

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1899.

NO. 1,087.

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London, Saturday, August 19, 1899.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

We wonder what Carlyle would have said had he assisted at the sessions of the Convention at the Hague. Mr. Stead, who will doubtless give us his impressions very soon, was there; but from rugged Carlyle to the versatile editor of the Review of Reviews there is a large step. The Convention was conducted with the utmost affability by the learned diplomats who assembled to pave the way for the Brotherhood of mankind. They deliberated and talked and wrote down a series of resolutions and then went home to sit themselves down to sundry banquets provided for them by their admiring countrymen.

Meanwhile Uncle Sam is shooting dum-dum bullets into the denizens of the Philippines and John Bull is getting ready to preach Peace to President Kruger.

The Presbyterian Review has a penchant for devoted Roman Catholics. A Mr. Richard Bagot is the latest find, and the worthy editor introduces him with a sort of tempered hilarity to readers of his journals. Mr. Bagot says that no great advance has been made by the Church since the days of Manning. Will Mr. Bagot give us a little time. Even if the harvest of converts does not come up to your exacting standard, still we must crave pardon for denying that no great advance has been made since the days of Manning. Every day, men wearied with dissension and division and the strident clamor of warring creeds, are coming under the protection of the Church that alone has the right to teach; and many believe, with Von Hartman, that "if there should really be a Church which leads to salvation, no matter how, then at all events I will search for an immovable sovereign Church and will rather cling to the Rock of Peter than to any of the numerous sectarian churches."

Our contemporary is perhaps piqued that converts to Protestantism, with the exception of some "ex-priests and nuns," are like that invisible Church which was of course a well of doctrine pure and undefiled, but unseen and unknown until John Knox, from whom Wesley prayed God to deliver him, placed it on exhibition. John Wesley, however, said: "What wonder is it 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."

"Rarely," says our esteemed contemporary, "are to be found the names of men or women noted for science, etc., among the converts." Does our friend wish to insinuate that the poor and ignorant have no souls to save? We know that "the poor are always with us," to be sheltered and succoured, and not ticketed and thrust into a building constructed by the State for the use of paupers, and we are as willing to help them into the fold even as the men and women noted for science.

The editor of the Presbyterian Review knew perfectly well when he penned those lines that he was either writing or endorsing a falsehood. "It is not among the ignorant and vulgar," says a Protestant, "but among the intellectual and imaginative; not by appeals to the senses in worship, but by consistency and subtlety of thought, that in our day converts will be made to the ancient Church."

Perhaps Mr. Bagot is responsible for the mendacity of the Review: and if so he knows as much of what he is writing as the Chicago reporter who declared that when Cardinal Satollfi officiated he "wore a tonsure on his left shoulder and carried a thurifer on his head."

Now, Brother, bring out another "devoted Catholic" or "crafty Jesuit," with a well-laid scheme to massacre all the Presbyterians in Canada. But don't you think it is rather violent exercise this sultry weather to be banging the ecclesiastical drum?

Report comes from Norway that a law prohibiting girls who do not know how to sew, wash, knit and cook, from marrying will be enforced by the Legislature of that country. Some of our women are past masters in these use-

ful accomplishments and a few are but bundles of drivelling sentiment, as useless, practically, in a work-a-day world as a new-born infant. The law is worth watching, and if it can increase the number of knitters, etc., it should receive consideration from our own wise men.

The Rev. Dr. Koche, of Cape Town, is eloquent in denunciation of the Transvaal policy of Mr. Chamberlain, England's man of duty and destiny, and he declares that hypocrisy and greed and insensate ambition are the reason of the warlike antics of the magnate of Downing street. Mr. Chamberlain, of course, is acting solely in the interests of Humanity! He could stand calmly by and thwart his old political chief in his efforts to ameliorate the condition of Irishmen who were the victims of a slavery, as Gordon said, as ruthless as that of the Soudan; but his heart brims o'er with pity for the poor British under the rule of Om Paul. Some say he has a hankering after Transvaal gold, but this will be indignantly repudiated by those who believe that Mr. Chamberlain is the appointed Apostle to preach a brand new Gospel to the unprogressive Dutchmen.

