

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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TRAINED MEN WANTED.

Our readers will pardon us for again insisting upon the necessity of giving the rising generation every educational advantage. We cannot afford to be remiss in this important matter, not only because a course in our colleges is discipline to heart and mind, upholding us into the invigorating atmosphere of thought and culture, but because our influence also depends upon the measure of our education. The worse than criminal folly, then, of permitting our boys to leave school when they will, must not only be condemned, but combated by every means in our power. For it is a fatuous policy. It restricts our sphere of usefulness and tends to bequeath us a mob of incapables, content indeed with sleep and provender, but indifferent to the things that make for our progress. We must have trained men in every department of life, or we are destined to become mere clergymen in the community. We are certain to retrograde if we persist in vainglorious speech, and the while shutting our eyes to the fact that if we see not to it that our boys have at least an opportunity to acquire the education that is indispensable for good work, the advancement which we extol is but an optimistic delusion.

THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

Speaking recently on "The Catholic Layman," the Rev. M. Dowling, S. J., gave utterance to the following statement, which we think will not be controverted by any observer. Hitherto, he said, we have not interested young men sufficiently in church affairs; yet they are the men who lend boldness, energy and enthusiasm to any undertaking. Old men may be safer, but when any great work is to be done, the safe man is the poorest kind of a leader. Your good easy man who tries to keep things quiet, and wants to let well enough alone, who fears to stir up a hornet's nest; who has fixed notions on the evils growing out of agitation, who is afraid of anything new—such a man will never initiate any new movement, or give more than a half-hearted support to any that is initiated. We must never forget that the Church we belong to is the Church Militant, and when war is on young men are pushed to the front. A minority must necessarily be a strong leaven affecting the whole mass about it, or it is doomed to quick decay. Unless it be a living, energizing force it will be stamped out. Referring to the fact—too true, alas!—that many laymen fritter away their time in useless societies, he goes on to exhort his auditors to carry their faith into every department of human activity:

"You can, then, profitably follow the advice of Cardinal Newman to the Brothers of the Oratory: 'Oblige men to know you; press yourself and the Church upon their notice; shame them into knowing you; they will affect not to see your upright deeds; they will look down, in the air, aside, every sign that they fear you may have the truth, and that would be disquieting; know them; don't let them. A religion from God must win the day when known. Make your religion known.'"

QUESTIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

One thing that amazes us is Catholics flocking to witness dramatic productions that are, to put it mildly, based on episodes of terra cotta color. We presume that the high price of the seats and the pleasure of rubbing elbows with some social magnate prevents them from taking a moral chill. But the mystery of it all is that respectable men and women assist at the portrayal of incidents that are, we charitably suppose, not alluded to in polite society, and, moreover, do it calmly and to all seeming without a qualm of conscience. They go, of course, to hear a graceful rendition of eloquent lines, and besides bring their children with them for the same purpose. And this, whilst indicating that their taste is in sad need of cultivation, shows also a deplorable want of common sense on their part. Wherein is the use of preaching to our children if we allow them to accompany us to questionable entertainments, or to know that we our-

selves have a penchant for that species of drama? We cannot indeed keep blinders on our boys and girls, but we need not place prurient manifestations of life before their eyes. We are altogether too easy going in some matters, and this is one of them. We are misled by public opinion—that is, the kind manufactured by those who have no sense of evil—and look askance only at what falls under the ban of the civil authorities. Because a thing worthy of a devotee of Astarte is referred to pass uncensured by the critics, is no reason why we who have our ideals, and who are taught from earliest childhood the necessity of guarding our better nature from all possible ruin should take the same view.

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

When Mr. O'Donnell attempted to address the British Parliament in Gaelic there was much and sundry comment from scribes all over the country. Now the people who imagine that the Gaelic is a dead and forgotten language will be surprised to learn that, according to Seamus McManus, there are at least 900,000 persons in Ireland who can speak the language of their land.

"In most parts of the mountains of Donegal," he says, "the youth are given their religious instruction in Irish, the rosary at bed-time is said in Irish, and their commercial business conducted in the same language. Everywhere Gaelic classes are in formation, and we may live to see the re-establishment of the old tongue and to hear Irishmen speaking the same language that fell from the lips of saint and scholar, and carried love and truth to the ends of the earth."

