, and when they are brought there dead."

Such statements are food for the anti-Catholic press.

Would the fact that some Americans do not go to church justify us in placing all American Catholics in the same category? We know that some Frenchmen have thrown aside all religion, but we know also that many Parisians even are as loyal and devoted to the Church as any Catholic in Buffalo. Masonry has banished God officially—but the heart of France is as Catholic now as when she gained the title of Eldest Daughter of the Church. She heads the list of contributors to the Propagation of the Faith, and her sons and daughters are in the very forefront of the army of civilization.

We deplore even as our esteemed contemporary the evils that tarnish the fair fame of that country, but we should like to estimate its Catholicity by some thing better than by those who have proved recreant to the faith of their forefathers.

### A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

One of our dearest friends is an old man grey haired, but with heart as young as in the golden olden days of his boyhood. And when we are tired and worried, heart-sore with buffeting and struggling, we seek him out, and his very presence tones us up and serves to make us braver and stronger. He has seen much, but he is a very child in simplicity: he has suffered much, but there is not a trace of cynicism in his nature. A kind thoughtfulness, a benevolence of heart, and a true, direct way of speaking that bespeaks the man. He has one thing which he cherishes as his dearest possession. It is an old violin picked up during his travels, marked with many a quaint device and tracing and bearing here and there inscriptions on its sheeny surface. And now the old man handles it! He fondles it in his arms as if it were a thing of life. He tells us that it speaks to him of many things and brings up before him visions of the long ago and awakens sleeping memories. And we believe that, for we heard it speak to him.

We watched him as he hand moved over the strings. His face was afire with enthusiasm—and the music welled up from the old violin—music that at times wrung the heart for its sadness and at others seemed as if every note were bathed in sunlight and burdened with peace and happiness. Sometimes its voice spoke with a sharp yearning and then died away crooning, it seemed to us. The old man seemed to sleep. Then he put it in the case and sat silent for a few moments. We were about to thank him for the pleasure he had given us when he said: "We are like old violins. There is a wealth of music locked up in us—music that could set this world dancing with joy. But we keep it shut up within us. There are hundreds who want to hear it. The music is before us and we leave its harmony untouched. God's fingers sweep over our soul strings and we give no sound, because they are limp and rotten with cowardice or selfishness or pride."

### NOTES BY THE WAY.

Lord Charles Beresford has come and gone, leaving behind him some desultory utterances on the Alliance question. It was strange that he should come on such a mission, but the Beresfords have been doing brainless things for many a long day. He was accorded a very gracious welcome by the people of Chicago. He was interviewed and dined and wined. He was so extolled as a great soldier and statesman that decent citizens closed their ears against the flood of fulsome flattery and mendacity. Our cousins may be very democratic, but they te-

come unduly elated over a live lord. The fact that one of their daughters is the wife of the Viceroy of India may account for it, but it will not excuse their attitude of servility before "Fighting Charlie," who has done absolutely nothing, either as warrior or statesman, to merit commendation. He ran the Condon under the guns of the Alexandrian forts, but this does not entitle him to a place on the roll of fame. He was eloquent on the "open door policy"—that the door of Chinese trade be held wide open so as to give free way for the entrance of British goods. The Americans will of course enjoy equal rights, but we venture to say that some time will elapse before they have any leisure in the East to busy themselves with commercial schemes.

The Right Reverend Ordinary of Duluth says that the Indians who are educated in the secular schools soon become the prey of the "meanest of all white men, the whisky seller." It is a hard saying and who can bear it. It will be remembered and oftentimes quoted and it will grate on the teeth of the individuals who are a menace to the prosperity of a nation. We feel a sincere pity for the young men who give themselves to the business. There is nothing in it to uplift or ennoble them; but there is everything to debase them.

To pass one's days amidst the fumes of liquor—to dole it out to sons and fathers—to listen to maudlin talk—to know and feel that the curse of the wife and child is upon it—is the most pitiful life that can be imagined; and yet there are some young men who go into it for the sake of a few paltry dollars! For this they throw away the illimitable possibilities of life, and step into the ranks of those who are pledged to fight the army that bears the standard of Christ. It is a lazy business. It demands no physical or mental exertion save the mixing of various kinds of rum and counting up the profits, and arranging their wares so as to attract the foolish and unwary. No wonder that the Bishop called the whisky-seller the "meanest of all white men."

