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The Catholic Record.

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VOLUME XXXI. LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1909 1624

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1909.

A GOOD POLICY.

Recently, at the dedication of a new church, the Archbishop of Boston outlined a policy that in our opinion is worthy of consideration. He declared that he would not have his priests and parishes spend all their lives and energies in paying the mortgages on costly churches. "The time is here for churches that will not be a burden on the people. What matter whether its walls are decorated by great artists or not?"

It is a truism, of course, that the best ornament of a church are women and men who know and love their faith and preach it by the voice of example.

FRESH AIR.

Scientists tell us that we need two ounces of air for every ounce of food we eat. The Fresh-Air Gospel is good. But may we be permitted to ask the well-groomed and earnest gentlemen who are advocating it as a potent weapon against the white plague: Whence and how are the poor to get this fresh air? The air they breath at nights is laden with the noisomeness of fetid tenements, of germy wharves and unwashed bodies. They are not enemies of fresh air, but they must, thanks to benevolent landlords and aldermen who strain at gnats and swallow camels, be content with what they can get. A little of the money that is spent in making the city beautiful could be spent, and to greater purpose, in making life beautiful for many of our brethren. We might constrain the landlords to erect buildings with some regard for the laws of hygiene. We might have shacks in our open spaces for the sick and the children. But when the danger comes we have always chloride of lime and health inspectors concentrating their indignation on the tenants. They don't see the landlord, because, as wise gentlemen, they have a good position and wish to hold it. Let us breathe all the fresh air and as deeply as we can. And let us keep our mental breathing right. If our thoughts are cheerful we shall be able to radiate cheerfulness. Life is a struggle for everyone in this perplexing old world. The one you envy to-day may be called to bear heavier burdens than you ever tried to bear. The thoroughbred refuses to be influenced by depressing circumstances; he keeps his poise, for he has learned that "the kingdom of God is within." He will come into his own. What time, what circuit first, he asks not; but unless God send His hail of blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow, in good time, His good time, he will arrive.

THE PROMINENT ONES.

There are, in every community, the prominent men, the successful men, the men who talk. The same ones who lead in everything are in the midst of everything. There will always be the leaders, the prominent ones, the magnet groups, who must talk. They feel a thing and tell us about it with much gesturing and emphasis. You may see that the prominent talkers are not always the best talkers. They may or may not be—the talking is the thing. Temperament enters into this a great deal. An instinct of leadership is in it too. They inherit an overpowering desire for expression. It is a combination of causes that makes prominent people. We should like some of our readers to unveil the secret of the success of some of the French-Canadian members of Parliament. That they are brilliant, resourceful, eloquent, able to transact the business of their department in England, for example, without the aid of an interpreter, is well known; but why do they, despite the changing phases of politics, retain such a hold on the affections of their people. We mind us that during the debate on the school question one Conservative editor exclaimed, after hearing a speech in English by a French-Canadian, "If such men come from Separate schools let us have Separate schools all over the Dominion."

NOT A LIVING BUT LIFE.

Too many a parent is satisfied if his boy is trained to make a living, to earn a paltry pittance miscalled wages. Parents should have a higher aim: they should feel that they are training their boys to make not, in the first place, a living, but a life. The animals make a living. They sleep and eat. Some men are like animals. This is not life. We must so live that wherever we may be our presence shall be felt. Our associates will be better because we have known them. The civic life in our communities will be purer because we have lived in them and we will win the blessings that come to those who bring out the heaven that lies hidden upon this earth. All the world's best possibilities are ours if we will only reach out for them. We commend this old truth to those of our own who wish to garner where they have not sown. The young men who grumble because they are not enthroned in the high places should meditate upon it. Anything may come to the man unafraid of work, strong enough to say no, and persistent enough to keep on working however the wind blow. If they do not get their share of Canada's gifts they are, as a rule, to be blamed. Because of their own indolence and apathy they are not equipped to be competitors in the great game of opportunities. Resolutions of their societies, perfervid denunciation of others, and the commendation of their political friends will help them but a little. They should be able to stand up without props, and instead of whining about their rights they should go out and get them.

