

The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1904

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VOLUME XXVI

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DESERVING OF ATTENTION.

Judging by the quantities of patent medicines sold there must be much sickness, imaginary or otherwise, among the people of Canada. A dealer informs us that the demand for nostrums is on the increase. Compounds of every description which are manufactured by syndicates or some enterprising and philanthropic gentleman find purchasers. But a short time ago we read that a Canadian city which does not boast of a large population received three car-loads of a certain popular and fashionable patent medicine. Now either the denizens of that city have more than their share of bodily ailments, or they find the medicine extremely palatable. Perhaps the glowing tributes paid it by the men and women who lie to it for relief, may influence the citizens into purchasing it. But the fact vouches for by medical journals that this particular nostrum contains a goodly percentage of alcohol may also account for such popularity as evidenced by three carloads of it sold we understand for about fifteen thousand dollars. How much of it goes into other centres of population, and into rural districts whose inhabitants were up to a few years ago content with the home-made remedies, we are unable to ascertain. But the amount, it may be safely assumed, is enormous.

Now here, we take it, is a matter which deserves some attention. We do not mean to impugn the veracity of the individuals who tell these touching stories about their insides and how they were benefited by the medicine. They may imagine that it is a purveyor of health, or, as it is hinted, some of them may receive artificial stimulus so as to encourage them to concoct advertising literature. What we desire to point out is that a patent medicine containing a large amount of alcohol is calculated to work evil in many a household. It is masquerading as a medicine, and the sooner the authorities show it up in its true colors the better will it be for the community.

MORAL CRIPPLES.

An esteemed pastor writes us that the attraction of the "road house" is on the wane. We are glad of it, and we hope that its influence will dwindle to the vanishing point. Time was when it was potent in its charm for those whose idea of a "good time" was to make several kinds of idiots of themselves; and so the information of our reverend friend may be indicative of saner methods of thinking and acting.

We are quite sure that the festive boy is not allowed so much latitude as heretofore. He is very properly labelled a nuisance. He may be endowed with the good qualities which his companions would fain attribute to him, but the man whose habits of life dishonor himself and his home, who as it happens betimes causes the tears to well from a mother's eyes, is not worth talking about. He may talk deprecatingly of his weakness, but they who are not moral cripples regard it as a criminal weakness. There is no sympathy wasted upon this kind of man. He is out of the firing line. He may be a good subject for an hospital, but he is out of place—and this fact is being forced upon him daily—in a world where a worker needs every ounce of muscle and brain at his command. He may of course be gifted, but it is well to remember that he is not in the way and can be credited with qualifications which produce nothing and offer no obstacle to another's progress. Our readers may remember what Dudley Warner says about brilliant drunkards: "It is a temptation to a temperate man to become a sot, to hear what talent, what versatility, what genius almost always attributed to a moderately bright man who is habitually drunk. Such a mechanic, such a mathematician, such a poet he would be if he were only sober; and then he is sure to be the most generous, magnanimous, friendly, most conscientiously honest, if he were not so conscientiously drunk. I were not so notorious that the public suppose it is now notorious that the most brilliant and promising men have been lost to the world in this way. It is sometimes almost painful to think what a surplus of talent and genius there would be in the world if the habit of intoxication should suddenly cease; and what a slim chance there would be for the plodding people who have always had tolerable good habits."

THE RHODES' SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following, taken from the Catholic News, London, G. B., will interest our readers:

By the terms of the bequest of the

late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the German Emperor has the nomination of a certain number of young men who are to benefit by the "Rhodes" Scholarships" at the University of Oxford. His Majesty has just made his two first nominations, and it is interesting that they should be both in favor of Catholics. The two students in question are the son of a Bavarian Minister of State (Herr von Muller) and Count Hely de Talleyrand Perigord, a nephew of Prince de Talleyrand, who is also Duke of Sagon in the Kingdom of Prussia. These two young men have both entered on residence at Oxford, where they will study for two years.

There are altogether about seventy five Catholic resident members of the University now at Oxford. Nearly sixty of them are young laymen, while the remainder are members respectively of the Benedictine and Jesuit Halls, presided over by Dom Oswald Hunter-Blair, O. S. B. of Fort Augustus, and Father O'Fallon, S. J. The lay Catholic undergraduates have a chapel of their own and a resident chaplain, Mgr. Kennard, Canon of Clifton. They are scattered through the various colleges of the University, the larger number being at Christ Church, New College, and Balliol; but they nevertheless are very much in touch with one another, chiefly through the "Newman Society," which meets frequently during the term for debates, reading the papers, and social intercourse.

