

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1908

1570

## Good-By! God Bless You!

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech  
So straight in all its dealings,  
It takes a hold and seems to reach  
Way down into your feelings.  
That some folks deem it rude I know  
And therefore they abuse it,  
But I have never found it so:  
Before all else I choose it.  
I don't object that men should air  
The Gallic they have paid for,  
With "Au revoir," "Adieu, ma chere,"  
For that's what French was made for.  
But when a covey takes your hand  
At parting to address you  
He drops all foreign lingo and  
He says: "Good-bye! God bless you!"

I love the words perhaps because  
When I was leaving mother  
Standing at last in solemn pause  
We looked at one another,  
And I saw in mother's eyes  
The love she could not tell me—  
A love eternal as the skies,  
Whatever fate befel me,  
She put her arms about my neck  
And soothed the pain of leaving,  
And though her heart was like to break,  
She spoke no word of grieving,  
She let no tears bodom her eyes:  
For fear that might distress me;  
But kissing me she said good-bye,  
And asked our God to bless me,  
—EUGENE FIELD.

## A Song For November.

When crows croak in the leaden sky  
Or prong gray field and spectral  
wood,  
And all that greets thine ear and eye  
Sends eerie echoes through thy blood,  
Oh, close the door and come within  
Where never winter's chill may win:  
For here, my dear,  
Proportioned to thy need of me  
The measure of my love shall be.  
When boiling night-wind's snarl and  
moan  
Round gabled roof and frosted pane  
'Tis not our common hearth alone  
That makes the winds' forebodings  
vain,  
But those twin sparks of fire divine  
It feels from in thy heart and mine:  
For here, my dear,  
Thy need of me, my need of thee  
The measure of our love must be.  
—T. A. DALY.

## A VISIT TO BABEL.

A TOURIST DISCOVERS HOW CATHOLIC  
THE CHURCH IS BY SPENDING A MORNING  
AT THE PROPAGANDA.  
We learned long since that the  
Church was Catholic," writes a corres-  
pondent of the London Catholic Times,  
who is visiting in Rome, "but this morn-  
ing the meaning of the phrase has come  
upon us with startling vividness." The  
realization coincided with a visit to the  
University of the Propaganda, where the  
students from all the national ecclesiasti-  
cal colleges in Rome go daily for lec-  
tures.

"Every one who visits Rome goes to  
see St. Peter's," he writes, "but it is  
only after standing at the humble door  
in the Piazza Mignatelli that one seizes  
upon the inner meaning of the word  
catholic. The visitor may have wan-  
dered through the gilded aisles of the  
mighty church, and observed the con-  
fessionals ranged beneath its walls, with  
their significant inscriptions, *Pro Lingua  
Gallica*, *Pro Lingua Armenica*, and so on  
through the tongues of East and West,  
but to find the realization of all this he  
must come hither, to the schools of  
Propaganda.

### WHERE EXTREMES MEET.

"As the hand of the clock closes on  
8 in the morning, the firstlings of the  
flock begin to arrive: a flock of five or  
six hundred Church students of every  
land and race under heaven, coming  
hither for the morning lectures in the  
schools hard by. Even now a double file  
of students is approaching from the  
other end of the Piazza di Spagna, and  
from the opposite side at the same time  
a band of Americans swing round the  
corner. It is a striking contrast, for  
those whom we have first noticed are  
Syrians, and as they draw nearer we can  
make their little but measured pace, be-  
gotten in the loose freedom of Oriental  
garments, in a country where the tide of  
life flows smoothly still. The Ameri-  
cans, on the contrary, betray the fierce  
competition of Western cities in their  
very walk, springing forward with long  
strides, and looking around them the  
while, with the confident self-assurance  
of freeborn sons of Columbia. The con-  
trast in their faces is not less—these  
Yankees, fair and clean-shaven; the  
others, swarthy of skin, black-bearded,  
and with dark eyes that look out from  
the shade of overhanging brows. Yet,  
denizens of worlds distinct in all that  
makes up the sum of life, from the rest-  
less West, from the placid Orient, they  
are come hither for one self-same end.  
The priesthood of the same religion will  
crown the labors of each in the Eternal  
City.