### "THE TWO STANDARDS."

"The Two Standards" is the title of the new book written by Rev. Dr. Barry. The reverend author is well known to the reading public. It will be remembered that he gave the New Antigone to the world in 1887 and has since then been a frequent contributor to the leading magazines in both Europe and America. Some very good people were, if we may believe them, rather startled by the New Antigone, and these will, if mental worry over their neighbors has not brought them to a premature death, look askance at "The Two Standards."

But it is a brilliant work, worthy of the high reputation of the author. It may not become popular, but it will be appreciated by all who know aught of the vigor and beauty of the English language. Many of the passages are literary mosaics, carved and chiselled with a master hand. Some of the characters are not limned as distinctly as one would wish, but we forget that in the reading of one of the most fascinating and scholarly novels that has come into our sanctum for many a long day. The heroine, Marian Greystoke, is a young girl of nineteen, "perverse, wilful, obstinate and proud," chafing under parental rule and longing for a glimpse of the great world. She marries in time a millionaire, without loving him. The gayeties of London fall upon the young wife, and the indifference to her husband develops, upon the discovery of a bundle of love letters written to him years before by an Italian actress, La Farfalla, into hatred. They part, and she becomes infatuated with a musical genius named Gerard Elven.

"Marian sighed for life that should be free from commercial taint—neither coveting nor in want of it. And since the religion in which her experience had been so futile was no more than a dead language to her, she felt blindly about, as one might grope after food in the dark, feeling hungry to desperation, and not knowing where to look for a light."

In conversation with Elven, Marian asked him why he wrote in German. Elven makes answer in words that thrill one like a strain of

exquisite music: "The German you hear people speak is one thing; the German of our poets is another. I don't feel sure that we have any prose—not much, at all events. Goethe is a mellow pipe, playing soft pastorals, clear as that blue sky and almost as passionless. 'Werther' was a tropic spring soon past. Lessing blows great martial music out of bronze—classic bronze; he borrowed from the Romans and is beyond imitation. Then there is Heme—golden armour stolen from the middle ages, with a harlequin's jacket to damp and perplex the gleam, and a Hermes' wand wreathed about with roses and deadly nightshade."

Marian finally resolves to accompany Elven on an operatic tour to America. This scheme is thwarted by a brother of Elven, who believed in keeping the infatuation on platonic lines, and Marian, under the name of M<sup>lle</sup> Jasmin, went alone. While in Chicago she hears that her husband has been reined by Latimer, a disappointed suitor. Latimer had sworn on the day she discarded him to devote his life to the exposing of the dishonest schemes of Harland. He keeps his word and has the satisfaction of seeing his rival branded as a common felon. Then Marian seeks him out and gives him the love she denied him in the days of her youth. She supports him, too, for Harland's wealth has disappeared and his sojourn in prison, robbing him of health and mental vigor, has placed him beyond active work.

And so Marian learns on the eventful life that peace and happiness come only from war with oneself—from fighting the base and corporeal appetites that enchain the spiritual element. She had given her allegiance to the world's standard and had gained everything that it could give her; and then found only by the bedside of a man whom she might have won to a higher life the answer to life's riddle.

"The first great truth upon which all else depends, is that a man exists for a certain, definite, unmistakable purpose; that he has an end or meaning; and consequently a task which he is sent into this world to fulfil. What is that end? The Saint (Ignatius) replies, 'Man was made that he may praise God, do Him reverent service, and thereby save his own self. All other things whatsoever—sickness, health, poverty, riches, life and death, are ordained to help him to that end.' In brief, 'Abstine, Sustine,'—the ancient stic rule, is the rule of reason, if we know ourselves to be in an ordered world of which God is the explanation, the First and Final Cause."

This is a very brief outline of a fascinating story told in graceful and majestic diction, and fragrant with the odor of most delicate appreciations of music and literature. It is the work of a scholar—but it is also the work of a man sensitive and tender-hearted who knows the world, even its seamy side, and leaves its judgment to God.

