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The Catholic Record.

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VOLUME XXVII. LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12 1905 1399

The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 12, 1905.

ANOTHER PICTURE EXPECTED.

We thank a subscriber for his picture of conditions as they obtain in his native burg. Not a storm cloud mars the beauty of the skies that hang over it. Citizens irrespective of creed form but one happy family and their song of life has no minor chords—a prodigy of a place. Nothing there but music; but we happen to know that the non Catholic has the principal place in the orchestra. When bye and bye the members of the fold try to edge in or mayhap get in the way of the performers our correspondent may send us another picture with a tinge of gray in it.

AN EXHIBITION OF BITTER GARRULITY.

Some years ago Mrs. Trollope wrote the domestic manners of the Americans. Describing the performance of a preacher at a revival which she witnessed she says: "The perspiration ran in streams from the face of the preacher: his eyes rolled, his lips were covered with foam. The acting was excellent. At length he gave a languishing look to his supporters on each side, as if to express his feeble state, and then sat down." We were reminded of this while reading an account of a meeting of the Methodist Episcopalian Missionary Committee held in Boston a short time ago. Bishop Burt, who was one of the speakers, must have perspired considerably during his address, and had his eyes rolling in fine frenzy. One curious thing about these meetings, wherein the Church is reviled and calumniated, is that the fair-minded non-Catholic who happens to be present never enters a protest. Foul play is tabooed in most places. But cultured Boston must have been shocked by the utterances of the Bishop, and that library committee, which is endeavoring to shield the citizen from the plague of the bad book, must have wondered at his attempt to defile the minds and hearts of his hearers. As an exhibition of bitter garrulity the address might pass; as an object lesson on the way to stir up a revival of hatred, it was decidedly archaic: "I have proof of it," said the Bishop, "that the Vatican still has the Inquisition. Why, if they could do it, they would light the streets of Rome with human torches and fill the underground prisons with innocent victims. The Roman Catholic priest is polluted—his hands may be foul with murder, blood and lust. But thank God we have a chance there in Italy to help the people." Evidently Bishop Burt has "not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed."

BROTHERLY LOVE.

Some good brethren hereabouts are talking about our unity. At gatherings convivial they paint beautiful pictures of our brotherly love, and incidentally do some etchings depicting the lack of it in others. But, in the grey dawn of the morning after, we search for it in vain. Brotherly love is not an unknown factor among us: but that it is so widespread as some eloquent gentlemen would have us believe may well be doubted. With not a few of us bent on being recognized socially by the non-Catholics only, and hurrying our children into non-Catholic schools and organizations, and secluding ourselves in cliques and sets, the picture of unity is, so far as we can judge, not in the canvas of reality.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

It is said that our colleges turn out some athletes who can manipulate the "spit ball" well enough to get their names in the paper. Just how a baseball team may effect a routine and discipline it is not our purpose to discuss. Mayhap the students dwell more in the "schedule" than in preparation for examinations, and give undue prominence to the ball-tosser who brings the college colours to the front. Considering all this, and the fact also that college graduates are nowise different from those who have not had their advantages, some people are disposed to question if not to decry the benefits of college education altogether. Now a course in any college, however distinguished for its professors, merely gives the student ways and means for his future development. It shows him how to learn. It tunes up a man so that he may be in harmony with all that is high and noble. It fertilizes his nature, so that the study of the aspirations and achievements of the past may yield a harvest of broad outlook and sane judgment. It shows him in a word, the best way of getting on with himself, his neighbor and his God.

The "practical" people who dote on education that can be transmuted at once into dollars and cents ask: What is the use of this and that in the curriculum? Why should my boy learn Latin which he will never use, asked one of Dr. Arnold. And that scholar replied: The question is not what your boy will do with Latin, but what Latin will do for your boy. That is a point to be noted. One great defect of our whole course of teaching from the kindergarten up is that too great pains are taken to make everything interesting and pleasant and to eliminate all that savors of labor on the student's part. If the first books given to children, continues Brownson, were such as would require an effort on their part to understand them, and the same followed all through, the mind would be more exercised and thereby strengthened to think and judge. This is the usual teaching of educators.