"Even before we have had time fully  
to observe those who have first attract-  
ed our notice the quiet piazza has be-  
come transformed. Echoing to the tread  
of a score of moving bands, it has assumed  
the appearance of a stage when the  
supers come thronging in from the wings,  
and each moment sees the arrival of a  
fresh contingent. In the mere detail of  
costume there is not less variety in the  
scene before us than might be expected  
before the footlights. Perhaps black is  
the prevailing note, but sustained by an  
infinite variety of reds, yellows, and  
blues, in every shade and hue. One  
thing only is lacking that among the  
ecclesiastical costumes at Rome soonest  
attracts attention—that appears and re-  
appears in half the sketches of the Bor-  
ghese or the Doria-Pamfilii illustrated

discussing the morning's work in two  
score tongues, until the bewildered ear  
of the stranger is beginning to buzz  
and sing under the infliction of labials  
and nasals and gutturals. If only in  
the open with a breeze blowing, one  
might support it, but it is unbearable in  
this narrow corridor where the walls on  
either side catch up the flying syllables  
and fling them back, lest one should  
miss it. It is like running a blockade  
to move down through the serried ranks,  
pushing and shouldering one's way with  
ejaculations of "S'il vous plait!" and  
"Pardou, monsieur?" in a desperate belief  
that every one knows French. The  
German heavy artillery opens on us in  
front, and right and left there are Chal-  
deans, Dutchmen and Bohemians. The  
"clack" of Hottentot arrows reaches us  
from the rear, and the long fire of  
French "frances-tireurs." A good-like  
prick in the back from a keen Armenian  
knife quickens our pace, and we dash  
onwards under the unceasing fire of half  
a dozen unknown batteries. Suddenly  
some one at the end of the corridor be-  
gins shouting in awful unimpeachable  
accents, as if he were trying to prick us  
off at long range. It is too much for  
our nerves. A door opens on the left  
and we dash through the opening, and  
find on the other side two Australians  
whose English comes to us like a glass  
of cordial to a fainting man.

"We find we are in one of the lecture  
halls devoted to philosophy. After a  
few moments the lecturer appears at  
the door—a short, white-haired priest  
from whose sharp glance our unwonted  
presence does not escape. A dead  
silence ensues, and the students rise to  
their feet as the professor marches up  
to the high seat against the wall—the  
"cathedra," as it is called. The master  
divests himself of this cloak, recites a  
short prayer, and then spreads out his  
notes, while the disciples, pen in hand,  
are awaiting his opening words like so  
many reporters. We, too, await him  
with a delighted sense of being about to  
hear something quite new—an exposition  
of the philosophy of the schools, the  
philosophy of Dante, without a knowl-  
edge of which it is wholly impossi-  
ble to understand him, as we recall  
having read. Alas for human hopes—  
we have forgotten the language of the  
school was, and is, and seemingly  
ever shall be, Latin.

"Looking now at the Piazza, one  
might suppose half Rome's population to  
be made up of ecclesiastics, and still  
new-comers are arriving from every  
direction. Here are Bohemians, whose  
black cassock is enlivened by a touch of  
yellow; here are students of the Servite  
Order in their old-world habit, Canons  
Regular in white and black, Frenchmen,  
Italians, Canadians, and many others un-  
distinguishable in the crowd. However,  
the Greeks cannot pass unobserved, clad  
like the Armenians, in that monstrous  
garment of capacious sleeves, but with  
hair flowing over the shoulders and  
beards trimmed with delicate care.  
Well are they known in Rome, these  
long-haired Hellenes; one may see them  
at times in the churches at prayer, not  
like common mortals, on their knees, but  
standing upright with folded arms, and,  
as they leave, with the right hand on the  
breast, bowing down before the tabernacle,  
until the left hand touches the  
ground. Thus, one imagines, prayed of  
old the worshippers in the Temple of Mt.  
Sin.