"If the Fates unfortunately will it," to quote Mr. McManus again, "that we Irish cannot be free in form, we be free in our hearts, and we will, with the help of God, attain national freedom, talking our own distinct language, cultivating our own literature, and thinking and expressing ourselves according to our own models, rather than models made in London."

UNCLE SAM AND THE ELLIPINOS.

There has of late been a noticeable decrease in the number of the perfervid loyalty-breathing discourses one was wont to hear so often from our brethren in the United States. And it is vastly more conducive to dignity and no sign that their reverence for the flag has been diminished in any way. It is merely a proof that they have outgrown the wearisome necessity of reciting their civil act of faith on every occasion, and are perhaps not so sure as they were a short time back that the United States is, in liberty and civilization, more richly endowed than the effete monarchies of Europe.

Recent events also seem to indicate that Catholics need not, for the present at least, be unduly eulogistic of the powers that be. One may not, in the quickly moving scenes of the drama of imperialism, see everything distinctly, but a glimpse of one or two incidents warrants us in believing that the liberty of which we hear so much is for home consumption, and then in limited quantities. Certainly not for other peoples, the Salutes excepted. The pagan potentate who rules the land of the Sulu is allowed the utmost freedom in catering to his several tastes, and has, up to date, not been troubled by the benevolent assimilation. What strikes one is why the charming tactfulness in treating with him has not been displayed in dealing with the Filipinos, who are admittedly a moral and religious people, and certainly more susceptible to the refinement and enlightenment that are commonly supposed to be the inalienable heritage of the white man.

And yet how have they been dealt with? Without going into past events, we may say that the history written by the United States soldiers since their descent upon the Philippines—by the gentlemen who investigate the Filipino, and oblivious of the fact that the Oriental is even to those who know him best a bewildering and elusive quantity, know all about him—by those who have removed the pictures and crucifixes from the public schools in the Philippines, despite the fact that the United States

solely pledged itself by the terms of its treaty with Spain to preserve inviolate the religious rights of the Filipino—will not be justified over by coming generations. This latest move may be justified by the publicist politician. It may be condoned by the bigot, who sees in every attack upon the Church a victory for his own particular branch of error, but a genuine citizen will recognize it not only as an outrage upon the Filipino and a direct insult to every Catholic, but an exhibition of hypocrisy and duplicity.

Perhaps the gentlemen who removed the religious emblems thought it was the first step towards giving the Filipino a brand new school system patterned after the one in vogue in the United States. But he should have taken time for deliberation. And if he had had he would have discovered that the public school—the school without pictures and crucifixes, without God—has been a fruitful source of immortality and crime, and, according to those competent to judge, has been in many respects a flat and dismal failure. Any lover of his kind should be slow to bestow upon any land such an unmitigated curse as the godless school.

Our brethren over the border have done much towards the upbuilding of the commonwealth. They have fought and died for it; they have extolled and hailed it as the embodiment of all that was highest and best in civil government. But their services seem not to have any appreciable influence upon the policy of the authorities. It may, of course, be current events will pardon us for thinking that their liberty and equality is so far but a beautiful dream.

THE MIRACULOUS CURE OF A SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH.

Prayed for a Relief From Pain or the Grace for a Happy Death—For Eighteen Years She Suffered With a Cancer—All Hope Abandoned.

St. Louis, Mo., Progress. Faith moveth mountains. All things are possible to the power of prayer. God seeing the time propitious. Religious and secular circles of St. Louis were astounded last week with the announcement of a cure which is nothing less than a miracle—the intervention of God in the ordinary course of nature—the miraculous cure of Sister Laura of the Order of St. Joseph.

There was nothing new, however, in the announcement to the Church Progress, for it had been in possession of the fact since the twelfth day of last March, or next day after the occurrence. The fact that the information was not given to the public was due to no doubt as to the genuineness of the miraculous cure, for there was no room for that. But we were awaiting the affidavits of the physicians that would preclude all questioning the truth on the part of the doubting public.

The case is now reviewed that it may receive the stamp of authority for its reproduction in all other Catholic journals which may deem it deserving of perusal by their Catholic readers. And for the further reason that it will serve to correct many of the inaccuracies which appeared in its recital by the secular press.