We know that some of those who loom large in the financial and political world are not graduated from a college. We know too that upon this, as a foundation, some labor to uprear a superstructure of dogmatism in this matter. But it merely proves that these financiers and politicians are men of great natural ability — men who know how to toil and to wait, and whom no obstacle can daunt, or who early in life found opportunity knocking at their doors. Where they triumphed the average man untrained would go down in defeat. And they are the first to lament the want of a college education. We have heard a Canadian who stands high in the councils of the nation, and who is admired, and justly, for his brillant abilities and achievements, affirm that he could have succeeded far better if he had had it. This, it seems to us, is sound sense. The tools that are given into a man's keeping for the fashioning of his future—the power to think and judge — is sharpened by education. Thus he has a market value. Thus a college education is a good investment. The "school of experience" and the advertised "short cuts to affluence" should have no sympathy from parents. Our own impression, said Sir Andrew Noble in 1899, is that as a sharpener of young intellects it would be difficult to improve the curriculum which in the main has been in force for so many centuries.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The gentlemen who operate the joke machines ought to discard the mother-in-law mould. The mother-in law is, so far as we can find out, ofttimes vastly superior in every way to the much compassionated son-in-law. Her burden, especially when she is dependent on the bounty of the son-in-law, is heavy enough without having it increased by flabby witticisms at her expense. The joke-smith should turn his attention to that particular kind of son-in-law who has no respect for old age, grudges to spend a cent for the maintainance of the mother-in law, and makes her feel that she is a pauper. It matters not that she works for the household, and is therefore entitled to as much consideration as a servant would receive. It matters little that she gives plentifully of the garnered wisdom of years. From first to last she is regarded as an incumbrance, as something to be treated with more or less contempt. No wonder that women choose the poor house in preference to the refuge offered them by some sons-in-law.

THINGS WORTH WHILE.

How may we be saved from the "practical people" who would have us believe that money grubbing is the one thing worthy of attention. They would have all things subservient to this and have every faculty keyed up to highest pitch for the race after the dollar. We are deluged with talk about material success. Our heroes are men with large bank accounts. Their doings and sayings and ostentation are chronicled for our edification.

Years ago the youth heard a different teaching even from the most of the secular prints. They were taught that truth and justice were the things worth while. To befriend the weak and oppressed—to be gentle and grave—to view life by the light of eternity—all this was woven into their being.

THE ONE ANTAGONIST.

Time was when we heard that with education widely diffused the claims of the Church would be disowned more and more. Prominent agnostics, however, never supported that view. In the Church they saw the one antagonist that had to be reckoned with seriously, and they knew their history too well to talk of it as being allied with the cohorts of ignorance and superstition. Education, to be brief, has been, and is, a hot bed for the germination of the seeds of dissolution planted in Protestantism. Education has shown the non-Catholic that Protestantism as a system is irrational. Hence he refuses to accept the tenets which his forbears blindly accepted and he is casting about for anything to which he can give "reasonable service." The divines who are in the public eye can give him no assistance, and, besides, they are either whittling down creeds or making new ones or coquetting with that theory of evolution which leads to a denial of the divinity of Christ. His only refuge is the Church which we are commanded to hear, and of which St. Augustine declared: "I would not believe even the Gospel did not the authority of the Catholic Church move me."

THE DOER COUNTS.

The whiners and croakers never yet won a battle. Low ideals, false principles, frivolity, the squandering of life in trifles must be met by action and not railing. The doer counts. If we have true principles and ideals, let the world see them not in talk but in our lives. Let us, in the words of Gladstone, quoted by John Morley in his life of the statesman, impress upon the young that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and groveling thing, that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny.

A SKEPTIC CONVINCED.

CLEVELAND PHYSICIAN WITNESSES MIRACLE OF LIQUEFACTION AT NAPLES.

Victoria, B., C., Orphans Friend.

The following extracts from a letter received by Dr. J. V. Gallagher from Dr. A. P. Scully, of this city, who is at present travelling abroad, gave a very interesting account of his close view of the miracle of the liquification of the blood of St. Januarius, and of his audience with the Holy Father. Dr. Scully writes from Rome:

"I found the study of the antiquities here very trying. I had no idea it would be so fatiguing, so betook myself to Naples and Capri for rest. Beautiful and majestic Capri—steeping like a huge monster on the blue and placid waters of the Mediterranean with its grim rocks rearing aloft their craggy outlines and looking out upon the world's commerce, as it passes to and fro, like so many sentinels of a by-gone age. Then the beautiful drive from Sorrento to Amalfi (where I slept in a monk's cell,) thence to Cava the following day. I think this the most beautiful drive in the world. The sea at our feet, the towering rocks to our left, the overhanging orange and lemon trees exhaling all their aromatic sweetness filled the soul with a contentment which can only be secured here. Imagine it as God's paradise on earth. I visited Pompeii and had the awful experience of climbing old Mt. Vesuvius, which is now in eruptive state. I got snap shots beween explosions. My experience has taught me not to advise any of my friends to make the trip.

