

The Catholic Record.

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

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MISDIRECTED ZEAL.

We scarcely know what to say to the Catholics who complain that we have too many "devotions." An interest in this matter may be a proof of zeal, albeit misdirected, and it may be one way of agitating the atmosphere. The querulous, however, may take heart of grace in the knowledge that they are at liberty to select one devotion which appeals to them, and that to authority, and not to whim, caprice, or individual taste, do we look for direction in this matter. In the words of Madam Mohl: "Why don't they use their brains." Everybody but a born idiot has brains enough not to be a fool.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

Our pastors exhort parents to give their boys an education. These reminders from the pulpit may not be needed by the parents who are aware of their responsibilities and duties and have the best interests of the boy at heart. But they are needed by the parents who throw the boys, at an early age, into the streets to fend for themselves, to rise or sink, as best they may. It is easy to crouch over what we have done for education, but the question that concerns us, and is vitally important to our generation, is: "What are we doing for it now?" We may chant the praises of our educational glories; let us not forget that at our doors are Catholic parents who believe, to all seeming, that ignorance is the best possible asset any boy can have who is not seduced daily by the sight of lads who should be in the school room, and who would be there if their parents had any sense of their duties, instead of working in shops and factories. It is pitiful to see them—boys who ought to be a credit intellectually to the Church, but who never will be, because their parents sold them for a pittance. More—these fathers and mothers hand over their children to the mercies of the world and the devil, and do what they can, blindly if you like, to send their flesh and blood to perdition. Many boys, untrained and feeble at the most impressionable period of their lives, will be influenced by evil, by the profanity and ignoble words that they will hear, and be tempted to echo to the detriment of their souls. This is well understood by those who have any parental common sense. The fact is, however, that in many quarters this common sense is not visible, and, as a result, we have young men, regenerate, or otherwise, who are unable to compete for the prizes which this country has to offer, and who do not give the services which we have a right to expect from them, either to society or to the Church. And so we drift along, cackling over trivialities, emitting protests against our grievances, content, withal, and sure that the policy of defrauding the boys of an education will lessen the social power of Catholicism.

The Catholic Educational Conference, in session a few weeks ago at Cleveland, Ohio, adverted to the fact that in the past not so much attention has been paid to the higher education of boys as to that of the girls, and entrusted pastors, teachers, and parents, to help the colleges to bring the possibilities and opportunities of a higher Catholic education within reach of all able and promising young men. Many months ago did we hear this. Yet, coming from experts, it may cause some of us to sit up and take notice.

JUDICIAL TONE.

A friend writes us, that he is glad the CATHOLIC RECORD does not harbor caustic comments on our separated brethren. The sunshine radiating from his letter set our eyes a blinking, but we do not dare to hope that we have captured the moderate judicial tone which, we are told, found in educated circles. We may say that any verbal violence on our part is, as a rule, directed against error, and not its adherents. Now and then we may fashion diction which may grate harshly upon the ears of those who walk through life with bated breath. Still, it is difficult for one who loves his faith not to give a fitting rebuke to those who retail accusations which are based either on ignorance or malice. When an editor smites us with misconceptions of what we believe, and rails at a caricature which he dubs the Church, we deem it our duty to call attention to his methods. If a few scribes, who have

no regard for fair play, and notoriously loving preachers, were not in the planet, there would be less vilification of the Church, and more knowledge of the faith among our separated brethren. But we fear that the editors who are never content to exercise their own religion, unless they can also trouble the religion of others, will persist in maintaining that in religious discussions impartiality is to be set down as a weakness and courtesy as treason."

THE DISTURBED ANGLICANS.

In April, 1904, Mr. Balfour appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the illegalities stated to be practised in the Church of England, and in June, 1906, this Commission issued its report. In the Nineteenth Century for August we read, in a criticism of the report by a writer, that if Parliament cannot find means for maintaining law in the Church its dis-establishment and disendowment will speedily follow. Were that to happen, what would be its definition? Cardinal Newman, we mind us, said, in speaking of Anglicanism: "Strip it of this world, and you have performed a mortal operation upon it, for it has ceased to be."