For the past eighteen years Sister Laura of the Order of St. Joseph had been afflicted with cancer of the stomach. During the last two years of this time she has been incapacitated for duty of any kind, and retired to the Retreat at Nazareth, situated about five miles south of Jefferson Barracks. As the deadly disease wore on Sister Laura's pain became something terrible. She has subsisted for sixteen years upon nothing but liquid food—unable to take even bread.

About a year ago Dr. S. J. Will, of Melville, St. Louis county, who had been attending her, gave up her case as hopeless. She declined rapidly, while the disease advanced in proportion. Soon it covered about a foot in diameter on her bosom. Medical skill could no longer give her hopes of anything but death, which was even preferable to her agonies of pain.

Convinced of the impossibility of relief from the latter by human effort, without consequences perhaps as bad, Sister Laura sought alleviation through another source. She concluded to make a novena to St. Joseph. Her object was to obtain relief from her pains or the grace of a happy death. This novena was closed on the feast of St. Joseph. Sister Laura, after receiving Holy Communion, returned to her room and retired again sometime after 7 o'clock. She fell into a sleep, waking about an hour to find herself not only free of pain, but cured. Her prayers were heard. God had worked a miracle.

In addition to the testimony of Sister Laura we have the corroborative evidence of Rev. Mother Justine of the Retreat at Nazareth; Rev. Mother Agatha of the Convent of Our Lady of

Good Counsel on Cass avenue, and others who have seen the healed wound, as well as the attending physicians.

We give only those of Mother Justine, Mother Superior of the Retreat at Nazareth, and Dr. Harkins. The former said: When I came here last August as Mother Superior, Sister Mary Laura was very ill of cancer. I have known her probably ten years. I first knew her at the convent on Cass avenue. During the whole of last summer she was very sick—so sick that she could hardly move her bed. In October, she became a little better, but still took her an hour or more to dress herself.

Dr. S. J. Will, of Melville, a mile and a quarter from here, attended her before I came, but about a year ago he gave up the case, regarding it as hopeless. Sister Mary Laura used to dress the room herself, three or four times a day, especially in summer. The pain from the cancer was so great that she could not attend to her body in any direction. By using the greatest care she was able to crocheted a little, but her hands soon tired. Her case was pitiful and none of us thought she would live.

On the 8th of March she called for me and told me that she wanted to make a novena for her recovery.

"I will pray to St. Joseph," she said. "If it is his will and the will of God, I will recover."

The next morning her novena commenced. For eight days she was so violently ill that she could not attend to the door of the chapel to receive Communion. She sat on a chair just outside, for fear she would faint. On the morning of March 18, after being assisted to dress, Sister Mary Laura said to herself, as she afterwards told me: "I will remain for Mass this morning, even though I die in the attempt. If St. Joseph wishes to cure me he will do so; if not, I shall die."

Mass was concluded about ten minutes after 7 o'clock. Sister Mary Laura, exhausted, returned, and threw herself on the bed. She was greatly discouraged. "I believe I am going to die," she said to me. Every morning she had violent spells of vomiting. She returned to her room not more than forty-five minutes later. Her face was flushed, almost red. She awoke as I entered and smiled. I remarked about her unusual appearance and left the room.

Only a few minutes later Sister Mary Laura rushed into my room, exclaiming: "Mother I am well! It does not hurt at all! St. Joseph has cured me!"

She tore away the bandage and pressed my hand to her chest. Nothing was there but a white scar, extending all the way across. In shape it was entirely cured. Sister Bernadetta, who between 5 and 6 o'clock that same morning had dressed what was then a running sore, witnessed the miraculous change.

Sister Mary Laura immediately became able to eat solid food. That very day she requested to be allowed to help wash the dishes. The next day she participated in the exercises attending the Feast of St. Joseph, and the next day I drove with her in a buggy to the Convent of St. Joseph in Carondelet. We were summoned there by Mother Seraphine, a Sister of Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Minn., who had come down on business and who had heard of this wonderful cure.

On the way up we were stopped at the office of Dr. Will in Melville and Sister Mary Laura jumped out of the buggy and ran in to see him. He could hardly believe his eyes.

"It is marvelous," he said. He had given her up as hopeless.

