

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### SAMPLE CAMPAIGN DOCUMENTS.

Some of our clerical brethren across the border are publishing some very unique campaign documents. We have dissertations showing what a very pious gentleman is President McKuley and enjoining upon all lovers of virtue to vote for him. Then comes a statement from three hundred Methodist ministers to the effect that:

"We are the custodian of the Philippines, whether we desire it or not. Not for empire, but for humanity's sake. We deprecate the saloon curse which is blighting our new possessions, but under the conquering rule of our Emmanuel, Rom, Romanism and idolatry are doomed and the final victory assured."

And yet we are told that oratory is a lost art!

What splendid courage on the part of those gentlemen who are about to venture into a new country inhabited by natives who have never heard the soothing melodies of the "revival" nor tasted the delights of the Amen corner. Verily the days of heroism are not dead, and the pentecostal ardor of the good clergymen looms large and luminous in a world of self-seeking and low aims. Their language is scarcely indicative of the refining qualities of Christianity, but that we ascribe to their desire to uphold old traditions.

The prophetic odor that emanates from their unique pronouncement must be sweet to the nostrils of those who are waiting for the fall of Rome; and their superb disregard of facts shows that some preachers are, in concocting campaign documents, as irresponsible as the most reckless ward heeler.

### MARIE CORELLI.

Mr. James L. Ford says that the present naturalism of immaturity and ignorance storming the very strongholds of credulity and darkest ignorance through the medium of half-baked fiction was undreamed of by the literati of forty years ago. Perhaps he is now reading the latest effusion of Miss Corelli. This "gifted authoress," of sylvan-like form and blue eyes, we are told—and hat to match, we suppose — has just perpetrated another novel. Some of the critics, notably Andrew Lang, are severe in their strictures, but the intellectual public — impressionable young women and grown-ups with a fondness for thrilling situations and patent medicine English — are putting good coin into Marie's coffers. One of the sweetly unconscious things about her is that she takes herself so seriously. She is the self-appointed guardian of things in general, and reck little whether her claim be contested or not. Some time since she lamented that Kipling had such a hold on the public. His work was rude and boisterous and coarse and altogether unfit for publication. Well, Mulraney's jests are betimes a little pungent, but, compared with some of Marie's nasty assertions, they are sweeter than new mown hay.

Strange thing that she knows much about the wickedness of certain places such as Paris. This fact reminds the literary world of Max O'Rell's anecdote of the American deacon who visited Paris, and returning to his native town lectured on the wickedness he had seen. Max O'Rell was called on to answer, and did so very effectively, ending each paragraph with the question: Where did our friend spend his Sunday in Paris?

### CONDITION OF THE MINERS.

The moderation of the striking miners is making hosts of friends for them all over the country. They are hearkening to the advice of the Catholic priests who, says the Buffalo Commercial, have a power with the laborers in the mine that cannot be claimed for any other body of Christian ministers, and the result may be that indignant public opinion may force the operators to accede to their just demands. There can be no doubt as to the reality of their grievances. If they are forced to purchase their supplies at the company's stores—to toll for a wage that barely keeps them from starvation—to pay \$2.75 for a keg of powder that can be purchased for \$1.50—and to mine nearly four thousand pounds of coal as a ton they are certainly justified in de-

manding that something be done to take them out of industrial slavery. The miners want their right to live recognized. Does anyone imagine that reasonable and frugal comfort can be obtained by an average wage of ninety cents for eleven hours a day? This is another complaint of the miners—and a just one. We are told that their condition has been much exaggerated; but, granting that, we must admit that under it all is a substratum of reality, proving that the miners have been the victims of fraud and oppression. Their lot may possibly be ameliorated, but we are pessimistic enough to believe that it will not endure. Our reason is, to quote Carlyle, that the beginning and the end of what is the matter with society is that they have forgotten God. So long as the speculators in human labor persist in ignoring the sacred and inalienable rights of their employees, and in regarding them as mere masses of blood and muscle that must be used up and sacrificed for the money that affords the widest margin for luxurious extravagance, so long also shall we hear "in court and market" the "low foreboding cry of the toiler."

### CARDINAL GIBBONS ON GODLESS EDUCATION.

Experience warns us that the loss of Catholic faith is another evil resulting from the separation of a religious from a secular education.

While we are gratified that the number of converts who embraced the true faith, we have reason to be appalled in considering the vast number of souls that are straying away from the fold. If we look for the descendants of those families that have been immigrating from Catholic Europe to this country in one uninterrupted march from the beginning of the present century, how many of them shall we find ranked among the most bitter and unrelenting enemies of the Church?

