

The Catholic Record.

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

NO. 1176.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1901.

VOLUME XXIII.

The Catholic Record.
London, Saturday, May 4, 1901.
"LIBERTY AND FRATERNITY"
IN PUERTO RICO.

We give herewith our readers a digest of a singular narrative as given by the Catholic Standard and Times. It appears that in Ponce, Puerto Rico, a Protestant named Mr. Teller rejoices in the dual dignity of minister of the gospel and chief of police. During the week he is engaged presumably in enforcing the law, or what remains of it, but on Sundays he exchanges the uniform for ministerial attire and devotes himself to scriptural exhortations. So far, so good. Unfortunately, however, this Evangelist, having to say the least a very hazy idea of the rules that govern civilized life, and of the refined manners that are wont to be associated with those of Spanish descent, thrust himself into a Catholic hospital, tenanted by Catholic patients only, and proceeded to give vent to his peculiar religious tenets.

Of course this Mr. Teller is but a malevolent episode, but those little excursions into realms unknown by ministers who are gentlemen, conjoined with the various games that have been played by United States officials, will make the natives rather dubious as to the value of the liberty and fraternity which they are supposed to enjoy under the new regime.

"CIVILIZATION" IN CHINA.

Affairs in China seem to be approaching an acute stage. Russia is stretching out its tentacles for more territory. The white trader is industriously gathering up all the loot in sight. We wonder if the actions of the allied armies meet now with the approval of the revered dignitaries who gave them their venison when they set out on their conquering march. They were lauded we know as exponents of the Christianity that was going to reinvigorate and rejuvenate the caste and error, rather carcass, of the Mongolian Empire, so as to make it a desirable object for partition amongst the powers. But the dream has been dispelled rudely. The Christianity as evidenced by the allied troops could be written on a post-card. Instead of the manifestations of a high civilization we have had savagery in its most repulsive form and abominations which take seemingly companionship with those perpetrated by the Boxers. The Westerners, however, have the knack of giving all this a glossy coat of hypocritical varnish. They simply dry the dripping bayonet, and demand, with the greatest concern and innocence, satisfaction for the Chinese outrages on humanity. But the end is not yet. Little Japan is getting ready to touch off her guns. She evidently means business, and there is no power but must take her into account. With a splendid navy and army, and with a people united to a man to resist aggression, and little disposed, at least in the higher classes, to forsake Shintoiu, she may introduce some unlooked for ramifications into the Chinese labyrinth.

If in the case of the Russian occupation of Manchuria she were to ally herself with China, and drill its disgruntled millions of inhabitants into fighting men, some new wondrous chapters of history might possibly be written. At all events the yellow peril would be appreciably nearer our own doors.

OUR CRITICS.

If there is one thing more than another discouraging to a struggling journalist it is the censure meted out to him by some of his brethren. He may be heart and soul in his work, giving of his best to the clientele of his paper, yet his efforts are either suffered with a gracious condescension, or rated as worthless. Perhaps our limited abilities may be unable to satisfy the aesthetic and literary demands of our critics. We do not know. Still it is consoling to feel that we have a favored few who shrink from condemnation of a weekly whose columns are not adorned with gems of original thought in a Ruskinque setting. It is, indeed, an inspiring omen and augurs badly for the circulation of ephemeral literature.

Perhaps, however, the reason of their hostile attitude is that they have a mania superinduced by various causes for critical disquisition. They want an epic poem as a sermon every Sunday, and grumble if they do not get it. In all probability they would not know one as such unless it were labeled, but that does not disturb their self-complacency. One hears them complain, especially when they do not receive a coveted invitation to a function given by a Catholic social grandee, that there is no unity among us. It is really too bad, you know; we should be shoulder to shoulder (garments of course of latest cut and style) and linked to one another by the bonds of charity. But we have noticed that the individuals who lament thusly are the very ones who are hanging on grimly to the outer fringes of society, and who have very few smiles to waste on the brethren who are destitute of a "pull" or a job lot of stocks. Failure mayhap to obtain social recognition puts them in sullen mood that is unhappily not evanescent. However, we can stand it, if they can.

STRENUOUSNESS.