Mother Seraphine, Mother Superior Agatha of St. Joseph's Convent, and others, all knowing of her former condition, inspected the scar which now remained. Mother Seraphine knew Sister Mary Laura years ago on Cass avenue, and knew that she was afflicted with cancer.

Her cure is nothing short of a miracle. It came in direct answer to prayer.

Dr. H. C. Harkins of 1619 Cass avenue, said: "I have been the physician at the Convent on Cass avenue for five years. I know Sister Mary Laura, and treated her for cancer of the stomach. Her condition was so critical at one time that the final prayers were being said by the Sisters. For years she ate nothing but liquid food, and even that was discontinued every few days, because it was not assimilated."

I regarded her as wholly incurable. If she is well now, as I am informed, I can only say that I believe such a cure was wrought by superhuman power. The scar on her chest extended clear across and was about twelve inches up and down, including the tree like branches.

then hopeful, and afterwards reformatory.

A LAUGHABLE ATTEMPT TO SUPPLANT RELIGION.

Dr. DeCosta's Pungent and Caustic Review of Two Recent Books.

Dr. B. F. DeCosta, the distinguished convert, contributes to the New York Journal a pungent and caustic review of "The New Epoch of Faith," by Rev. George A. Gordon, and "A Book of Common Worship," compiled by Rev. R. Heber Newton. Thomas R. Spilcer. These two books, he writes, the second of which has a triple authorship, fit one another as the hand fits the glove. The "Book of Worship," advocating a most uncommon worship, is the logical outcome of the attempt to form new "conceptions of faith," in opposition to what Scripture calls "the faith once delivered to the saints." The respective authors of these interesting books are most amiable, well meaning and cultured persons, according to the spirit of the age, which favors antagonism to orthodoxy; they hold their place in the moral scale while seeking to undermine the foundations of the religious order. Those who favor this sort of morality on the part of religious teachers may call the first book soulful, and view the same as an expression of reverence.

The two books agree in that they exhibit a certain humor. This humor being unconscious, the author of "The New Epoch" is unable to see the funny side of his own performance, and gravely remarks of his humor, and gravely undertakes it is his task: "For such an undertaking it is obvious that knowledge is necessary, and adds, with becoming humility, 'This essential preliminary is indeed appalling.' After this he feels no embarrassment. The authors of the plan of worship

where they put their valuable autographs to the statement that "the imperfections of this little manual may perhaps, be excused by reason of the haste necessary in preparing it."

What, however, if these excellent persons, remembering their noble desire to suppress the Christian religion and taken a little more time? It is evident that haste would have produced valuable results of their brief, hasty labors that if they had put a more prolonged and patient effort into the task committed to them by the New York State Conference of Religion they would have achieved a result that the Church of England, with all its genius and learning, has vainly endeavored to accomplish during the past six hundred years. In fact, they would have produced a book of common worship. They would have met a "long felt want."

It is out of the question now to inquire what the author of the "New Epoch" would have accomplished for religion and humanity if he had not found the conditions quite so "appalling." Nevertheless, he has written a book that will be enjoyed, especially by people who condemn "authority," feel abundantly able to deal offhand with the problems of the universe, and who think that, amid rocks and shallows and tides, they can proudly paddle their own canoe. It will also prove acceptable to a listless class, who like to drift without ballast or compass.

BACKED BY BOSTON "CULHAW." Shall the author has the Lowell Institute of Boston behind him, and with this advantage he does not hesitate, in the face of "appalling" difficulties, to construct a scheme for the future. This is a consolation for people who ask for authority in religion. Nevertheless, by those who accept the author's view point, this book will be regarded as a creditable attempt to estimate the "moods" of the present century taken in relation to "final issues."

People, however, who have been used to larger views and who are not accustomed to have their belief fixed, or rather, unfixed, in the hall of Lowell Institute, will make bold to say that the author is rather provincial. He confounds the "moods" that prevail around Boston Common with the convictions and aspirations of the world. The great masses of Christians everywhere hold that the "final issues" were recognized some 1800 years ago. The real situation, however, is coolly ignored. The treatment is local and Bostonese.