TO BE REMEMBERED.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after the knowledge of how to direct instead of suppressing the spontaneous activities of children, seeking to transmute their product into good, for they shall make happy, competent and virtuous children. This is the law and gospel in education. It is founded upon the nature of the child soul which is full of impulses to action that must find an outlet. The secret is to direct into the proper channel. This principle makes one a leader of the young, a positive force in determining their activities. It incites him to take forethought in planning for the healthful occupation of those entrusted to his care and shakes him out of that state when he is simply a prohibitor, a negator, a chastiser.

JUST HOT AIR.

We thank a correspondent for quotations from an address delivered a short time ago by a Rev. Mr. Graham, who is but an echo of the cry of yester year. This gentleman exorts his readers to be on their guard against Rome. We think, however, that the non-Catholic is intelligent enough to take notice of and to repel any aggressiveness on our part without advice from clerics. But it is discouraging to hear ghost stories from supposedly educators and teachers. We, in common with our brethren, love this country. Our zeal and devotion are hers for her up-building and our one desire is to have our national fabric unmarred by unlovely strife and childish bickerings. Let us look at one another by the light of wisdom and charity and not by the smoke of prejudice and antiquated tradition.

QUEBEC EVANGELIZERS.

Some of the would-be evangelizers of Quebec are adepts at strumming over threadbare commonplaces. If they make melody in the hearts of non-Catholics they must have an amazing amount of easy credulity. Non-Catholics are not wanting to protest against the squandering of money and energy on Quebec. Some years ago Mr. Murdock MacKinnon requested an editor to "call a halt" and reconsideration of this very questionable work of French Evangelization. "We all admit," he said, "at least we cannot deny, that the Roman Catholic Church is a Christian Society, and have now as they always had, even in the darkest times, the witness of the Spirit of God in their work." How, then, can we hope for the approval and co-operation of the same Spirit in breaking up his own work in the Roman Catholic settlements and recasting it according to our Protestant Shibboleths. Referring to the claim that the Presbyterian Church is commissioned in the Providence of God to evangelize Quebec he said that he failed to apprehend any such claim in the circumstances of the day, either written or oral, to intrude upon and invade communities and families of another Christian Church in the fashion he took exception to before.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

FATHER MINEHAN'S INTERESTING ADDRESS TO THE CANADIAN CLUB.

Orillia Packet, Nov. 25.

The Canadian Club had a full house on Monday evening to hear the Rev. Father Minehan's address on "Religious Liberty." The speaker's fame as an able, energetic, and courageous advocate of temperance and civil service reform, and as a worker in connection with the Associated Charities had preceded him, while the subject with which he was to deal possibly added a certain amount of piquant curiosity to the occasion. Father Minehan, however, set resolutely aside the temptation to delve into the historical aspect of his subject. "Henry VIII. and Torquemada and Louis XIV. are dead," he said: and I am glad of it. Why bother about their doings." On the other hand, he gave his conception of what religious liberty should mean in our day—and a broad and tolerant conception it was, so much so that the seconder of the vote of thanks remarked that if the speaker erred at all it was in the direction of carrying leniency and toleration to what might seem to some a dangerous extreme. Witty and blessed with a pleasant smile, the speaker's address, though somewhat abstract in character, was lighted up by frequent flashes of humour.

In opening, Father Minehan said he thought the associated charities of Toronto furnished an excellent concrete example of religious liberty. Here was an association composed of men of many denominations, presided over by a man who possessed deep culture, but whose active religious beliefs did not rise much above zero, gathered together with the one object of making the charities of the Queen City as effective and economical as possible, by preventing overlapping and imposition. He himself had been responsible for introducing into the Executive of the Association a Jewish rabbi. As a result a small cloud had appeared on the horizon but it quickly disappeared, and the sunshine came out again. What the Associated Charities were doing in one sphere, the Canadian Clubs might be said to be accomplishing in a wider field. They were splendid institutions—their object to build up a united Canadian citizenship, as part of a united British Empire. The Toronto Club had been able to do a great deal in this direction, and he had reason to believe that the Orillia Club had been equally successful in its own field. He congratulated the Club on the loyalty shown by its members. At a meeting of the Toronto Club recently, at which he had been a guest, out of the large membership there were not fifty per cent, more men in attendance than were present before him, which was a remarkably good showing considering the difference in the size of the constituency. He had noted too that the Orillia Club had, in the past, been singularly fortunate in the speakers whom it had obtained to lay before its members the various aspects of public questions, that being the fundamental idea of Canadian Clubs.

