

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXVIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 10 1906

1429

The Catholic Record.

LONDON SATURDAY, MAR. 10, 1906.

FATHER MATTHEW'S BANNER.

No criticism should intimidate the men who believe that temperance must be of decided value, assume the form of an organization. They may be ridiculed and scoffed at, but this is as nothing to the Catholic who knows that every effort for sobriety, by personal example, by encouraging young and old to stand in serried phalanx, is commended by every right-thinking citizen. They neither arraign the motives of those who do not harmonize with them, nor do they think that temperance is the only virtue. But they have an idea that work prompted and sustained by the love of God, for the sake of their brethren, must yield an abundant harvest. It is a work, moreover, that has been blessed time and again by the church. In a letter of Pope Leo XIII, 27th March, 1887, to Archbishop Ireland, we read the words:

"And above all we have rejoiced to learn with what energy and zeal, by means of various excellent associations, and especially through the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, you combat the destructive vice of intemperance. For it is well known how ruinous, how deplorable is the injury, both to faith and morals, that is to be feared from intemperance in drink. . . . Hence we esteem worthy of commendation the noble resolve of these pious associations by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink."

This movement cannot merit at this stage of the world's history anything but encouragement and praise. For the present we content ourselves with saying that it aims to remove from the Church the disfigurements that are unworthy of it: in a word, to foster and develop temperance societies in every parish.

What if the generous laymen are misunderstood! Veronica did not mind the jeers of the crowd as she ministered to the Lord. Love found the way, and that was enough. And Christ urges us to wipe away the revilements that mar the beauty of His mystical body, the church. Our priests and bishops are with the laymen in this movement to direct them. Every parent is on their side. Every good woman prays for them. Every lover of Canada who hearkens to our judges and others warning us that the use of drinking drinks is growing apace, and undermining our vitality, and filling our prisons must uphold them. God is with them; and if God be with them who is against them.

TOLERATION HERE AND ABROAD.

Our Orange friends are prone to ascribe to themselves certain things which are not visible to the unlooker. For instance, they pride themselves on their spirit of tolerance, which, however, to our mind, does not, when it exists, spring from Christian charity, but from expediency. So long as we see eye to eye with them they are prodigal of amity; when, because of principles, we run counter to them, we are denounced and rated as enemies of Canada, because, forsooth, compliance with their wishes makes for Canada's woe. This is a delusion, harmless enough when confined to the lodge room and tiresome only when it invades the public prints and is mouthed on public platforms. We cannot see much danger in it because the most of our citizens are immature to it. But it thrives in a few sections of Ontario, and there men talk in a language tinged with hatred and woven of charges that are discredited and dead. So they talk still in Ulster, the abiding place of religious intolerance. Mr. T. A. Russell, M. P., says in the Manchester Guardian, apropos to the recent election, that "These of us who fought in Ulster stepped right into a boiling caldron of Home Rule and no Popery. Congregations were split in two by Orange intimidation. Farmers who desired not to vote for one were told that if they voted, there would be Home Rule in five years, that the Bible would be done away with, and that the hated Papists would rule them and the country."

Mr. Russell weathered the storm because of two factors—"the magnificent loyalty of the Nationalist party, who voted for me as they never did for a man of their own polling, 98 per cent. of their total, and the downright heroism of some 600 Presbyterian stalwarts who stood four-square to the hurricane." In Canada we have also our stalwarts—the broad-minded and justice loving non-Catholics who do notice all discrimination in civil and political matters, on the lines of religion, as an Canadian.

OWLS, "BOILED" AND OTHERWISE.

On our rounds the other day we heard the following remark: "So and so looked like a 'boiled owl' this morning." Never having seen a "boiled owl," we could not picture to ourselves the gentleman referred to. To look like an owl is bad enough, but to look like a boiled owl must be grotesque—pardon us—"to the limit." But, eager to be enlightened on the point, we questioned a friend who knows the town, the rounders thereof and their argot. He explained, that it was a very comprehensive term. There are "owls" of different kinds, not necessarily known to ornithologists. It may be a man about town ever ready to respond to an invitation to "have something"—a tank with a great capacity for "high balls" and a "hobnail liver," we suppose—a youth, a maid or matron whose ideas run to clothes, or an elderly gentleman, whose sense of his own importance is over-developed.