### A COSMOPOLITAN REVEL.

"Oval-eyed Chinese and their lively  
cousins from Japan, negroes from Africa,  
Rumanians and Germans, pass by, paired  
off with Irishmen and Danes, Poles and  
Russians. There are German Swiss,  
Italian Swiss, French Swiss from differ-  
ent cantons, with Scotch Canadians and  
French Canadians who both took their  
faith and their language to the snow-  
land and there strenuously have pro-  
served them. There are Americans of  
every race that has found a refuge be-  
neath the Stars and Stripes making ac-  
quaintance with the land of their fathers  
in the persons of their fellow students,  
Dutch in Holland and Dutch from the  
Cape, Australians and Swedes, Portu-  
guese and Spaniards from South America,  
Arabs, Englishmen, Albanians and  
Welsh—and yet we have not named all  
that makes up this 'cosmopolitan revel,'  
this confusion of the poles, this blending  
of the day-spring with the west that  
seems to cast a twilight about our in-  
agination under the broad sun of Rome.

"A BROTHERHOOD CLOSER THAN BLOOD.  
"One wonders how harmony can dwell  
in so cosmopolitan an establishment,  
where such diversity of race must neces-  
sarily imply diversity of character.  
What is the common object appealing to  
all and binding them in the pleasant  
unity of the Palmaria? The answer  
would easily suggest itself, could we be  
present in the college chapel some Sun-  
day morning when perhaps a Dane is  
celebrating High Mass, assisted by a  
Scotchman and a Zulu as deacon and  
subdeacon, with acolytes who represent  
Berlin and Damascus, with a thrifter  
from London, and a circle of faces in  
the choir stalls whose differing hues and  
features bespeak a score of nations.  
And yet one might observe upon the  
countenances of all, and in their rever-  
ent gaze, an air of manly gravity that  
amounts almost to a family likeness,  
proclaiming a brotherhood closer than  
that of blood, a fellowship stronger than  
that which binds Celt with Celt and  
Frank to Frank. As the solemn bells  
ring out, and the white Host is shining  
amid the clouds of sweet-smelling in-  
cense, looking over those forms bowed  
down in unison of adoration, it may  
rush upon our mind that the wedding of  
soul to soul is the closest union of all.

### A FUSILLADE OF TONGUES.

"But we wait to get inside. The  
hum of many voices comes down the  
steps to meet us and swells into a roar  
as we open the glass doors at the stair-  
head. We are on the first story—the  
Tower of Babel. The tribes are out-

## WHICH RELIGION?

(Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by  
Rev. Edward Flannery.)

Amid the variety of worship that  
everywhere publish diverging claims,  
how may one answer safely the ques-  
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worship shall I decide to follow? We  
will examine that question and seek to  
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In the first place it is well to dismiss  
a view which offers ancestry as the sole  
motive for holding to a certain creed.  
We hear frequently repeated that a man  
is a believer or unbeliever because his  
parents before him were such and such.  
There is no doubt, of course, that the  
circumstances in which we are born or  
the surroundings in which we are raised  
account for our religious leanings. Be-  
cause a father or mother is Catholic  
may be the occasion of the baptism and  
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the fact of the parents being Catholic is  
a divine arrangement mercifully planned  
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he does so by conviction, because he is  
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A man who stubbornly holds to what he  
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but God, who searches the heart, con-  
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searchable mercy first, and then because  
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Recently I accidentally overheard a  
conversation which I was not supposed  
to share. A Catholic professional man,  
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scholarly representative of our Church,  
was discussing with a non-Catholic  
member of his profession the question  
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refusal of a certain authority to permit  
this Catholic gentleman to enter a State  
institution for professional purposes.  
The speaker was rightly indignant,  
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prove to the other how liberal he was  
he went on to say: "Why, what's the  
difference? You are a Protestant be-  
cause you were born that way and I am  
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born in Ireland." My blood fairly  
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State, as God is Master of the created  
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nationality is a violence offered to  
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to be confused with national inclination.