The treaty of 1884, which gave England control over the foreign affairs of the Transvaal, stated expressly that the direction of the internal government should be in the hands of Kruger and his advisers. Considering, then, that the questions involved are of domestic policy, Chamberlain's attitude is unjustifiable. Why should the Transvaal government be obedient to the behests of the English? That it is unprogressive and inclined to show scanty courtesy to the adventurers who are delving for gold in Johannesburg cannot possibly prevent it from exercising rights which were granted them by the treaty of 1884, and which fall within the province of an independent state.

Much pretence was made at settling the difficulty, as for instance at Bloerfontein conference, which, we are told, was "a pre-arranged farce on the British side." War, of course, would be a very desirable thing for the rapacious mining companies, and would give the Birmingham politician much notoriety and a clear right to the title of "Judas" conferred on him some years ago.

Some good people are very wrathly sometimes over what they term "the shortcomings of the Catholic newspaper." We heard two individuals recently—one a delinquent subscriber and the other a feeder on the pabulum furnished by the New York Sunday sheets—deploring that Catholic newspapers are so inadequate to the needs of the present day. Not one cent comes from their pockets to remedy what they deem such a bad state of affairs—and never will, because we have been taught by experience that the only contribution ever given by the critical gentry who want everything just so, and cheap, is talk flat and unprofitable.

They could not, if requested, point out the "shortcomings." They heard it, and so they accept it, as they do their political tenets, in faith. Now, if they got a chance for a perambulator or a gold watch for their subscription they might be induced to help us, even at the risk of offending their literary taste; but to receive but printed matter, not even illustrations of sea-side resorts and theatrical favorites, unlocks the flood-gates of their indignation.

We cheerfully admit that the ordinary Catholic newspaper has not reached its *ultima thule* of journalism. There is a long way to go before we can claim immunity from imperfections. Still even the poorest of them is better reading for the household than the average secular journal. They contain at times sundry things unknown even to the critics, and they will not besmirch the souls of the children. We spoke thus, and at greater length, to one of the aforesaid gentlemen, who listened to us with great patience and then resumed his studies of High Art in Munsey's Magazine.

We hope that parents will decide now to give their children the advantages of the training that can be received only in the Catholic school and

college. There is no reason to justify them in patronizing any institution not under Catholic auspices. Our halls of learning compare most favorably, both in material equipment and professional ability, with any in Canada, and the parent who places his offspring in surroundings that must have at least an enfeebling influence on faith, has a very faint idea of his responsibility and duty.

DEATH OF A NOTED IRISH MINISTER.

Dr. George W. Pepper, a Methodist minister, and a well-known advocate of the cause of Irish Home Rule, died at his home in Cleveland last Monday. Dr. Pepper was a native of County Down, Ireland, where he was born in 1833. He came to this country in 1854 and received part of his education at Kenyon College, after which he was ordained a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Pepper was an enthusiastic advocate of Irish nationalism from his boyhood days, and his interest in the cause never abated. He numbered among his friends many of the noted leaders in the cause, all of whom appreciated his noble efforts for the good of his native country. Dr. Pepper has lectured in many of the states of the Union and in nearly all the Canadian cities. He served as a soldier during the civil war, being captain of a company which he organized himself. In 1890 he was appointed as consul to Milan, resigning during the Cleveland administration for extensive travels in Europe and the Holy Land. He was a man who commanded the respect of all who knew him, and upon whom his strong personality made a deep impression. His funeral which took place on Tuesday morning was largely attended, his many friends being anxious to pay their last tribute to his worth. One of the addresses at the obsequies was delivered by Hon. M. A. Foran, who had been an intimate friend of Dr. Pepper for twenty years.

"I first met Dr. Pepper," Mr. Foran said, "at an Irish Nationalist's meeting in this city more than twenty years ago. Knowing something about the prejudice against the Irish which existed at that time I was astonished to hear that a Methodist minister was present. Yet that was the case, and I have always honored him for it. I honored him for the interest he felt in his native land, for he never missed an opportunity to uphold the dignity of his race. His sympathies were as broad as the universe. If ever there was a man who felt the full significance of the words, 'Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man,' it was Dr. George W. Pepper. I believe he loved this country better than many of us who were born here. He loved liberty for liberty's sake."

Interment took place at Lake View cemetery, where Dr. Pepper was laid by the side of his wife. Among the many floral tributes was a harp with a broken chord from the Irish Nationalists.

CANADA'S CAPITAL.

Where Mgr. Falconio will reside—Its Worthy Archbishop.

