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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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TO THE SACRED HEART.

Oh, tender, gentle Heart of Christ... Oh patient Heart of Love, Raise Thou my erring human heart...

"CHILD OF DESTINY."

"Child of Destiny," by Dr. Wm. J. Fischer, is written with the author's usual grace and style. There is a quaint, old-time flavor about the narration...

CHARACTER VS. REPUTATION.

There is a difference between character and reputation. Character is that quality or sum of qualities which distinguishes one person from all others...

DONT.

"He that saves when he is young may spend when he is old." Yes, but he may never be old. The penny whistle to the little boy is as dear and as real to him as the greater thing of later years...

FREEDOM FROM WORRY.

They tell us that children keep their spontaneity and freshness of spirit because they live only one day at a time; that they do not brood over the past nor borrow trouble for the future.

all kinds of work if the fabric is to be preserved whole and firm. Where then is the happy medium? How can one keep fresh-spirited and yet be sure that the duty of one day does not lap over upon the next...

ORIGINALITY.

"The great merit, it seems to me," wrote Mr. Lowell to Professor Norton, "of the old painters was that they did not try to be original. 'To say a thing,' says Goethe, 'that everybody else has said before, as quietly as if nobody had ever said it, that is originality.'"

A WORD.

It is easy to doubt and to criticize. It is also easy to be too sure and too self-confident. For those of us who have seen the old ways grow into the new and now see the new developing into something still different for the days when we are gone...

THE WEST.

Whoever may visit the border settlements of the West, expecting to find there a smaller proportional share of cultivated intellect than in the crowded centres of civilization, will be strikingly disappointed. The brain as well as the brawn of the country gravitates in that direction...

It is a good thing to believe, it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upward, our minds will themselves grow upward; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises...

The day on which we have learned nothing is lost. Think and speak of what thou lovest, and dwell little on what is distasteful to thee.—Bishop Spalding.

THE ADVENTURES OF LA SALLE.

It is well known that while nearly all the early settlers of this country looked upon the Indians only as dangerous enemies, to be destroyed, there were a few white men, like John Eliot, and William Penn, who believed that the red man was their brother...

The life of La Salle is one of those stories that are more wonderful than any romance. Born of a distinguished French family in Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy, and highly educated and accomplished, he spent twenty years in the American wilderness, travelling over thousands of miles of forest and prairie, and river and lake, on foot or in a frail canoe...

La Salle never took the life of an Indian, except in self defence, after everything else had failed, and it very seldom happened that he could not gain the friendship of the savages. There was something in his manner, we are told, that won their hearts and made them believe him when he said: "I come to you as a friend and a brother. You can do me good, and I can do you good. Let us smelt the pipe of friendship and shake hands. The Great Spirit will be pleased to see us. His children, love one another and help each other."

So the Indians helped him, instead of hindering. Often they brought him food when his own men could find none. They guided him across marshes and helped him to ford rivers. They carried his supplies along the forest trails, and he left stores among them unguarded, and found them perfectly safe when he returned. In fact, says one writer, "the Chevalier de La Salle so impressed the hearts of the Indians that they did not know how to treat us well enough."

The Mississippi, which was discovered by the Spanish explorer De Soto, was rediscovered by Father Marquette, a Jesuit missionary, and when the news reached Quebec, La Salle who had come out to Canada to seek his fortune, conceived the idea of exploring the river and building a chain of forts to all important points upon it and the Great Lakes, for the English were fighting with the French for the possession of America, and the French knew that if they wanted to hold the newly discovered country they must be prepared to defend it. Governor Frontenac was delighted with the plan and asked La Salle to go to France and lay it before the King. The King, too, approved and authorized La Salle to go on with the enterprise. It was a tremendous undertaking, and the difficulties and discouragements were so great that one of the forts, built on the site of Peoria, Ill., was named by the explorer Creve Coeur (Fort Heartbreak). But if his heart was broken his courage was not, and he kept on until in 1682 he reached the mouth of the great river. He then went back up the stream to Quebec, and from there sailed again to France for the purpose of organizing a colony to form a settlement on the banks of the Mississippi. The King was again delighted with his plans, and the expedition was organized. But even before the little fleet of four vessels had sailed things began to go wrong, for the commander, Captain Beaujeu, did not want to take orders from La Salle. They could not find the mouth of the river, and when La Salle had gone ashore with a party of soldiers, Beaujeu deliberately wrecked one of the supply ships and sailed off to France in another.