Turning to his subject, Father Minehan first defined his idea of the meaning of the word "religion" and "liberty." Perhaps the best definition of liberty was the power to shape one's course according to one's own counsel. Religion had been defined at the relation between man and his Creator. This, however, would not be an acceptable definition to the agnostic. Another authority had defined religion as the relation and communion between the worshipper and the worshipped object. Some people wanted to define religion as the service of humanity; but this was a superficial view, with more or less humbug about it. But if we were to say that religion had to do with the attitude which man assumed towards some person or object which he held sacred it would probably cover all kinds of beliefs, from the ancestor worship of China down to humanitarianism and up to the highest form of theism. The one idea common to religions of all kinds was the sacredness of certain objects. This idea was intimately connected with "right," and could not be separated from it. Liberty must in the end be governed by right. No man, no matter how extreme he might be, would deny the need of the moral law. Liberty must be subject to that law both in the individual and in the state.

Religious liberty had to be considered in two aspects—first, in relation to the individual, and secondly, in relation to the state. In the case of the individual, religious liberty meant that there must be no intrusion of one man's religious views upon his fellowmen. By this he did not mean the "liberality" upon which some men prided themselves, and which was but another name for indifference. A man might justifiably reason with his fellow men, and endeavor to show them wherein they were wrong, as long as they were willing to listen. But there must be no effort to force his views upon them. Non-intrusion was the essence of religious liberty as far as the individual was concerned.

The case of the state was somewhat different. The proper attitude of the government in religious matters was one of "benevolent neutrality" as between the various denominations. Each should be left to work out the best that was in it. But there were certain matters in which the State must take a decisive stand. The rest day was an instance. It was protected by law because, after all, we have a Christian government, and also because a rest day was necessary, and this was the one which was observed by the great majority. On the other hand, there were certain holy days—such as Epiphany—observed in Quebec—which were not recognized by enactment in Ontario, and should not be, as that would be a case of the minority forcing its views upon the majority. Nor could legislatures or governments afford to be blind to the fact that religion was the grandest moral force in the world, and they should not fail to enact such legislation as might be necessary to bring out the best that was in it.

Father Minehan proceeded to give some concrete examples of what he thought liberty to be. Two Turks had recently been turned back by the immigration officials of the United States because they admitted they believed in polygamy, as indeed their religion taught them to do. This was not liberty. So long as they were ready to conform to the laws of the land in such matters, they should not be made to suffer for their personal opinions. We should count on winning them over to what we believed the better way. Perhaps such instances went to justify the opinion expressed by a body of United States citizens themselves the other day, that we had a higher form of liberty in Canada than that in the Republic. On the other hand, however, the State was quite justified in excluding propagandists of anarchy and other forms of sedition, whose advent might be a source of danger.