A phrase that is sadly overworked nowadays is a "strenuous life." The pugilist, the controller of syndicates—in a word, they who are playing a more or less prominent part in the world's stage, are all strenuous lives. The millionaire thus is acclaimed, while the toiler whom he holds in the hollow of his hand—whose muscle and brain are ground up in the making of money—is passed over in silence. The vain and empty talker is heralded as a wise man, and the student who, trembling at his own ignorance, is wary of utterance, is dubbed a dullard. Success in any walk of life is, according to present day standards, strenuousness. It is the way of the world—of those who will not understand that any life, even if destitute of the glamour that is wont to strike our eyes, is, when adorned with right living and thinking, a good and strenuous one in the proper sense of the term. The toiler who lives as a good husband and father is doing more for his country, and infinitely more for himself, than, for example, a speculator who corners wheat, etc., and incidentally ruins some hundreds of his fellow men. The student is more worthy of our admiration than he who lives on the outside and who rejoices in the ugly title of "hustler." And by "student" we mean not one whose name is on the membership roll of a college, but one who, whilst attending to his duties, neglects not the demands of his better nature for the furthering of his temporal and eternal interests, and who is not misled into believing that life's value is measured by what is styled strenuousness. True, we may have it conjoined with every noble quality. But strenuousness, as evidenced by material conquest, is but a passing episode, and as such entitled to our commendation as the exploits of the fist arena. Nay, more, it is an empty life—a shell, so to speak, covering a dead soul, unable to comfort its possessor, and a deadly temptation to many. What we have to understand is that the plaudits of our conscience is the one thing to covet. Let us, indeed, play a man's part, but in such a way that the still small voice shall always ring true. Better to go down in life's conflict with no stain on our armour than to win out by actions which may look lovingly when viewed by the light from the White Throne. Better, far, to have little and content, love and sympathy, than to hear always the crack of the whip as we push forward in our quest for money—to have no time for the amenities of life and a sneer for anything that is not utilitarian and purely intellectual.

LITERATURE.

A librarian writing to the New York Sun declares that, except where the circulation of fiction is forcibly restricted, it will be found that from two-thirds to three-fourths of the books read in public libraries are novels, and that the majority of these are the veriest trash. This offsets the assertion that a love for literature is on the increase, and coincides with the opinion of Andrew Lang that the reading public has of

late sadly deteriorated. We are not so sure that this state of affairs can be remedied by any rule restricting the circulation of fiction in public libraries. An ordinance to that effect may enable the librarians to have more time at their disposal, but it can scarcely cure the readers who have a taste for what Frederick Harrison calls the poisonous inhalations of mere literary garbage and bad man's worst thoughts.

We may, of course, exhort desultory readers to become acquainted with great authors, but our experience leads us to believe that all such advice falls upon heedless ears. We cannot expect that they whose intellectual needs are more than supplied by current publications, and who thereby "turn their memory into a common sewer for all sorts of rubbish to float through," to suddenly devote their attention to works that make for mental and spiritual growth. One might as well ask a devotee of music of the rag-time variety to wax enthusiastic over a Wagnerian composition.

To read great books is a faculty to be acquired, not a natural gift. It is the product of study, and the reward for keeping our souls attuned to the melodies of noble thoughts. It would be presumptuous indeed to imagine that we can, off-hand, understand a book that has stood the test of time and whose praises have been hymned by book lovers. To make such a book serviceable to us it must be read and re-read, loved and loved again.

This, doubtless, entails toil and application, but guarantees a virility of mind and an immunity from the influences that relax our power of attention and from being the sport of every idle teller of tales. It opens up new worlds of beauty and truth, and gives us a standard by which we can judge all literature: it becomes a friend and counsellor, a warm, living personality, and that for all time.

With every wish that the grown-ups will be wise enough to refrain from spending their energies in books of the mushroom species that spring up in a night and blossom for a time under the sun of friendly criticism, we think that the best way of fashioning a reading generation is to turn our attention to the children.

Prudent parents can do much towards fostering a love for good reading. And it is certainly one of the most precious legacies they can bequeath their children, especially in our day when many of the productions that seem from the press are either imbued with ill, drink and merry philosophy, or upholders of the doctrine that honesty and manliness and fair-play represent the sum total of our duties.

