

The Catholic Record.

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

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EDUCATED IRISHMEN.

Some time ago we referred to Sir Antony McDonnell's astonishment at the sectarian bitterness which as it seemed to him, prevailed in Ireland. But so far as we know the Irish Catholic has little to do with it. For years he has been in the wilderness, the object of gibe and attack, not only from the enemy, but from those whose charity is not broad enough to cover an Irish Catholic; and though, as Gordon stated in 1880, the state of our fellow-countrymen in Ireland is worse than that of any people in the world, let alone Europe, they are patient beyond belief. Here and there they have been goaded into outbreaks, but at no period has the history of their dealings with non-Catholics been sullied by cruelty and savagery. And not only that, but when their day of power came they refrained from laying the hand of the persecutor upon the Protestant minority and gave them, with the nobility which is characteristic of the Catholic Celtic heart, but love and charity. It is also an old story of non-Catholics receiving the enthusiastic support of the Catholic electorate.

However, men who are on the ground assure us that sectarian bitterness more intense at present than it has been within living memory exists. We may not be able to state all the causes which are responsible for this, but one cause is unquestionably that the Irish Catholic is, thanks to educational facilities, able to compete with and to show in a great many instances, his heels to competitors in the race for prestige in the various departments of life. With an open field and no favour, Catholic ability is making its way.

So long as the Catholic was, either through incompetence or bigotry, debarred from good positions, there was little to disturb the serenity of the Protestant minority. But he is no longer incompetent; and bigotry, though alive and malignant, is not so potent a factor as in times past. Hence the outcries from various sections of the country—from those who have a profound reverence for the days when dogs were taught to run upon the scent of the Friar. The bigots who have been fed with Government spoons and coddled into positions of trust—the squires and lick-spittles whose brains have been added by the maggot of servility cannot stand up and take their medicine. And to give a sort of respectability to their contemptible whining they would have us believe that is due to the grievous injustice meted out to them. But, says a correspondent, Irish Protestants will have to learn that the country was not made for them—that it is Ireland—and that they will have to shake down in equal terms among their fellow-Irishmen or else remain in helpless isolation from the main current of national life.

A singular illustration, says the London Daily Chronicle, of the manner in which Catholic education is bringing the religious into conflict in the worldly arena cropped up the other day at the General Synod of the Church of Ireland. The Great Southern and Western Railway, one of the industrial strongholds of Protestantism, decided, in response to a vehement popular agitation, on throwing open its clerks to public competition. Speaking at the Synod on the education question the Protestant Bishop of Killaloe declared that the effect of this measure would be to place this lucrative public service entirely in Catholic hands. Protestant candidates, he stated, as a well-known fact, were not able to compete with those educated by the Christian Brothers.

ORANGE INTOLERANCE.

We beg to thank an esteemed correspondent for a communication about the Orange dignitary's remarks referred to in a recent issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD, but we shall not publish it. We have said enough to convince any reader that the oration of the gentleman in question was an eloquent tribute to his narrow-mindedness. And in sorrow we write these unflattering words, because the gentleman and his followers have the unpleasant gift of reminding us that the enlightenment of which we hear so much is but a figment. It is too bad, but it is well to know that in some parts of Canada we are facing, not the beautiful vision of brotherhood, but the reality of men who cannot approach a subject con-

ected in any way with Catholics with even a show of dispassionateness. The Doukhobors are bad enough, but they can be taught to work, to abandon their pilgrim tricks and to become eventually good Canadians. But we despair of the Orangemen. They can be suave enough when they have political and commercial ends to further, but experience has taught us that in all things else we cannot depend upon them either for courteous treatment or justice, or anything in fact that tends to bind class to class by the ties of mutual forbearance and good understanding.

And just consider their colossal "nerve" in meddling with the King's business and then censuring the Canadian Parliament for the resolution on Home Rule!

EMPTY PEWS.

One often hears from non-Catholics that the failure of the pulpit to keep in close touch with living things, the life of to-day, has done much to empty the pews and to cause the common people especially to drift away from Sunday services. Doctrines are no longer much desired. Those who talk along lines of dogmatic assertion usually know as much about the subject as their hearers, and it often happens that neither speaker nor hearer knows anything about it at all.

This is a large indictment. The writer evidently bases his opinion of others on what he knows of himself. Because he is unacquainted with doctrines is not a convincing proof that others are as ignorant of it as he is. Nor is a dearth of practical topics a satisfactory explanation of empty pews, because the individuals who own these pews have a controlling influence on the pulpit business.