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"For twenty minutes the Roman  
professor has been speaking in the lan-  
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the four winds, speaking earnestly, em-  
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that above our common, more or less  
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"After the first lecture there is an  
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They labor thus, not for the mere in-  
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ed together, the knowledge of foreign  
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in the confessional, and it is with the  
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respite lasts about ten minutes, the  
professors begin to appear, chattering a little  
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claring that 'Mary was honored above  
all women, and we should honor her,  
and rush upon our mind that the wedding of  
soul to soul is the closest union of all."

### CHURCH NOT IN POLITICS.

BUT WHEN MORALS ARE ATTACKED SHE  
WILL DEFEND AND DO SO WITH  
VIGOR.  
Right Rev. Monsignor John H. Fox,  
vicar-general of the diocese of Trenton,  
N. J., attacked the doctrines of socialism  
in his sermon at the Cathedral last Sun-  
day. He said:  
"The Catholic Church is not in politics  
and does not try to influence her  
members in things purely political.  
But when a party invades the domain  
of morals, it is her duty, as the teacher  
of truth and morality, to expose its dan-  
gerous and false teachings. If socialism  
confined its doctrines to social and politi-  
cal economy and did not interfere with  
religion and morality, the Church would  
treat it with indifference. The preach-  
ing of socialism tell their audiences that  
the sole object of socialism is to improve  
the conditions of the laboring classes  
and do away with the existing social and  
economic trouble. They work upon  
the passions of the laboring classes by  
exaggerating their burdens and hard-  
ships and the ease and luxury of the  
rich. They attribute this disparity of  
conditions to a defect in our govern-  
ment and use it as an argument in favor  
of their revolutionary doctrines.

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## WHICH RELIGION?

(Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by  
Rev. Edward Flannery.)

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everywhere publish diverging claims,  
how may one answer safely the ques-  
tion, Which religion? What form of  
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a view which offers ancestry as the sole  
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There is no doubt, of course, that the  
circumstances in which we are born or  
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account for our religious leanings. Be-  
cause a father or mother is Catholic  
may be the occasion of the baptism and  
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the fact of the parents being Catholic is  
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question of belief becomes a matter of  
intelligent consideration. Many, per-  
haps, give the whole subject little  
thought, and merely drift according to  
the current in which their bark of life  
has been placed. But with thinking  
men the question of religion is a serious  
affair, and when a man commits himself  
he does so by conviction, because he is  
persuaded of the truth and not because  
his father transmitted to him his belief.  
A man who stubbornly holds to what he  
feels is false because he is loath to  
separate himself from the party of his  
ancestors is a better clansman than a  
believer. Men may admire his loyalty,  
but God, who searches the heart, con-  
demns the man for refusing to follow  
the light that beckons onward. Great  
stress should be laid on this assertion,  
that we are not Catholics merely by in-  
heritance, but because of God's un-  
searchable mercy first, and then because  
of firm conviction, we continue to  
practice the faith to which our fathers  
gave allegiance.