FAIR PLAY WANTED.

We trust that our readers know the value of printer's ink. We trust also in their readiness to resent any insult to the Church. We avow that it is difficult to be patient with the prudent folk who are forever preaching the mildewed doctrine that things will come right, and that after all the intelligent non-Catholic is a foe to the open and above-board antagonist of the Church and all things connected with it. It is consoling to know this doubtless, but for that, we prefer a good hater who shows his weapons, to the smiling and urbane individual who may have a knife up his sleeve for our benefit. This beautiful liberality and good will loom large in theory, but in everyday affairs—well it, takes betimes a good microscope to find any vestiges of it.

We do not mean to insinuate that our separated brethren who stand for anything in the community are prone to indulge in vilification of things Catholic. But all the same it is well to keep a judicious eye on the publications which solicit our patronage. Not that we are inclined to grow restive if we do not notice eulogies of the Church. Our past attitude will dismiss any charge of that nature. But we merely ask for judiciousness and impartiality; in a word, for fair play. For instance, in criticisms of books, we desire to see the hand of a critic who is not too ignorant, or too bigoted to recognize the fact that not every book which comes from a non-Catholic pen can with justice be recommended to Canadian readers. We object in the interest of truth, and therefore of our fellow-citizens, to a mass of absurdity doing duty in a novel as a presentation of Catholic doctrine. And here, by the way, would be an admirable opportunity for the intelligent non-Catholic to demonstrate his oft-reiterated horror of dishonorable tactics. However, if the Catholic layman call attention to such as soon as it is printed, and send a little note to the Editor to the effect that a continuance of the policy will result in a decrease of subscription, and advertising, this critical nuisance may not be so noticeable.

The argument that touches the pocket is always of weight with some genre of the press. It works wonder even with the editors who cultivate the "smile that is childlike and bland" on their editorial page and on other pages give one the idea that the "heathen Chinese" has not a monopoly of "ways that are dark."

MEDDLING IN POLITICS.

The editor tells us that "we are accused of meddling in politics." He does not intimate what punishment he has in store for us, but it may, we fear, be something awe-inspiring—even a sentence to hear and abide by the rules which the preternaturally-wise critics may draft for our benefit.

"Meddling in politics" is, we know, the one unpardonable sin of which a Catholic newspaperman can be guilty. He may do anything else; he may write obituaries and marriage notices, and on occasion weave a wreath of eulogy for certain individuals, but he must not trench on political questions. This we have learned by experience. Not so long ago we said a few words concerning the school question, and we heard a peremptory command:

Hands Off! Timidly we ventured to ask the reason and we were informed that it was not our business. We might of course have pursued our quest for the true inwardness of the command, but the vision of a sapient individual—and there are so many of him—who would cry: "Stop the paper," prompted us to abandon it. That, however, a Catholic journalist must not do this or that—for instance meddle in politics—may be in the code of etiquette of some worthy persons hereabouts, but it is not in ours.

Moreover, we have never espoused the cause of any political party in Canada. But in affairs which make for the common weal we believe that we are bound to contribute our quota to right government. We have, and we may have occasion to do so again, advised Catholics to exercise the franchise in an intelligent fashion. To this end we have encouraged them to study current issues so as to know just why they deposit their ballot. A menace to a nation is the citizen who takes his cue from the professional politician and who is without a shred of an opinion he can call his own or a iota of knowledge of the issues on which he should pass judgment. If all this be "meddling in politics," we plead guilty but without regret or purpose of amendment.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The Flood City, (Johnstown, Pa.) is known to the world. The world stood silent in deep sympathy when the wires flashed the news of the calamity that came on the Conemaugh Valley in May, 1889. Through the pluck and energy of those left, a fairer Johnstown has risen over the ruins of the old. The population has doubled since then. Fine business blocks, splendid hotels, and commodious and luxurious homes are seen on every side.

The Church is in the lead. There were four Catholic churches before the flood—now there are nine. During the coming year there will be two more. St. John's is the oldest. Fathers Michael, Xavier and Urban gave a very successful mission which lasted two weeks, and during that time was announced a non-Catholic mission. Cards of invitation, and an explanation of the object of the mission, with a list of the subjects for each evening, were enclosed in envelopes, and the Catholics were asked to send them to their non-Catholic friends. Three thousand were sent out.