"Boiled owl" may mean an individual who does not get up with the sun. He may be up at that time, but in no condition to write an ode to the orb of day, and he may not. In the latter case he leaves his couch during the day, and on account of bleary eyes and ruffled plumage is called a "boiled owl." The term is also applied to one who lingers long over the card-table, and then he may be as our friend remarked, "done" as well as "boiled." To our assertion that there was little card-playing—that is, for money—in our sedate city, he replied with a look of surprise and a query as to where we had been living. "We don't call it card-playing," he went on, "just poker," and there is a sundry game now and then. So when a few individuals enter a hotel room, or any other kind of a room, on Saturday night for instance, there are, as a rule, a few "boiled owls" on exhibition Sunday morning. But not for long. Poker is fascinating, and when played by men who know their business, with their "juniors" or the ruralite who has the glamour of the city on the brain, is remunerative, and having said this our friend laughed. He is bald, too, and should be serious. We also inferred from his remarks that on any morning there are "boiled owls," and to spare for any kind of an aviary.

CARD-PLAYING.

Writing some years ago to the Temple Magazine, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone said:

"My engagements forbid me to enter upon the very important subject of which you propose to treat. But, in my opinion, there can be no words too strong for denouncing suitably the practice of gambling—now, I believe, more rife even than during my youth—and the ruinous consequences to which it directly leads."

We are reminded by moralists that by itself gambling cannot be banned unless undue advantage be taken, by one or more of the players, of the ignorance of the others. If a man stakes in moderation what is entirely his own, and does not use fraud of any kind, and does not allow it to encroach unduly on his time, he cannot be condemned as a general rule. But what may be moderate in the case of one man may be excess in another. The game, taken up at first as means of recreation, may degenerate into an abuse of it. The little party at the club or the hall may lead a man to risk money which belongs to his wife and children, and which is not his to lose. The employee who spends his nights at the gaming table squanders time which should be devoted to his physical upbuilding, so that he shall give honest service to his employer. This kind of employee has his face toward the land of Failure. He cannot stand the strain for which energy, fidelity, alertness, quickness to make and grasp an opportunity, are requisite; and if to the feverishness of gaining he adds whiskey, his obituary notice—so far as success is concerned—may well be written.

The young man who regards the card table as a shortcut to wealth is on the road to deterioration. Win or lose, he cannot escape the moral blight which falls on the gambler. For some, any indulgence in cards may be a proximate occasion of sin. Our advice is to lock upon gambling as something to be avoided. If in doubt, state your case, with all its attendant circumstances, to your confessor, and let him decide. And if we heed him, card playing will not be among our means of making money.

THE CHURCH YELL.

When the Methodists began their work in the United States they had every opportunity to test the inherent strength and vitality of their belief. They had a free field, freedom to act, and preachers who were in earnest and adepts in fervid declamation. Its revivals, with their extraordinary shoutings and gyrations, impressed the pioneer. But passing over the charge that Methodism, in attempting to rest Christ's historic religion in the imagination, and that the first test of religious truths is to be found in the moods and sensations of the soul, has contributed more than other sects to undermine faith in Protestantism, we do not think that Methodists in general look kindly upon the sensational methods of some preachers in the United States. It must shock a great many of them to see politics, literature—anything that may serve as a bait to the curious, listed as subjects of Sunday discourses. Sensationalism, however, has advanced another step. It has created the "church yell."

"Who, Who, Who are we?"
"We're the Methodists of Salt Lake City"
"Are we Mormons?"
"No sir ee"
"Methodist."

Says Rev. Dr. Barry in Carlyle's "Heralds of Revolt," (page 100):
"It was a frequent saying of his that the saints were the best men he knew: that a peasant saint would be of more consequence in Europe to day than all its fleets and armies; and that the divinest symbol was still the 'peasant of Galilee' by whom had been bequeathed to us the Religion of Sorrow. Carlyle dwelt far from the Catholic church. When its accents smote upon his ear in the Cathedral of Bruges, he could but mutter that it was 'Grand idolatrous music.' Yet he confessed to Mr. Froese that the Mass was the only genuine relic of religious worship left among us. A suggestive word of serving of our deepest meditation."