"Such," said the speaker, "are my ideas of religious liberty. I don't know whether they are advanced enough for the gentlemen present, or not." To show that they were not more advanced than those of the Church to which he belonged, Father Minehan read an extract from a speech by Cardinal Manning, in which that high dignitary declared that the Church of Rome would not accept the enforced and insincere allegiance of the people of England, even if it were in her power to procure it. He also quoted the encyclicals of Pope Pius on the subject. Personally, if he were ever disposed to relax the necessary restrictions surrounding liberty, it was in favor of the weak, as in the case of the Jewish bakers at Toronto, who found it necessary to trench on the early hours of Sunday in order to deliver the bread made after the close of the Sabbath at sunset on Sunday. He had received copies of two Orillia papers announcing his address. He complimented them on their matter and make-up, and thanked them for their kindly references to himself. But both had remarked that his subject was somewhat unusual for a Canadian Club. If it was unusual, he hoped it was not improper. Religious liberty was a matter of national importance, and ought to be of interest to a Canadian Club. One of the reasons given for the revolt of the Thirteen Colonies (as shown by the documents) was that England had given religious liberty to the people of Quebec. But the latter had requited England by refusing to join the revolutionists and driving back the United States invaders. Two beautiful lakes laved the feet of Orillia, and stretched for miles side by side, differing in form and character. So might the various denominations dwell side by side, serving their people to the best of their powers, and reflecting the light of religious liberty in the sight of our common country and of our Father in Heaven.

A note of thanks to Father Minehan, for his eloquent and inspiring address, was passed with great heartiness, on motion of Messrs. A. B. Thompson and G. H. Clark. Ten new members were elected, and three new members were proposed, bringing the Club thus early in the season almost up to the limit of membership.

THE TERRIBLE COAL PIT.

One of those awful calamities which makes the heart sicken at the tales of human suffering took place a few weeks ago in Illinois. Hundreds of lives were sacrificed and hundreds of widows and orphans will in consequence live to bear a cross that will abide with them until the grave claims them also. From the Chicago Tribune we take the following touching narration of a brave priest who took part in the rescue work.

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 20.—A graphic description of the discovery of the entombed from the viewpoint of the rescuers was given by the Rev. James P. Heaney of St. Mary's church, Mendota, Ill. Father Heany, wearing a miner's cap and a flaming torch, was down in the mine with the rescue party. He said:

"Just about 2 o'clock when we were, as near as I can tell, 300 feet into the gallery from the hoisting shaft, our party slacked up because of a pile of debris in the way. Suddenly David Powell said:

"'Listen, boys; I thought I heard something.'

"We were all silent. A faint pounding as if coming through the thickness of a wall was heard.

"'My God!' said Powell. 'I believe somebody is alive in there.'

"Some of the other men replied:

"'No, that is impossible. No one in the world thinks for a minute the men could live down here for seven days.'

"'Well, now,' I said, 'let's listen again.'

MUFFLED POUNDING HEARD.

We all listened for what seemed to be a full minute," continued the priest. "Sure enough, there came the same muffled pounding sound we had heard before. Then we were too much affected to speak. We could not believe our own senses. Grabbing picks and axes our men began to tear down the loose pile of earth and rock. Frequently we stopped to hear whether the poundings were continuing.

"It took us several minutes to make much headway into the obstruction. Finally I, who had been in the rear, came forward and with a shovel relieved one of the men who had become tired out.

"It was a weird scene. The lights of the torches on our caps, bobbing up and down as we labored, filled the place with moving shadows.

BREAK INTO LIVING TOMB.

"'Now, let's stop and listen again,' said Powell. Much to our delight the pounding sounds came louder. A few more shovelfuls brought down the dirt from the top and a little black hole appeared before us.

"Two or three of us climbed over the dirt and yelled, Are any of you alive in there, boys?"

"An answer came back, 'Yes.'

"Before another word could be uttered the men began pulling at the dirt again and soon a large gap appeared. We yelled in to them, 'Hold one of our torches. How many of you are alive in there, boys? We will save you in a minute.'

FIRST DEMAND IS FOR FOOD.

"In faint, husky voices the men called back: 'Yes, we are alive and we are hungry. Have you got food out there?'

"I crawled up as near the hole as I could without interfering with the workers.

"'God bless you, men,' I said. 'We will get you out in a minute and give you all the lunch you can eat. Be patient as you can.'

"I couldn't see anything back in there, for the men were in total darkness. I climbed back and prayed that God would make as many as possible the number we were about to rescue from the living grave.

EYES GLISTEN IN DARKNESS.

"By that time the hole was wide open and a dozen pairs of gliste ing eyes shining from black faces appeared in view.