Another writer says that the report indicates that the way is open for the first statesman, who chooses to make his name, by drafting and carrying through Parliament a Bill for the destruction of the Church of England as a National Church.

Herbert Paul, M. P., is of the opinion that the House of Commons has "something better to do than to regulate ecclesiastical millinery. His uncompromising reference to the Bishops, as perhaps the least judicial among all the orders of men, would seem to indicate that the editor of the magazine did not have a blue pencil when Mr. Paul's article was placed on his desk. Mr. Paul informs us also that Ritualistic practices were allowed to grow and flourish unchecked by the late Archbishop Temple. The present Bishop of London's methods of dealing with Ritualistic clergymen is dismissed as a futile acknowledgment of episcopal impotence; and he concludes by saying that the Church of England has endured and flourished because it afforded ample scope and latitude for all varieties of Protestant opinion, from the Highest of the High to the Broadest of the Broad. True, and it may help Anglicans to understand that a Church preyed upon by a hundred battling sects cannot be a safe haven. The Bishops are to be pitied in their efforts to guide what Lord Houghton styled "that branch of the Civil Service called the Church of England." But they are in the same position, and have the same jurisdiction as the gentleman of whom Lord Beaconsfield said: "I made him a bishop but I forget his name."

TALK FLAT AND UNPROFITABLE.

Much of the criticism of our colleges is a wearisome waste of time. We can hear patiently the words which bring light and guidance, but the talk, empty and futile, of men with preconceived ideas—of Catholics who are recreant to their duty—is merely a contribution to human misery.

We have no hesitation in saying that we are proud of our colleges. That they are not perfect we know; but, considering the meagre patronage extended to them by Catholics, and their limited pecuniary resources, they have achieved a success that is testimony and to spare to the self-sacrifice of their founders and friends. They could and would enlarge their sphere of usefulness if Catholics would follow the example of the non-Catholics who have placed McGill, for instance, on a firm foundation. They need money, but not talk—confidence, but not words, which are as discreditable to their utterers as offensive to those who are giving their time and talents to the teaching and propagation of Catholic principles. And here, by the way, we cannot reconcile the conduct of wealthy Catholics with the teaching that: "Whoever has received from the Divine bounty a large share of blessings . . . has received them for the purpose of using them for the perfecting of his own nature, and at the same time that he may employ them as the ministers of God's Providence for the benefit of others." What can be done by earnest Catholics may be seen in the college at Antigonish. Without dwelling upon its history, suffice it to say that the self-sacrifice of laymen and clerics piloted it to the position that it occupies to-day. How ever dark the sky, they never lost sight

of the goal, because they had faith in Catholic education and realized that one of the best assets of any diocese was a college. What has been done in Antigonish can be duplicated elsewhere by Catholics who will give no quarter to foolish and disheartening criticism, and who will open their hearts and purses.

MANGLING THE DICTIONARY.

President Roosevelt, aided and abetted by Messrs Carnegie, Brander, Matthews and other etymological bandits, is rough riding over the dictionary. "The silent letters of the alphabet must go," reads the edict. Words must be reformed and pruned and simplified and exhibited also in the President's official messages to Congress. This is very sudden. But the old spelling code is tough and will, we think, come unscathed through this spelling reform so-called. Let us bear with it as patiently as may be and blame it on the weather.

About the Presidents' spelling, one person writes: "I've been spelling my letters that way for years. I have ritten my letters the way they sound since I was a child. I am glad our President has folowed my way. I am a particular bad speller, and this relieves my mind."

NOTED FACTS.