In observing the names of the dissenting clergymen of the country you cannot fail to notice that many of the most prominent lights among them betray their Catholic origin and nationality. These statements are confirmed by Bishop England, a prelate of vast experience and close observation. They are confirmed also by Archbishop Kendrick of Baltimore, a man of incapable exaggeration. I once heard him remark, as the result of his personal observation, that hundreds, nay thousands, of sons of Catholic parents have been lost to the faith among us during the present century. Priests, without exception, can bear the same testimony. How often in missionary journeys are they shocked at hearing persons say with an air of distressing indifference that they profess religion, although they admit their parents were Catholics.

The great question is, whence arises these defections from the faith? The cause is very easily explained. The child's early Christian education is neglected by his parents. He is sent to a school where his religion is ignored or held up to ridicule, and ridicule makes cowards of most of us. He has no knowledge of his catechism, which would enable him to detect the utter groundlessness of the charges brought against his faith; and the charges are so often repeated that he believes them to be true. He is ignorant of the Mother that gave him spiritual life. He despises her whom he should love and goes forth into the world to embrace the first sect which chance or proselytism throws in his way, or which favors his inclinations and his temporal interests. From the foregoing remarks the conclusion is forced upon us that Catholic parochial schools must be established and fostered, if we would preserve the faith of our children. Without such schools a parish is sooner or later destined to languish and decay. With the present generation there is no danger. But this generation is passing away, soon to be succeeded by another, and if no provision is made for the Christian culture of the rising youth, it is to be feared that twenty years hence it will be much easier to find churches for a congregation than a congregation for our churches. Archbishop Bayley well remarked that "a parish without a school scarcely deserves the name." Far be it from me to question the sincerity or to underrate the zeal of those who are the patrons of a purely secular education. The system which they espouse, however, does not go far enough.

We want our children to receive an education which will make them not only learned, but pious men. We want them to be not only men of the world, but above all men of God.

No calling is more sublime, more precious in the sight of God, than that of instructing the lambs of the flock. Our great Master had a special love for little children. "Suffer," He says, "the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the

Kingdom of God" (Mark, x. 14.) Jesus accepts the services rendered to children, as paid to Himself. "Whoever," He adds, "shall receive this child in My name, receiveth Me, and whosoever shall receive Me, receiveth Him that sent Me." (Luke, ix., 48.)

The most effectual way of building up a congregation is to take care of the little ones. The pious imperceptibly reacts on the parents. When St. Francis Xavier arrived in Goa, in the East Indies, he was sensibly grieved at the gross morality of the Christians of that city. He began the reformation of the people by catechizing the children whom he assembled in the church. "And thus," says Alban Butler, "by the modesty and devotion of the youth, the whole town began to change its face, and the most abandoned sinners began to blush at vice."

"What is more noble," says St. Chrysostom, "than to form the minds of youth? He who fashions the morals of children performs a task in my judgment more sublime than that of any painter or sculptor." In contemplating the magnificent works of art exhibited in the churches of Rome, we extol the great masters who produce them, and we know not which to admire more, the paintings and statues which adorn St. Peter's, or the great temple which enshrines those masterpieces. But those who are occupied in forming the minds and hearts and in shaping the character of the children committed to their care are engaged in a pursuit far more worthy of our admiration.

For they are creating living portraits which are destined to adorn not only earthly temples, but also the temple not made with hands in heaven, where there will be joy and admiration of God and His angels.

### A DOUBLE CONVERSION.

From Our Young People.

Years ago there lived in Paris an old colonel who had retired from the army; he was a man of honor, true to his friends, and upright in his conduct, but totally indifferent to religion. He had a wife and daughter, who prayed unceasingly that the grace of conversion might be vouchsafed to a soul so dear to them. Among the few that frequented the colonel's little apartment in the Rue du Bac was an old brother officer, who dropped in every other evening, to play whist or talk over the exciting scenes of former days.

Our veteran fell ill—dangerously ill; his wife and daughter could not shut their eyes to the fact that the end was drawing near, yet they dared not broach the subject of the last sacraments, for he had firmly and repeatedly intimated that he would not be interfered with on that point. They only prayed more fervently and, when the old comrade came to inquire for his friend they told him the sad truth, and begged him to urge the patient to see a priest.

