

The Catholic Record.

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

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JUGGLERS AND PROPHETS.

The journalists who are juggling with the Pope's Encyclical to the French Bishops are but imitating in their own way the performances of the anti-Catholic correspondents of the great metropolitan prints. That many of these writers are special pleaders hired to make out a case against the Church, is well known. That their opinions are valueless, save to those whose eyes are blurred by hate, is admitted by the non-Catholic who has not parted with his reason. But they are quoted by scribes who wrap themselves in a vesture of seeming impartiality and weep over the ravages of yellow journalism. Just now they are emitting oracular platitudes over the tactlessness of the Pope's attitude towards the French Government. They would have the Papal policy to bend to every whim and caprice of men who, when dealing with the Church, recognize neither truth nor justice, and whose avowed design, in enacting the Law of Separation, was to disrupt all ecclesiastical organizations in France. If any one can read the provision of this law, without noticing its encroachments upon civil and religious liberty, his optic nerve, so far as justice is concerned, is in disrepair. It may be reactionary for Pius X. to object to rules fashioned by the professed enemies of the Church, but we suspect that the people who are fond of this word "reactionary" might protest against outsiders interfering with the government of their own sects and frame their protest in words egotistic of manliness and conscience. It is all in the point of view. Then the prophecy business has never been successful. "One after another," wrote a journalist, Mr. Vance Thompson, if we remember aright, "the centuries have come beating at the door of the Vatican, and the Roman Church, in the frail worn form of some old man, has come forth. 'What do you want?' 'Change?' 'I do not change.' Against this immobility political forces break themselves in vain. Others have ridden out before Jaures and his cohorts of socialism: stronger armies than the one led by Combes and obliterated by international financiers, have charged against it. The immobile remains."

WHAT WE THINK ABOUT IT.

For our part, we believe that the Separation Law will rouse French Catholics from their inaction and fuse them into organized opposition to Government oppression. The indifference which allows them to be manipulated by a handful of Infidels may pass away when their shrines and churches are desecrated. We predict that the zeal of anticlericalism will discover that God has his part in the making of history. When Julian the Apostate's crusade against the Church seemed to be successful, one of the pagan leaders cried out to a priest of Antioch: "What is the sun of the carpenter doing now?" The priest answered: "He is making a coffin for the arch-enemy of Holy Church." And Julian, as his life ebbed away in the field of battle, saw and confessed the failure of his plans for the destruction of the Church. We mention him because the enemies of religion in our days adopt his policy, notably in their campaign against Christian education.

While waiting for the final act of the French tragedy, let us not forget, in the words of Mr. Bodley, that the French people are not exempt from human failings, but on the whole the mass of the people exercise virtues in their daily life. Intemperance, thriftlessness and the hopeless condition of the poor in our cities are stains on English civilization which have little counterpart in France.

SPECULATION VERSUS FACT.

"But in this age of down-pulling and disbelief," said Carlyle, many years ago, "the very devil has been pulled down; you cannot so much as believe in a devil." What would dyspeptic Thomas say of our day, which has relegated the devil to the domain of the absurd and fanciful. Man's speculations do not change the fact that there is a devil. He may like to think that diabolic power is non-existent, but his thought is not proof against the authority of Scripture. The world, which brands poverty as a crime and paints the finger of scorn at nations which are not burdened with money, and dismisses gross sin as the mere breaking of

"conventionality," may draw a veil over the mouth of hell and so expend much imaginative power and time. But all this does not prevent God from dealing with sinners "according to their uncleanness and wickedness." It does not quench the fire which God has kindled in his wrath. It does not keep the devil from going about and blinding men to their immortal destiny.

SCIENTISTS AND CHARLATANS.

In concluding a discourse on the progress of science in the last quarter of a century Professor Ray Lankester, President of the British Association, said: "Men of science seek in all reverence to discover the Almighty, the Everlasting. They claim sympathy and friendship with those who, like themselves, have turned away from the more material struggles of human life and have set their hearts and minds on the knowledge of the Eternal."