It is a book to buy and to keep and to read and to remember.  
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### THE CENTRAL FACT IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

The devout contemplation of the Passion of Our Lord is essentially a good Lenten practice. The Passion of Christ is the one central fact in the history of religion. It was foretold, prefigured and described under the Old Dispensation; it is the one stupendous mystery we are ever commemorating under the New. When the people in the wilderness began to be weary of their journey and labor, and murmured against God and Moses for keeping them out of Egypt to die in the wilderness, God sent among them fiery serpents, which bit them and killed many of them. "And when Moses prayed for the people, the Lord said to him, 'Make a brazen serpent, and set it up for a sign; whosoever being struck shall look on it, shall live.'" Moses, therefore, made a brazen serpent, and set it up for a sign; and when they that were bitten looked upon it they were healed. "The brazen serpent which Moses set up in the desert was declared by Our Lord to be a sign and type of Himself, Who was to be lifted up on the Cross and to bear our sins in His body on the tree, in order that He, who had been bitten and wounded with sin by the infernal serpent might not perish, but, by looking on Christ crucified, might attain eternal life. By His Passion we are redeemed; by His death on the Cross we are saved from death; by His bruises

we are healed. But if that death is to be a fountain of life and healing to us, it is on condition that we turn our eyes towards it, and look upon it with faith and hope. This is why the Church sets up the crucifix on her altars, so that it may be ever before our eyes and ever speak to our hearts, telling us that God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son; that He spared not His only-begotten Son, but delivered Him up for us all. This is why she veils that sacred image on Passion Sunday, and solemnly unveils it on Good Friday, that we may gaze upon it, and fall down in adoration of that stupendous mystery, and then approach and in spirit kiss the feet of our crucified Lord. This, again, is why the Church encourages her children to assist at the daily commemoration of that great sacrifice, and to dispose themselves for receiving the sacraments, through which the fruits of Our Lord's Passion are communicated to their souls. Let us revive our faith and feed our devotion by attentive reading and devout consideration of Our Lord's Passion as it is recorded in the Sacred Scriptures, so that it may produce in our souls most salutary fruits. Who can read and think about that marvelous patience with which Our Blessed Lord endured pains of body and mind beyond all conception, and not experience some desire to be more courageous in bearing the trials of life. Who can cherish proud and rebellious thoughts after contemplating the adorable Son of God humbling Himself and becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross? Who can consider the unspeakable love which the Infinite God has lavished upon us sinners, in delivering Himself up to death for us, without desiring to respond to that love with some degree more of generosity than heretofore? Who, in fine, can think as the price that has been paid out for our salvation, without being convinced of the value of a human soul and the importance we ought to attach to the work of its salvation?—Sacerdos, in American Herald.

### INGERSOLL.

Howard Saxby, the Well-Known Writer, Scores the Blasphemer.

Catholic Columbian.

The foul-mouthed Ingersoll delivered his much-advertised "latest lecture" in Cincinnati last Sunday evening. From printed reports, this so-called lecture must have been one of the most indecent and vulgar effusions that ever disgraced the Grand Opera House. There was a time when it was considered "smart" to hear Ingersoll, when he made some pretence at argument and oratory. But to listen at the present day to his filthy ravings, is enough to stamp one as belonging to the disreputable and vulgar class.

"Pagan Bob" has earned a new name; it is now "Filthy Bob." No better pen-picture of the notorious infidel was ever written than that by Howard Saxby, in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, which is as follows: "The Boss Blasphemer of the Age has come and gone. His manager assures us this will be the last time he appears in Cincinnati. If this is true, our city is liable to be better and purer in the future. No mother ever thanked Ingersoll for any word he has uttered; no pure woman ever shook him by the hand to acknowledge any god he had done her sex; no child will ever cherish his memory, nor will any good citizen ever welcome him to our midst again.

"He is a Disturber, a diabolical Destroyer and the only star the devil has on the platform, either on a certainty or on a percentage. Ingersoll does not aim to do good; his only object is to blaspheme his God and to draw the duceats from simple-minded, sordid souled, conscience-stricken soreheads. His smartness is satanic, his wit inane and his illustrations incoherent. Still he is catered to. Why? Simply because he has sold himself to the devil and people are only too eager to grasp the hand of an imp who, for money, has taken upon himself the task of belittling his Maker and caricaturing his Creator.

Ingersoll has abused the Roman Catholic Church, but his revilings against that oldest form of Christian religion have about as little effect as the efforts of a flea to tickle the rocks of Gibraltar into spasms.