A word to those who are devising plans for their conversion. "One ounce of love," says Wesley, "is worth a pound of knowledge." "We ought, without this endless jangling about opinions, provoke one another to love and good works."

If surprised at their meagre success among us, the following words of Wesley may be instructive. "What wonder is it," he said, "that we have so many converts to Popery and so few to Protestantism, when the former are sure to want nothing and the latter almost to starve?" (Wesley's Works, Vol. iv, page 222)

CRIMINALS ASSUME IRISH NAMES.

A COMMON PRACTICE BEING INVESTIGATED BY IRISH SOCIETIES OF NEW YORK.

(New York World.)
The revelation of the practice of prisoners accused of crime adopting Irish names, as in the case of "Paul Kelly," whose real name is Acazio, led the United Irish Societies of this city to an investigation of the frequent appearance of honored old Irish names on the Criminal Court records. The investigation developed the fact that the United Irish Societies' committee—that notwithstanding the enormous Irish population of the city, criminals of that nationality rank fifth in the number of persons convicted of felonies in the Court of General Sessions and the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court during the years 1904 and 1905. And this despite the great number of criminals of other nationalities who, from motives known only to themselves, gave Irish names.

Eastman," and other gangs masqueraded under Irish names. This, it was found was also true in Harlem and the Tenderloin. Dozens of pickpockets, thieves, crooked gamblers, shoplifters and disreputable women with unpronounceable names have taken on easier of enunciation Irish aliases. Facts picked up here and there indicated the United Irish Societies to go into the question of the adoption of Irish names by criminals of other nationalities. Major Charles J. Crowley, Secretary of the Tenement House Department, was appointed chairman. The committee was instructed to formulate, if possible, some plan that will prove effectual in stopping the practice of stuffing the criminal court records with Irish names. A plan is now under consideration.

In the course of his investigation Major Crowley had occasion to visit the Tombs. Warden Flynn lent his assistance, and inside of an hour they found half a dozen inmates of the prison appearing on the records who pronounced Irish names who were accented would have made Dave Warfield turn green with envy.

Warden Flynn was particularly incensed at the cases of "Patrick Flynn" and "Michael Hennessy," two pickpockets, or "gon fls," as they are known in the ghetto. The haste with which "Patrick Flynn" and "Michael Hennessy" sent for their lawyer to change their names broke all Tombs records.

THE UNCHANGEABLE CHURCH.

So rapid is the march of events in our day that many of the political prophecies made by Mr. Vance Thompson in his "Diplomatic Mysteries," published only a year or two ago, have already been fulfilled. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in that remarkable book deals with France and the Vatican. The abolition of the Concordat was an easy prophecy. "It needs no prophet in politics," wrote Mr. Thompson, "to predict that, ultimately, this marriage between church and state will be broken." As to the ultimate results of the rupture, our author is of opinion that if another Napoleon does not rise, to subdue the anti clericals as the Corsican put down the savage Jacobins, the French nation is likely to perish. But the church is sure to endure. "Pius X's belief in the ultimate triumph of the church of which he is the head on earth is apostolic." The downfall of the Papacy has been foretold innumerable times, yet in the end it always triumphs. Rulers appear and disappear, nations rise and fall—all changes save the unchanging church. Mr. Thompson's views are set forth in the concluding portion of the chapter to which we have referred:

"Oh, the wise old man with whom I paced the Place of Spain in Rome, a few months ago, talking of these things. He had seen governments come and go; he had played his part in the wreck of kingdoms and empires; he had no illusions. Living in the shadow of the Vatican, he knew many things.

"The great nations of Europe," he said, "are all exclusively schismatic. Only the secondary nations are Roman Catholic. Yet everywhere the schismatic emperors and kings have comprehended the necessity of Papal authority which alone prevents their thrones from being washed away in the tides of democracy. They are the real allies of the Pope. If they must choose between Rome and Paris, which, think you, will they cast aside? France has no friend that ring her round, there is not one which does not hate this eternal friend of revolt,—this eternal protest against thrones and seated power. In the destruction of France, in the partition of her lands, they would find safety for themselves and would pay their debt to Rome.