This language is different from what we hear from men of the Haeckel type. Scientists and theologians who understand their business are always friends. When, however, a scientist gives over the study of phenomena and their laws and wanders into the by-paths of scientific fiction, he is apt to be treated as a nuisance. As a matter of fact Haeckel has long been discredited among German scientists.

MEN UNAFRAID AND GLAD.

We need the earnest Catholic—loyal and simple—the one who reverences authority and is aggressive as stands the man who knows where he stands and what he stands for. We are on trial every day; keen eyes are inspecting our way of living. If we are buoyed up with the hope of doing something for religion men will see the love and truth which we claim to possess. If we are in nowise different from our fellows, we may be dismissed as hypocrites or as harmless numblers of meaningless words. We pity the bad Catholic—that is, the one whose life, so far as the world goes, is at variance with the code in honour among respectable citizens. But he is looked upon, as a rule, as a nonentity or a fool or a mere tank for rum and the stories of the bar-tender. He is not one of the men who work and think. He is popular, as it is styled, because forsooth he is not in the way of anything or anybody. He is a disgrace to us, but it is the indifferent Catholic, who looms large in social and commercial circles, who is a barrier to the extension of God's Kingdom on earth. To him men look for evidences of the faith which they have not. But however intently they watch they can discern too often unfortunately but what is visible in the lives of their neighbours, and so the indifferent Catholic stumbles on criticizing his bishop, allowing his children to go to non-Catholic schools and colleges, and taking no part in parochial work. Alas, says Cardinal Newman, for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or have misused or abused them: who have had wealth and have spent it on themselves, who have had abilities and have advocated what was sinful, or ridiculed what was true or scattered doubts against what was sacred. Alas! for those of whom the best that can be said is, that they are harmless and naturally blameless, while they never have attempted to cleanse their hearts or live in God's sight.

WHERE ARE THE SONS?

"What has become of the sons of Catholic millionaires in New York and San Francisco?" asks the Rev. Dr. D. S. Phelan in the Western Watchman. "We have often heard of their fathers," he writes, "but never of them. Their fathers were noted for their generous support of the Church and her charities, and they were edifying members of society. They have dropped out of the Church and dropped into the polluted 'swim.' The clergy of San Francisco tell the world that the benefactors of the Church of other days have left no heirs, and there are only the very poor left to rebuild the ruined structures of the past. The young Catholic millionaires have no money to spare, as their style of living demands every penny of their income. But it would be bad enough if this was all that could be said to their discredit. These Catholic young millionaires are as corrupt nearly as their Protestant companions, and are doing their full share toward corrupting the rising generation of boys and girls. Their life is a round of dissipation, and the trail of their immorality is drawn over the five continents."

The purest pleasure is to give pleasure, and the highest glory belongs to those who labor earnestly, both by thinking and by doing, to make truth, justice and love prevail. — Bishop Spalding.

LETTER FROM FATHER MUGAN.

London, Eng., August 22, 1906.
We are in the whirlpool of the world. This is the city around which the commerce of the nations revolves. This is the greater Babylon which speaks all human tongues. This is the world's storehouse of wealth and power. This is the mighty citadel at whose beck and will the nations, the army, and the navies of the world, move or stand. This is a vaster city than has been. This is an overflowing caldron of humanity. This is the seat of empire of many nations. This is London.

From the hospitable heather-covered hills and valleys of Scotland we ere-waited took our way to the South, across the largest bridge in the world over the firth of the Forth, passed the Tweed and Clyde, the famous fields of Flodden and Bannockburn, the beautiful district of Argyll, the important cities of Dumfries and Carlisle and the Roman Wall of Adrian, into England, near the famous Gretna Green, a village so celebrated for English marriages under Scottish laws.