"We kept yelling in to the men to keep up their courage, promising them that the way would soon be clear and the cage in the hoisting shaft was down and ready to carry them up to the surface.

"One of the men inside answered back: 'Most of us are all right and feeling fine, but there is one poor fellow in here—a Frenchman called Frank—who is almost gone, and I'm afraid he will be dead in a few minutes if he doesn't get some fresh air.'

LAST BARRIER TUMBLES.

"When the pile of dirt finally tumbled down some of the survivors were staggered by the inrush of air and the lights from our torches. For during seven days they had lived in total darkness.

With a shout we jumped over and met them, throwing our arms around their necks and almost lifting them from their feet. It was dramatic. Their joy was inexpressible. They pounded us on our backs and continued to laugh and cry aloud until the whole place reverberated with the cheering.

MEN INSIST ON WALKING.

"We wanted to carry the men to the hoisting shaft in our arms, but they insisted they were strong and well enough to walk out themselves. The only trouble was they were practically blinded by the torchlights. We threw blankets over their heads and started to escort them.

"My first concern was to get after the poor little Frenchman who was reported dying. I found him outstretched on his back breathing his last. Holding a torch over his face, which was black from soot, I said: 'Do you give your soul to God?'

"He answered: 'Yes. I am afraid I will never get up alive.'

"That was true. I administered the last sacrament and in a minute he was dead.

GREAT ACT OF HEROISM.

I then joined the others and walked toward the shaft. There occurred then one of the greatest acts of heroism I ever have heard or read of. It can hardly be believed.

Walter Waite, one of the men we rescued on hearing that there were others alive in another part of the mine, threw off the blanket with which we had covered his head, and shouted, 'Well I am not going out of this mine until I get the others.'

We remonstrated, saying that for him to remain down there longer might mean his death.

"'We will take you up to the fresh air and give you some nice warm food and then maybe we will let you help us do the rest of the work,' we said, but Waite protested and we actually had to use force to get him into the cage."

"I AM A CATHOLIC."

It is from the converts to the faith that we hear the most acknowledgment of it. Their hearts are so filled with gratitude to God for the gift of receiving it, that they cannot keep from speaking about it most all the time, and their lives, too, are in keeping with their words. What fervor we witness in the practice of their new religion—the frequent reception of the sacraments, the doing of works of charity and mercy, oftentimes in greater degree than those born in the faith, as if to make up for the years that they did not have the happiness of possessing it.

Yes it is a great thing to be a Catholic, and we should be glad to proudly proclaim it at all times and under all circumstances. We shall give no offense to anyone in so doing, nay, we will gain the admiration and esteem of all. "Where our treasure is, there is our heart." Our greatest treasure is our holy faith. It is the pearl without price. God has given it to be our preservation and perfection here, and our happiness and glory hereafter. If we appreciate the gifts as we should, we will glory in it. Let us confess with our lips what our heart believes, "I am a Catholic."—Bishop Colton in the Union and Times.

By Its Fruits.

The Catholic Church must meet the challenge—to prove itself by its fruits; to exhibit to us men who are the righteous of the land, made righteous by its teachings and graces. Right here is the opportunity of the layman. The laymen in the crowd—seen by all, known by all, the busiest passerby meets and observes him. He is in the limelight, the counting house, in the marts of commerce, in the labor union, in the public square, where the throngs do gather. The layman it is—far more than the hidden saint of the sactuary or the cloister—who gives the measure by which the multitude will gauge the power of the Catholic Church to beget in souls the righteousness of the gospel. —Archbishop Ireland.

Suffer and Rejoice.

Fear not to tread the thorny path, it upward leads,
A crown of jewels wait, for every heart that bleeds;
Oh! rapture sweet, the pain within our breast,
If it but leads us to Eternal rest.

Oh! sweet apostolate of tears, I yearn to feel
Each thorn. Embrace me sorrow, at thy feet I kneel
If through thy blessed power my feet may trod
The path that leads me onward to my God.
What greater pledge of fealty and love, than thus
To suffer, for the sake of Him who died for us;
Suffer, it is the watch word of the Saint
Accept the cross with patience—not complaint.