One wonders, too, what discourses along practical lines may mean. For it strikes us that preachers have had recourse to a manner of expedients to draw an audience. Utilitarian and patriotic subjects have been tried. Public events have been pressed into service to give an edge and savour to themes for the pulpit. Literary reviews and even the individual with the odor of the slums strong upon him have played their part in the work of stimulating and holding the attention of the masses.

And yet the pews are empty! Despite sensational devices, special music, records brought down to suit their requirements, they are apathetic in regard to church-going. The reason is that the masses have lost faith in Protestantism as a religion. Preaching by men of talent and courage will always attract some, but no discourse, however learned, will satisfy those who want authoritative solutions of problems that are always alive. They have, moreover, seen old landmarks, engulfed in the waters of hostile criticism, and their guides wavering and timorous towards doctrine of any kind, and as a result, indifference grows apace and the act of belief is replaced by the careless—Who knows?

But if they had the power, which, to quote De Maistre, stopped Theodosius at the door of the cathedral of Milan. Althea in the road to Rome and Louis XIV. at the altar rail—the power which can touch the hardened heart and restore it to life—which dares all, overcomes all, where there is a soul to comfort, to enlighten or to save—the supernatural power which stands by the cradle to bless it and at the bedside of the dying to speak to the Christian soul the final word of hope and courage—there would be fewer drivellers anent empty pews.

THE CATHOLIC PULPIT.

With us Catholics the case is different. We hear God's word and we reverence it. We like the food of doctrine, and not the mush of sentiment. There are some who affect a disregard for sermons either because they know a great deal or because they have books which treat on religion. But such people are ignorant of their duties as Catholics. Their disregard betokens a small idea of the dignity and power of the preacher, and it often happens that they who talk of book or doctrine confine their reading to the daily newspaper.

The sermon that comes warm from a priestly heart nourishes and intensifies faith. It is the message of Christ to the world. It may not have a setting of polished diction, but it can never fail to fall like a benediction upon Christian hearts. Our preachers speak in the name and with the authority of Christ. No speculative fancies, but the solid truth. Not man-made remedies for evil but those devised by the

wisdom of God. Not the accents of the world, but words pulsating with power from on High. The preacher may have more or less knowledge, but he is always the ambassador of Christ. This should our captious friends remember. Sometimes one hears criticisms from those who are more disposed to look at the manner and delivery of the preacher than at what he says. Hence sapient remarks from the young things who frequent public libraries. Not that they know anything about the merits of a sermon, but it is a species of pretence, not to say irreligion, that makes the sap and sincerity out of men and women and converts them into cackling nuisances. A sermon abounding in gestures and fine language may elicit their approval, while another devoid of rhetorical trappings is, well—rather poor. We do not suppose they mean much by it, but it is a little way they have. They may acquire it at home from careless and ignorant parents, but they do acquire it much to their own satisfaction and the disgust of sensible Catholics who know that the preacher's message is not of himself but of God, and for the sanctification of their souls. These fastidious Catholics need more catechism and less vanity—the spirit of Christ and not that of the world.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Father Brennan in the Missionary. All of my work since my last report has been in Texas. My first mission was given in Palestine, Texas, it being the third I have given there since I have been in the missionary field. It was there during Easter week, and had to contend with the excitement due to a hard-fought municipal contest in the city. At this place an old man eighty-three years of age came back to the Church after remaining away for sixty years. He is the oldest "prodigal" I have had the happiness of receiving up to the present time. He laughed and cried alternately. He was the brother of a good priest, who, doubtless, said many prayers and Masses for his wandering brother. The good priest passed away in the long ago, but no doubt is rejecting to know of his brother's return to the fold. At this place I also received another prodigal who had been away from the Church for thirty years.

From Palestine, in the diocese of Galveston, I went to Seguin, in the diocese of San Antonio. I had the end of the opera week. This was my second mission at this place. When my lectures were announced at Palestine, two or three weeks before my arrival, several of the Protestant churches began revivals on the day I began, no doubt to keep their people from attending the lectures. In Seguin no announcements were made of my coming until the day before my arrival, when the town was flooded with notices of the coming lectures. We took the enemy unawares, and no preparations were made to "head us off," so there was an excellent attendance during the whole week. Good results were obtained in the confessional, and several are receiving instructions. I am now in Dallas, having begun the first mission in our handsome cathedral, the mission in which is an enduring monument to the earnest, persevering and unceasing efforts of our faithful Bishop. No one will ever know the troubles, trials, vexations, and embarrassments he has patiently endured and finally overcome. The cathedral is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. It would do credit to any city, and its magnificence elicits expressions of admiration from all who see it, and astonishment that it could be built at all.