Most of England is a fine looking country, at least what is not covered with cities, factories and railroads, as very much is. The country is well shaded with green groves and hedge fences. Parts are fairly level but most of it is diversified with low rolling mountains, not so high or rugged as in Ireland and Scotland, fine wide valleys, clear streams and lots of wide spreading trees, most of the land in pasture, with considerable hay and a remarkable abundance of sheep and cattle, and absence of cultivation except in the South. The towns and cities of England are numerous and populous. There is Liverpool with nearly a million people living principally on its shipping and commerce with foreign nations. These is Manchester and Birmingham each with nearly 800,000 people in the midst of the mining regions, manufacturing iron and steel for building the framework of the vast cities, railroads, bridges, etc. The large cities of Leeds, Chesterfield, Nottingham, Derby, etc., manufacture English broadcloths, tweeds, silks, woolsens, cottons, linens, and other fabrics and furnishings almost to no end for the wide world. It is most interesting to watch and study the vast number and various kinds of looms and spinning machines in operation. Human genius and industry is here displayed. Those smoothly running machines, those countless myriads of revolving spindles and flying shuttles, all moving in obedience to their own laws and at high speed, are wonderful. From the raw wool of the sheep's back, from the products of the silkworm, from the raw flax and cotton, around the electric spindles, through drying and coloring vats, the yarn and thread is carried by the flying shuttles through the looms with such accurate and precise order and combinations as to roll out from the coarsest to the finest fabrics of most beautiful colors in plain, figured, floral, or pictured designs, that go to make up the contents of our dry goods stores. And there are the thousands of girls, yes, hundreds of thousands, I venture to say, even to say millions, employed in operating these factories of England year after year, each trying to make a living for themselves and others depending on them, and each having their bodies and immortal souls to take care of. Where are the boys and men? Very few are to be seen. They are gone in large numbers to make up the armies and navies of England. The cities of Sheffield, Leicester and Bedford are noted for their steel goods, brass works, porcelain, etc. Along the railroads in some parts it would seem an almost continuous city for forty or fifty miles at a time, town after town and city after city, long ranges of tall chimneys and immense factories far and wide, showing the enormous manufacturing industry of England. Wherever we penetrate into these churches, many fine structures old and new, but without the distinctive marks and signs we are looking for, but we are glad to say there are many also in every part, not with the paper advertisements outside the doors, but bearing the plain cross on high, and having the Sanctuary light perpetually burning before the tabernacle, showing the true house of God and Sanctuary of the Divinity. We visited many of these churches and said Mass in some of them, and prayed for the intentions of the Church and the welfare of our people. We are walking over history; everything has its history. The priests are kind, reverential and ever obliging. The people are ever courteous and accommodating. Everything is guarded with strict discipline. Our letters admit us everywhere.

Oxford! We come next to the seat of the world famous University of Oxford, about fifty miles from London. There are here thirty-two distinct colleges, each having its own faculty and government, and all clustered around and affiliated to the one examining body, which confers the degrees, called Oxford University. Many of the old college buildings have their stone walls, buttresses and doorways, eaten in honey comb fashion and scaling off with the weather; many more are newer and finer looking. All are solid with heavy towers and domes, built for time and with great variety of architecture. The different colleges are generally built in form of a hollow square, having a chapel on one side, which is the distinctive feature of each. The scientific halls, containing specimens of natural history, instruments, libraries and works of art, millions in number and endless in variety, are

an instructive study. We spent a whole day visiting some of them. The city of Oxford, with about 200,000 inhabitants has grown right in among the colleges, so that city and colleges make one compact body—with streets in squares, in circles, in triangles, in stars, in mazes, in labyrinths and every other mathematical figure; with small interior parks, lawns, roof and hanging gardens, interior courts, deer parks, zoological gardens and aquariums. Here the statesmen, the great orators, writers, rulers, historians, poets, divines, generals, kings, princes, monarchs and scientists of all nations and of all ages, from the time of Alfred the Great, who established the first college here in 890, down to the present, have studied. We must not depreciate the honor and merit due to Cambridge in its great work of education, but Oxford has always carried on its scientific courses in a more gigantic scale and attracted to its ancient walls more of the great scholars of the world. Both, however, it is sad to know, have grievously strayed from the path of truth in religious science and gone into the regions of error and schism. It is consoling, however, to see so many stars of transcendent brightness coming forth, Oxford throwing their light over the English world and true as the needle to the pole leading the brightest minds with countless numbers of followers, back to the true light and the true fold. These are the Fabres, the Wiseman, the Mannings, the Newmans.