"This, too, may be in the troubled horizon of that of the shadowy country. Such a possibility irritates the public mind, so long has that dark monument of power stood there, dominating the struggling nations. One after another the centuries have come, beating at the door of the Vatican; and the Roman Church in the frail form of some old man has come forth.

"What do you want?"
"Change!"
"I do not change."
"But everything else in the wide world has changed,—astronomy has changed, chemistry has changed, philosophy has changed, and empire has changed."
"I do not change."
"Against this immobility political forces break themselves in vain. Others have ridden out before Jaaros and his cohorts of Socialists; stronger armies than the one led by Combes and have charged against it: the immobile remains. You who read and I who write shall witness this new struggle, which is so immemorably old; but the end we shall not see."—Ave Maria.

LYING SPIRITS.

It is good to see even a small revolt begun publicly among non-Catholics against the dangerous foolery of attempted communication with the spirits of the departed. To Catholics of course, all dabbling in Spiritism and allied superstition is strictly forbidden. We need no demonstration of the survival of human personality after death. Reason demands it. Faith reveals the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body. Our Divine Redeemer died that we might live, and came back triumphant over death that we might know the certainty and something of the beauty and glory of the life awaiting His faithful servants after the days of their probation. So we are at peace, nor moved to neglect the business of the life that now is in vain attempts to pierce the veil which God has wisely drawn between us and the life to come.

Can spirits, and especially the souls of the dead communicate with mortals? Certainly, if the Lord of life and death so pleases. Have they ever thus communicated? Beyond a doubt. Besides the instances given in Divine Revelation and accepted by all who honestly claim the Christian name, there are in the night two thousand years of Christian history cases of communications to mortals from angels and from the spirits of the faithful departed, that rest on as solid foundations as any facts of profane history, and whose beneficent influence prove that they answered to the test. "Try the spirits that they be of God."

But these communications have not been sought in defiance of God's law, nor made through fleshy mediums, nor conditioned to the midnight hour, nor dim lights, nor slow music, nor have they been vouchsafed for light cause. They have been simple and convincing, in every case confirming the Divine Revelation, and impressing upon mortals the gravity of the transition, which we call death, from this world to life everlasting.

The contrary is true of the manifest signs of Spiritism, and it is the general triviality and inconsequence, and the frequent absolute untruthfulness of the messages received from the "spirits," which at last starts the revolt against the perilous humbug.

The late Dr. Richard Hodgson, residing for nearly twenty years past in Boston as the President of the Society for Psychical Research, promised before his death that he would, if possible, communicate afterwards with the world to prove that he had survived the change. As might have been expected, several persons were heard from within a few weeks with messages from the departed. One of these, from a printer in Detroit, was a mass of abject foolishness; another, alleged to be from Dr. Hodgson to Dr. Funk, of the firm of Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, of New York, embodies a grave mistake in a well known fact; still another, claiming to be from the spirit of Mabel Page, asserts the innocence of her convicted murderer Tucker, but helps his case no further than by the vague allegation that the murder was committed by a woman!

The Rev. J. V. F. Grubbine, of the "Universal religion," and the Rev. J. P. Bland, the one in Faelton Hall and the other in Paine Memorial, Boston, came out last Sunday in the severest condemnation of the humbuggery of Spiritism. The former said:
"I have found that spirits can lie. They can personally enter into a conspiracy with mortals and can falsify things."

This fact has been adequately proven by intelligent non-Catholic investigators of Spiritist phenomena, who have found that what was not more than human imposture in Spiritism was the work of intelligence which delight in impersonation and deceit. Catholics would express it as the work of the devil, who failing to convince his poor dupes that death ends all, changes his tactics and minimizes man's personal accountability after death and the certainty of justice and rewards and punishment. For a full treatment of this question we refer our readers to "Modern Spiritism: A Critical Examination of its Phenomena, Character and Teachings in the Light of the Known Facts," by J. L. Goitrey Raupert, Company of London, and B. Herder of St. Louis, and is made up largely of the testimony of former Spiritists.

