

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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A BEAUTIFUL MONOPOLY.

Many Christian Scientists assembled in Boston recently to attend the dedication of the new Christian Science church. Men of every walk in life—not all of them, we presume, adherents of the movement—gathered either to do honor to Mrs. Eddy or to see what was taking place. To many non-Catholics these men were victims of what Scripture calls "strong delusion that they should believe a lie." But it would be difficult for them to prove this with any degree of certainty. Mrs. Eddy draws her system from the Bible; the sixteenth century Reformers drew their creed from the same source. Mrs. Eddy calls upon her followers to accept her interpretation of the Lord's word; her opponents scout the idea and put forward their interpretation of the Lord's word as the one to bow to. Which is the true belief? Mrs. Eddy is fallible: so are her opponents. The reformers declared they were raised up by God to purify Christianity; Mrs. Eddy of this century says that with the Bible as the only text book she has come to preach the pure gospel of Christ. Who, then, is to say what true doctrine is or false doctrine is. Is it not absurd to think that God should send His Son with a message and give to none any authoritative power of interpretation? It is strange that men should pin their faith to the utterances of a self-constituted prophetess. We should be accustomed to this by this time: but the phenomenon is always startling, especially when we consider that the adherents of this or that system, dealing with things which exceed the grasp of human reason, and championed by a woman who may be mistaken, are wont to move circumspectly and to get expert advice when in doubt about things of mundane import.

We must say, however, that some of Mrs. Eddy's recipes are very useful in cases of physical discomfort. Take a boil for instance. Instead of poulticing it say to yourself:

"A boil is painful? Impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain through inflammation and swelling, and you call this belief a boil. Now administer mentally to yourself high attenuation of truth on this subject and it will soon cure the boil."

Very simple indeed! It avails nothing to go to a chemist, for matter is naught. The only real things are the divine mind and the idea. This is not very clear. If you have a boil, then, the divine mind and the idea are suffering. As they are the only realities who will cure them? All this is trivial in the eyes of the followers of Mrs. Baker Glover-Mudd Eddy, who owns as beautiful a monopoly as this world has ever seen, and who, however she may disbelieve in the materiality of the body, believes in the materiality of hard cash when one wishes to purchase her "Science and Health."

AMONG THE LEADERS.

The Calendar of the University of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S., indicates that an ever-increasing prosperity accompanies this admirable hall of learning. Its professors are well equipped for their work, and its graduates have shown indubitable proofs of the training given them by their Alma Mater. The clergy and laity may be well proud of it, and cannot but feel that God has rewarded them for their self-sacrifice and zeal which prompted them to support their Right Rev. Bishop in his labors to provide a Catholic college for the diocese. And despite the fact that within its halls the rule "that no man can be the client of science who does not love justice and truth: but there is no truth or justice without the light of the knowledge of God," St. Francis Xavier keeps step with heavily endowed secular institutions, and is reckoned among the great educational forces of the Maritime Provinces.

JUST A COMMENT.

It is instructive to watch the career of the men who make history. One day in brave finery, with medals flashing and the plaudits of the populace in their ears; the next shorn of their splendor and derided. Some of them indeed come into port smiling and with their wounds hidden. But it would be more instructive if before they crossed the bar they would tell of their thoughts, of their appraisal of the world. With the "silent land" near and the "black box with the gilded nails" waiting for

the body they would echo the words of Israel's king, "vanity of vanities and all is vanity." Fame and dignity bid him farewell: relatives and friends go with him to the tomb: his good works journey with him to the judgment seat. And we, convinced of the shortness and uncertainty of life, hover around the devil's booth, where all things are sold. It is well to remember, in the words of St. Jerome: "that he who led an evil life cannot have a good end."

INCONSISTENT.

The cynical must be amused to see oftentimes, in papers for the family, admonitions to young men, and aside them advertisements of choice wines and liquors. A legitimate business—this saloon-keeping! Certainly—and the keepers are advised to consider how many and how great are the dangers which surround their avocation, however licit in itself this avocation may be. A great many are making a living by drink. Yes, too many: and a great many also are losing their living through drink. The saloon keeper is not pleased at such remarks. But it would be well for him to consider that his influence is not so potent as formerly.

His benefaction to this and that cannot make us forget that most of this money represents misery and poverty and disgrace—the rain of lives, the blasting of youth, obstacles in the way of the Church. His avocation though licit is the lowest that can enlist the energies of man. It adds neither brawn nor brain to a community. It is associated with all that is ignoble. It is cursed daily by those who suffer from it. It is a menace to the happiness of Canadian homes. It needs nothing that any self-respecting man may be proud of, for success. Whoever, says Archbishop Ireland, understands the force of public opinion among Catholics will easily read the signs of the times, and perceive that among Catholics in America the saloon is a doomed institution, and saloon-keeping a disgraceful business from which Catholic instinct will shrink. Let us waste no words on the saloon, in so—on the possible or ideal saloon. It will be time enough to discuss it when it will be discovered.

"SPONGERS."