London! One of our companions had left us about a month before at Dublin and gone on his special business to London. He had secured suitable accommodations for us so that on our arrival at St. Pancras Station in the great city we drove in a hansom direct to 68 Gower street, near St. Patrick's church, and were greeted at the door with a warm handshake in a most friendly and homelike manner by our host who was expecting us, and who recognized us at once by our bill of fare given by our advance agent. There were other Canadian and American guests in the house so we were at home at once. London claims over 7,000,000 of inhabitants. What can we say about it? It is not hot nor so cool at this season as Scotland and Ireland. It is mild and sprinkled with rain often and nearly always cloudy. We have seen scarcely a fly or insect since we left America. This is owing to the cool even climate. The temperature scarcely changes a few degrees day or night from one end of the week to the other. Everybody seems to have enough to eat and it is amazing how everyone gets enough to eat. The problem is partly solved by the train loads and boat loads of foodstuffs rushed into the great markets every day. The Covent Garden markets at sunrise is one of the most impressive sights of London. It is mostly under cover and covers some four acres in the heart of the city, near the river, and filled high and low with fruits and vegetables in barrels, cases, sacks, crates, etc. the most delicious fruits of untold varieties and mostly from the tropics at this season. Crows swarm; men, women, children, dealers, everybody getting their day's supply. Horses, wagons, carts, baskets, dogs, cats, rabbits, pigeons, birds, mules, donkeys, railroad trains, steamboats, tramways, everybody, everything over your head, under your feet, in the air, under the ground, bridges over bridges, tunnels and tunnels, a maze, a whirlpool of hungry humanity. There are many like this. The meat markets are prettier and just as busy. Acres of rows and rows high and low of dressed carcasses on different flats with just room to walk through.

The Billingsgate fish market is famous and has the honor of having manufactured and kept in use a large number of the emphatic words of the language.

Westminster Abbey is perhaps the greatest historical center. As we entered by the left arm of the cross which is the entrance to the coronation chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, in which the kings and queens are crowned, a great awe and a rush of eventful history came over us. Service was being chanted by the ministers and choir of the abbey in presence of a considerable crowd, apparently strangers like ourselves. Among many prayers and texts of Scripture they chanted in clear voice, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, etc." The interior of the abbey is filled with statues, inscriptions and sculptures in marble, works of art, of great people and great things, good and bad. The abbey is divided by screens and railings into many apartments. Then there are the chapels inside chapels and chapels bordering around every side. In these are the tombs of the kings, princes, nobles and the great nations. We visited these with different guides trained for the purpose, who explain the history of each. There are large numbers. We visited them again and again to study closer. We lingered at the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots with awe, with respect, with sadness. We studied the inscriptions. We read the ordinances and mandates of James I in regard to his mother, in what is said to be his own handwriting. The tomb of Elizabeth is in the chapel just opposite. The tomb of St. Edward the Confessor stands on high in the middle of the central chapel the finest one in the abbey. It alone is covered with a magnificent scarlet robe or pall embroidered with heavy gold lacework, fringe and tassels.

Westminster Abbey is separated at one end only by a middling narrow passage from the parliament buildings. We entered the parliament buildings

to get a short look at the House of Commons and House of Lords in session before they rise; enough to view these historic bodies. We afterwards visited the floors, the lobbies, the recesses, the galleries. The buildings are immense, but the House of Commons and Lords seem so small for the number of members. We went to the vane of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is 464 feet high. It is away above the city and the streets below seem crawling alive with insects which are the throngs on the streets.