Father Xavier lectured every evening, beginning Monday, 23rd, and ending Monday, 30th. His lectures were masterly. Never were the truths of faith put forth more clearly. His rich voice breathed charity and good will to our separated brethren in every word. The vast crowds drank in the message with a greedy ear. All were warmly favorably impressed, and the comments were very flattering and complimentary. The members of the Cross, a young man, and a young woman, were turned away from the doors, who could not find standing room. The church can seat twelve hundred; besides, every available space was used for temporary seats. The sanctuary, sacristies, and the steps outside the sanctuary were packed with men.

The church itself, grand and beautiful as it is, was an object-lesson to every non-Catholic. They were filled with admiration and awe when, the electric lights being turned on, the majesty and beauty of St. John's stood revealed to them. After service many lingered to take a nearer view of the altar, statues, stations, and all were won to the zealous and convincing comments were very flattering and complimentary. The members of the Cross, a young man, and a young woman, were turned away from the doors, who could not find standing room. The church can seat twelve hundred; besides, every available space was used for temporary seats. The sanctuary, sacristies, and the steps outside the sanctuary were packed with men.

"Clearing the Way" were given to non-Catholics. The members of St. John's parish never do express their surprise at the attendance of non-Catholics and their eagerness to obtain a book. "I never would have believed it," was the common expression heard on all sides.

One lady, who came to be received, said: "Well, I've four children, and I want them to be baptized with me. When I informed my husband of my intention of becoming a Catholic, he said, 'Well, if you and the children become Catholics, I suppose I'll have to go.' 'Clearing the Way,' to study." Some of his friends, hearing what was his intention, said to him, "If you become a Catholic we will also; so get us a book, 'Clearing the Way.'" and as the lady said: "I expect, Father, you will have several come, into the Church from my neighborhood."

Father Xavier asked a young man as he came up for a book, "Are you a non-Catholic?" "I am more a Catholic than anything. You cannot tell me anything about the devotion of priests

to duty. I saw them in the Philippines cast themselves into the trenches to assist a dying soldier, when bullets were flying around thicker than hail."

A mother and her seven children were baptized. Several others are under instruction, and some are waiting for the consent of their family to take the step.

A general interest in the Catholic Church has been aroused.—The Missionary.

JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

As the sun is the center, around which all the rest of the universe revolves, so Our Divine Lord is the center of our spiritual world, and all religion and spirituality find their end in Him. He is truly the "Sun of Justice," and He lifted up in our spiritual firmament to give by His grace, light and life, strength and encouragement to our souls. Jesus, therefore, is the Light of the World. Thus He was foretold, and St. John calls Him "the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

How changed is earth when the sun goes down in the western skies; the shades of night close in on the day, and the world would be enveloped in darkness, bright stars shed their soft rays over us to keep us in hope till the dawn of another day. So, too, in our spiritual life; with God as our light all is sunshine and brightness; everything is sacred, the light of Our Lord illumines our path and guides our steps; but let that light be withdrawn, let the darkness of evil overshadow us, let the fell destroyer Sin cut us off from Our Lord and the light of His countenance, let Satan rob us of our life, which is the grace of God, how sad our lot! and how the clouds of sin blacken our lives and plunge us into the depths of misery and wretchedness, well nigh to despair.

Such was the state of the world before Our Lord's coming—man was in sadness and despair because he had sinned, and torn himself away, in his folly, from the smiles of His God and His Creator, but mercy triumphed over justice, and Isaiah's words were fulfilled, and the promised light came, in the person of One Lord, the promised peace and joy were brought with Him in the Cross. He offered up on the Cross. "I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Our Lord well knows the many pitfalls that threaten to ensnare us; He understands the fallacies and errors that Satan ever arrayed against us. He sees the many wicked and lukewarm persons striving to tempt us and lead us from truth and virtue, and as an offset to all these, He rises up in all the splendor of His divinity, and in all the power and perfection of His humanity and declares Himself our light, saying, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

As Our Lord becomes the light to all men, He would like all men to reflect its presence one to another, as a guidance and salvation to their souls. So He told His Apostles that they were lights, set up as on a candlestick that all men might see and learn from them. He bade Christians at large to be shining examples of every virtue, saying to them, "So let your light shine before men, that seeing, they too may glorify their Father Who is in Heaven."

Our Lord as the light of the world is reflected through His Church; the Holy Father is the chief satellite of Christ the light, "the Sun of Justice," and the Archbishop and Bishops in their respective Sees as the Apostolic Delegates of His Holiness; the Pope are the lights for their particular flocks to guide them from the darkness of this life into the light and glory of Heaven. They are other Christs indeed as are all the faithful priests of God; and they reflect the divine light and illumine the path of all who accept their guidance.