Then, again, much to this end can be done in the school room. We know that many teachers, owing to the multiplicity of subjects, can do little more than placing selections from authors before their pupils. But instead of that, which so far as developing a taste for literature is concerned, is, to our mind, a waste of time, we had the study and continuous reading of one great author, we would do not a little towards safeguarding the young from the pernicious influences of unwholesome literary matter. True, we should thus restrict them to one author. But the essential thing is to cultivate the taste, and this, we believe, can be done by the patient and laborious reading of a good book and by endeavoring to have the children get its meaning by their own efforts. The wise teacher does not clear up every difficulty for his pupils. The breaker, in fine, against the inroads of the waves of useless, enervating and corrupting literature must be built up in our souls, and the best time to begin is in our early years, the most plastic period of human life.

A Triumph For a Catholic College.

The students of the Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., won a signal victory over Brown University in a debate on Thursday, April 18. The question was: Resolved, That if the Powers could agree upon a division, the partition of China would be conducive to the world at large. The Holy Cross boys favored the negative. The three debaters for the Catholic college were Michael C. Flaherty, William Welch and Joseph Scully. Dr. G. Stanley Hall, Hon. John R. Thayer and Professor Charles F. Adams were the judges. This is the second time within two years that the Jesuit college at Worcester has won a signal victory over the well known secular university.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.—Lowell.

TALES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Incidents Related by Preachers to Non-Catholics.

The Missionary for April contains the usual amount of interesting letters from the zealous priests who are engaged in preaching the word of truth to non-Catholics throughout the United States. The reports of the large numbers of converts as a result of the missions, and of the many who have been left under instruction, are an indication of the splendid work of the preachers and of the need there has been of such a movement.

Of much interest, too, are the many remarkable incidents and anecdotes, the personal interviews, etc., which the missionaries narrate. They often illustrate vividly the trend of Catholic opinion, and will serve as a guide to those who come into frequent contact with our separated brethren. For example, Father O'Grady, writing from Mobile, Ala., says:

A gentleman called on me after the lecture on confession and said: "I listened to your explanation to-night on the teachings of your Church with regard to the confessional. You said that confession was only one part of the sacrament of penance, and that all Catholics thoroughly understood that in order to receive the sacrament of penance worthily they must comply with the other two parts or conditions, contrition and satisfaction. I was taught that Catholics believed that all that was necessary to have their sins forgiven was to go to the priest and give him money, and he would pray their sins away. Hereafter I will have a different opinion of Catholics." Catholics who live to themselves have no idea of the absurd opinions non-Catholics have of the teachings of the Church. Believing as they do, it is no wonder non-Catholics do not wish Catholics to hold any position of trust under the government.

WHAT CAUSED HIS CONVERSION?

The preachers of the mission in Cleveland, O., write: "During the mission Father Griffin was called to the New Brighton Hospital. While passing through the general ward he stopped to exchange a few words with a stranger who was plainly nearing his end. The man told him that he had never been baptized; but would like to die a Catholic, if that were not demanding too much. 'I always ran with Catholic boys,' he said, 'and I liked them better than the other boys.' That was all he knew of the Catholic religion, or of any religion. He needed to be taught the first rudiments of Christianity. To test his knowledge the priest asked him how many Gods there are. 'Come at me easy, Father,' was the unexpected reply. 'I do not know anything at all about religion.' He lived long enough to receive the sacraments. His body was taken to his former home and buried in unconsecrated ground; but his soul is in heaven. Was his conversion the result of some good deed of his past life, or are fervent lips were sending up in mission month to the throne of the Almighty?"

At Peru not a non-Catholic could be discovered; so the missionary did his best to make his hearers better Catholics. This mission was given in German, the first of the kind ventured by the Cleveland band. As soon as the invitation comes the Cleveland apostolate will be ready to give a mission in the same language for German non-Catholics. One of the Bishops of Germany is in correspondence with the pastor of Peru, getting information on our missions for non-Catholics. He wants to try the same plan in his own diocese. "Yet if it should succeed," was his comment, "our Protestant ministers would, in all probability, petition the Government to put a stop to it, on the plea of its disturbing existing relations." It would be worth a trial, nevertheless. According to German government statistics Catholics are losing heavily to Protestants in manufacturing centres; right there would be the field for the diocesan missionaries.