This life, so tear begrimed and vain, why to it cling?
If joys so transitory do not bring
To heart or soul, the peace, that God alone
Sheds on the soul, who seeks the Heavenly throne.

Tears must be shed, and hearts must ache, if we would wear
The crown, and drink the joys of heavenly bliss and share
With Mary, mother blest, eternal life
The sweet reward of earthly pain and strife.

—MRS. FRED. A. HODGSON.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The death has occurred at St. Albans of Mme. Emma Le Clair, aged eighty-two. She was the daughter of Mr. William Brown of St. Albans, who was a descendant of John Bunyan. She was a convert to the Catholic Church.

Rev. Father Augustin Stuhl who had been for some time assistant pastor of St. Patrick's church, McCaul St., Toronto, died on Nov. 27, at the McCaul St. Monastery. He was in his sixty-fifth year. Heart trouble was the cause of his death.

On Columbus Day a heroic bronze bust of Dr. Orcestes A. Brownson, the noted convert and one of the best thinkers America has ever produced, was unveiled in New York City. The Catholic student who nourishes his youth on the philosophy of Dr. Brownson enters public life well equipped for the intellectual fray.

At a recent sale in Germany $6,000 was paid from an old original manuscript of the Spanish and Maya languages edited by Father Landa in 1580. Father Landa was one of the first missionaries to go to Yucatan. He spent his life mastering the Maya tongue and compiling a book to act as a dictionary for both tongues. He also arranged to apply the Christian alphabet to the Indian language. An old German collector is said to be the purchaser of the valuable work.

Tuesday was the episcopal jubilee of Pope Pius X. Many messages of congratulation and good will reached the Vatican, the number including several from America. The Pope celebrated Mass in the private chapel, admitting only his sisters from Venice, with whom he afterward breakfasted. Later in the day he received the officials of the Vatican and to these the Pontiff showed the gold pectoral cross which was given him by Pope Leo in 1884 upon the occasion of his appointment as Bishop of Mantua.

An English pilgrimage, organized by the Catholic Association and under the leadership of Bishop Brindle, D. S. O., of Nottingham has returned from Lourdes, and another under the guidance of Bishop Whiteside of Liverpool has set out for Rome. At Lourdes, one of the pilgrims from London, Miss Nellie Lewis, received a cure pronounced by the examining body of local doctors at the shrine to be without doubt a cure sudden, definite and complete. After bathing three times the chronic rheumatism from which the lady suffered acutely entirely vanished.

On Wednesday, November 10, all the members of the Society of the Atonement, of Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., who were received into the Catholic Church in a body on Oct. 30, were confirmed by Archbishop Farley, of New York. The ceremony took place at Graymoor, in the chapel of the Sister's community, which was crowded with friends and spectators. Archbishop Farley was assisted by Right Rev. Mgr. C. G. O'Keefe, of Highland Falls, N. Y.; Very Rev. Mgr. James E. Lewis, Rev. Henry Lafort, of Peekskill, and Rev. Patrick H. Drain, of Cold Spring. Immediately after the administration of confirmation all the members of the society were invested with the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis by Rev. Father Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., of Washington, D. C., who had been specially delegated for that purpose.

The hero of several wars and fighter in many good causes was the late Brigadier General John J. Coppinger who died in Washington on Nov. 4. General Coppinger was born in County Cork, Ireland, Oct. 11, 1834. He belonged to one of the most ancient and honorable families in the south of Ireland. At an early age he received a commission in a yeomanry regiment then raised in England for service in the Crimea, but was mustered out at the close of hostilities without seeing any active service. A staunch Catholic, he was among the first of Ireland's sons to volunteer for the defense of the Pope's temporal dominion against the revolt promoted by the Garibaldians. Commissioned as a lieutenant of the Papal Zouaves, he gallantly defended La Rocca gateway in 1860, and was decorated for bravery.