The colony was thus left in a desperate situation. They had scarcely any supplies. They were cut off from all communication with France, and did not even know where they were. To make matters worse, La Salle was sick with a fever for two months. On his recovery he determined to make his way back to Canada, a distance of two thousand miles, and from there to send to France for aid for his colony.

The party was very sad. The whole colony met at midnight in the chapel they had built, and La Salle, we are told, made an address full of eloquence with that engaging way so natural to him. "Every one was in tears. They feared they would never meet again, and they never did." The explorer took with him twenty men when he set out on that long and melancholy journey, among them being Father Douay one of the Jesuit missionaries who always accompanied him. Only a few of his men failed to come back to camp at the appointed time, and he went to look for them. He took Father Douay with him, and as they walked they talked. It was La Salle's last conversation, and we are glad Father Douay has told us what it was about. "I conversed with me," says Father Douay, "on matters of grace, piety and predestination, and expatiated on the goodness of God 'who had preserved his life through twenty years of danger.' Then a strange melancholy fell upon him, and going a little further two of his people fired upon him from the grass. He died an hour later, with words of pardon for his murderers upon his lips."

"This died," writes Father Douay, "our wise commander. He who for twenty years had softened the fierce temper of countless savage tribes was massacred by the hands of his own countrymen, whom he had loaded with crosses. He died in the prime of life, in the midst of his enterprises, without having seen their success."—N. Y. Tribune.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

FACTS ESTABLISHING THE LITERAL MEANING OF THE WORDS "THIS IS MY BODY"—"THIS IS MY BLOOD."

True to its promise to set forth the details of Catholic belief, the Catholic Encyclopedia has painstakingly considered every phase of Catholic worship. The two most important theological articles in Volume V are "Eucharist" and "Extreme Unction." Dealing with the question of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, the author says: "Eucharist.—The Church's Magna Charta, however, are the words of Institution. 'This is My Body—this is My Blood,' whose literal meaning she has uninterruptedly adhered to from the earliest times. The Real Presence is evinced positively by showing the necessity of the literal sense of these words, and negatively, by refuting the figurative interpretations. As regards the first, the very existence of four distinct narratives of the last Supper, usually ascribed to the Petrine (Matt. xxvi, 26 sq.; Mark xiv, 22 sq.), and the double Pauline accounts (1 Cor. xii, 19 sq.; 1 Cor. x, 24 sq.), favors the literal interpretation. In spite of their striking unanimity as regards essentials, the Petrine account is simpler and clearer, whereas the Pauline is richer in additional details and more involved in its citation of the words that refer to the chalice. It is but natural and justifiable to expect that, when four different narrators in different countries and at different times relate the words of institution to different circles of readers, the occurrence of an unusual figure of speech, as for instance, that bread is a sign of Christ's body, would, somewhere or other, betray itself, either in the difference of word setting or in the unequalled expression of the meaning really intended or at least in the addition of some such remark as: 'He spoke, however, of the sign of His body.' But nowhere do we discover a slightest ground for a figurative interpretation. If then, the natural, literal interpretation were false, the Scriptural record alone would have to be considered as the cause of a pernicious error of faith and of the grievous crime of rendering Divine homage to bread (arctolatria) a supposition little in harmony with the character of the four sacred writers, and with the inspiration of the sacred text. Moreover, we must not omit the very important circumstance that one of the four narrators has interpreted his own account literally. This is St. Paul (1 Cor. xi, 27 sq.) who in the most vigorous language, brands the unworthy recipient as guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. There can be no question of a grievous offence against Christ Himself unless we suppose that the true body and the true blood of Christ are really present in the Eucharist. Further, if we attend only to the words themselves, their natural sense is so forceful and clear that even Luther wrote to the Christians of Strasburg in 1524: 'I am caught, I cannot escape, the text is too forcible.' (DeVette, II, 577.) The necessity of the natural sense is not based upon the absurd assumption that Christ could not in general have resorted to the use of figurative language, but upon the evidence of the case, which demands that he did not, in a matter of such paramount importance have recourse to meaningless and deceptive metaphors. For figures enhance the clearness of speech only when the figurative meaning is obvious, either from the nature of the case (e.g., from a reference to a statue of Lincoln, by saying: 'This is the coln for from the usages of common parlance (e.g., in the case of this synecdoche, 'This glass is wine'). Now, neither from the nature of the case nor in common parlance is bread an apt or possible symbol of the human body. Were one to say of a piece of bread: 'This is Napoleon' he would not be using a figure, but uttering nonsense. But not one means of rendering a symbol improperly so called clear and intelligible, namely, by conventionally settling beforehand what it is to signify, as, for instance, if one were to say: 'Let us imagine these two pieces of bread before us to be Socrates and Plato.' Christ, however, instead of forming His Apostles that He intended to use such a figure, told them rather the contrary in the discourse containing the promise, 'the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world.' (John vi, 52.) Such language of course, could be used only by a God-man; so that belief in the Real Presence necessarily presupposes belief in the true Divinity of Christ.