In Pittsburgh one Protestant lady offered this question: "Mary was an ordinary woman like other women; why do you Catholics reverence her so much?" Father Michael explained to the Catholic reasons for our devotion to Mary, and in conclusion said: "If Mary was an ordinary woman, Christ, her Son, was an ordinary man."

WORKED THE FIRE ALARM.

Rev. P. F. Brannan found Fayetteville, Ark., a prejudiced town. And, to add to my troubles, he writes, the priest who attends to the place was sick, and when I arrived there I found nothing had been done to prepare for my coming. Some said the lectures were to be at the court house, some said at the church, and no one knew definitely about anything. I went around to a newspaper office and had several hundred bills printed announcing my arrival, and that I would speak at the court house, beginning that evening. I had a better audience than I expected under the circumstances. I was told that I had a number of what they called "high-toned society." I had not been speaking more than ten minutes when he had an alarm for fire. No one who has never lived in a small town can realize what a potential factor an

alarm of fire is in accomplishing the disintegration of an audience. I had had some former experiences of a similar character, so I said: "My friends, don't be excited. I will sit here in the judge's chair and await your return, while you go down stairs and locate the fire; and if you don't have time to say 'As I expected, there was no fire, but a false alarm.' I told my audience that I was going to stay for a week, and it was no use to try to intimidate me in any way."

TALKING AGAINST A BRASS BAND.

Some time before that in a Texas town, when I began my lectures they tried to drown me out with a brass band at the court house door. The band leader, who had been a prominent official in President Cleveland's first administration, came to my rescue and stopped the band. The next day it was currently reported that I would not lecture any more. I traced this false report till I got it to the door of the Episcopal minister. I told the people that if the court house stood and I was a living man I would be there every night that week, regardless of what they might hear or from whom they heard it.

Next night the band again began to play, and the judge again came to my rescue. I thought all resources were about exhausted in an endeavor to hinder the prosecution of my work, but there was one more. That day the judge, who was a Protestant gentleman, went among the people and invited them to come up and hear me; and went further, and told them I had something to say and knew how to say something to say and knew how to say it. That same day he came around to my hotel with his fine buggy and black Kentucky trotter and invited me for a ride. He took me through the most public thoroughfares, and it appeared that he wanted the whole town to see him out with me.

That night I had a great audience, and congratulated myself upon the disposition of all obstacles. I had been talking about fifteen minutes when the cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" was heard. The court house bell was furiously rung; pistols and guns were engendered to make an appropriate preliminary to the day of judgment. I told my audience not to get excited. "Go down," I said, "and see where the fire is, and I will sit here and await your return. Come back if it is a false alarm, and hear the rest of what I have to say." They took me at my word, and in a few moments I was in the court house alone. About the time the last person had reached the bottom of the steps there came the cry, "False alarm! false alarm!" Fugitive was the subject for the evening. In a few moments I had a larger crowd in the court house than I had before the alarm of fire. When all were seated I said: "My friends, there is no false alarm about to-night. This elicited a hearty laugh, and they were kept there an hour and a half longer. At this place I had to plough my way through prejudice of the people. A few months later, with the assistance of the Protestant, one of the handsomest little Catholic churches in the State was built.

WOMAN INSTRUCTS PRIEST.

But to return to Fayetteville. I had a new experience at this place. After I had finished my lecture on purgatory an Episcopalian lady said: "Father Brannan, do you mean to say that no one can be a Catholic unless he believes in purgatory?" "I do." "Isn't it a matter of individual opinion with you priests?" "Not at all, madam. Priests don't preach opinions, they preach doctrines, and you had just as well reject all doctrines of the Catholic Church as one." "I think you are mistaken, and I think I could be a Catholic and not believe in purgatory to try it at once and you will find out." This concluded our colloquy. On the way to the hotel I was accompanied by a very intelligent Protestant lawyer, with an impediment in his speech, who said: "I have travelled a great deal in my life, but that's the first time I ever heard a wo-wo-woman try to teach a Catholic priest what his re-re religion is." He wanted to know when I was going to tell about the origin and ancestry of the Episcopalian, and I told him on next Sunday. He said I had been worried by them a great deal, and hoped that I wouldn't forget to remember them. After the Sunday night's lecture he again walked with me to the hotel, and expressed, with many vocal imperfections, his sense of satisfaction with the manner in which his wishes had been accomplished. He and others have been reading since I left there.

