

The Catholic Record.

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

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"LEST WE FORGET."

"The Church as a faithful mother prays for all her children departed, that they who left no parents or friends may still have the benefit of suffrage."

It may seem that when St. Augustine penned those words, the faithful had little need to be reminded of their duty towards their brethren. But though they were bidden to assist the dead not with lamentations but with prayers, supplications and alms, and were intimately conscious that between them and their departed there still existed a union of souls, the saint put before them the practice of the Church. She never forgets her children. In the Holy Office and the Adorable Sacrifice she prays for the holy souls. Yet, with her teaching and practice before them, many Catholics are nowadays prone to forgetfulness of their dead. Our friendship for them wanes as the years go on: Memory's pictures are blurred by the world; and we pray for them occasionally, and then perchance in a careless manner. Rarely do they employ the greatest means of propitiating the infinite mercy of God—the Holy Mass. Hence they indeed are wise who make provision for Masses after their death. Otherwise they may be like the poor man who waited eight and thirty years for some one to cast him into the healing waters of the pool in Jerusalem. Men came and saw his plight and went away without helping him. Busy with their own thoughts they had no place in their heart for his sufferings. And when we are feeling "pious" we may wonder at such a story and condemn the heartlessness that withheld a helping hand. If, however, we look into our own lives, we may see the plain evidence of base ingratitude to those who loved us, and indifference to the cry for mercy that arises from the land wherein souls are being prepared for Heaven.

We must admit that our French Canadian brethren do not forget their dead. More, we know that a member of a parish who neglects to have Holy Mass offered up for his departed is looked upon as one dead to the obligations of friendship and charity. They do not have expensive funerals, but they see that their dead are in memory at the altar of God not only on the day of burial but at frequent intervals. In many English-speaking parishes this manifestation of charity and faith is not visible, at least to such an extent. In fact some pastors tell us that so far as they know forgetfulness of the dead is on the increase.

AN ECHO OF THE 12TH OF JULY.

A reader sends us an account of a 12th July celebration with a request to comment upon it. While anxious to oblige our friend we feel that any verbal effort of ours would be inadequate. We believe also that this kind of entertainment is unattractive to the Canadians who refuse to entertain the notion that "orations" lacking in courtesy and truth are "eloquent" and "instructive." But it is strange that a few gentlemen forget that they are in Canada, with obligations to their fellow citizens. And they fail to remember that a medley of deprecating jokes and hysterical addresses are not complimentary to their abilities as entertainers of the public. We have but time to call their attention to the performance of Rev. E. J. Hopper, an Anglican minister of High Bluff. The report of it indicates that the gentleman is, as a raconteur, a joke smith, about two centuries out of date. His contribution to the 12th of July fun was not only tinged with vulgarity and alien to the spirit of the Anglican ministers whom we have the honor of being acquainted with, but was of such a character as to betray either a low order of mentality on the part of Mr. Hopper or an effort to come down to the mentality of the people whom he essayed to amuse. At any rate the High-Bluffers whom he shepherds must have an abnormally developed sense of humor. The statement that the 12th of July is a "better day than Good Friday" leads one to believe that whatsoever one may think of Mr. Hopper's tact and judgment, his imagination is full fledged. The weather was hot, and then any thing can happen on a 12th of July. We regret, of course, that any clergyman should play the buffoon, but we have the consolation of knowing that these clergymen are in the minority and have no influence over the Canadians who will work other than the

uttering of ignoble jokes, the chattering of hatred and the retelling of stories that have long since been relegated to the almanac.

A CONTRAST.

In striking contrast with the Rev. Mr. Hopper's oratory are the remarks made by Deputy Grand Master Lindsay Crawford at a 12th July celebration at Belfast by the Independent Orange Order. He said that the new movement was a revolt against the tyranny of ignorance, bigotry and unreasonable prejudice. For generations Orange leaders had pandered to the lowest instincts of the mob and had encouraged sectarian and party divisions for their own selfish ends. Independent Orangemen had chosen the better part, and while their Catholic countrymen might disagree with the doctrines of the Protestant religion, they were determined, God helping them, that their creed would not be identified with ignorant bravado and hot house oratory.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The Catholic Educational Association of the U. S. reaffirmed this year at Cleveland its principles that without religion there can be no substantial prosperity or healthy national life. Far from being a hindrance to the State, we are convinced that by our statement of religious education we support the principles of authority and obedience, charity and justice, which are the mainstay of social order and public welfare.