At first the officer listened to the request with undisguised coldness, he pleaded his inability to execute such a commission, as he himself was not a practical Catholic—indeed, he feared he had quite lost his faith. Not discouraged by these excuses the two ladies besought him more earnestly and with tears, assuring him that this was their last resource. Unable to withstand any longer such an appeal to his friendship, he yielded, and promised to do the best he could. He entered the sick chamber, while the pious women knelt outside the door with throbbing hearts, awaiting the result. After a few preliminary remarks the old officer summed up courage.

"I fear, my dear fellow," he began abruptly, "you are in a bad way. If I were you I would go to confession."

"Nonsense! You go to confession!"

"As true as I am standing here I would not hesitate."

"But I don't know any priest."

"Never mind, I'll send you one I know—my confessor. He is the right sort of a man; I am sure you will be greatly pleased with him."

"Very well, then; send him to me."

The officer triumphantly left the room, and announced the good tidings to the anxious wife and daughter. They could scarcely believe in so complete and speedy a success, and heartily thanked the kind friend, to whose courageous intervention it was due.

"But I am in a plight," he said; "the truth is, I don't know a single priest in Paris."

"Go to the saintly Abbe S—, curate of St. Germain des Pres, and ask him to come."

He lost no time in fetching the Abbe S—, whom he found in the sacristy of his church, and to whom he explained the case.

"Monsieur l'Abbe, you must say that you know me—that you are my confessor. That will make things easy for him."

"But Monsieur, I cannot tell the untruth, even with the best motive."

"Then the whole affair will be a failure."

"It can be easily settled if you will kneel down and make your confession to me."

"You don't mean this very minute?"

We are in too great a hurry. Besides, I am not prepared."

"It will not take long," said the abbe, encouragingly. "I will prepare you." And, confessions—he pointed to a prie dieu.

The soldier somewhat reluctantly knelt down. The good priest helped him to examine his conscience, excited his contrition, and he soon rose from his knees another man. He warmly thanked the Abbe S—, who prepared to set out at once for the house of the colonel. In the exuberance of his joy the convert also hastened to the Rue du Bac, and reached the sick bed before the priest.

"The Abbe S— is coming," he said, "Ah, my dear friend, after confession will you tell me how happy you feel?"

That evening the dying man was reconciled to God. He lived a few days and expired in the most comely sentiments of repentance and gratitude for the supreme grace of the last hour.

### THE EVOLUTION OF A SCOFFER.

Formerly He Ridiculed Catholic Ceremonies—Is Now a Priest and Pastor of a New Church.

On Sunday last a beautiful new church was dedicated at Wabash, Ind., the pastor of which is a convert, and the story of whose conversion makes wonderful reading. It is told as follows by the Catholic Columbian:

"A few years ago in a little village in the Diocese of Columbus, O., the Catholic members of the little mission church were frequently annoyed by the sarcastic remarks of a young man in the neighborhood who amused himself by laughing at the Catholic ceremonies, and what he termed the 'monkeys' of the priest at the altar. On the occasion of the dedication of the little church, the young man was present, out of mere curiosity. Bishop Watterson officiated and preached with his usualunction and eloquence a sermon on the 'Real Presence.' This made quite an impression on the scoffing young man, and when shortly after this he met the pastor of the church on the train, he took in good part the rebuke which the priest gave him with reference to his derisive remarks about the ceremonies. He admitted to the priest that he knew nothing of the meaning of the Church ceremonial or of Catholic doctrine, and said he would be glad to learn something about them. The priest gave him a concise statement of Catholic belief and practice, and in the conversation which ensued the young man stated that he thought he had a vocation for the ministry. The priest took issue with him on this, and said that was not possible, as vocation meant a call from God, and he could not have a divine call to teach heresy. The young man laughingly agreed to call it a profession then. This meeting led to a more intimate acquaintance, and much study and less bigotry on the part of the young man.

"About this time the priest, owing to ill health, was obliged to leave Columbus, where he had a charge in addition to the country mission, and thus lost sight of his young friend for several months. Shortly after his return he observed him at Mass one morning, and in the interview which followed the priest learned with pleasure that the young man was ready for baptism. He also informed his clerical friend that he wished to become a priest, but the priest laughingly told him he had better wait until he was a Catholic.

"However, after being received into the Church, his desire was still strong, and in due course of time he was adopted as a seminarian by the Bishop of Fort Wayne. He made his theological studies at St. Charles Seminary, in Maryland, St. Viator's Illinois, and at St. Mary's, Cincinnati, at which latter place he was ordained about five years ago. Upon the occasion of his ordination, his clerical friend and the old gentleman who had been his sponsor at baptism were present and were the first to receive his blessing.