The London Bridge is crossed by 22,000 vehicles and 110,000 persons every day. There are 30 other bridges nearby as busy. We visited the London Tower which was the scene of so many executions. There is the block and axe which executed Lady Jane Grey, Ann Boleyn, Katherine Howard, Sir Thomas More, Sir Walter Raleigh, etc., and there is the spot where thousands lost their heads. Here are monuments to many of them in the chapel of St. Peter in Chains and in St. John's chapel. In that part called the Wakefield Tower strongly fortified we are shown the crown jewels under brilliant electric light mounted in a very large circular case and guarded by the Coldstream and Home guards.

The jewels are Queen Victoria's crown with 2,783 diamonds and 310 gems. The St. Edward the Confessor's crown, in which the present king was crowned. The crown worn by the King on state occasions. Then the Queen's crown, the Prince's crowns and many of them, many coronets, royal maces, sceptres, crosses and orbs, swords, bracelets, buckles, etc., all emblazoned in gold, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and precious jewels. It is a magnificent sight, holding one spell-bound for hours. There are also in the most honorable, the most exalted, badges and buckles of the order of this and the legion of that. We visited Windsor Castle and were conducted through the magnificent suite of state apartments, throne room, banquet hall, drawing and reception rooms, magnificent paintings, exquisitely wrought furnishings, etc., beautiful carvings, lawns and parks, high up on a cliff, commanding a magnificent view of the grandest part of the country around, and all covered with interesting, glorious, sad, disgraceful, and appalling history. We visit the Hotel Cecil, the home of our Canadian statesman, Downing street, and the state department, Buckingham gardens, and the royal chariot, Kensington Palace, the home of the unmarried members of the Royal family, the late home of Princess Eda, Marlborough Palace, the residence of the Prince of Wales. These palaces are all in and about St. James and Hyde Park, which are joining; about these parks, which are out a short distance from the parliament buildings, are the palatial residences of the wealthy and noble, the titled lords and royal blood, the Royal Duke, Devon, high up on the edge of the park, in a chosen spot, is the magnificent monument to Prince Albert, with its marvelous array of sculptured celebrities of the world, and gigantic, symbolic figures of all nations doing homage to the prince. The New Westminster Cathedral, in which we said Mass one Sunday stands not far from all this. It is a magnificent structure and when finished inside will excel anything in England. I doubt it will excel Armagh Cathedral. It is remarkable that its high tower stands directly between the rising sun and Buckingham Palace, and in truth it casts its shadow across the Royal Palace every morning when the sun shines.

Well, I must stop though I have not touched on a hundredth part of what we have seen in this awful city of London. My pen is worn out. I am bewildered. I refer you for more to its awful history and to the London Daily Times. It is reviving to see the mammoth presses of this newspaper in motion. Its illustrated sign shows a gigantic machine taking in 200 miles of paper a day at one end and sending a shower of newspapers over the globe with electric speed from the other end. Across the street is a brewery. There is also represented a large machine. They are turning the River Thames and bales of hops into it at one end and it is singing showers of drunken people out from the other end.

With highest respects, I beg to remain,
Ever faithfully yours,
JAS. G. MUGAN.

THE LADIES OF THE CROSS.

Twenty four years ago, outside of the Catholic Church, the use of the Cross was pretty generally tabooed. In some sections of the country, about that time, for a nun to wear a cross was to invite jeers and sneers. During the A. P. A. insanity, a favorite pastime of the lodge-members was to raid Catholic cemeteries at night and smash the crosses that surmounted the graves of the dead. Even Episcopalians suffered in this respect in some localities.

For instance, the country has scarcely forgotten the action of that A. P. A. council at Louisville, Ky., that ordered an Episcopalian convent to be assessed for taxation. When taken to task by some of the more intelligent members of the lodges, who asserted that the convent was a Protestant one, the council replied in excuse that it thought it was Catholic, because it had a cross on it. A few months later the bigots entered the Episcopal section of the Louisville old cemetery and smashed every cross in sight. In this cemetery rests the body of George Keats, brother of John Keats, the world-famous English poet. Being an Episcopalian, a cross topped his tombstone. This, too, was knocked off, the idiots believing

they were desecrating a Catholic grave. Nowhere in the country was the symbol of man's redemption shown much greater favor than it was in the days of Nero or Domitian.