ANCIENT IRELAND.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

There was once civilization in Ireland. We never were very eminent to be sure for manufactures in metal, our houses simple, our very pieces rude, our furniture scanty, our saffron shirts not often changed, and our foreign trade small. Yet was Ireland civilized. Strange things! says some one whose ideas of civilization are identical with carpets and cut glass, fine masonry, and the steam-engine; yet 'tis true. For there was a time when learning was endowed by the rich and honored by the poor and taught all over our country. Not only did thousands of natives frequent our schools and colleges, but men of every rank came here from the Continent to study under the professors and system of Ireland, and we need not go beyond the testimonies of English antiquaries, from Bede to Camden, that these schools were regarded as the first in Europe. Ireland was equally remarkable for piety. In the pagan times it was regarded as a sanctuary of the Magian or Druid creed. From the fifth century it became equally illustrious in Christendom. Without going into the disputed question of whether the Irish church was or was not independent of Rome, it is certain that Italy did not send out more apostles from the fifth to the ninth centuries than Ireland, and we find their names and achievements remembered through the Continent.

Of two names which Hallam thinks worth while rescuing from the darkness of the dark ages one is the metaphysician, John Erigena. In a recent communication to the Association we had Bavarians acknowledging the Irish St. Kilian as the apostle of their country.

Yet what beyond a catalogue of names and a few marked events, do even the educated Irish know of the heroic Pagans or the holy Christians of old Ireland. These men have left libraries of biography, religion, philosophy, natural history, topography, and romance. They cannot be all worthless; yet except the few volumes given us by the Archaeological Society, which of these works have any of us read?

It is also certain that we possessed written laws with extensive and minute comments and reported decisions. These Brehon laws have been foully misrepresented by Sir John Davies. Their tenures were the Gavelkind once prevalent over most of the world. The land belonged to the clan, and, on the death of a clansman his share was apportioned according to the number and wants of his family. The system of erics or fines for offences has existed amongst every people from the Hebrews downward, nor can any one knowing the multitude of crimes now punishable by fines or damages, think the people of this empire justified in calling the ancient Irish barbarous, because they extended the system. There is in these laws, so far as they are known, minuteness and equity; and, what is a better test of their goodness, we learn from Sir John Davies himself, and from the still abler Baron Finglass that the people revered, obeyed, and clung to these laws, though to decide by or obey them was a high crime by England's code. Moreover the Norman and Saxon settlers hastened to adopt these Irish laws, and used them more resolutely, if possible, than the Irish themselves.

Orderliness and hospitality were peculiarly cultivated. Public caravansaries were built for travellers in every district, and we have the very best legal evidence of the grant of vast tracts of land for the supply of provisions for these houses of hospitality. The private hospitality of the chiefs was equally marked, nor was it quite rare. Ceremony was united with great

freedom of intercourse; age, and learning, and rank, and virtue were respected, and those men whose cookery was probably as coarse as that of Homer's heroes, had around their board harpers and bards who sang poetry as gallant and fiery, though not so grand as the Homeric ballad-singers, and flung off a music which Greece never rivalled.

Shall a people, pious, hospitable, and brave, faithful observers of family ties, cultivators of learning, music, and poetry, be called less than civilized because mechanical arts were rude, and "comfort" despised by them?

Scattered through the country are hundreds of books wherein the laws and achievements, the genealogies and possessions, the creeds, and manners and poetry of these our predecessors in Ireland are set down. Their music lives in the traditional airs of every valley.

