

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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'TIS A PITY.

The Presbyterian Review remarks with its wonted liberality that there is a curious tendency to revive prayers for the dead, and that it is a sentiment in which priestcraft has long traded. Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) is, we believe, a minister in good standing, and believes in the sentiment. But our good friend will not use his head and find out for himself the grounds on which that sentiment is based. He has his case made out for him by individuals who were taught from childhood to regard things Catholic as false and iniquitous. Pity 'tis that he should waste his energy when he could be employed on something more consistent with truth and charity. Pity 'tis, also, to have Christ caricatured by would-be imitators.

NOTES FROM MONSABER.

A great preacher of our day said in speaking of Christ that to estimate the influence of a man we must try to appreciate at its just value the influence exercised by him or those among whom he lived. All superior men have exercised upon their contemporaries an influence more or less pronounced, that is expressed by admiration or contempt, by love or hatred. But no one can or will ever equal that exercised by Christ. He was loved so ardently that men died happy for His sake, and He was hated so fiercely that no means however ignoble were left untried to secure His death. His ideas were believed in with enthusiasm, and they were rejected with contempt.

He preached when and where He might—in the desert, on the mountain side, in the temple, in Jerusalem streets, and from the eager crowds that thronged to hear Him He selected a body of men so imbued with His spirit that they forgot their own. They became and were reflectors of His supreme intelligence. They could not indeed understand the sublime lessons which fell from the lips of the Master, but they believed them with a faith that no doubt or temptation could weaken. You have the proof in that profession of faith to which they have affixed their names. There is not a discordant note in the hymn of belief. All are convinced. They do not, as the philosophers of old, take the deposit of truth and guard it, away from the turmoil of life, for their own use and pleasure. Their faith is too enthusiastic to be contented with such an aim. They proclaim it to the world, so that all men may hear the tidings.

And Christ does not stop here. He demands belief in His ideas and He demands for Himself that supreme honor which is due to God alone. And the Apostles bow humbly before Him and salute Him in the words of St. Peter: "Thou art Christ the Son of the Living God." This they proclaim publicly and make it the solemn justification of the workshop they give to their Master. And it was not a mere passing admiration that was destined to perish when its Object was removed; but it was a love that was stronger than death. It was a love that made them renounce all ease and comfort, and brave every danger, and that received as proof of its intensity the sacrifice of all that is dear to the heart of man. They are outcasts and victims of resentment and persecution; they are dragged before tribunals, and yet they preach and never cease until they are struck down in death by the enemy.

But if He was loved He was also hated with a hatred that was intense in its aversion. Men listened attentively to His preaching, with the hope of entrapping Him. Again and again were their sinister designs revealed. The spectacle of a guileless life seemed but to nourish a blind and unreasoning hatred that is without a parallel in the annals of the human heart. They resort to schemes so base and ignoble that even now bring a blush to the cheek of the unbeliever. And when they are sure of their Prey no indignity and no torture that hell could prompt or human cruelty devise were spared to give full expression to their hatred.

Even when the Victim hung upon the gibbet with the nails burning like spikes of fire in Hands and Feet—with the Eyes glazing fast in death—with

the Lips murmuring a prayer of forgiveness, they throng around in exultation seeking new ways of derision and insult.

Such was the influence of Christ. He was believed in with enthusiasm: He was loved passionately, and He was hated furiously. What is the reason of this strange fact? Was He hated merely because He left His Mother's home and preached a new doctrine? Was it because He branded the Scribes and Pharisees as a race of vipers, whitened sepulchres and leaders of the blind. Such stinging epithets could provoke their indignation and anger, purchase Him contempt and imprisonment, but they could not arouse such an unrelenting hatred. What, then, is the reason?