The foregoing rules would of themselves establish the natural meaning with certainty, even if the words of institution, 'This is My Body—this is My blood,' stood alone. But in the original text corpus (body) and sanguis (blood) are followed by significant appositive additions, the body being designated as given for you and the blood shed for you many; hence the body given to the Apostles was the selfsame body that was crucified on Good Friday, and the chalice drunk by them, the selfsame blood that was shed on the Cross for our sins. Therefore the above-mentioned appositive phrases directly exclude every possibility of a figurative interpretation. "We reach the same conclusion from a consideration of the concomitant circumstances, taking into account both the

hearers and the Institutor. Those who heard the words of institution were not learned rationalists possessed of the critical equipment that would enable them, as philologists and logicians, to analyze obscure and mysterious phraseology; they were simple, uneducated fishermen, by the ordinary ranks of the people, who with childlike naïvete hung upon the words of their Master and with deep faith accepted whatever He proposed to them. This childlike disposition had to be reckoned with by Christ, particularly on the eve of His Passion and death, when He made His last will and testament and spoke as a dying father to His deeply afflicted children. In such a moment of awful solemnity the only appropriate mode of speech would be one which, stripped of unintelligible figures, made use of words corresponding exactly to the meaning to be conveyed.

It must be remembered, also, that Christ as omniscient God-man must have foreseen the shameful error into which He would have led His Apostles and His Church by adopting an unheard-of metaphor; for the Church down to the present day appeals to the words of Christ in her teaching and practice. If then she practices idolatry by the adoration of mere bread and wine, the error must be laid to the charge of the God-man Himself. Besides this, Christ intended to institute the Eucharist as a most holy sacrament, to be solemnly celebrated in the Church even to the end of time. But the content and the constituent parts of a sacrament had to be stated with the utmost clearness of terminology as to exclude categorically every error in liturgy and worship. As may be gathered from the words of consecration of the Chalice, Christ established the New Testament in His blood, just as the Old Testament had been established in the typical blood of animals (cf. Ex. xxiv, 8; Heb. ix, 11 sq.). Jurists prescribe that in all debatable points the words of a will must be taken in their natural literal sense; for they are led by the correct conviction that every testator of sound mind, in drawing up his last will and testament, is deeply concerned to have it done in language at once clear and unambiguous by meaningless metaphors. Now, Christ according to the literal purport of His testament, has left us as a precious legacy not mere bread and wine, but His body and blood. Are we justified, then in contradicting Him to His face and exclaiming: 'No, this is not your body but mere bread, the sign of your body?'"

"THE POWER OF LOVE."

The following excerpt from the late Father Vaughan's lecture on "The Power of Love" merits reproduction. It describes a scene on a southern battlefield during the civil war, in which blue and gray who looked with hate into one another's eyes and tried to shoot away the life of a brother, have crept close together to die in the trembling twilight. Men and horses lie heaped in confusion. Men with their limbs torn from their body, men with their throats cut, and men with their heads lying bare and their hands raised to heaven, and they are crying: 'Water, my God! water!' and in all God's world there is not a soul to answer. See, there come two women, stealing over the battlefield, creeping along under the beams of the moon. Is it some mother, come out to look for her son in the midst of death? Is it some woman who seeks the man to whom she had pledged her love? Ah, no. The Cross of Christ is on her breast, the bonnet of St. Vincent on her head. Two Little Sisters of Charity, alone with God and night. How they move without fear through that valley of death and of darkness! How tenderly they stoop over each dying soldier. For there is no North or South, no blue or gray, no nationality, no creed, no denomination. In every soldier's upturned face they see the face of Christ. How tenderly they moisten the parched lips, how they cool the fevered brow, how they close the gaping wound, how they murmur words of consolation in the dying ear, how they take a last message to bring back to the mother and the wife and the loved ones far away! Even there—even in the death and the blood and the carnage of battle—the power of love rules supreme. And stamped forever on that flag—the Stars and Stripes—stamped forever is that lesson of love, that as it leads on in the vanguard of civilization it may teach to the world America's story: the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—the glorious, the splendid lesson of love."