Let us be docile children of Holy Church, that we may be true and faithful children of God, Father, brother, brother of Christ and co-heirs, to the Kingdom of heaven, for Our Lord said to His Apostles and therefore to their successors, "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you," and "He that hears you hears Me," and "He that despiseth you despiseth Me." Let us love our Lord, for His goodness, in heavenly coming our light, and let us joyfully follow in the paths He will lead us on. Let His light be the lamp of our minds, the burning zeal of our wills and the fire of our hearts, so that He be for us all that He would be, Our Light and Life, our security and our salvation, our joy and peace for time and eternity.—Bishop Colton in Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

Law of Confession.

Yukon Catholic.

Cardinal Belarmino, the great Jesuit theologian, is of the opinion that confession is the hardest requirement of the Christian religion. His words are: "If there is anything in the Catholic Church that seems severe and difficult, without doubt it is confession. For what is more disagreeable, what more burdensome, than that all men, even the great and powerful, even kings and rulers, must declare their sins, however secret or shameful, to priests who are themselves men, and must submit to judicial sentence and punishment? So manifestly difficult is this law of confession that it is quite incredible that the pastors of the Church would have dared to introduce it or

would have been able to induce the faithful to accept and observe it for so many centuries if it did not rest on divine ordinance and institution."

A MOST CATHOLIC GOOD WORK.

What does the Society of the Propagation of the Faith accomplish in a single year! Last year, 1902, it disbursed from the Central Council in Lyons, France, the sum of over \$1,200,000 among 315 dioceses, vicariates, and prefectures apostolic. But this great sum was only one-fourth of the total applied for by needy missions in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Oceania, and it was a task of no small difficulty to apportion the funds so as to reach first the extreme needs.

There is no good work which comes so near to including all other good works in itself as the work of the Propagation of the Faith, none so truly Catholic, and none, without, so easy, in the way that it is now systematized among us.

The Church in America received from the Propagation of the Faith from 1882 to 1890 the sum of \$6,000,000. Now that the Church is in many places strongly entrenched, and its followers numerously well-to-do and even rich, gratitude dictates a return of generosity on the part of the American Catholics. The annals of the Society, published every two months in Baltimore, and sent free to all perpetual members are most interesting and stimulating to missionary zeal. There should be more perpetual members—the cost is but \$40—and in the Archdiocese of Boston, where the Society is so well organized, under the direction of the Rev. James Anthony Walsh, scarcely one need be outside of the ordinary membership.

It is shameful when Protestants excel in missionary generosity.—Boston Pilot.

EARLY MARRIAGES ARE THE HAPPIEST.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The common experience is that the happiest marriages are those which take place early in life, and that married elderly men or women get widows and widowers—they more frequently make a mess of it. The reason for this is not hard to find. It is absolutely essential to the happiness of wedded life that there should be common conceptions. Two minds cannot always think alike; two people cannot always desire the same thing. One of them must, therefore, give way. Young people can learn to do this more readily than older ones. As to the wisdom of getting married and marrying young, there should not be two opinions. Home life is the most wholesome and the very best estate, and every woman should be a homemaker. There are many things, as society is now organized, which mitigate against the rigors except among the rich and the very poor. Among the very poorest classes of the population poverty is not considered a bar to marriage. But there is a great class in every community which is ambitious to "keep up appearances," and which thinks it cannot afford to marry. The young woman has been used to living with a certain amount of luxury, and there is a disinclination to fall lower in the social scale by living in a cheaper neighborhood and with fewer of the comforts and conveniences of life. Each one wishes to begin where the parents left off. Plain living and high thinking are no longer the aspirations of the many.

"The Insanity of Genius"

Many years ago, one Ephraim Chaffin of Green county, Wis., made a will which, on his death, was the subject of contest, it being claimed that he was insane; and among the facts adduced to support this claim it was alleged that "he thought that rain could be produced by concussion of the atmosphere caused by the firing of a cannon. He owned two cannons, and offered to bring on rain in a dry time by firing them, if his neighbors would buy the powder."

The case is reported in 32 Wis., p. 561. It is an interesting instance of the estimation in which inventive genius is sometimes held. Twenty years after Chaffin's death the "rain-makers" came into vogue, using the same device that he would employ. An scientist do not laugh at the idea, either.—Catholic Citizen.