Yet mechanical civilization, more cruel than time, is trying to exterminate them and, therefore, it becomes us all who do not wish to lose the heritage of centuries, nor to feel ourselves living among nameless ruins, when we might have an ancestral home—it becomes all who love learning, poetry, or music, or are curious of human progress, to aid in or originate a series of efforts to save all that remains of the past.

It becomes them to lose no opportunity of instilling into the minds of their neighbors, whether they be corporators or peasants, that it is a brutal, mean, and sacrilegious thing, to turn a castle, a church, a tomb, or a mound into a quarry or a gravel pit, or to break the least moral of sculpture, or to take any old coin or ornament they may find to a jeweller, so long as there is an Irish Academy in pay for it or accept it.

Before the year is out (1844) we hope to see a society for the preservation of Irish Music established in Dublin, under the joint patronage of the leading men of all parties, with branches in the provincial towns for the collection and diffusion of Irish airs.

An effort—a great decided one—must be made to have the Irish Academy so endowed out of the revenues of Ireland, that it may be a national school of Irish History and Literature and a Museum of Irish Antiquities, on the largest scale. In fact, the Academy should be a secular Irish College with professors of our old language, literature, history, antiquities, and topography; with suitable schools, lecture-rooms and museums.

COSTLY CHURCHES AND THEIR MISTAKEN CRITICS.

Frequently we hear the clergy severely censured for building costly churches. Of course, the censures come from the pews, and almost invariably from those which measure their parish generosity by a Sunday plate contribution of a nickel. In the class will also be found parishioners who meet the precept of the Church bearing on the support of pastors, not with what the precept prescribes, but with a copious supply of unwholesome and unsound advice as to how the parish should be conducted. And in many instances they are individuals who have proved total commercial failures.

There are some Catholics who never seem to grasp the fact that the work of conducting the affairs of a parish is the business of the pastor. And it is his exclusive business. He serves a long apprenticeship, as a rule, after ordination, to fit him for that very purpose. His appointment to a parish by his Bishop may also be considered as a testimonial of his fitness for the task. Such being the case, every presumption of ability to do the work satisfactorily is in his favor.

But these lay critics would have money expended in costly church edifices distributed in channels of charity, or in a multiplication of churches far less pretentious. This is what they say they would do if the regulation of such matters were at their dictation. There is reason to believe, however, that the parsimonious generosity usually displayed in the financial success of their parish would find some strange structures doing service as God's temple.

By their censures these individuals display their ignorance of several important matters. They fail to see that their criticisms reflect as much upon the Bishops of their diocese as they do upon their pastor. They are evidently totally ignorant of the fact that pastors are subject to the authority and the wishes of their Bishops in the matter of placing financial burdens upon a parish, and that Bishops are very reluctant to permit their priests to incur parish debts which are at all doubtful of easy liquidation. Hence authority to construct costly edifices is not obtained for the asking and is only granted where conditions warrant the same.

They are a strange set, these individuals. They belong to a class of people the world has known since the beginning. What they want done by others is the thing they would not do for themselves. Their inconsistency is monumental. They don't want costly temples for their Eucharistic God. That is insane extravagance. But if God blesses them with a little wealth to the exclusion of their religiously superior neighbors, one of their first acts is to secure themselves a more fashionable neighborhood and a home of larger luxury. And although in many instances this entails the penalty of tightening the purse strings against church support, still they regard it as a wise, profitable and necessary expenditure.

The subject of costly churches and their mistaken critics could be developed much more fully. Not half of the story has been told. But we trust enough has been said to expose its folly, and we hope, in some measure, to correct the growing evil. It is criticism that is neither wise, healthy nor conducive to the good of religion.—Church Progress.

WHERE ARE THEY?

In a discourse pronounced on July 12th, before the Baptist Association of the Eastern Townships, a certain Rev. A. L. Therrien, a Baptist preacher, made some startling declarations. He declared it to be the first duty of Baptists to evangelize French Canadians, that he himself had disbursed in the work one million dollars and had gained to Evangelical Christianity more than seven thousand souls.