I began my work last Sunday and have had large congregations from the beginning. What the results will be I cannot yet tell. Several have already appeared for instruction. Many lukewarm and unpractical Catholics, some remaining away as long as fifteen years, have returned, they say, to leave no more.

These are my only missions since my last report which was sent in not very long ago. The weather is growing too warm to work in the South, which leads me to say that if any of my sacerdotal brethren in any of the States where the weather is cooler think that the character of work in which I am engaged would be of any advantage to their people, they should be pleased to accept my invitation that might be extended. A letter addressed to me at Weatherford, Texas, will always reach me.

Prof. Honey a Catholic.

Prof. Frederick R. Honey, of New Haven, Conn., formerly professor of mechanical drawing in the Yale scientific school, has been received as a member of St. Mary's Catholic church in that city. The announcement that he had become a Catholic was a surprise to his friends. His brother is Samuel R. Honey, prominent in New York society. Prof. Honey's wife died six months ago. Much of his preparatory study for the Catholic Church was taken under the direction of the Jesuits in Hartford. Prof. Honey graduated from Yale in 1885. He was a member of Christ Episcopal Church, and for years was superintendent of its Sunday school.

A CARDINAL'S DEATH-BED.

When on his death-bed, and the attending physicians offered to alleviate the pains of his body, by the use of the generally employed means, the late Cardinal Vaughan made use of a most beautiful and edifying expression. The dying Cardinal said: "Do not allow any thoughts to get entangled by stimulants and drugs. I want only to be with Jesus and the Holy Family. During the course of his life the eminent prelate delivered many a powerful and powerful sermon, but never one more powerful than that which he uttered in the few words that we quote above.

At that solemn hour, when earth was fading from his vision, and the way of eternity was opening out before him, he did not want distractions that could tend to divert his thoughts from the Source of all Hope and Consolation; above all, he did not want to have his faculties benumbed with narcotics, he preferred to endure the physical pains, for they are to the Christian the surest means of expiating whatever faults may remain in the eternal record against him; he preferred to enjoy the use of his intellect that might direct his thoughts towards Our Lord and the most important task that each of us must sometime or other take.

This is a many-sided lesson, and one that might serve as a subject of meditation for all of us. There is the idea of dying in communion with the Holy Family; the idea of preserving the faculties clear to the end; the idea of suffering the pains sent by God, in the spirit of Christian resignation, and as compensation for life's shortcomings; three grand and salutary ideas upon which we may all meditate.—True Witness.

"PARTING OF THE WAYS."

By a non-Catholic writer in the Buffalo Express. With all its meetings and greetings, its partings and farewells, the grim old station seldom sees a group in which both grief and gladness are so clearly shown. A company of nuns they are, the Sisters whose lives are given to the Church for works of charity and peace. With them a girl, young, yet tranquil, a trifle expression of her eyes, perhaps a trifle more serious than the others, will be a hour has come when she is to bid adieu to the life of the ministry. Small wonder that no trace of laughter lurks about her large, clear eyes in these last fleeting moments.

It is a serious thing to consecrate one's life to the Church for a long time, that age when one is old enough to know the joy of living and young enough to know none of its ills or piti-ousness. No half-hearted consecration this; no quest for quiet after testing the joys the world offers and finding them unsatisfying. No; a full, rich gift, a whole-hearted offering, untouched by worldliness. With the girl is her mother, the woman who is giving up her daughter to the Church. The father and another daughter are there also. For years their lives have intertwined; the break in the circle is here at last. The call for the train is sounded. Those who are going to the mother house must start. The final words that write the heart are whispered amid the din of machinery, the hissing steam and clang of the bells. The train pulls out, the deed is done, a part triumph and part tragedy.

A REFORMED SOCIALIST.

Mr. David Goldstein, for the last eight years an advocate and propagandist of socialism, publishes a letter written by him to the Massachusetts State Committee of the Socialist party, severing his connection with it and giving his reasons for doing so.