Pius X And The Sacred Heart.

This is an extract from the address of Pope Pius, when, as Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, he presided over the Eucharist Congress assembled there in 1897: "Is it not to protest against the ignoring of His world wide royalty, that our Lord manifested His Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary, and that He addressed to her those words so full of hope and encouragement, 'I wish to reign, and I will reign, in spite of Satan and all who resist.' That word is wonderful, and we must dwell upon it. For my part, I trust in it; and by all means in my power I shall endeavor to promote, cost what it may, the reign of Christ."

From its very origin he approved the general and perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the churches allied with Montmartre. Moreover, he appointed a special day for such adoration in his archdiocese of Venice; and we are told that he has always been animated with an ardent zeal to propagate the worship of the Sacred Heart.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The recent death of Lecky, the historian, recalls, says a correspondent, the following passage from his "History of Rationalism" which somewhat disproves his pet theory that in rationalism is the salvation of society: "The world is governed by ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more salutary influence than the medieval conception of the Virgin. For the first time a woman was elevated to her rightful position and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave, the toy of man, no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and of sensuality, woman arose in the Virgin Mother into a new sphere and became the object of a reverent homage of which antiquity had had no conception. Love was idealized. The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was for the first time felt. A new type of character was called into being, a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh, ignorant, bright-eyed age this ideal type infused a gentleness, a purity unknown to the proudest civilizations of the past. In the millions who in many lands, in many ages have sought with no barren desire to mould their character into her image, in those holy maids who for the love of Mary have separated themselves from all the glories and the pleasures of the world to seek in fastings, vigils and humble charity to render themselves worthy of her benediction, in the new sense of honor, in the chivalrous respect, in the softening of manners, in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of life, in this, and in many ways, we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered around it and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization."

UNSOOUND WORDS.

Commentated in the Dolphin.

A book published in New York has this title: "Christ the First Pope and Peter His First Successor." To speak of Christ as the successor of Peter or any other Pope is mutually exclusive. One who has a successor in office has ceased altogether to wield the powers belonging to that office. Christ has not so ceased. He is always the living and energizing Head of the Church.

Mr. Roosevelt is not the vicar of Washington, the first President, because he is the successor of Washington. Peter is not the successor of Christ, because he is the vicar of Christ. The Governor of the Philippines may be a vicar of the President, not a successor.

It is not right to speak of Christ as the first of a line of rulers extending back nineteen centuries. He is not thus distant from us. Pius X is as near to Him officially as any predecessor. Christ is the ever-present King in His Kingdom. He came on earth to take possession of "the Throne of David His father." He took possession of it and then placed upon it His vicar or Vicar, through whom "He shall reign in the House of Jacob forever." Through the Pope, not merely by the appointment of Peter, but also by the appointment of His Headship an abiding reality to us. To compare this vital and continual relationship of Christ to His Vicar with that of a first ruler to his successor in office is more than misleading—it degrades our Lord. As He is a priest forever, and therefore has no successor in His priesthood, though many are ordained priests to minister to Him in the abiding act of offering up "the Lamb as it were slain"; and thus make the offering visible to men in like manner, is He a King forever, and therefore has no successor in His kingship, though there are many appointed to minister to Him in the work of ruling the Church, one of these being in the viceregal office specially instituted to make Christ's Headship visible to men.

To Hate our Pride.

No matter how many years we may have been practicing the spiritual life, the day on which we begin to hate our pride, the day we realize its loathsomeness, that day we begin a new life.

Jesus Loved us and Desires to be Loved by us.

It is of faith that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, gave Himself up to death for love of us: "He hath loved us, and hath delivered Himself for us." (Eph. 5:2.) Hence, the saints, reflecting on the death of Jesus Christ, have thought they did little in giving their lives, and all they possessed, for the sake of a God Who so loved them. . . . you yet done for love of Jesus Christ? As He died for the saints—for St. Lawrence, St. Lucy, St. Agnes—so He died for you also. What, at least, do you mean to do with the life you may yet have remaining, and which God grants you on purpose that you may love Him? Henceforward, look often on the image of your crucified Lord; and as you do so, remember the love He bore you, and say to yourself, "My God, Thou hast, then, died for me!" Do this, at least, and do it often; for if you do, you cannot help feeling sweetly drawn to love a God Who has so loved you.

We believe ourselves to be perfect when we do not perceive our defects; when our conscience reproaches us, we try to get rid of the thought.—Bosnuct.