One might imagine that the first duty of a Baptist would be to serve his God according to the light of his conscience, but, passing over this outburst of zeal and the remark that Mr. Therrien has disbursed one million dollars in fulfilling his "first duty," we should like to know what truth there is in the statement that seven thousand French Canadians have been converted from their Catholic faith through the instrumentality of Mr. Therrien or of any one else. Whether such a result represents the work of one individual or the united efforts of an organization or "church," it is useless to enquire, but it would, if true, be matter for serious reflection. On its face it appears improbable, and it is not at all borne out by the statistics which we have at hand.

The census of Canada, 1901, shows that there are 8180 Baptists—free and not free—in the Province of Quebec. A careful examination of the same shows still further that by far the greater number of these Baptists are found either in English counties or in more or less English portions of French counties. Something more than the unsupported statement of Mr. Therrien is required to convince us in these places that a man of any other nationality than English.

Here is a list taken from the Census.

	Baptists.
Argenteuil.....	844
Bonaventure.....	126
Brome.....	504
Compton.....	547
St. Gabriel's Ward (Mont.).....	345
St. Anthony's Ward (Mont.).....	635
St. Louis and St. Laurent	
Ward, Montreal.....	505
St. Anne's Ward, (Mont.).....	191
Westmount.....	394
Outremont.....	41
Missisquoi.....	24
Pontiac.....	197
Shefford.....	231
Sherrbrooke.....	197
Stanstead.....	923
Wright.....	304
Labelle (English centre).....	8.0
Drummond and Arthabasca, (Eng. centres).....	62
Megantic (Eng. centres).....	25
Montreal (Eng. centres).....	17
Richmond and Wolfe (Eng. centre).....	69
Total.....	7091

The above list points to the conclusion that the greater number of the Quebec Baptists are first-rate Anglo-Saxons. The remaining 1389 are scattered in counties and wards of cities in which it is difficult to determine whether they are English or French, but there is reason to believe that the 61 Baptists in St. Ceneogede City, the 75 in St. Henri City, the 213 in Maisonneuve, the 67 in St. James Ward (Montreal), the 138 in St. Mary's Ward, Montreal, the 138 in Quebec city, the 36 in Valleyfield are largely, if not exclusively, English-speaking. It is consoling to note further that there are 15 counties in Quebec in which there is not a single Baptist, there are 4 counties which contain 1 each, and there are 12 counties in which the Baptist population ranges from 2 to 10. As a matter of fact there are but three French counties in which the Baptists may be able to claim a small fraction. In the county of St. Jean and Iberville, the seat of operations, there are 215 Baptists; in the county of Rouville, 131; and in the county of Laprairie, 76. There is nothing to show, however, that all or even a majority of these 422 Baptists are French-Canadians.

Where then are the seven thousand souls won to Evangelical Christianity by Mr. Therrien? Are they all dead? If so, where are their children? The French Canadian is a prolific race. Must we conclude that when "converted" it imbues a certain vice unknown to Catholic Quebec but unfortunately prevalent in Protestant Ontario? Is this then the "awakening" on which the Maritime Baptist congratulates itself? Is this the "enlightenment" to be desiderated for Catholic Quebec? Is this the "first duty" of Baptists according to the conception of Mr. Therrien?

From a careful examination of the statistics and from the assurances of those who are thoroughly acquainted with the situation, we thoroughly agree with the conclusion arrived at by La Presse of Montreal, when discussing the same situation, that there are not in the whole Province of Quebec to day five hundred French Canadian Baptists, and that Mr. Therrien is singularly astray in his figures when he claims to have won seven thousand souls. From the amount disbursed, \$1,000,000, it follows that the French Canadian Baptist comes pretty high.—Antigonish Casket.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE "ENLIGHTENED."

To hear some good people talk about the superstition which exists in Ireland and Italy and Spain and other Catholic lands, one would suppose that what are called Protestant countries, particularly the United States and England, are entirely free from superstitious beliefs and observances. Of course, Protestants ignorantly speak of Catholic faith and practice as superstitions, because they do not really know what superstition is, or in what way it differs and differs vitally from faith. But when they imagine the people of the United States to be too enlightened for superstition they make the judicious gripe; for if there is any place on earth where superstition flourishes it is here in this much-schooled land of ours.