"I had a particular mission to Naples for Saturday last, viz., to see the miracle of the Liquification. As you know, Dr. C. and myself have talked these things over quite often in somewhat skeptical strain. Like the man from Missouri, I had to see for myself. I got all the privileges extended me through 'bribes' and clerical local influence and was as close to the vials of blood of St. Januarius as you are to this letter when you are reading it. I was the first to see and examine it when it was removed from the treasury. I followed in procession, next the chief of police, over a mile through the streets of Naples, never lost sight of the receptacle, got into the Church of St. Clara and on the altar with the Bishops and Cardinals and was looking at the blood when the terrible moment of suspense arrived. It did not look as though it would liquefy. The Bishops and Cardinals prayed—but not yet. The wild, weird outburst of the Italians in the church beneath, the police and soldiers with drawn swords, all filled me with fear and awe. The Cardinal now read the life of the Saint when lo! and before my eyes, the very finger of God Himself seemed to descend from heaven, for slowly but surely the hitherto solidified mass began to slip from the sides of the vial and liquify! I rejoice with the others for I had witnessed a miracle. As I said before, I was a skeptic, but now I am a converted one for I know of nothing that could produce the change at that particular moment, but the hand of God. You can tell my friends and particularly Dr. C., who quotes White, that neither he nor White can get over it. Everything was open and above board; government officials hold the keys the year round. I have investigated fully. It's no 'fake.'

"This miracle and the fact that I had private audience with the Pope has made my trip more than profitable from a spiritual standpoint. Although there are many historic monuments in the eteral city, which awaken a sense of wonderment that finds relief only in verbal expression, yet surpasses all objects of study and awe is the great and venerable personage of Pius X. Owing to the kind offices of Father Robert, I was successful in obtaining audience on Sunday, April 30th, at 10 a.m. The historic reception rooms were crowded with people when, in the company of two Passionist Fathers and three doctors, I was ushered into the private audience hall of the Vatican. Whilst struggling with the deep emotion awakened by my strange environments and while profound silence was augmenting the nervous excitement already intensified by great expectations, the door leading from the papal apartment was gently and slowly opened. Cardinal Satolli was taking his leave and immediately behind the white and august form of Pius X. with benign countenance and kindly smile dawned upon me like a vision of celestial brightness.

"I must confess I was mastered. We were next. I approached the chamber with the utmost deferential respect and reverent curiosity. He came out from behind his desk and as I knelt and kissed his ring I was immediately filled with a fire of love for the grand old man and father of us all. He has a clear countenance, so openly expressive of the virtues of Christ-like meekness and fatherly love that you are at perfect ease and happiness in his presence and feel as though the light of heaven filled the chamber. I will never forget that moment. He is a picture of marble white purity.

"I have beheld the eternal city in all its prophetic grandeur, have viewed the ruins of antiquity now lying underneath patches of moss, ferns and wild flowers, all broken arches of triumphal glory—the dilapidated ruins of Caracala Nero and Caligula, the house of the vestal virgins, the temple of Venus, but that which will remain most deeply impressed on me and stamped on the retina of my mind's eye is the grand and gentle Pius X., and the miracle of the Liquefaction. * * *

Your sincere friend,

A. P. SCULLY.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' VIEWS.

TALKS ON GREAT ACCUMULATIONS OF WEALTH.

Cardinal Gibbons is spending the summer away down at the farther end of Long Island, in the modest little rectory of Rev. Father O'Hara, who is pastor of the local church. In one of the oldest settled spots of America, where even the road signs inform you that this particular tavern was opened in 1663, the only wearer of the scarlet biretta in America lounging away the brilliant wind swept summer days.

It was in the rectory of the parish Church that Cardinal Gibbons explained to a newspaper correspondent what he feared morally and financially from the present condition of the country. Cardinal Gibbons talks absolutely to the point. He does not waste words on fancy expressions of sentiment. He does not beat about the bush with fine phrases. What he has to say he says emphatically and briefly.

"Whenever there is an amalgamation of great capital, or a large collection of men interested in one money-making concern, there is sure to be corruption. It is not a new story. It is a story as old as the world's history. The only reason that it comes so much to the fore at present is that the methods of its detection are daily growing stronger.

"Corruption has always existed. Corruption I am afraid will always exist as long as human nature yields to the attributes that lead to temptation.

"The bright spot in the whole swamp of present moral degradation is the fact that the degradation is made known. Corruption cannot exist nowadays without being discovered after a while. The greater the evil the greater the possibility of remedy. And that possibility of remedy has now become such an assured fact that it counterbalances almost the evil which the present condition of money madness creates.