Christ declared that He was the Son of God come to give testimony to the truth—that He would found a Church knowing no limits of race or country, but embracing all generations. Such language coming from the Son of Joseph the carpenter was strange and startling. They wanted signs of His mission, and during three years He proved by the most astounding prodigies that He was the Son of God. Therefore was He hated, for this accusation became in presence of His miracles formidable truth. But He was believed in with enthusiasm because His miracles proved the divinity of His doctrine. He was loved because in curing every infirmity by the mere touch of His hands—in putting strength and life into the bodies of the dead—in consoling hearts overpowered by sorrow—in clothing sin-stained souls with the robe of innocence. He acquired the right to say, "Love me. He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

Some time ago a man who had written against Christ gave utterance as he neared eternity to the following words: "Repose now in Thy glory, noble Founder. Thy work is finished. Thy divinity established. Whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will grow young without ceasing. His sufferings will melt the noblest hearts. All ages will proclaim that amongst the sons of men there is none greater than Thou." Remarkable and significant words coming from a man who had cast off the religion of his childhood and who after having tried to feed his soul with the husks of unbelief, declared when death was near that the religion of Christ alone could satisfy the wants of human nature. He came on earth to teach man a model life, to guide him to his destiny, to console him in every sorrow, to leave no want of his nature unsatisfied.

He did not preach in stately cathedrals, but on the mountain slopes, in the valleys. Wherever there were souls to save He placed His pulpit. Nor spake He in the vain language of sophist and rhetorician, but in simple homely words that never grow silent, and that live and breathe in human souls, upbearing to the throne of God the faith and love and hope of countless millions.

It was reserved for Christianity, says Locky, to present to the world an Ideal Character which through all the changes of 1800 years has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love, has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions, has been not only the highest pattern of virtue but the strongest incentive to its practice, and has exercised so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists.

The Nineteenth Century Catechism.

"The Catholic paper," said a distinguished Milwaukee Jesuit the other day, "is the catechism of the nineteenth century. To keep posted regarding the Church and her doctrines as they are discussed to-day, to have before you a ready refutation of the lies and slanders constantly floating about, you must take a Catholic paper. What does your family at home talk of and discuss? What they read. Get them a Catholic paper that they may be able to view and discuss intelligently the questions of the day as they are related to religion."

Grief is a bad habit. If it was natural, nature would be contracted in one brow of woe; for death and disaster are universal.—G. Dunn.

FAITH AND SCIENCE.

A Learned and Instructive Paper by Monsignor Vaughan.

The Liverpool Catholic Times prints the following learned and interesting paper by Right Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan:

"I made the earth, and I created man upon it. My hand stretched forth the heavens, and I have commanded all their host." (Isaiah, xiv, 12) The inspired writers tell us that the vast universe, in the midst of which our little earth floats like a tiny mote, was formed during the course of six days. "In six days God made the heavens and the earth." But we must bear in mind that the Hebrew word "yom," or "day," which has been translated "day," embraces in reality a very much wider meaning. It signifies rather a period; so that the more accurate rendering of the text would be: "In six periods God made the heavens and the earth." Now, what was the length of these periods? For many generations it was taken for granted that they were

PERIODS OF FOUR AND TWENTY HOURS.

For in the absence of any reliable indication as to their actual duration, such was considered the most natural interpretation. As time, however, wore on, and men began to study the earth more closely, and as science advanced and extended its boundaries, this opinion gradually lost its hold upon men's minds. Geologists learn little by little how to read the history of the world in the rocks. Nature itself taught man much concerning its own wondrous formation, and delivered up to him, one after another, the secret of its own gradual development. So that, just as you may judge of the age of a tree by counting the number of concentric rings forming the trunk, or the age of a stag by noting the number of branches or shoots on its antlers, so we may, by studying the character and composition of the strata of the earth, form a tolerably correct notion of the stages through which it has passed, and the duration of its existence. The result of these investigations has been to convince men that the days or periods of creation were not terms of four and twenty hours, but long epochs of hundreds of thousands, or even of millions of years.

According to the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, which is, perhaps, the most generally accepted theory, the earth once formed a part of the sun. The earth was then thrown off the larger mass and began its independent existence as a vast ball of fiery vapor, revolving round a central point. All the existing material elements which go to make up the earth—the rocks, the metals, the metalloids, the crystals and all else—were then existing indeed, but in a condition of such intense heat that they were maintained in a gaseous form. In the course of ages, however, the earth began to part with its heat by radiation, and to cool little by little, until a hard crust was gradually formed on its outer surface, surrounding it as the rind surrounds an orange, or as the shell surrounds an egg. The aqueous vapors then, coming into contact with frozen space beyond, condensed and fell on to the earth in the form of heavy and continuous rains, forming little runnels, in all directions, which gathered into streams and rivers. These flowing together filled the hollows and more depressed regions and so formed lakes, seas and oceans. Then the warm, steamy atmosphere of the still heated earth brought forth the green grass and the herbs and trees and shrubs of all kinds, so that by the time