The following facts recognized by the medical profession may be of interest to our readers:

1. It is a mistake to say that those doing hard work require stimulants. As a fact, no one requires alcohol as either food or tonic. Spirits, as usually taken, rapidly produce alcoholism, but milder alcoholic drinks, as beer and even cider, drunk repeatedly every day, produce after a time alcoholic poisoning with equal certainty. The habit of drinking complicates and aggravates all acute diseases. Typhoid fever, pneumonia and erysipelas are rapidly fatal in the subject of alcoholism. In short, alcoholism is the most terrible enemy to personal health, to family happiness, and to national prosperity.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

Since addressing you from Dublin we have seen much of that city, so interesting in its history and also interesting in its present condition. It has four hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, four fifths being Catholics. The "Four Courts" of Dublin and on to the lower end of Phoenix Park is the common ground of the battle of Clontarf in which Brian Boru totally defeated the Danes in 1014.

The estuary at the mouth of the Liffey gives the city a blank appearance from the sea, which is, however, redeemed by its costly public buildings, its treasures of art and its fine parks. From the summit of Nelson's Pillar one may see the entire city—the equestrian statue of King William on College Green, riding towards Grattan, whose uplifted hand, pointing to Trinity College, still holds the attention of all Ireland. Tom Moore and Goldsmith are there with many other noble Irish heroes, but greatest of all is the monument reared to O'Connell, Erin's greatest son. The sculptor has placed him wearing his accustomed cloak, in finely wrought marble, on a magnificent pedestal thirty feet high. At the base, emblematic figures, representing every art and profession, support a circular platform of marble. Around the girth of the column stand fifty life-size figures of all classes and trades of Ireland. These figures are inclining towards their Mother Erin, who stands, a graceful figure, with one hand pointing to her broken manacles and the other upturned towards O'Connell. The monument is an earthly Paradise. The botanical gardens are places of rare beauty at this season, the thick green verdure of the trees, the rich deep of the flowers, the sparkling streams, shady nooks and dells, make Dublin an earthly Paradise. Among the many costly churches, we found St. Michael's Church, at Kingstown suburb, a gem of architectural beauty. It contains seven altars of marble and precious stone, many storied windows, the most magnificent being the Patron Saint, majestically triumphing over Satan.

In the Bank of Ireland, which was formerly the Irish Parliament building, we were shown the historic rooms and records of Ireland's ancient greatness, and were presented with the official "quill pen." Dublin Castle is interesting, being the residence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who at present is Lord Aberdeen, so kindly remembered in Canada. We had an expert guide, who must have possessed wonderful knowledge, as he never hesitated to answer any question of history, architecture or the financial standing of the banks. When asked if he could tell us if the finely wrought columns were of the Ionic or Corinthian order of architecture, he immediately

answered: "Sure I can tell you, there's just iron on the inside and plaster on the outside, to imitate marble, like all the frauds." In the Royal Irish National Museum, we were shown the crucifix of St. Columba and a bell used by St. Patrick. In the library of Trinity College is kept the priceless book of Kells, said to have been wrought and traced by the monks of St. Columba or St. Patrick. It contains the four gospels, not quite complete. Tradition tells us that it was hidden in a bog in troublous times and recovered after centuries, in perfect preservation. Its penmanship, its delicate tracery, its marvellous blending of colors, make it a worthy object of admiration. Our visit to the great Rotunda Hospital, also to the Mercy Hospital, the latter the largest in Ireland, were real experiences.

We next visited Cork, one hundred and sixty five miles distant from Dublin. We passed through Kildare, a town of more than ordinary interest, where St. Brigid established her convent, and from which she carried the robe, woven by her own hands, for the burial of St. Patrick. The memory of St. Brigid and St. Erenghia, her companion, are especially dear to old and young, and the spot where their convent stood is venerated to this day. We reached Thurles and Nenagh, two most interesting towns, amid the hills and dales of Tipperary, the most Irish county of Ireland. Here are the "gentle fishermen," good humored, most friendly, and interesting in conversation. We remembered here the resting place of our "honored dead" and we breathed a fervent prayer for the lamented Father Flannery.