Mr. Goldstein has studied the philosophy of socialism, not in the writings of its opponents, but in those of its most authoritative exponents, such as Karl Marx, Frederick Engels, Kautsky and Bebel, of Germany; Guilde and De Ville, of France; Hyndman and Bax, of England; Vandervelde, of Belgium; Ferri, of Italy, and many others upon the Continent of Europe; by Simons, Herron, Lee Unterman and others in the United States, and therefore must be assumed to know whereof he speaks. He says: "I am convinced that it—the Socialist movement—is not a bona fide political and economic effort; that it would gain political power to the end of dissolving the social, religious, civic, economic and family relationship which now exist, and which has cost man countless ages in upbuilding. Careful study of the underlying causes of discord and disruption which are of constant recurrence, not only within the Socialist parties of the United States, but also in every country in which socialism has taken its propaganda, leads me to the conviction that the attitude of negation to all that is fundamental in human nature—the denial of G. I.—the opposition to the State, the disruption of monogamic marriage—does not nor can it ever lead to a coherent political party with a constructive programme."

Mr. Goldstein has doubtless indicated correctly that ultimate objective of atheistic socialism. Its leaders are perfectly frank. Their purpose is to overthrow the present order of civilization, its moral code, its social and governmental order. But its propagandists in this country are not so frank. They strive to give socialism the character of a political party laboring to redress the grievances that have caused the discontent indicated by the increasing number of strikes in recent years. The absence of capitalism and trustism supply a favorable breeze for their sails, and they are not slow in taking advantage of it. In this way they mislead many good men who would abhor their principles and ultimate aims if they knew them.

To such good and honest meaning the following words of Mr. Goldstein may be of some use: "It is my conviction that, were the philosophical doctrines applied to the present country, or to the civilized world in general as promulgated by the founders of modern scientific revolutionary international socialism, namely, by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, by Kautsky and Bebel, of Germany; Guilde and De Ville, of France; Hyndman and Bax, of England; Vandervelde, of Belgium; Ferri, of Italy, and many others upon the Continent of Europe; by Simons, Herron, Lee Unterman and others in the United States—then economic justice, even to the degree which exists to-day, would be unknown. That is to say, I am convinced that socialism as organized internationally stands for the entire breaking down of the individual standards of moral responsibility; that the Socialist philosophy of economic determinism stands for the substitution of religious principles by social standards of ethics set upon the basis of mere physical satisfactions."

It need not have taken Mr. Goldstein eight years of study to have seen that atheistic socialism, in denying that atheistic theism, left man no support of ambition or goal of desire, but more physical satisfaction. It leaves man without any motive higher than that of the brute—the satisfying of every desire or passion that he is capable of gratifying. No conscience, no curb to cunning and force save the same cunning and force, that regulates brute life in the forest, the law of tooth and claw. It dehumanizes man and makes human society, as distinguished from brute aggregation, impossible.

Mr. Goldstein continues: "The State—no; did I say the State? Socialism, according to the authorities which I have cited, stands for the dissolution of civil law—for the dissolution of political action—in short, for the abolition of the State. These socialist authorities declare they have no respect for the present marriage system; they stand for the abolition of marriage; for the children? Yes, there will be children under socialism—but they will not belong to the mothers. The community will be the father and mother of them all—the guardians of all children, legitimate and illegitimate."

Even if atheistic socialism were in full control of peoples it could not carry out its programme, though it might shed much blood to that end, for in the long run, human nature will assert itself and crush those who would destroy it.

THE REFORMATION SPIRIT.

When the Reformation divided the army of Christ into two opposing camps, who can estimate what a grievous set-back it was to the cause of the world's conversion? From the principles of the Reformation flowed not only many divisions, until at the end of three hundred years we find Protestantism divided, and subdivided, and divided again, into who can say how many varying creeds—each one declaring that disunion is deplorable, yet bent on continuing the disunion, rather than give up one of the marks which differentiate it from the others.

Attempts to unite the different sects do not seem to meet with any success. The Reformation spirit—the spirit of division—is too strong. Citing an unsuccessful attempt to unite two churches in a neighboring town—and attempt which, in fact, results in their being farther apart from unity than ever, the Boston Transcript says: "All this seems to be the result of inherited spite and spleen, the maintenance of a kind of religious vendetta, whereby members of the same denomination, claiming to work for the same high ends, stand toward each other like hostile parties in a labor war. They profess to be engaged in the work of conquering the world for Christ without being able to rule their own spirits."