It is stated that when Mgr. Falconio, O. S. F., goes to the Dominion to assume the duties of his new office—and he is expected to do that some time this month—he will take up his residence at Ottawa. Possibly, say probably, the Apostolic Delegation to their country what our Bishops did for our delegation when Mgr. Stollitt first came here—purchase, to wit a residence for the delegate and his attendants. That will doubtless require some time, however; and the chances are that Mgr. Falconio, when he reaches Ottawa will for some time be the guest of Archbishop Duhamel of that city.

Most Rev. Joseph Thomas Duhamel, the present Archbishop of Ottawa, will be twenty five years mired the coming October 28. He was born at Con-tre-car, P. Q., Nov. 6, 1841, his father being a farmer, who, after the Archbishop's birth, removed his family to Ontario. The future prelate was sent to Ottawa College, managed then, as now, by the Oblates, for his education. After his classical course was finished, he took up the study of theology, and was made a sub-deacon June 21, 1863; a deacon the following November 2, and a priest on the subsequent December 21, one of the Advent Ember days of that year. He began his sacerdotal labors as curate in the parish of Buckingham, P. Q., in the diocese of which he is now the head; but in November, 1864, he was made pastor of East Hawkesbury, Ont. In 1869 he accompanied his predecessor, Bishop Guiges, O. M. I., to Rome for the Vatican Council; and in October, 1873, he accompanied the same Bishop, as his theologian, to the Council of Quebec held that year. The following year Bishop Guiges died, and then Father Duhamel was appointed his successor. His consecration took place Oct. 28, 1874, and in 1886 he was made an Archbishop. Four years before that, so great had been the increase of Catholics in his jurisdiction, his diocese was

divided, and the Vicariate Apostolic of Pontiac was erected. That district is now the diocese of Pembroke. His administration has been a notably successful one; and not the least of his achievements is the fact that it was largely through his efforts in its behalf that Leo XIII. about ten years ago bestowed upon his *alma mater*, Ottawa College, the rank and dignity of a Catholic University. When Mgr. Falconio reaches Ottawa he will find abundant evidences there of a virile Catholicism. The University itself is a splendid proof of Catholic zeal and faith, and in the archiepiscopal city are eight parishes, not counting the cathedral one, numerous chapels, convents, both of male and female religious, schools and charitable and benevolent institutions.—Catholic Columbian, Columbus, Ohio.

AN EVENTFUL YEAR FOR THE RELIGIOUS OF THE SACRED HEART.

Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The dying century will, in passing away, leave a large mark upon the annals of the Religious of the Sacred Heart in Canada: this year they were privileged to receive the visit of their Very Reverend Mother General, while a few days back their establishment in Halifax celebrated amidst universal congratulation the fiftieth year of its foundation.

THE VISITATION.

Of necessity, the visit of a Superior General to far away regions must be a rare event. We are under the impression that it has never occurred in the case of the Franciscans or Dominicans in America; certainly the General of the Jesuits never set foot in these western lands. In the case of the Religious of the Sacred Heart it never occurred before. Not only is this a rare event, it is moreover one fraught with many and great blessings. Of course, in all communities living under obedience, there is a constant and efficacious communication between subjects and their superiors to the end that a oneness of purpose, of spirit and of action, may be secured. Still the written word is a poor substitute for the spoken word and the magnetism of personal contact with a great mind. We are not so ethereal as not to be affected by such things. Somehow we become more faithful to rule, more loyal to our institute after we have seen and spoken with those into whose hand God has placed its guidance and government. After that, things which seemed overmuch to aim at, appear easy and, practical, whose necessity does not impose itself, are respected when sanctioned by one who can see their working, not as in this or that particular locality, but throughout the world.

We are sure our readers will welcome a portrait of the Very Reverend Mother Digny, the Superior General of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart. We had thought of accompanying it with something of a biography; but it appeared to us that such details of personal qualities, private history or social distinction, however remarkable in themselves, sink into insignificance, are merged and lost in the dignity of the office of a Superior General.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE IN HALIFAX.

Fifty years ago the little seed was planted, to-day it is the spreading tree affording shelter to many, and gratefully refreshed. Such might be the history of the Sacred Heart in Halifax. God's blessing was on the planting, and, from Brookside to Spring Garden Road, He gave the increase; but who can say how the ground was watered during those fifty years, who can tell of the weary hours, the bodily fatigue, the shattered dreams, and the high aim and utter trustfulness that carried on the work in the Name of the Lord, for fifty years!