A short stay at Mallow and we reached Cork, a city of eighty thousand inhabitants. This city has the double deck electric cars, enabling passengers to get a good view of the city and surroundings. There is the river Lee, with its enchanting scenery, where Black Rock Castle, and Convent stand, both of which we visited. In the latter we were delighted to hear, so far from home, the young ladies of the academy sweetly rendering familiar words and airs. The sweet voices of these more than Irish thrushes are still recalling memories of that quiet secluded spot.

We visited Blarney Castle, still the curiosity of the world. Its walls are fourteen feet thick, its size, its underground caves hewn in the solid rock, excite astonishment. Queenston, at the mouth of Cork Harbor, is a beautiful place. From the splendid cathedral, perhaps the finest in Ireland, excepting that of Armagh, there is a magnificent view of water, islands and green mountains. Several British battle ships and cruisers are riding at anchor. This is the calling place of American seafarers, to and from Liverpool. We had the pleasure of meeting here some Canadian friends, who had just landed and I assure you the meeting with friends from home was no formal one.

Queen's College, Cork, is a handsome structure, in the Tudor Gothic style. St. Anne's Church, a most interesting old edifice, contains Father Prout's famous "Bells of Shandon." Cork still bears disastrous marks, and tells lamentable stories of the cruelties of Cromwell.

Bantry is a small town in the north-west of Ireland. From here we took a forty-mile ride in four horse coaches. There were five coaches in our caravan with sixteen passengers in each. Travellers adopt this mode of touring, the better to take in the surpassing beauty of the varied conditions of the country. The usual swarms of small birds were in evidence, scrambling for the showers of pennies thrown by the amused tourists. Next we are out in the open country, among farm houses and green fields, the sheep and cattle are grazing, while the people are gazing pleasantly on the unique train. We finally pass through a quarter mile tunnel, and a mountain bars our way. We alight, fire a salute, take snap shots and move around the mountain to Kenmare for dinner, after which we visit the Convent of the Poor Clares.

Resuming our journey we reached Killarney late at night, hungry for supper. The waiter served us chicken, which he called "a la Napoleon." We understood him better when we found it consisted mostly of "Bone part."

The Lakes of Killarney I shall not attempt to describe—they have been written about in prose and sung in poetry. The good Earl of Kenmare entertained us at his beautiful castle, high above the Lakes and "Sweet Innisfallen." We viewed the ruins of Muckross Abbey with mingled interest and awe. "Our boatmen roved us through the 'Meeting of the Waters' immortalized by Moore. As we passed through the 'Gap of Dunloe' the boatmen informed us that they would rouse the sleeping fairies of the mountains, then uttered with one accord, the loud salute and were answered in clear and ringing tones from the wooded mountains, echo answering echo, again and again.

Reaching Limerick we had the pleasant opportunity of again seeing Lord and Lady Aberdeen, opening the Limerick Fair. Hosts of societies and organizations were out in uniforms. The city was in gay attire, bands of music and processions seemed endless, but our thoughts reverted to the many years ago when Limerick's story was one of blood, and even to this day the "Treaty Stone" vividly recalls memories—none too friendly. However, the name of the gallant and brave Sarafield dispels our gloomy thoughts, and its present enactments promise a bright future.

The town of Galway, with its twelve thousand people, is interesting for its mild climate, its ancient buildings, its

Queen's College, and its "fish market," proverbial the world over. Tuam is a fine town and the residence of the Archbishop of the West. It was here the great Prelate M'Fie did so much for Ireland, its people and its language. Castlebar, in County Mayo, was our resting place for a while, where we met many marks of unmistakable kindness from the good Canon Lyons and the Sisters of Mercy.

The very large and handsome new church is an admirable piece of architecture. We marveled many times since coming to Ireland, how so many churches could be built, containing none but costly materials, but new the wonder ceases when we behold the tides of human souls, so true to the faith, follow in and out of those churches, dropping their pennies in the boxes as they pass. Here St. Patrick led the dearest pledges of his wonderful mission. Croagh Patrick, a cone-shaped mountain, reaching toward the clouds, is plainly seen at Tuam, sixty miles away. The summit is called St. Patrick's Peak, twenty six hundred feet high, and it was here the Saint in fervent prayer obtained from God the promise that Ireland would never lose her faith. Thanks to the good Saint for that long prayer!