But how is it to day? Here in the East there is a tendency, on the part of many Protestant bodies, to put the cross on their churches. Often it assumes the form of mere ornamentation—a cross-like weather-vane, a cross-shaped flagpole, a lily-whorl in iron—yet still a cross. In New York City the Methodists are putting crosses on their churches in certain districts, and in Philadelphia there is a Baptist Church with a cross. In several cities one can nowadays observe Presbyterian churches with modified crosses surmounting them. Various non-Catholic bodies, like the Masonic Knights of St. John and Knights Templar, openly wear crosses as emblems. We are informed, moreover, that there is a new benevolent secret society called the Knights of the Cross; but whether or not it uses the cross as a symbol we do not know.

Where the cross most abounds, however, is at the throats of young women, apparently as an ornament. Usually it is of gold or its imitation, but sometimes it is of pearl, or glass, or other dainty material. Anyone who travels such on a train, or walks the streets of large cities, and whose eyes open is certain to be struck by the frequency of its appearance in the manner described. His first impression is that all these young women are Catholics, but if he make inquiry he will find that many of them are not—that they are wearing the cross merely because it is getting to be the fashionable thing to wear it. Jewelers the country over are now keeping small gold or pearl, or bright colored crosses, and it is conceded a pretty decoration for a fair well rounded throat.

How has it gradually won its way into favor in spite of the bigotry of a few years ago? We do not know but we can guess. During the last two decades the Catholic girl God bless her!—has been going out into respectable service in department stores, music stores, high class factories, as stenographer, clerk or similar. She carried the frequency of its appearance in the manner described. His first impression is that all these young women are Catholics, but if he make inquiry he will find that many of them are not—that they are wearing the cross merely because it is getting to be the fashionable thing to wear it. Jewelers the country over are now keeping small gold or pearl, or bright colored crosses, and it is conceded a pretty decoration for a fair well rounded throat.

What it will lead to we do not know, but surely it will have some effect in helping to make the United States a Christian country—even a Catholic country. It is at least cheering to find that the Protestant women laying aside their ancient prejudice against this symbol of Christianity, and the effect cannot be otherwise than good. If, as we believe, Catholic women, high and low, have, by their Christian bravery, contributed toward making the cross popular, they deserve high credit. Because they dared to wear it they have taught others how. Nearly one third of the women one sees in traveling, nowadays, apparently belong to the unorganized Ladies of the Cross.—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

CHARITY AND PHILANTHROPY.

So common is the tendency nowadays to transpose the relative economic values of philanthropy and Christian charity, so prevalent as the exaltation of the social worker in the city "settlement," and the minimizing of the religious worker in the Christian mission, that the following differentiation makes timely and profitable reading. We find it in the editorial columns of the Catholic Universe:

Between the religious and the social worker who give their lives to the work of humanity, there is all the difference between divine consolation and merely human service. One strives to uplift others to serve society, the other to serve God: one tries to bring heaven down to earth, the other to lead earth to heaven: one would improve the body, the other the soul; one would make conditions satisfactory to men, the other would make men satisfied with conditions. The difference is not so much in method as in purpose. The sociologist considers merely the betterment of this life, so summing up in his brief span the whole of existence that when he cannot cure an evil he must declare it incurable. To the religious, nothing is hopeless, no social malady is beyond relief. He is buoyed up by the knowledge that there is another world beyond the transient wants and woes of this—a higher destiny for human souls than human happiness. It is because only he who looks beyond this world can see it truly that society can never be served by any philosophy except that of religion—Ave Marie.

When we are in the company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things—their good opinion and our own improvement; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.

It is not necessary for us to enter into minute knowledge of one's difficulties in order to lighten them. Sometimes a flower laid down in front of weary eyes causes the tired look to vanish. We have known a few kind words to lift a load from a heart, and leave bright the day that before held only clouds.