There was a case of a "Doctor" recently, down in Baltimore, who pur ported to cure by means of magic, and the revelations made in court concerning the number of his patients and clients afforded striking proof of the firm hold which superstition has upon the minds of many enlightened American citizens. Belief in charms, incantations, magical breastplates, spirit mirrors, etc., was shown to exist in all parts of the country, from Vermont to Texas, in spite of flattering census statistics proving the decline of illiteracy. Policy players read the "Doctor's" choice literature to improve their luck, spinners bought "Adam and Eve root," for use in winning wool, sick persons trusted to a "correspondence course" for health, and speculative souls sought instruction for raising spirits. Pathetic cases were disclosed in which poor persons, long afflicted with a grave disease and despairing of cure by physicians, sent their last dollar to procure supernatural help. Dream books were in much demand and magnetic healing was above par.

The "Doctor" and the revelations of superstition made by his prosecution in court attracted wide attention, and the Baltimore Sun treated the matter in a long editorial in which it commented on the widespread belief in superstitious observances as (ineffectual) remedies for disease or as aids to advancement in love and business affairs. Said the Sun: "The crudest sort of fetishism and superstition continues thus among us in this twentieth century side by side with agnosticism and the refined and philosophic creeds of the learned. The learned, in fact, are often as superstitious as the most uneducated, though in a different way and along different lines. It has long been noted that those who boast their emancipation from prevalent creeds are often slaves of the pettiest delusions. How many persons are bold enough to marry on Friday? How many fear to draw their socks on their left feet first? How many are free from the dread of thirteen? The poet tells us—

Thirteen at a table's bad sure,
But twelve is very good.

And many of us believe him. Do you touch wood after indulging in a boast? A strict inquiry would show, it is suspected, a great number of the "Doctor's" breastplates in use among our cultivated people, to say nothing of "rabbits' feet" and other implements of intelligible magic. Who is your pet superstition, cultivated and enlightened reader? for it is not the ignorant only who seek to learn the secrets of our "prison house" of clay or to pry into the future and to master the mysteries of nature. Belief in the supernatural seems to be ineradicable, and if the human soul is not anchored to a sane and editorial belief, it will be swept away into the deepest shadows and the most dangerous waters by the strong natural currents of credulity.

In other words, the people who sneer at religion, and particularly the Catholic religion, as superstitious, are themselves in numerous instances the victims of superstitions ranging from the most trivial to the grossest and most degrading. And all this in the United States!—Sacred Heart Review.

"GAVE UP HIS RELIGION."

GOOD MOTIVES DO NOT INFLUENCE THE LAISING CATHOLIC.

The religion his father lived and died in. The faith his mother taught him as a child. The belief transmitted to him through generations.

His grandfather suffered famine for it—endured hunger and cold rather than seem to waver in it. Years back his forefathers risked their lives to teach it to their children. They travelled miles to listen to its precepts and to receive its consolations. They lost their lands sooner than compromise it. They suffered the rigors of the terrible penal code, which transported their school-masters and hung their priests.

One who bore the same name, consecrated to its service by a divine vocation, is said to have lost his life in its ministrations. Hunted down by the minions of a despotic government, he boldly avowed his faith before the tyrants who made his death a martyrdom. And this descendant of such a race, bearing a name rich with such associations, has given up—what? His religion? He has given up his religion. He no longer goes to Church, though the divine sacrifice that his fathers heard by stealth in the danger and cold of winter midnights is now free and open before him. He no longer receives the sacraments that his kinsman died to administer. The heritage of faith passed down through so many years of persecution, carefully entrusted by father to son as more precious than the lands lost to them or the knowledge debarred them, has been

squandered, lost and spurned by this man!

Why has he given up his religion? Has he thought deeply, studied long and closely and arrived at the conclusion that it is not true? Is he earnest in his search for truth, and manly and independent in his conduct and character? Or has the process of alienation been gradual, spread over many years and subject to diverse influences? Where has he received his education, and who have been his teachers? What books has he read? Who have been his associates? Has he no social advantage to seek, or no political purpose in view, or no business prospects to subserv?