"The fear, the dread of exposure is the counterbalancing element, and that fear, that dread, that horror of having a name once respected dragged down is due to the efforts of the metropolitan press. It may not be good theology, it may not be good ethics, but it is certainly very good common sense, and a very good moral element that the fear of exposure in the public press keeps many a man sticking close to the path of rectitude who otherwise would stray off in the by ways of personal graft."

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

"There is nothing," said he, "which a man prizes more than his reputation. And the only way to effectually upset a man's reputation is to expose him to the public press. The power of the press is incalculable. Its argus, almost searchlight, eye is ever looking for the weak spot in humanity to throw it into bold prominence. Sometimes it happens that the defect is shown in an exaggerated form. But as a rule the public exposures of public men are public benefactions.

"There is nothing that so touches a man's self-respect as what the newspapers say about him. By newspapers I mean a great metropolitan newspaper which can in one headline bring justice and dethronement to a man who has always posed as a popular idol of righteousness, but who is really a hypocrite.

"The shattering of idols, has of late become a thing of almost daily occurrence. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but it is an inevitable condition. The late James G. Blaine, when he was Secretary of State, said to me once that a man in business would do an act which he would consider absolutely contemptible and wrong if he did it in his own personality. 'A collection of men,' said Mr. Blaine, 'will permit wrong which no one of those men individually would ever think of doing.' That is undoubtedly true of the condition that has been exposed in this recent insurance scandal.

INSURANCE SCANDAL.

"Now in this insurance scandal and various other unfortunate business wrongs that have been exposed lately it is very much to be doubted if any one particular man would do of his own accord what he did as a director or stockholder. A great many very honorable and reputable gentleman are more or less implicated in these scandals. When the scandals are brought to light and exposed these honorable gentlemen justify themselves by saying that they had only a very small part in it. Their excuse is that perhaps they owned one share in a thousand and that while the directorate of the thousand shares committed a financial crime their one little interest was so small that it did not count."

"Does that excuse them?"

"Why, certainly not. They quite likely erred through ignorance rather than intention, but a wrong is a wrong, no matter how it is done.

"The great trouble maker in this country is money. The great offset to that evil is the American inclination to spend it rapidly."

"You consider then, that American extravagance is something of a blessing?" asked the reporter.

"I do, indeed. Americans are not misers, thank God! Otherwise we would be in a deplorable condition. When great fortunes are made they are almost as rapidly expended, and the constant circulation of money, the keeping going of these great accumulations of wealth, is one of the hopeful signs of the future. We are strictly and commercially a business nation. England was never more so. All the tendency of life in this country is toward the accumulation of money and so soon as a man finds that he is accumulating money he sets himself seriously about the business of expending it. That keeps the balance even; that keeps the money where it should be, in constant circulation."

"You do not believe, then, in the Scriptural statement that the love of money is the fruit of all evil?"

"In the United States it is not the love of money itself that is the root of all evil. The fact of possessing money and having the opportunity to spend it brings with it untold inclinations towards vice and immoral and unlawful extravagance. People are apt to cry, 'Crime, crime, crime!" They would be nearer the truth if they cried out against money. It is the magic key that opens the gate to all that is against the welfare of the community."

"TAINTED MONEY" A REALITY.

"Do you believe there is such a thing as tainted money?"

"Indeed I do. There is no doubt that there is a large accumulations of money in this country that are very much tainted. However, I have never had an opportunity yet of personally deciding whether the money was tainted or not. No money has ever been offered me that even had the shadow of suspicion connected with it in that respect; but that money has been obtained in a way which a churchman would not sanction in this country is a matter of common knowledge."

RICHES AND HAPPINESS.

"Do you think that a rich man can be a happy man?"

"It would be a very hard task. The possession of wealth is an isolation. Andrew Carnegie once told me that the only really happy days of his life were when he was earning money by the sweat of his brow, when his weekly income only amounted to dollars and not to thousands.

"Great wealth brings its privations and its sufferings. The retribution that trails in the way of money madness is the poverty of riches. I can think of nothing more lonesome than a man with an immense fortune. You may remember a little poem that Defoe wrote about Alexander Selkirk, who was cast away on the Island of Juan Fernandes, beginning 'I am monarch of all I survey,' but after a week's residence in the island the tone of the poem changes and the unfortunate castaway bemoans the fact that while he is lord of the land and the beasts and the fowl he is desolate. The man with a great fortune is like him. What is his wealth, his power, his position, unless he has the human hand of friendship and fellowship?