"To day a handsome church and school are monuments to the zeal of the young man who once laughed at the ceremonies of the little country church of St. Joseph in Licking county. The subject of this brief sketch is the Rev. Robert J. Pratt, now the estimable rector of the new St. Bernard's church, and the priest who in the providence of God was instrumental in bringing him into the true fold is Rev. D. A. Clarke, of Holy Family Church, Columbus, who delivered the dedicatory sermon."

### A NEWMAN INCIDENT.

In The Church Times, a correspondent quoted the following passage from a letter he has received about John Henry Newman's visit to Littlemore in 1868: "A. B. built a house in Littlemore in order to be near Newman, and lived on there after his succession. When Newman once more came back in June, 1868, C. D., the older servant of A. B., saw him leaning over the churchyard gate in tears, and begged him to go and see his master. Newman refused at first but at last consented. The two old men threw their arms around each other and neither

could speak for tears. A. B.'s wife described the whole scene to my informant, and showed her the spot where the two men sat under an ancient tree and talked long about old days."

### BLOCKHEADED BIGOTS.

We clip the following from a Pittsburgh paper:

"The Western Pennsylvania penitentiary officials presented the Madonna gallery of the Mt. Mercy convent, Oakland, with a fine engraving of the Leonard de Vinci representation of the Madonna and Child, also pictures representing the Way of the Cross and the Crucifixion. At a recent meeting of the penitentiary officials it was decided to do away with all sectarian pictures in the institution, and Warden Edward S. Wright was given permission to dispose of the pictures."

Just why a picture of the greatest historical event that ever took place on this earth—the Crucifixion—should be considered a sectarian picture, is not stated by these Smart Ales of the penitentiary. According to these sots a picture of the execution of John Brown has an advantage over the crucifixion of Christ—it is not sectarian. And a picture of a stage Pompadour would be privileged while a picture of the Blessed Virgin, the incarnation of purity and holiness and the Mother of the Redeemer of the world, is barred out. The former is not sectarian; the latter, according to those penitentiary blockheads, is. These same blockheads would be greatly surprised if they were charged with being themselves sectarian and as full of bigotry as an egg is full of meat. They barred those pictures out for no other reason than that they are objects of veneration, meditation and instruction to Catholics. To the unfortunate person who cannot read, the crucifix or a picture of the crucifixion is a whole book of meditations. It teaches him the awful nature of sin that cost such a terrible reparation; it teaches him the love of God for the sinner when it reminds him that the Son of God died on the cross for him. Meditation on these salutary things of which the picture of his crucified Saviour is a constant reminder, inspires hope in his desolate heart and resolutions of amendment of life. But this book of meditations with its reforming and hope-giving influence must be removed from the heart-hungry and despairing prisoners' sight because an ignorant and assinine clique of bigots consider it sectarian. The next thing they will take from the prisoner is his prayerbook. It also is sectarian because it has pictures of the crucifixion and of the Blessed Virgin in it. The way will be thus cleared for the distribution of anti-Catholic tracts. The penitentiary boobies will find nothing sectarian in them.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### ELIOT AND THE JESUITS.

From the New York Daily News.

President Eliot of Harvard is a talented educator, somewhat top-heavy with a sense of his own importance. He lifted the college curtains to the light of the nineteenth century, and introduced the Harvard faculty to modern methods and ideas. His reforms excited first the indignation and then the admiration of the sleepy self-worshippers of Massachusetts, and concluding that anyone who knew more than they did themselves must be a sort of demi God, they formed an Eliot cult, which is sandwiched between readings of Browning and Ibsen. As for Eliot, he has been so affected by this incense from the Back Bay that he imagines himself a Grand Lama of education, whose words must be accepted as oracles from infallible authority.

The fact is that President Eliot's work is only half done, or rather, it stopped half way, and has never been resumed. He shook up the faculty, but he never probed the real evil—the cancer that is eating the heart out of Harvard and some other American universities—educational lip service on the part of the student body. The average student goes to Harvard or Yale because it is fashionable, because his father wants him to be a college graduate, and is able to stand the expense. He has a "good time," as he calls it, spends money, glances superficially at his lessons, attends his classes with more or less irregularity, and "crams" for examinations. The "tutoring" or "cramming" is a recognized college trade, by which poor students, who are really in earnest, make a living, and enable their well-to-do associates to devote their time to recreation, if not to dissipation. As a result of this system the ordinary college graduate is disgracefully deficient in his knowledge of the American language, and is often surpassed in its correct and fluent use by the graduate of well-managed public or parochial schools. If President Eliot should wrestle with this evil and conquer it he will have accomplished something worthy of fame as an educator.