On the 14th of June, the Jubilee was opened by His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, who celebrated Pontifical High Mass. Rev. Dr. Murphy, of St. Mary's Cathedral, being the arch-priest, Rev. Father Daly, of St. Joseph's, Halifax, and Rev. F. Carney, of DeBeac, Carleton, N. B., deacons of honor. Rev. Dr. Foley, of St. Mary's, and Rev. E. Young, of Enfield, deacon and sub-deacon.

The Mass sung was F. Rija's, ending with the Gregorian "Te Deum," and was rendered in a way that did credit to the high musical reputation which is everywhere the spanage of Sacred Heart Convents.

The Reverend Fr. Cassidy, S. J., of Loyola College, Montreal, preached the sermon. After dwelling upon the powerful influence for good which religious teachers wield, the preacher paid a glowing tribute to the noble woman who plays well her elevated role of mother, sister, friend and counsellor, for there is no stronger, nor more far reaching influence than hers. In alluding to the high standard of education received by the pupils of the Sacred Heart the Reverend preacher eloquently decried that narrow and unworthy species of instruction which passes current in our day with so many for the noble art, the genuine education, which while it furnishes the mind, embellishes it with learning, fortifies the will, forms and molds the character of the young.

Warming with his theme Father

Cassidy pictured the career of a pupil of the Sacred Heart, thus judiciously prepared for the great battle of life, and when describing what a potent factor for good her influence would surely be in the parish in which she exercised her enlightened zeal, the Rev. Father added that should it happen in after life that her Pastor receives no efficient help from one calling this sacred home her Alma Mater, he would say that such a pupil deserved not her high title since she had not caught the true spirit characteristic of the Sacred Heart. In developing the strong, subtle influence of the religious teacher over her pupils, Father Cassidy depicted in a few delicate touches the inner life of the former, the secret source whence she derives her vigor, her fruitfulness and her zeal, namely the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, her Divine Spouse.

At the reception which followed, His Grace the Archbishop addressed the pupils as follows: my dear children, in thanking you, my dear children, for your kind words of welcome, and for your charming entertainment rendered with that quiet grace of form and elegant simplicity of manner characteristic of this institution, I must also congratulate the ladies of the Sacred Heart on the successful celebration of its Golden Jubilee. Many pleasing exhibitions of a refined musical and literary education have been given in the hall of this academy in the past; these were incidents in its daily life, whilst that of to-day marks an epoch in its history. It is in the nature of an act of thanksgiving, of rejoicing and of hope. It praises God in His works: it expresses the happiness of grateful hearts, and it looks forward to a wider career of usefulness in the years as yet unborn. This institution has lived, and labored and flourished for fifty years in this century which is fast drawing to a close; it has always held a foremost place as a home of intellectual development, a school of virtue, and a nursery of womanly dignity and self-respect in this restless and ruthless age in which unsexed women and emaculated men seek to destroy the noblest traits of true womanhood.

In the coming century it will be still in the forefront, bearing aloft its banner, a sign of hope to the heart-weary, a symbol of faith to the doubting and perplexed, an emblem of victory over the vicious and discredited system of Godless education.

Institutions that are founded in false principles, or which cater only to some bad, or passing phase of human silliness, come and go. How many such have been born, have lived their noisy, boastful little day, and have passed away during the fifty years that this academy has been quietly and efficiently doing its noble work, developing and progressing on the broad and enduring basis of moral and intellectual perfection and culture.

Halifax has long been noted for its refinement and good breeding of its people. This academy has been no inconsiderable factor in producing and fostering these qualities. Among existing institutions for the education of women it is the oldest in the maritime provinces, and from its foundation until this day it has been largely patronized by the daughters of our leading citizens. The results of its training have thus exercised a powerful influence for good, both directly and indirectly in the community. If effects be traced back to their causes it will be found how much of the correct taste and refined manners of Halifax ladies is due to this convent.

If musical associations and musicians can now flourish in Halifax, it is because this convent prepared the way, and made their existence possible.

I feel that I have to thank the ladies of the Sacred Heart not only in my name, but also in the name of my predecessors, for the grand and noble work of the past fifty years. Hundreds of old pupils look back with gratitude to the gentle and devoted teachers, to the vigilant and prudent superiors who taught them knowledge and virtue by word and example in this academy, and who instilled into their hearts those principles of conduct which enable womanhood, protect it from the snares and pitfalls of life, and lead to its highest development and perfection. No better proof of the value they set on the training imparted in this institution is required than the fact that when they have daughters to educate they place them here so that they may enjoy the advantages by which they themselves have profited.