THE CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD set in the whole land was covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. Vast forests of huge trees stretched their gigantic limbs many feet into the air, and creepers and trailing plants, with soft, succulent and spongy stems and large, broad, porous leaves spread themselves over almost the whole surface of the hot, sappy and swampy soil. Then came a period, a little later, when great monsters moved in the deep, and when wondrous forms of birds and beasts, now long since extinct, might have been heard crashing through the underwood in the glades of the forests, or splashing and gambolling in unmoiled freedom on the shores of lakes and inland seas. The remains of these enormous, unwieldy creatures are still met with occasionally, embedded in the rocks. A foot or a claw, or even a single petrified bone, is often enough to enable an expert to reconstruct the whole skeleton—nay, a mere footprint on the soft clay, hardened by time and preserved in the lower strata of the earth, is sometimes found sufficient to reveal to the wondering eye of the discoverer the gigantic form of the mammoth or the mastodon, the megatherium or the ichthyosaurus, which, ages before man existed, lived and sported and produced their young, amid scenes of unwonted loveliness and surrounded by a grandeur of vegetation and a magnificence of growth never witnessed by human eye, and the bare existence of which is certified only by the record that they have left of themselves in the rocks. For thousands of years, perhaps tens or hundreds of thousands of years, this world continued to be the home and the dwelling-place of unconscious and

unreasoning creatures. Faith, as well as science, informs us that

ANIMALS EXISTED BEFORE MAN.

At last when the fullness of time was come, and the world had been made a habitation fit and suitable for a more highly gifted being, God resolved to exercise His omnipotence again by fashioning a creature who should enjoy not only life and feeling and the power of growth and development, but still greater capacities—a race of beings who should be able to take an appreciative and intelligent interest in works of His hands. He made man—Adam—and provided him with a companion—Eve—from gifts of knowledge and understanding and reason and free will, and with the faculty of communal eating his ideas and thoughts and feelings. This first couple and their descendants were destined to rule over the earth by their superior knowledge, and to subdue it; and all creatures were to acknowledge their authority. Now, we must here remark that the teachings of science and of faith are entirely one in the sense that geology, as well as scripture, points to a time when there was

NO LIFE OF ANY KIND

upon the earth. The scientist no less than the theologian declares that, among living creatures, man was the last to appear. Remains of animals are found in strata below that in which the remains of man have been discovered, which tends to show that irrational animals lived before any human foot trod the virginal earth. Every scientific man, every geologist, whether he be an atheist, an agnostic, or a Christian, will admit—nay, more, feels constrained to believe—that there was once a period, however remote, when no man breathed; a period, in which the earth could not possibly have supported life. How, then, we may ask, did life commence? What produced life? What gave the power of growth and expansion to the grass and the trees? What infused feeling and instinct into the animals? Who conferred reason and free will on man? We reply—God. We reply that God alone gave, and that God alone could give. The scientist questions his sciences, and their only reply is "We don't know." "We can't say." They are utterly unable to account for these facts in any natural way. Most valiant are their attempts to interpret and unravel each successive step in the formation of the earth, but they are bound to acknowledge themselves baffled. They do but guess and suppose and surmise. Or if they do start a theory to day, it is only that it may be demolished and cast aside, by reason of some further discovery, to-morrow. Now, without referring to minor difficulties, we must here call your attention to the momentous fact that there are

FOUR GREAT TRANSITIONS

that, with all their ingenuity, scientists cannot get over, and never will get over: (1) The passage from nothing to something; for we cannot suppose matter to be eternal. (2) The passage from the inorganic to the organic. (3) The passage from the organic to the sensitive. (4) The passage from the sensitive and sensitive to the intellectual and reasonable. Geology itself testifies that the organic preceded the sensitive, and that the sensitive preceded the rational—the rational coming last of all, and closing the series. In other words, science itself compels us to declare that there must have been a first nebula, a first plant, a first animal and a first man. But whence arose the first nebula? How did it originate? Who set it in motion? Who endowed it with the complicated laws of development? The same queries must be made regarding plants, etc. How came the first plant? Every experiment tends to make it more and more certain that a plant can not arise except from a seed, or germ, or bud. Innumerable experiments have been made with a view of testing this truth—again and again experimentalists have tried to obtain life from non-life, but they have never once succeeded. Nay, they have always been driven back, and forced to accept the well-known dictum, "Omne vivum ab ovo." ("All life proceeds from life.")