"Not until the Protestant churches rid themselves of such pettishness can they make progress in the work to which they claim to be consecrated. If they can not rise above mere and small prejudices and show the beauty of the Christian spirit and example, where can we expect to find it? It is in these divisions and subdivisions that the lamented growing weakness of many of these religious bodies is to be found. This may be true to some extent in the cities, but it is to a much larger extent true in the country towns. The cities are

growing; the small towns are diminishing; yet in most of them the old denominational divisions and the old church edifices remain. "But they no longer possess their ancient vigor. They are crippled and anemic. The blood that might nourish one religious body is distributed among several, which compels all to live at a poor, dying rate, if they live at all." And these are the "houses of confusion" which look forward to the defeat of the Catholic Church and the conversion of Catholics to their divided and splenetic opinions! May the Lord give them sense!—Sacred Heart Rev.

PLEDGE AT FIRST COMMUNION.

"Priests are beginning to see," says Father Phelan in the Western Watchman, "the wonderful results of the movement, begun some years ago, of pledging the boys who make their first Communion to total abstinence, until they are twenty-five years old. There are hundreds, and we might say thousands, of young men in this city to-day who do not know the taste of intoxicants, and who are proud and happy to say that they never will, who took the pledge on the morning of their first Communion. . . . The young man who never drank before he was twenty-five will never want to drink, and will be an active promoter of temperance all his life. We can not too strongly urge upon priests the importance of giving their young men an opportunity of casting their lot irrevocably on the side of total abstinence.

"Mass-igniting is largely a sin of Saturday night drunkenness, and where it is not that, it is a sin of thoughtlessness. We must win the children to total abstinence, and we must awake their parents to the terrible scandal they give by staying away from Mass on Sunday. No time is more propitious than that of first Communion of the children."

SIGNIFICANT.

There is a movement in England towards replacing in the churches of the Establishment the pictures which the Reformation either removed or covered with whitewash. "I, for one," says the new archbishop of Canterbury, "look forward to no distant date when we shall again rejoice to see our churches clothing their walls with the painter's art which has too long been banished from them. At this moment there are few of our great churches in England in which great pictures are to be seen. This is one of the strongest and most inexplicable facts." The fact is explicable enough. The Stations of the Cross and other pictures were the poor man's Bible, but they were a Catholic Bible. Therefore those who were determined to starve the English people into Protestantism decreed that this Bible should be destroyed. We say starve, because that is what the process amounted to in the spiritual order. The masses could not do without religion; so they took, much against their will, the few fragments of the Catholic loaf which were given to them. How little their heart-hunger was satisfied may be judged when we see the crowds of their descendants, who look to gaze reverently upon Sargent's "Crucifixion" in the Boston Public Gallery.—Antigonish Casket.

For Homemakers.

Did you ever stop and think how a cheery word spoken by wife or husband in the morning as the husband goes out to busy cares of the day, will follow the one spoken to through the entire day. It may be some word of complaining from the husband about the "good breakfast" provided by the wife. It may be a kind suggestion from the husband—"Don't undertake too much work and get sick. I hope the time will come when I can hire someone." On the other hand, how much heartpain can be caused by a snap or a snarl at the breakfast hour. The words of fault-finding will ring in the ears the liveliest day. As you begin the day let the sunshine into the soul and do not be selfish about it, but let a little out now and then in direct reflection upon those about you. Smile as you pass by. Speak and smile to children, and try to encourage him who toils by your side in less fortunate circumstances than you are surrounded by.

Her Religion Her Comfort.

"Childless, crownless, without a country, and with memories of a husband who proved faithless and brutal, all that poor ex-Queen Natalia has to comfort her in her day of desolation," says the Catholic Union and Times, "is her Catholic religion which she embraced, and of which she is so devoted an attendant."

THE QUESTION BOX

by Father Conway, is a book of some six hundred pages, being the replies given to questions received during missions to non-Catholics. It has a good index—often a neglected part of many otherwise useful publications. All sorts of questions from the days of St. Peter—was he ever in Rome?—down to the fads of the day, like Christian Science, have been asked in these missions, and in this book find an answer. We predict for this work a large circulation and much good. Just such a little book as Catholics might have and hand to their non-Catholic neighbors. It is bound in paper and can be had for 25c, post-paid from the CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont. The sale has already in one month reached 30,000.