"When Col. Ingersoll dies his demise will be a blessing to the community, and his putrid plagiarisms will be interred with him.

"His charity is charlatanism, his so-called big heart is but blasphemous blubber, and his alleged cry for liberty is the only way he can earn a livelihood for his loricated self.

"Father Lambert tackled Ingersoll once as he never wants to be tackled again. His glib talk of honesty and virtue must be looked upon as a snare like that of the profligate who talks of virtue to his intended victim. We can respect an enemy, but when we find deceit and falsehood in his methods we relegate him to that disreputable class which affords remunerative employment to detectives and policemen.

"A falsifier is a manufacturer of base coin, a counterfeiter, a fraud. Ingersoll is a profligate of statement;

he is not to be trusted; he is unscrupulous as a logician and metaphysician; he is beneath contempt; he is a mere galvanizer of old objections long ago refuted; he is theologically ignorant and superficial—full of gas and gush; he is a philosophical chalanat of the first water, who mistakes curious listeners for disciples and applause for approval.

"The glib little whiffets of his shallow school pretend to admire him because they are too insignificant intellectually to admire anything else.

"Denial is a two-edged sword.

"Ingersoll seems to have taken it into his head that Christian admit anything and everything that brings grist to his titlud mill.

"The Christian grants Ingersoll nothing. But why waste pen, ink and paper over such a professional poltroon? Ingersoll's aim is to do harm. He loves to lessen the latitude of the true liberality of man; he delights in destroying the dictates of conscience; he revels in making religion as revolting as possible; his whole life is taken up in robbing mankind of honor, hope, honesty and holiness. He has been called to deliver orations over the bodies of infants fathered by satanics and mothered by miserable malad justers.

"Never has he been known to say a kind word to the most benighted beggar unless he has received a fee in advance, and given a receipt therefor. This very oration over his own brother's coffin was written with a view to future publication, and worded with the language of an advance circular.

"He is passed on the railroads, and deadheaded by hotels because his demomical demonstrations are listened to by brainless idiots and low-browed bunglers who try to follow in his muddy footprints.

"Ingersoll has mistaken his vocation. His life has been a failure.

"No one respects him; none really believe a single word of his miserable mutterings. May he live long, for when he dies it will be a gala day in hell, and a picnic in heaven. So much for Ingersoll.

"Howard Sanby."

### FAITH, A GIFT.

"My New Curate," a serial running in the American Ecclesiastical Review, is not only an interesting and amusing recital, but a wonderfully clever one as well. The author seems equally at home in those light and delicate touches which depict character and in the serious discussions concerning matters of faith and of the weighty problems of life. We quote a conversation between Father Dan and Mr. Reginald Ormsby, a well disposed young man who is walking in the darkness of atheism, though he would fain see the light:

"My heart is with you; if only my head would follow," Ormsby had just remarked.

"Even that won't do," I said.

"The head might follow and you might be as far from us as ever."

"I don't understand," he said, "in a bewildered way. Surely all that's wanting now is a conviction of the truth of your teaching."

"There's your grave mistake," I replied; "conviction is not faith. There are thousands of your countrymen filled with conviction of the truths of Catholicity; but they are as far outside the Church as a Confucian or a Buddhist. Faith is not a matter to be acquired by reading or knowledge. It is a gift, like the natural talent of a great painter or musician—a sixth sense, and the pure gratuity of the All-Wise and the All-Good."

This appeared to him to be a revelation which he could not comprehend; it seemed to be such an inevitably logical sequence—conviction and profession.

"I am attracted by everything," he said, "in your Church. The whole thing seems to be such a well-connected scheme, so unlike the religion in which I was born and educated, where you had to be forever searching after a missing link. And then your Church seems to be founded on love—love of a supernatural kind, of course, and almost unintelligible; but it is the golden chain in the golden chain in the string of pearls. You will have noticed how rapidly sometimes the mind makes comparisons. Well, often at our station over there, I have thought, as I searched the sea, that the Protestants look at God through the large end of a telescope throw Him afar off and make Him very small and insignificant; whilst you look at Him through the narrower end, and magnify Him and bring Him near. Our God—that is, the God in whom I was taught to believe—is the God of Sinai, and our Christ is the historic Christ; but that won't do for a humanity that is ever querulous for God, and you have found the secret."