The love and gratitude of former pupils, the affection and docility of present ones, the rejoicing of friends, the thanks for past services, and best wishes for future success, of myself and clergy, are a testimony to the splendid work of this institution, and should be a source of pleasure, and some slight recompense to the ladies of the Sacred Heart, for their ungrudging labors in our midst, during the past fifty years.

After the reception, the Archbishop and clergy were entertained at luncheon in the large parlor of the convent. The proceedings of the day were closed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The next day was given up to a reception by the Children of Mary, and the halls were filled with pupils past and present and the friends of the institution to which we heartily wish God speed.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

In view of last week's discussion of the education that girls should get, we give all the prominence we can to the following sensible letter:

Whatever unites a girl to discharge the duties awaiting her in her after life is prejudicial to the girl. The duties of a girl passed into womanhood lie in the (1) nursery, the (2) kitchen and the (3) drawing room. Her education, therefore, should be to fit her for those three places. But the high education sought by some of us nowadays for our girls has quite another tendency—it unfit.

The young wife has learned to read the *Odes* of Horace quite fluently—will this help her to see the better after the wants of her little ones? She is quite assured, after much study, that the sun is a globe of incandescent matter—will this enable her to set before her husband, after his hard day's toil, a well-cooked breakfast, though heat has much to do with the cooking? Years of thought have led her to believe the navigation of the North Pole a certainty. Will this enable her to receive with greater grace and courtesy her husband's friends when they come to visit him?

What is the woman's chief attraction for the man? Her desirability to him, her dependence on him, her trust in him, her winning shyness, her unassuming modesty; these make a man love a woman.

Place the woman and the man on the same level, by education, and quickly you will have the man saying to the woman, when they differ, what he would say to his brother or his male friend: "Go to the—," well, say, "his Sable Majesty." The world would not improve if man's reverence for die out.

You expect a man to love his wife, but how can he if she, through educational tendencies, pass her day in the public library or at home reading a book on her descent from the ape, not in the nursery where her true work lies? You expect a man to love his wife, but how can he if, returning home after daily labor, she trots him out, not a well-cooked dinner, but a dissertation on the whereabouts of the "Lost Tribes?" You expect a man to love his wife, but how can he if, when he gathers his female friends round him, she lacks in common civility towards them, because they do not know the letters of the Greek alphabet or the birthplace of Mahomet the Imposter.

What, you ask me, would I teach a girl? I would teach her to read *well*, to write *well*, and to cipher *well*. What a miserable education, you will say. Is it? Allow me to say that we have among us, in plentiful abundance, both men and women, who pose as items in the educated classes, who can neither read nor write, nor cipher well! Grammar, history and geography would be, of course, essentials. Teach our girls these things. Teach them also to sew a button on a brother's shirt, to cook a leg of mutton when a friend drops in, and to prepare and boil a plum pudding when Christmas comes; and add to these things some of the attractions that increase the beauty both of home and social life, music, singing, etc. Teach, I say, our girls these things, and you will add largely to the girl's worth, to the love every man should bear his wife, and to the harmony and blessedness of married life.—*Sacerdos*, in American Herald.

THE PERFECTIBILITY OF MAN, A DELUSION.

We are tired reading about the perfectibility of the human race. It is the assertion of those who have parted from the system of human nature which revelation gave them. But this is an optimism which nothing can justify, which no pledge of the past gave warrant to anticipate. The fact of man's fundamental imperfection is not merely the proclamation of Christianity; it was witnessed to by the heathen, who knew and felt the dire inequality of man's adaptation to the things without him. Lay aside the doctrine of the fall, try to perfect human nature apart from the aid which religion supplies, and, in order to minister to our deep seated religious instincts, they wandered into the depths of superstition, they became the credulous victims of some wild illusion or fantastic theory which was degrading to human nature. The Apostles who proclaimed the self-sufficiency of man, who taught that in himself lies all redemptive power, had led to theosophies to learn the secrets of another world from precipitated Mahatmas; to spiritualistic seances, with Ingersoll's ghost as its latest evangelist.—*Sacerdos*, in American Herald.

To occupy one's self with trifling weans from the habit of work more effectually than idleness.—Bishop Spalding.