July 26th saw us in Armagh, celebrating the Mass for the Feast of St. Anne, on the high altar of this great and magnificent Cathedral. Here St. Patrick fixed his See and here now resides Cardinal Logue, the Primate of all Ireland.

This Cathedral cost \$800,000, gathered from the Irish all over the world. The condition of the land tenants has been extremely hard for centuries back, especially in the South and West. However the recent Land Acts are improving the situation and the people speak well of King Edward, who is raising hand and voice to right their wrongs. Rev. J. G. MURAN.

THREE REMARKABLE CURES AT ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

MEMBERS OF BOSTON PILGRIMAGE RELIEVED OF SERIOUS BODILY AFFLICTIONS.

As was announced in a brief note in the last issue of The Pilot three members of the recent pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre which was in charge of the Rev. James J. McCaffery, of St. Thomas's Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston, were signally blessed as a reward for their faith and devotion, by being relieved of grievous bodily ailments. Michael J. Kelly, of Jamaica Plains, was cured of a very bad case of rheumatism, which had seriously crippled his left leg; Joseph Baldwin, of West Lynn, recovered his sight after having been practically blind all his life, and Miss Anna F. Morley, of Alliston, Boston, was relieved of his disease, from which she had suffered for years and which had made her a cripple.

A representative of The Pilot has investigated all three cases, and can, therefore, vouch for the truth of these statements. He first called upon Mr. Kelly, whom he found to be a finely grown man, about three score years of age, and in splendid health. He is a man of strong, earnest faith and practical piety, one of those fine old types such as we picture to ourselves as the pioneers of the faith in New England. He is a native of Castlebar, Co. Mayo, Ireland. He has been a member of Carroll Court, M. C. O. F., about seventeen years, the Sacred Heart Society about a quarter of a century, and the Holy Family Society of the Mission Church eighteen years.

Since 1886 Mr. Kelly has been a sufferer from rheumatism and for many years had been unable to bend his right leg at the knee. As a result he could walk only a short distance, and then only painfully and laboriously. He was afraid to go up or down stairs. The disease had become especially bad this year and compelled Mr. Kelly to give up his work about two months ago. For the last eighteen years he has been employed in the sewer department of the city.

Now, as a result of the pilgrimage, Mr. Kelly is almost entirely freed of the disease, all the pain is gone and he limps only slightly. He soon expects to be walking as well as ever, and will resume his work shortly. Fastidious praying in the Shrine, with his left leg stretched out behind him, Mr. Kelly said that he experienced a mental exaltation and physical sensation of relief. As he was climbing up the holy stairs, he said, he felt himself getting stronger; then he made the Stations of the Cross, after which he descended the stairs, all the while noticing the vigor coming back to him. Finally he kissed the relic of St. Anne, after which, he declared, he was practically cured.

Mr. Baldwin was born blind; about eleven years ago, through the prayers of the priests of the Mission Church, Roxbury, he recovered in a very slight measure the use of the right eye. However, it was only by the aid of the most powerful glasses that he could see anything. He was barely able to distinguish daylight from darkness, and could not tell one color from another. Although so badly handicapped, Mr. Baldwin had managed to get the rudiment of education at school, and even to secure light employment with the General Electric Company.

As the result of the partial restoration of his sight Mr. Baldwin was encouraged to make the pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre at the first opportunity of which he could avail himself. He had perfect faith in the mercy of God, and his last words as he left his mother were: "I know I am going to be cured and won't have to

wear these old goggles any more."

Mr. Baldwin was making the Sign of the Cross in the shrine when all of a sudden, according to his own story, he could see perfectly well with his right eye and quite a little with the left, in which hitherto he had been totally blind. He is wearing glasses temporarily to protect his eyes, which are in a healing condition, from dust, but expects to discard them altogether soon.