One must not suppose, however, that the author is wanting in kindly consideration. He practices self-restraint, and, in fact, exhibits quite as much as may be desired in an epoch-making book, which is the kind of a book he seems to think he was writing. Still he is in no great hurry to change the whole character of Christianity, even though that is the practical result. The Bible as authority is discarded. It has lost its place in the scheme of thought, and everything is to be decided by unregulated private judgment. The book changes the theological drift of the new century.

The fruit of teaching like his may be found in this extraordinary "Book of Common Worship," which PRACTICALLY DISTINGUISHES CHRISTIANITY, and would paganize both Christian

worship and belief. Of course, the people will do as they choose, and this compilation is designed to give them the needed help. It is composed of "Scripture readings," "prayers" and "hymns." The bulk of what is given as "scripture" is drawn from the Hindus, Persians, Chinese, Egyptians, Buddhists, Greeks, Romans and Mohammedans. The Christian Bible is placed on a level with Ethic writings and is in bad company, while the action is waiting in ethical consistency, at least so far as one compiler may be concerned.

The prayers are tumbled into the book and are destitute of ritual order or significance. Catholic manuals are drawn upon, while the Episcopal prayer book furnishes a large quota. Unitarian and Hebrew prayers also are used. The authors deliberately cut from the prayers all that gives them a Christian character, the name of Christ being coolly cast out, especially from the beautiful prayers of the Catholic and Episcopal Churches.

This is done in the most impudent manner, insulting the reader's intelligence by telling him that the "formula" omitted belongs to the "latter times," otherwise that the devout recognition of Jesus Christ in our day has no warrant in the early ages. This is distinctly false, as all persons acquainted with the subject know.

The book represents an effort to throttle and chloroform Christianity. It indeed contains much that one may read with profit, and admire; yet it is a pagan performance and a conspiracy against Christian worship. The dishonored name of the founder of the Christian religion will appear as reprehensible in the eye of the true Protestant as in the view of every member of the ancient Church, whether of the east or the west. Singularly, it is a book adapted to those bunched together, with an accustomed lack of consideration in Anglican books, as "Jew, Turk, heretic and infidel." Yet this is what the "state conference of religion" wants, and it is their business.

The book calls for notice, being a part of the signs of the times, since paganism has scored a victory, so far as the printer may be concerned.

If, however, the cultured Boston Congregationalist who encourages the "new epoch" had seen this book in season he might have pondered the logical result of his own mental meanderings and offered some deprecation of this, the latest attempt of the "conference of religion" to weld together the good and bad, truth and the error since in his preface he observes, not without feeling, that he has no desire to become president of the "Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society." This is plain language for a person, yet it expresses the ambition of some folk out of Boston.

THE POWER OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

Back in the early seventies Mr. P— was one of the most prosperous merchants in the city of St. Louis. He was a man of generous impulses and always ready to assist those who enjoyed his friendship.

Suddenly he found himself ruined. His business and wealth were swept away by total liberal endorsements. A period of succeeding misfortunes set upon him and cloed with a sickness that made him not only poor, but almost helpless. Eventually he drifted into the great neglected throng in the "little house over the hill."

This institution is under the care of the good Franciscan Fathers. Born into Protestantism, Mr. P— found it congenial until the Franciscans crossed his way. The quiet, humble manner of the Fathers captured his attention. Study of their actions awakened admiration. He responded to the grace of God working upon him and in proper time was admitted into Holy Mother Church.

Converted by the simple power of good example! To day he is in light employment at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, happy and full of zeal for the salvation of souls. The incident stands as an eloquent sermon to every Catholic. It points to them their duty. It shows that their influence for good is measured more by their manner of life than by the faith they possess. Let, then, the truth of the doctrines they cherish be reflected in their daily life.

NO "ROMISH" PRACTICES.

We take the following from the columns of an English exchange:

"There was rather an amusing incident on Sunday at Holy Trinity church, Turnridge Wells, where the services are conducted on strictly evangelical lines. With the intention of taking part in morning prayer, a Brighton medical gentleman entered the church and was shown to a seat by the vergers. Previous to entering the pew the medical man gracefully bowed to the official in acknowledgment of the courtesy he had been shown. A seat-holder mistook the extended nod of the Brightonian for a bow in the direction of the altar, and quickly addressed the new comer remarking: 'You cannot sit in my seat. We have no Romish practices here.' Finding that an explanation was of no avail, the medical man was compelled to seek a seat in the rear."