I was quite astonished at the solemn, thoughtful manner in which this young fellow spoke, and his words were so full of feeling and self-sympathy for his great privation. He was silent for a long time, smoking freely, whilst I was pondering many things, mostly in humility for our slow appreciation of the great gift of divine faith. At last he said:

"I do not quite follow you, sir, in your remark about a sixth sense; for

this is not a question of sense, but of the soul."

We were not getting into deep water, and when an old gentleman hasn't opened a book of philosophy for nearly thirty years, he may be well excused for a certain timidity in approaching these deep questions. But "keep to the metaphorical" has always been a great rule of mine, which never failed me.

"Let me explain," I said. "Have you ever been to an ophthalmic hospital or a blind asylum?"

"Yes," he replied, "principally abroad."

"Well," I continued, "you might have noticed various forms of the dread disease of blindness. Some are cases of cataract; in some the entire sight behind the ugly film. But the most pathetic case to my mind is that of the young boy or girl who comes toward you, looking steadily at you with large, luminous eyes, the iris perfectly clear, the pupil normally distended, and even the white of the eye tinged with that delicate blue that denotes perfect health in the organ, but in one moment the truth flashes upon you—that poor patient is stone blind. Now, where's the disease?"

"The optic nerve is destroyed," he answered, promptly.

"Precisely. And now if you were to pour in through the dark canal of the pupil the strongest sunlight, or even the flash of your electric searchlight, would it make any difference, do you think?"

"None," he said, "so far as sight was concerned; but it might possibly paralyze the brain."

"Precisely. And if you, my dear young friend, were pouring till the crack of doom, every kind of human light—philosophical, dogmatic, controversial—upon the retina of the soul without the optic nerve of faith, you will be blind, and go blind to your grave."

Somehow this appeared to be a relief, though it looked like discouragement.

"It is something to know," he said, "that the fault is not altogether my own. But," after a pause, "this demands a miracle."

"Quite so. A pure light from God. And that is the reason that my excellent curate is storming the citadels of heaven for you by that terrible artillery—prayers of little children. And if you want to capture this grace of God by one tremendous coup, search out the most stricken and afflicted of my flock—Bitra has a pretty good catalogue of them—and get him or her to pray for you, and very soon the sense of faith will awaken within you, and you will wonder that you were ever blind."

"Ten thousands thanks," he said, rising; "I had no anticipation of so pleasant and instructive an evening."

### OUR UPSTART FAST YOUNG MEN.

New York and Brooklyn are cursed with a useless class called "fast young men," who try to make vice fashionable and sin respectable. They are, for the most part, the sons of parents who, by industry and frugality, amassed wealth. An investigation of the causes which makes the respectable boy become a "fast young man" will show that there is something wrong in the system of training up the youth in this country. The want of that solid instruction which can only be given at the fireside and in the daily acts of parents and guardians, that inculcates the duties each owes, first to his Creator and next to his fellow-man, has led to the pectentiary many a man, who, had he devoted his youth to some useful purpose, would be an ornament to society.

The petted boy is in danger of developing into a fast young man. Having every want supplied, every wish gratified, he soon loses his balance, associates with vicious companions, frequents the theatre and the gambling hell, and before manhood swears like a trooper and wallows in the mire of impurity. He looks on his father as an "old fogey," and is not a little ashamed of his origin. Late hours, vicious companions and dissipation complete his character, and he is ready for any crime. The local columns of the daily press are constantly filled with the doings of fast young men. The evil example of this class is working unutterable injury to society. Parents and those who have the care or guardianship of youth should never permit "a fast young man" to enter their houses. We fear that parents too frequently forget the duties they owe to their children. We would remind them that, though the civil law does not take cognizance of a dereliction of duty in this respect, there is a higher, holier law, before whose dread tribunal they will have to render a rigid account of the trust placed under their care.—American Herald.

It is probable that Americans will soon have the opportunity of judging for themselves the musical genius of the young priest-composer, Porzi. The words of his "Resurrection of Lazarus" have been translated into English, and will shortly be heard, with the music, in this country. His manner is said to resemble that of the sixteenth-century masters.—Ave Maria.