A Pleasant Memory.

I remember a certain hospital where I spent a blissful fortnight once when a university student. It was in charge of Roman Catholic Sisters of St. Francis, and the gentle Sister who attended me was of a great family (as the world reckons such things), spoke more languages than I knew then, had travelled over all Europe and discussed Dante's "Divine Comedy" dust-pan in hand, by my bed. I shall remember Sister Ambrosia and her colleague, the ever-smiling, ever-buoyant Sister Florentine, as long as I remember anything. It was a real grief to be "discharged cured," since it meant leaving that atmosphere of peace and sunshine.—Presbyter Ignatius in the Living Church, P. E.

Beyond all doubt, Jesus in heaven not only does not refuse St. Joseph those marks of familiarity and reverence which He gave on earth as a son to a father, but He adds to them an increase. So do we not owe to St. Joseph special homage and veneration?—St. Bernardine of Siena.

First and Last Communion.

Yes, I remember well, the time the place, Of First Communion—date of rarest grace, Sweetest of childhood's happy days!

Of that dark ocean He will wait us o'er As our "Vaticum" ? Ah! None can tell Save only One Who keeps the secret well. To Him I leave the manner, time and place Of that dread change, so He but give the grace Of Last Communion. When and how and where, I know not, care not; but for this I care— Dying may I my Last Communion make In peace with Him Who died, too, for my sake.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Nearly one hundred and fifty Bishops, says Rome, took part in the consecration in St. Peter's last Thursday, among them being Mgr. William O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, Mgr. Chisholm, Bishop of Aberdeen, Mgr. Seton, Archbishop of Heliopolis, Mgr. Foley, Bishop of Killdare and Leighlin, Mgr. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles, Mgr. Kennedy, Bishop of Adirondack and Rector of the American College.

Commenting on the fact that in and around Taunton, Mass., there are Portuguese Catholic churches, the Gazette of that city says: It is also worthy of note that the Portuguese who have settled here have formed, as a class, a hard-working, earnest, intelligent and valuable element in the community, industrious in their work and living up to the best principles of Christian manhood and womanhood.

Two thousand policemen marched into St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, Sunday afternoon, May 30, to listen to a sermon by Father John G. Chidwick, their chaplain, and to honor the memory of police heroes who have died while performing their duty. About twenty-five widows of men who gave up their lives in the service of the city sat in the front pews, and behind them, in the two long and wide middle aisles, were massed the policemen.

It was a priest, the Rev. Gabriel Richard, of the Sulpician Order, who introduced the first printing press into Michigan; just one hundred years ago. The centenary of this event was celebrated last Tuesday in Detroit to which Father Richard had a piece of mechanism brought from the east, after a long and tedious journey, that has since that time undergone great and labor-saving improvements.

A figure of the crucifixion, modeled in sand, which withstood the force of the gale and flood which swept Atlantic City, severely damaging the steel pier and other property, has created a sensation among many. Although the water rose until it nearly hid the figure from view, the image was unharmed when the waters receded, and the devout insist that a more than human agency interfered to prevent the destruction of the religious emblem.

All records were broken in point of attendance at the celebration of patrons' feast at "Our Lady of Consolation" Church at Carey, Ohio, recently during the annual pilgrimage day. Over five thousand pilgrims from all parts of the country were present. In the morning Mrs. Catharine Mulhern, of Warren, suffering with hip disease, prayed before the famous Virgin Mary statue and was completely cured, she says. She handed her crucifix to Father Mizer and walked for the first time in ten years.

A tablet in honor of Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") was dedicated in Brinkerhoff Theatre of Bernard College, New York City, the other day. Joseph H. Choate presented the tablet to the College, recalling the fact that three years ago he had introduced the novelist herself to the College, when she was on a lecture tour through her native land. Rev. John J. Wayne, S. J., made an address on Mrs. Craigie's genius and personal charm. Greater women than she in our day have died with less keen and affectionate remembrance, because that charm of hers was so great.

Father Corbett, of St. Raphael's Church, New York, apparently saved the life of Mrs. Harriet Dillon a few nights ago after she had swallowed oxalic acid in an attempt to end her life. Mrs. Dillon is a widow with two children. She took the acid because she was despondent. Her daughter, Lillian, hearing her groaning, ran around the corner to the church and got Father Corbett. The priest mixed two eggs in a glass of milk and gave them to Mrs. Dillon. The antidote had an immediate effect, and when Dr. McClure arrived from the New York Hospital he found the woman conscious.