Now Mr. Baldwin is back to work and expects in a short time to be given a position which he will be enabled to fill because of his restored sight. The Pilot's representative also saw Miss Anna F. Morley at the residence of her parents at Alliston. Miss Morley said that she is nineteen years of age and has been fifteen years a cripple, one leg being somewhat shorter than the other. Her mother there is no decay of a bone in the hip. She had had the best medical treatment, and had submitted to several surgical operations. They brought only the slightest relief from her sufferings. Some years ago she experienced benefit from the prayers of a Carmelite nun; but a cure was not vouchsafed her. At one time she was obliged to use two crutches, but she has never been able to dispense with one, until her recent visit to the shrine of St. Anne. She was attending Mass in the Shrine, when suddenly she felt that a great mercy had been shown her. After the Mass, she rose, and leaving her crutch behind, walked unaided out of the Church and back to her boarding place. Later in the day she walked from the church to the pier, a distance of about a mile. Since her return there is no sign of relapse. Indeed, she went into Boston last Sunday for the first time without a crutch, and experienced no difficulty in getting on and off cars. She came down easily to meet The Pilot representative, and after narrating the facts above given, stood for some moments in conversation with him. Miss Morley is the daughter of Mr. Michael Morley, a clerk in the office of the election commissioners, City Hall, Boston. She was for some time a pupil at Mt. St. Joseph's Academy, Alliston Heights, Brighton.—Boston Pilot.

THE SISTERS AND THEIR SCHOOLS.

"I thank God for the Sisters and their schools," said a tired mother recently. "There the children are trained in the knowledge and the practice of their religion, and that is worth a great deal. And it saves me so much! How would I ever be able by myself, at the end of weary days, to teach mine their faith? I couldn't properly do it. See me now, busy from early till late, with nerves exhausted when night comes. Think of me then trying to instruct them in the catechism, in church history, in devotions, in controversy and in the practical piety that observes the commandments of God and the laws of the Church! It is next to impossible. Yet I'm better able to do it than many mothers who did not have any advantages in girlhood in attending a convent academy. If it weren't for the Sisters, God bless them, I'd say: 'Poor mothers! Poor children!'"

These sentiments of appreciation and gratitude are echoed by all Catholic fathers and mothers. The Sisters receive them of great responsibility. With those teachers they know that their children are in the best of hands. With them the little ones will be safeguarded in innocence and exercised in virtue. It is no wonder, then, that the overworked mother exclaimed: "I thank God for the Sisters and their schools!" —Pittsburg Catholic.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH.

At the recent general assembly of the Presbytery of the City of New South Wales, the reverend moderator elected stated that to him it was "a very sad and very humbling thing that practically the whole of the distinctively church work done for the relief of poverty, helplessness, and suffering should be in the hands of one church. That church was wise in her generation. Her orphanages, her rescue homes, and her hospitals were at once her 'glory and her strength.' 'How meagre,' he added, 'is our record of well doing! The reproach falls not on Presbyterians alone, but on all; if not equally on all, our Protestant churches.'

Quoting these words in an address delivered at the blessing and opening of a new convent, the Archbishop of Adelaide remarked: "I make one reservation. In making it, I must not be taken as challenging the substantial accuracy of the reverend moderator's words; nor shall I, I am sure, give offence to him. That reservation is the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army is, I assume, a form of Protestantism. If Salvationists are Protestants, there is at least one Protestant denomination which the regrets of the reverend moderator-elect do not touch, which I do him the justice of saying he did not mean, that his regrets should touch. Salvationists have this in common with us Catholics, that they gather the bulk of their adherents from among the working classes. Against the Salvationists the reproach does not lie that the helpless, the suffering, and the poor are treated by them with either forgetfulness or neglect."

The Archbishop, it will be seen, was no less just than the Presbyterian preacher was frank. A good word in favor of the Salvation Army ought to be generally gratifying.—Ave Maria.