Recently I accidentally overheard a  
conversation which I was not supposed  
to share. A Catholic professional man,  
and so naturally expected to be a  
scholarly representative of our Church,  
was discussing with a non-Catholic  
member of his profession the question  
of bigotry. It was introduced by the  
refusal of a certain authority to permit  
this Catholic gentleman to enter a State  
institution for professional purposes.  
The speaker was rightly indignant,  
perhaps, at the refusal, but in seeking to  
prove to the other how liberal he was  
he went on to say: "Why, what's the  
difference? You are a Protestant be-  
cause you were born that way and I am  
Catholic because my father was  
born in Ireland." My blood fairly  
boiled when an educated Catholic would  
allow another to bear away the im-  
pression that our faith is mere ignorant  
adherence to blind prejudice, with no  
intelligence to defend or higher motive  
to explain the reason of our belief. Our  
religion, therefore, is not purely a  
legacy bequeathed to us by our parents,  
Nor is our religion to be a national  
adjunct. Countries are called Catho-  
lic or Protestant according to the  
preponderance of numbers or because  
there is a form of faith prescribed by  
law. The classification is purely arbi-  
trary, as faith does not reside in  
States, but is a possession of the in-  
habitants. A man who would profess a  
religion to the sole ground that his native  
land was allotted to such a form of  
worship would act neither intelligently  
nor safely. Religion that is true  
recognizes no boundary lines marked off  
by nations. God, who is the Father of  
all, asks no national cult, but speaks of  
each individual soul. The Almighty  
does not forbid that national feelings  
should be respected. In their place He  
admits the wisdom of fostering national  
emotions. But States must not en-  
croach on His province and nations  
cannot pretend to dictate religious  
observance. Religion rises above the  
State, as God is Master of the created  
world. So confounding religion and  
nationality is a violence offered to  
religion by God has upon us. Religion,  
therefore, is something higher and not  
to be confused with national inclination.

### A JOKE IN LATIN!

"For twenty minutes the Roman  
professor has been speaking in the lan-  
guage of the Caesars to these children of  
the four winds, speaking earnestly, em-  
phatically, with commanding gesture,  
while they, bending over their desks,  
drive shrieking pens furiously over page  
after page of note-books. It is a seri-  
ous subject which occupies him, not less  
suited, we think, to these majestic Latin  
polysyllables than the grave, purposeful  
and manner with which he rolls  
them forth. But suddenly the flying  
pens come to a standstill and every eye  
is fixed on the lecturer. We wonder  
what is coming, and hardly dare to  
imagine what may mean that twitching  
of the professor's facial muscles, that  
glint of his eyes that looks so like  
a twinkle. Is not Latin, the language  
of the Church, a sacred tongue, a speech  
that above our common, more or less  
sweet-sounding things that oftentimes  
make the tears come, but that cannot  
speak to us of the eternal years with  
voice as of many waters. What, then,  
have twinkles in the eye to do with  
Latin? The thought seems a sacrilege,  
but when a merry laugh rings through  
the room, and the lecturer smiles and  
glances at his audience, all our doubts  
and contentment of his wit, the  
awful truth forces itself upon us—that  
even in Latin one can make a joke.

"After the first lecture there is an  
interval of repose, and the corridors are  
thronged once more. Wandering about  
with grim countenance, we remark that  
many of the students are busily engaged  
in acquiring a new language; these,  
however, are men of stout heart, and  
strong chest, who in an hour of rapid  
note-taking and note-taking of abstrus-  
est metaphysics or the subtleties of  
divinity, is not sufficient to exhaust, nor  
the prospect of another hour to come.  
They labor thus, not for the mere in-  
tellectual benefit of gaining another  
language, but with thought of the minis-  
try they are destined to exercise; his lot  
many a priest, especially if his lot be  
cast where men of all races are gather-  
ed together, the knowledge of foreign  
languages is of supreme use for his work  
in the confessional, and it is with the  
thought of the confessional before them  
that these hard-working students are  
voluntarily adding to their toils. The  
respite lasts about ten minutes, the  
professors begin to appear, chattering a little  
among themselves as they proceed, each  
one to his own class. As for us, we  
turn away pondering the deep thoughts  
aroused by what we have witnessed."

### A BAPTIST MINISTER IN PHILADELPHIA

preached a sermon on the Blessed Vir-  
gin a few Sundays ago, and he said with  
reverent and beautiful words, "The  
mystery of the Immaculate Conception  
assumes that she had no need of a  
Saviour, and he grievously misunder-  
stands St. Bernard when he says that  
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