"BIGOTRY BACILLUS."

"A Preachment" By an Able and Widely-Traveled Non-Catholic.

Standard and Times

If any reader wishes to see religious narrowness vigorously and effectively pilloried, let him send 25 cents to the Roycroft shop, East Aurora, N. Y., and get a pamphlet entitled "The Bigotry Bacillus," which same is "A Preachment," by Elbert Hubbard, to whom we are indebted for permission to make the extracts which follow, says the Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo.

In denouncing frauds Mr. Hubbard has all the virility of the lamented Brann, of Texas, without the latter's venom, which too often defeated the end in view by virtue of its viciousness. "The Bigotry Bacillus" is in the best style of the father of the Philistines, and this means that it is a literary tidbit as well as a pretty castigation of the decreasing number of people who believe—or affect to believe—that the country is in constant peril of destruction by the Catholics.

Mr. Hubbard pays his respects to the A. P. A. There be many who believe there is no A. P. A., the life having been so crushed out of the motley crew that it has given up the ghost. In a sense this may be true. As a body organized for the express purpose of depriving Catholics of their citizen rights the A. P. A. has no power to speak of; but there will always be men and women so illy-balanced mentally that the spirit of bigotry will actuate them. So, too, there will always be noble-minded and able non-Catholics like Mr. Elbert Hubbard to dip their pens in gall and wormwood and write these small people down to their proper level.

BIGOTRY'S NIGHTMARE.

In "The Bigotry Bacillus," Mr. Hubbard leads up to the following clever penportrait of the idiot who cannot sleep of nights through fear that Papists will blow him to kingdom come before morning:

"The latest thing in neurotics is paranoia. No doubt it has always existed, but until a disease becomes popularized, so to speak, it cannot consistently lay claim to a technical name. The distinguishing symptom of this malady is fear. The victim is very sure that some one is plotting against him. He knows it. For many months this fear may be upon him, and his intimate friends see nothing wrong in his manner. But he is alert, vigilant and on the lookout. Suddenly some day he sees his wife sprinkle a white powder in his soup. It is salt, but you could never convince him of the fact. He refuses the soup, and his life for the time is spared. Next day he slyly exchanges his cup of coffee for hers. She does not drink all of her coffee—he knows why, but keeps the information to himself. Certain conspirators come to his house in the disguise of rag peddlers, milkmen, etc.: he sees them and mentally makes note. He observes these men afterward on the street, but they pretend not to see him: they turn their backs and walk away. He confronts them; they are astonished and protest their innocence—"just as the guilty always do." The ropes are being drawn tighter around the helpless victim. He sees his children are eyeing him—yes, even they have joined the enemy. A neighbor comes in and assumes a friendliness that he does not feel; it can be seen in his eye. Relentless hate is on the poor fellow's track—ruin, disaster, disgrace, death. Sleepless nights follow days of hot anxiety and one of two things happens. The unhappy wretch in frenzy strikes down his wife or son or neighbor, whom he imagines is about to wrong him, or he flies to a distant city to elude pursuers. Arriving there he detects still other villains on his track; breathless, with bloodshot eyes and blanched face, the cold sweat standing in beads on his forehead, he rushes into a police station and demands protection. He gets it, for every police captain has seen more than one just such case."

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

This personal experience is told in a manner that shows the broad-gauge plan on which the writer is built: "Several years ago I was visiting an old farmer in Illinois, and very naturally the talk was of the World's Fair. Was he going? Not he, he dare not leave his house a single day; did I not know that the Catholics had been ordered by the Pope to burn the barns and houses of all heretics? It sounded like a joke, but I saw the gray eyes of the old man flash and knew he was terribly in earnest. With trembling hands he showed me the Pope's encyclical, printed in a newspaper which had a deep border of awful black. I tried to tell this man that Pope Leo XIII. was a wise and diplomatic leader and probably the most enlightened man who has ever been at the head of the Roman Catholic Church, and by no human probability could he do a thing which would work such injury to the Catholics as well as the rest of humanity. And moreover I gave it as my belief that the encyclical was a clumsy forgery. But my argument was vain. I was taken to the two lodges where rapidly initiating new members, and lurid literature that was being vomited forth from presses in Louisville, Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City was being sent out broadcast.