"Good fortune cannot be enjoyed without companionship. Great wealth is an idle thing if it debars the honest graspest grasp of the right hand of the fellow-being. There is no man so poor in human fellowship as he who is burdened with riches. He pays penalty of success. He lives the life of abnegation.

"With the increase of a rich man's friendship comes the increase of false friendship and the leechlike attachment of sycophants and human bloodsuckers. They are sure to gather in bloody pools made by financial corruption, and then, when the explosion comes, then the searchlight is turned on and the corruption shows forth, these hangers-on scuttle away and leave the poor victim to his own devices.

"While the spending of a great fortune may be a great task it is the only safety valve to happiness for the man who is encumbered with wealth."

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST.

Pagans very often lead good lives, but their goodness is not Christian. Many of them act with proper motives and aim at high ideals or models. They labor to improve themselves and their fellows, and find inspiration in heroic example. They practice the natural virtues almost to perfection: they are honest, truthful, courteous, self-restrained and respectful towards authority. They seem to do so well without the aid of religion that they become a source of scandal to the unreflecting Christian, who questions the need or value of Christianity since the goodness seems possible without it. They are a source of scandal to themselves; they are so satisfied with their own uprightness that they can see no reason for examining the influence which Christianity might exert on their lives. They learn to magnify the importance of deeds over creeds. Their number is legion, for outside the Catholic Church today how very few Christians care for creed; dogma, doctrine or religious principle! It would be a hopeless world if there were not at least a few good pagans.

There is, however, a vast difference between the good life of a pagan and that of a Christian, and the honest pagan often appreciates this difference more than the Christian. The motives of the two lives are essentially different and so are the ideals, the models and the means by which they are sustained. Self, in one form or another, is the motive of the former, as Christ is the motive of the latter. His maxims and life are the ideals and model of the Christian, whereas the pagan follows worldly maxims and the example of those whose lives illustrate them. Christ is the support of Christian life, chiefly by the influence which He exercises over the souls through the Sacraments; the pagan can look to men only for their applause and encouragement to do his duty. It is no wonder that he frequently perceives the difference that exists between his own life and its resources and those of the Christian. He is quick to perceive the marvellous organization of the Church, the influence of its authority, the attractiveness of its public worship, the hold it has on the affections of its members, the safeguards it throws about the home, the solicitude it shows for the individual, and its secret of renewing the spiritual vitality and vigor of souls apparently dead to or unequal to better things. All this he admits as extraordinary, but it never occurs to him that it can be accounted for only by supernatural influences. To appreciate this explanation supposes faith, and that he lacks, as well as the good will to be to be guided by the glimpse of divine truth which every human intellect at one time or other receives.

It is precisely by this lack of good will that pagan goodness begins to differ from Christian. It is very well to observe one's duties toward men, but how deplorably defective is the reason which accepts such duties and yet refuses to admit any sense of duty towards God? Veracity, truthfulness, sobriety, kindliness, self-restraint in dealing with others are very meritorious and attractive, but how strangely inconsistent is the life in which these same virtues are not brought into exercise by active relations with the very source of all virtue? This is the superiority of Christian goodness; it implies all that is best in the natural virtues and uplifts and consecrates it all by the aid of the supernatural virtue, and so it is, to be honest, reverent and chaste.

The natural law enjoins all these things, and their observance redounds to our advantage in ever so many ways. The Christian law enjoins them also, at the same time that it enlightens us to know the perfection of these observances and strengthens our wills to keep them with ease and constancy, even when they are most difficult. To the motive of duty it superadds the motive of love of God; for the abstract ideal it substitutes the personal model, Christ; it supplies through the Sacraments the very life and vigor of soul needed to persevere in its fulfillment.

The object of this intention is to pray that all who try to keep the natural law may come to appreciate the charm and the influence of Christian goodness and that we who ought to be constantly inspired by the motive, model, and means of its observance may never lose sight, but so take advantage of these as to recommend them to all whose natural goodness disposes them to submit to the law as sanctioned by Christ.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Egyptian Wheat.

A good many years ago a new kind of wheat was propagated. It was called Egyptian wheat, and the seed had been found deposited with a mummy in the ruins along the Nile. It was planted and it proved to be good, live grain, after being shut up in the dark for four thousand years. So it is with the seed of the word of God. We must sometimes be content to sow it in our neighbor's heart, and go our way till, God, long years afterwards, stirs the soil, that is to say opens the heart, and the good seed we sowed fructifies in conversion, Let us remember that the word of God never dies.—The Missionary.