FATHER DOHERTY'S EXPERIENCES.

Rev. Francis B. Doherty, C. S. P., who is a native of Boston, and who accompanied the American soldiers to the Philippines as their chaplain, gave a mission in Chicago in conjunction with Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P. They write: "It was edifying to witness the earnestness of many of the non-Catholics who came privately to unburden their conscience, tormented by doubts and worried by sin. They were, indeed, as sheep without a shepherd. How

eagerly some studied verbatim the little catechisms we distributed, and how quickly they read their copies of Catholic Belief and Plain Facts—some at one reading, staying up far into the night to finish. One who received her first Communion only three years ago wrote: 'My sister, who never gave religion a thought before, now begrudges every hour she has to put on her university work, instead of being able to devote the time to the study of the catechism and the books which you have mentioned. She desires to become a Catholic'—and she had her wish.

"Father," said more than one questioning sinner, "I have knelt down in my room at night, and prayed for pardon to my Father in secret, as I was taught in childhood; but my sin kept ever before me to torment, for I never had any certainty of a response to my prayer. I ever questioned: 'Was I sorry enough?' And I made sufficient atonement?' And only the sacrament of penance in your Church has Christ's answer to my queries!"

A TIP FOR CATHOLICS.

Many again asked: "Why is it that Catholics, as a rule, are loath to talk about their religion? Why is it that so many cannot explain their faith, or give us a satisfactory answer when we question them? Why is that lectures of this kind are not given with greater frequency? I never entered a Catholic Church before, but would have done so long ago had I been specially invited."

"I have in my time belonged to many different Protestant churches," wrote another Protestant now under instruction, "but I never found peace and happiness, nor the truth my heart craved for. These lectures and the book you so kindly gave me have, with God's help, convinced me that only in your Church is the true gospel of Christ to be found, and my only desire is to know how to become a good and true Catholic." Here followed the life story of a man groping for the light for years ever since he left, as a boy, his home in Copenhagen, Denmark.

"I want to tell you," wrote another, "how deeply your words 'pagan and infidel' sank into my heart. How much I have thought of them you can never know. My earnest desire is to progress out of such a state of heathenism. I have ordered the books you so kindly recommended, and as soon as I receive them shall read them, trusting that they will penetrate this darkness that I am apparently struggling in and that good results shall come from that indefinable something (I call it the grace of God) which impelled me to visit you." etc.

"As a Protestant," wrote a man who was baptized the last day of the inquiry class, "I must state that your lectures explained away a good many errors and gave me for the first time a fair insight into the beauty and truth of the Catholic Church."

We must not forget, moreover, how these missions to non-Catholics react upon our Catholic people, so that many that have abandoned the Church for years or who have allowed Catholic mission after mission to go unheeded, are unable to resist the grace which is winning over those outside the fold. The invitation to return was heeded by hundreds of Catholics—men and women—who for many years had not set foot in a Catholic church. "If the Protestants are coming back after four hundred years, why should we not come back after twenty?"

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH PARADOX.

From the London Tablet.

The abjuration of Transubstantiation is an important element in the Oath of Accession, and the retention or omission of it will go far to shape the character of the oath in the future.

We are content as Catholics to point out certain inconsistency—or shall we call it a paradox?—which can hardly have escaped the notice of those who are not unforgetful of our history. To state it, we have only to set aside four well known facts:

1. The English sovereign, in becoming King, becomes "Defender of the Faith."

2. In order to become one or the other, he must first of all abjure Transubstantiation.

3. But the title of Defender of the Faith, acquired by his abjuration, had its historic origin in the grant of it by Leo X. to Henry VIII.

4. Henry VIII. merited this title from the Pope by a vigorous defence of Transubstantiation.

In other words, then, the King now earns his title of Defender of the Faith by publicly abjuring the very doctrine for defending which his ancestors first gained it.

Becomes a Sister.

Dublin, April 17.—A stepdaughter of Right Hon. John Morley, the well-known English litterateur and member of Parliament, took final vows to-day as a Sister of Charity. The ceremony was performed here in the presence of Archbishop Walsh. Mr. Morley, it is understood, made no objection to the young woman's resolution.

Abstinence and self denial are good for soul and body, so are cheerfulness, innocent mirth and gaiety.