"I have earnestly endeavored to find proof that the Catholic Church in America was arming and drilling men or countenancing such action, as so boldly stated by leaders of the A. P. A. In many cities I have been given permission to search every part of convents, monasteries and churches where arms were said to be stored. In vain has been my search. I have used all methods known to detectives to find any Catholic in possession of orders to maltreat his neighbors. No request or suggestion or hint showing a desire to injure Protestants have I ever been able to trace to a Catholic priest, Bishop or other dignitary. * * * Many have had similar experiences,

but few have so well told them. Here is the other side of the medal:

"When Dr. Chauncey M. Depew met the Pope some months ago they grasped hands as equals—just as all men should. Among other things Dr. Depew told His Holiness that many of the Central's most faithful and trusted employees were loyal Catholics. And it is a fact that nearly one-half of the men in the employ of railroads in the United States are communicants in the Church of Rome.

"Once upon a day it was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State express. The engineer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of near fifty. I showed my permit, and without a word he motioned me to the fireman's seat in the cab. He ran around his engine with oil can in hand and then climbed to his place and waited for the conductor's signal to start. I was watching, too, and back in the crowd I saw the hand swung aloft. At the instant the engineer turned and made a quick motion as if crossing himself, seized the lever, and we were off. For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages and cities, over crossings, switches, bridges, culverts and through tunnels and viaducts at that terrific rate of a mile a minute. The little man at the throttle looked straight out ahead at the two lines of gleaming steel; one hand was on the throttle, the other ready to grasp the air brake. I was not afraid, for I saw that he was not. He spoke not a word nor looked at me nor at his fireman, who worked like a Titan. But I saw that his lips kept moving as he still forced the flying monster forward.

"At last we reached Albany. What a relief it was! My nerves were unstrung. I had had enough for a lifetime. The little engineer had left the cab and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned to the fireman: 'Bill, why does he keep moving his lips when there at the lever?' 'Who—th' old man? Why, don't you know he's a Catholic. He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident, never touches a drop of anything—the nerviest man I ever kicked a gauge cock, he is, 'swear me!'

"Bill is not a Catholic, neither am I, but we do not ask whether the engineer who pilots us safely to our destination is Presbyterian or Methodist; we only ask that he should be a man who knows his business and is willing to do it. * * *

As was quite proper for a "preachment" Mr. Hubbard concludes with this lay sermon:

"We know the excellent work of the Jesuits among the Indians—we know the lives of LaSalle and Marquette. We know Francis of Assisi, Augustine and the priests who have given their all to leper colonies and still other leper colonies scourged by vice and sin. Then we know of the splendid work of that army of women who toil without pay and who labor without hope of earthly reward in hospitals, asylums—wherever tender hands are needed. Oa battlefields where 'Christians' have gone forth to kill each other their white flag of peace is always seen. They whisper words of comfort to the dying, they close the eyes of the dead, they straighten the stiffening limbs, and by their presence lend a show of decency to the last sad scenes. Then we know the good work of the Protestants. We know their Chautauqua circles, the societies of Christian Endeavor, the W. C. T. U., the college settlements, asylums, hospitals and homes. Catholic and Protestant alike pray to one God, and He who hears the prayer of the nun as she watches by the bedside of the dying hearkens also to the cry of the Protestant mother.

"The light of reason has recently sent gleams of glorious truth throughout all religions. All are coming nearer together, and in many sections we see the dawning of a better day by the untiring of Christian people for practical progress. So be it. But we can go forward only as we leave hate behind. Let Protestants, Catholics and lovers of truth everywhere, be willing to strike hands for good, and let us say as a united people that in this land of freedom there is no room for a secret society that seeks to spread broadcast hate and fear! For if we sow hate, we must reap hate. We awaken in others the same attitude of mind that we hold toward them. 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' Catholics and the big-brained people of all religions can be reconciled to the existence of bigotry when it raises up such defenders of fair play as Elbert Hubbard.

DON T.

From the Pittsburg Oatholic. Don't subscribe for a paper unless you intend to pay for it. Some think they are doing a conscientious duty in taking their paper to read it, but conscience does not prick them when they refuse to pay. Strange is it that they never find out the paper's faults until they are several years in arrears and must at last settle. Then it is they complain and grumble; up to that time it was a most deserving sheet.