Analyze the hidden motives, the occult influences, so devious, imperceptible and gradual, and see if he has given up his religion because he loves truth and possesses knowledge. Even his own conscience, led astray by worldly influences and flattered by self-conceit, will at times make its voice heard in uneasy accents. Especially on his death bed, if the opportunity for reflection is at hand, will the poor and flimsy reasons that induced him to give up his religion stand out in their weakness and nakedness.—Catholic Citizen.

ENGLAND'S TITLED NUNS.

Some of England's titled nuns are mentioned by T. P. O'Connor in an article incident to the recent conversion of Spain's new Queen. The Duke of Norfolk, says the article, has two sisters nuns: Lady Minna Howard belongs to the Carmelite Order, and Lady Etheldreda is a Sister of Charity. Lady Edith Fielding, sister to Lord Denbigh, is another Sister of Charity, and cheerfully endures exile in a convent in China. Lady Maria Christiana Bandini, daughter of Lord Newburgh, is in a convent on the Continent; Lady Frances Bertie, sister to Lord Abingdon, resides in a convent at Harrow; and Lady Leopoldina Keppel, sister to Lord Albemarle, is a nun of the Sacred Heart.

The Hon. Mary and Hon. Margaret Russell, daughters of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, are now nuns in the convent of the Holy Child at Mayfield, Sussex; and also the Hon. Violet Gibson, the pretty daughter of Lord and Lady Ashbourne.

Miss Mary and Miss Edith Clifford, sisters of Lord Clifford of Chudeigh, are both nuns; Miss Ellen and Miss Marie French, sisters of Lord French, are also nuns; Miss Leonie Dornier is a nun; and yet another religious is Miss Cicely Arundell, sister to the twelfth Lord Arundell of Wardour. Indeed, in several instances, whole groups of sisters are within walls of convents. No fewer than four sisters of the present and fourteenth Lord Herries are nuns, as are three sisters of the present and fourteenth Lord Petre. One of these is a Sister of Charity, and the others belong to the Order of the Good Shepherd, and reside in convents at Cardiff and Glasgow. And in bygone days there were several years over Portugal as its king, being eventually deposed and driven into exile in order to make way for his niece, Queen Maria Della Gloria, the grandmother of the present king. The royal nun is the Superior of a convent of Benedictine nuns in the Isle of Wight.

A CASE OF BAD MANNERS.

When Archbishop Erchesi wrote to the dying Chiniquy offering to visit him, our evangelical friends thought it a great piece of impudence on his part. Yet in the eyes of the Archbishop, Chiniquy was an apostate Catholic, one who had to all appearances impugned what he knew to be the truth of God, and who was therefore probably guilty of the awful sin against the Holy Ghost. Had Chiniquy been a Presbyterian born and reared, for whose good faith there might be a reasonable presumption, the Archbishop would never have offered him his services as a minister of reconciliation; and if in such a case the services of another clergyman had already been invoked, His Grace would have thought it bad policy and worse taste to attempt any intrusion. The good people of Windsor who brought a Protestant Bible and tracts to a condemned criminal who was being attended by a Catholic priest, need to take some lessons in good manners; or at least they should ponder on those golden words which lie at the bottom of all rules of good manners: "Do as you would be done by."—Antigonish Casket.

A Rev. Justice of the Peace.

In Bathgate, Scotland, a Catholic clergyman, Rev. Father McDaniel, has been appointed Justice of the Peace. This is a rare, probably a unique distinction for a Catholic priest in Great Britain. The office carries with it no salary. Justices of the Peace under the British system being honorary officials, though they sit on the bench and try and dispose of cases in the interior courts. Here they are called judges, but in Great Britain only justices. It seems very fitting that a Catholic priest, one of whose functions it is to preach justice, should also be a dispenser of justice. We are quite sure that the offenders who come before Justice Father McDaniel will get strict justice seasoned no doubt with mercy, of which he is by profession also a minister.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.