The Right Rev. Bishop Farley was secure from successful contradiction when he said, at the commencement of St. Francis Xavier's college, in Carnegie Music hall, "that not one of the graduates of Harvard, if given the themes handled by the young

men this evening, could have dealt with them on the basis of as sound philosophy as was shown by these young men." The reason of the superiority of the St. Francis Xavier graduates is that they went to college to study, and they did study. They did not go merely for the name of graduating, and of prancing about in idiotic secret societies with the sons of millionaires. Conscientious study is bound to tell in superior equipment for the duties of life, for useful knowledge is an asset of which no financial misfortune can rob the possessor. In this respect Harvard is far behind the Jesuit colleges, at whose methods of education President Eliot has affected to sneer; while Harvard, as Bishop Farley points out, has adopted from the Jesuits the elective system of study, and uses Jesuit text-books.

### WHY I DON'T READ THE CATHOLIC PAPER.

"I never read the Catholic paper." When he has delivered himself of this pregnant information, the alleged Catholic looks about for the universal admiration that ought to shower upon him on account of this literary revelation.

A semi intellectual grimace spawls over his so called countenance. His bump of self esteem swells with inflated pomposity.

He tells his secret to the world with the air of a gourmet who disdains ordinary common food. Oh, no! "The Catholic paper" is not good enough for his pampered appetite, his dilettante taste, his refined palate!

Other reading has the favor of his critical attention.

It may be the story column in a patent inside weekly, where the "old story" of love and a maid is ground out in gruesome effort by some clumsy apprentice. It may be the causality or criminal news in a metropolitan daily. Or it may possibly be that he doesn't know how to read.

In all or either cases, the Catholic paper doesn't come up to the high water mark of his supposed intelligence.

It doesn't give his brain the right kind of exercise. His rudimentary cerebrum is not titillated at the point of active intuition. Consequently he "never reads the Catholic paper!"

The Catholic paper ought to be ashamed of itself, or it ought to improve!

Some of its articles, at least, might be printed in monosyllables. It might clip more instances of railway accidents, fires, poisoning trials and slashing affrays from the immaculate dailies!

Why write so much of Catholic rights, Catholic morality, Catholic education, Catholic faith? Why not dubious partisan politics? Why look to Catholic papers when the dailies "do as well?" Why not introduce as "family reading" something more lively, more light and less instructive?

These are some of the questions asked by the thoughtless, to whose patronage the splendid superstructure of Catholic journalism owes nothing.

The man who has no interest or intelligence outside of the price of groceries or the state market; who knows of nothing beyond bread-winning and low politics; who has the rables for a kind of flamboyant patriotism, such as self-respecting Catholic papers do not furnish; who can't be interested with anything but local news and gossip from Mud Flat; whose religious make-up is too tender to bear the strain of anything else than the short sermon he hears on Sunday; whose parsimony seeks a defence in weak sophistry—these are the class of men who make a boast of not reading the Catholic paper!—North Western Chronicle.

### CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

Christian zeal is very rare, rare as charity, whose fruit it is. There is no lack of a certain ardor for worldly enterprise, for honorable advancement, social influence, mental or bodily improvement; but there is comparatively little effort to make all these contribute to God's welfare and the salvation of souls. There is, it is true, in all of us some concern about the welfare of our neighbors, real satisfaction when we have reason to believe that our friends are upright, and grief when we hear of their delinquency; but seldom, perhaps, is this concern prompted by a love for the glory of God, and too often we are content when those whom we love attain a mere worldly prosperity, or at most a semblance of spiritual progress.

Zeal makes us prize the salvation of one soul more than all the riches, comfort, influence of this world, more than all the worldly tics of flesh and blood, the sweet delights of friendship, the fascination of a great name, the fear of disgrace and indignity. Days and nights of labor, menaces to health, risk of life itself, are not reckoned by the zealous man in comparison with a single soul's salvation. Nay, real zeal makes one sacrifice what would often seem a means or source of one's own perfection, the peace of solitude, the inspiration of prayer, the practice of some favorite devotion, for the spiritual good of a brother needing our aid.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.