Dr. Bland said, in the course of his vigorous denunciation of Spiritism:
"Spiritism today is literally snowed under by frauds, freaks, fakirs and mountebanks. Most of the mediums in Boston are fakirs. They take when they cannot get a message, and they have told me they do."
He waxed prophetic in his characterization of the manner of fools these devotees bid fair to be.
Yet, while rejoicing that any voice outside the church is lifted against these unholy frauds, can we expect that it will be largely influential? Paradoxical though it may seem, it is always true that the prevalence of skepticism implies also the prevalence of superstition.

intercourse with spirits may do something to check the malis, we cannot reckon on a general abandonment of these wicked and dangerous practices until men are ready to listen to that Voice which alone speaks to them as the Lord Himself spoke amid the thunders of Sinai.—Boston Pilot.

LIVES AMONG LEPERS.

"All my life I have sought the place that I had the most misery; all my life I have sought the places where I might do the most good, even as I am now seeking them."
These were the words with which Rev. L. L. Conrady, who has consecrated his life to the greatest sacrifice known to man—the life of a missionary among the leper colonies of Canton, China. From this hideous living death there is no escape; there is no release. He is now in New York City on his way to Canton. It was Father Conrady who went to the relief of Father Damien, who laid down his life in the colony of Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands. It was here that he first became aware of the awful conditions that exist in China to day.

In 1880 Father Conrady was in this country and heard Father Damien was dying in Molokai. Without taking time to pack, Father Conrady started to his side, arriving in time to make easy the last moments of the heroic priest. Then he took up the work and continued it for seven years. It seemed as though the faith for which he was working was watching, for in this time he never caught the dread disease. The colony of 1,200 souls prospered, and it soon came about that they were as well cared for and housed as decently as any on the island. Then Father Conrady heard of the leper colony in China. He went to Canton. There were 40,000 stricken with the white disease in and around Canton alone and their condition was frightful.

These conditions prevail today. In speaking of them Father Conrady painted a graphic picture of the misery of which the human being is capable.
"The lepers in the neighborhood of Canton," said he, "are in the most helpless condition. They drag themselves around the streets and die literally in the gutters. Nobody cares how they die, as long as they do die. There is no sentiment of pity or charity in the Oriental breast. I saw enough to determine me in my future. I returned to the United States and took a course in medicine. Then I began a crusade to get money enough to accomplish some good among the poor wretches back in the little streets of Canton and her environs."

Rev. Father Sinnett.

The Rev. Father Sinnett has been sent to organize a new parish in the diocese of Right Rev. Bishop Pascal. Father Sinnett has founded a large and flourishing colony in the diocese of Saskatchewan, more than four hundred families having taken up homesteads together. As in the past so in the future, those wishing homesteads may apply to him. His address is Muenster, Sask.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

In a prize essay competition open to the pupils of public and parochial schools in and around Buffalo it is a matter of note that the twelving prize winners, in which there were 6,000 contestants, were pupils of the Catholic schools.

For his recent work in defense of the Sacred Scriptures against the notions of Higher Criticism, Father Schifflini, S. J., has been warmly praised by Pope Pius X.

The spectacle of a colored boy being carried in triumph on the shoulders of admiring white students, being the central figure of a noteworthy demonstration in which the hundreds of members of the Wisconsin University took part, was presented recently when Eugene J. Marshall, the winner of the recent Hamilton oratorical contest in Chicago, was welcomed home from his victory. Mr. Marshall, who is a Catholic, is one of the ablest young men in the University. He won high honors at the University of Michigan before going to Wisconsin.

A bill that should be of much interest to all Catholic Americans is that which has been introduced in the United States Senate, and which provides for the erection in Washington of a monument to the memory of Christopher Columbus. The bill states that for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this Act, a commission, consisting of several members, including the Supreme Knight of the order of the Knights of Columbus, shall be created, with full authority to select a site and a suitable design, and to contract for and superintend the construction of said monument.

Right Rev. Dr. Stanley, son of the second Baron Stanley, of Aderly, and Auxiliary Bishop to the late Cardinal Vaughan, has left London for Rome, where he will permanently take up his residence. Bishop Stanley, himself a convert, has made many converts, and the following apropos story will be read with interest. Shortly after his reception into the church he received a visit from a young man who had known him in his Anglican days, and who called to point out to him his "folly" in joining the Catholic church. Father Stanley listened to what his visitor, who was a deep thinker on religious subjects, had to say, and then handed him a copy of "Catholic Belief," which he asked him to read. A short time afterward the Bishop's would-be convert was received into the church.