The captious are disposed to quarrel with the young men who take no interest in parish organization. We have, of course, the "old guard" ready to hold up at all times the hands of their pastor. But in hot weather criticism is unduly exciting. And what more pleasing than young men amusing themselves and decorating the landscape with expressions culled from a vocabulary which makes up in energy what it lacks in both quantity and quality; what more pleasing indeed than our hopes—the aforesaid young men—manifesting in play the joy of innocent hearts. They seem by the way to have an inexhaustible supply of joy. What mystifies us is their facility in getting and spending money. "This remark is impertinent," says a critic. Without venturing to doubt the correctness of the judgment of our friend, who exhibits the credentials of modern day gentility—creased trousers and immaculate linen—we have a suspicion that some of the spectators at ball games "sponge" on their parents. We may be wrong in this, but dress and the little incidentals to the career of the would-be imitators of the man about town, leave little of their income for household expenses. The young man, however, who looks upon his home as a species of "free lunch counter" has much to learn in the way of Christian manliness that is necessary for good work.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

Speaking a few weeks ago at Charlestown, Mass., Coadjutor Archbishop O'Connell of Boston said he believed that no man who simply calls himself a Catholic should have, from that claim alone, a right to public office. He believes that some men who call themselves Catholics at election times have practically little right to that title. He believes that it makes for the strength and harmony of good government to listen to the reasonable and legitimate demands of every class of citizens.

We have tried to say this at different times. We are of the opinion that the charge that we are lacking in public spirit could be buried forever by worthy citizenship displayed in all things that concern the weal of our community. We can hark back to the past ages, turn on the lime light and summon the generations to behold and to admire. But the man who helps us and his

fellows—citizens is the man who directs Catholic principles to the solution of present day problems. This means time and trouble—and, not willing to pay it, we say "Anything for a quiet life; keep silent and wait for miracles."

ANOTHER VIEW.

A correspondent deprecates caustic treatment of controversial topics. We know that we catch more flies with honey than with vinegar; but on occasion we aim to kill not to catch. And we hazard the remark that the gentle saint whose suave methods won many a victory for faith would wonder at hearing himself quoted by those who catch nothing save an approving glance now and then from gentlemen who believe in the "don't wake the baby" policy. In regard to the non-Catholic he is protected so far as we are concerned by the cause of social amenities and Christian charity. But we cannot brook gross vilification of the Church, and say so mayhap in a manner to disturb the individuals, who, however the winds of accusation blow, are unmoved and prudent. If we gave more evidence of the truth and love we claim to have, there might not be so many prejudices against us. True it is that books packed with calumnies are in circulation and with the sanction of publishing firms devoted, they say, to Christianity; but the fact that bigotry is becoming vulgar and out of date should embolden us to render service to truth. As a sign of the times we quote the following, which appeared in the Lamp, a Protestant Episcopal paper:

"Nearly the whole of our June issue is devoted to St. Peter. We need make no apology for this. The son of Jonas is the keystone of the Arch of Unity. To be the foundation rock of His Church Christ called him and gave him the name of Peter. The pure divine jurisdiction of the Pope, as the successors of St. Peter, must be again recognized as in the centuries before schism rent the kingdom of God, ere there can be once more one fold and one Shepherd."

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

The Rev. Father Mullan, of the diocese of Limerick, now visiting the old world for the first time, sends some very interesting letters to a few of his friends at home.

By the kindness of one of these friends we are able to give our readers the following letter, and we hope to give others from time to time. In the meantime our readers will join with us in wishing Father Mullan a very pleasant journey and safe return:

Since announcing to you our safe arrival in Ireland, we have been enjoying the cool invigorating air of the "Green Isle," with good results. Nothing has happened to cause us any trouble, and we find everything much as we expected. Ireland, at this season, is green—O, so green; the climate is just right, and the people show us their traditional good nature and respect.

After enjoying the beauty of nature for a while, our thoughts are waited back to our friends at home, reminding us to send them tidings of our welfare. Our journey from London to Montreal was rapid. We stayed in the latter city some time, to revisit the scenes of our ordinary days, and noted more carefully many things of interest in the greatest of Canadian cities to be the better able to compare them with such matters in the Old World.

At 3 o'clock Thursday morning, June 21st, our steamer commenced to move from her moorings, and slowly tarrying into the river, headed for the Eastern World. We stood on deck, looking back on Montreal, as the early beams of the dawning mid-summer day, glistened from tower, steeple and dome, driving the mist from the crest of "Mount Royal." "Good-bye, fair Metropolis of British America; Good-bye our home in the Western World!"

Our staunch turbine plows her way down the river, passing in review the beautiful panorama of the St. Lawrence during two days of fine summer weather. As our vessel drifted past the heights and battlements of Quebec, the tender came to transfer passengers and mail. Soon the beautiful falls of Montmorency came in sight and then the village and church of St. Anne de Beaupre. The writer had visited this sacred shrine and received much benefit in years gone by, and now once more in sight of the holy spot where the shipwrecked sailors once landed in safety from the perils of the deep, had raised the first monument to her name, in thanksgiving for their rescue, he sent a fervent prayer to the good St. Anne, asking her intercession for himself and companions. At Rimouski the last transfer of passengers and mail took place after which we steamed down the St. Lawrence, noting no unusual sight until we approached the Straits of Belle Isle, where banks of snow and ice covered the northern shores of Newfoundland and coast of Labrador.

Our vessel veered its course to enable us to note the size of the floating iceberg, at one of which the passengers discharged a shower of missiles, all falling short of the frozen mountains. Passing Belle Isle we plunged into the

dark, deep, and trackless ocean, and for four and a half days did not sight land again until the northern coast of Ireland greeted our longing eyes; and on Thursday morning, June 28th, the green fields and mountains of Donegal were distinctly visible. At noon we stood on Moville at the Mouth of Lough Foyle, where we debarked, while passengers for Liverpool remained on board.

From the deck of the "tender" we got, for the first time, a proper view of the steaming monster that had brought us across the Atlantic, all her decks crowded with passengers, who with outstretched hands and waving signals bade us "good-bye," as we slowly moved apart on the peaceful waters of Lough Foyle. Another eighteen miles and we were welcomed in Londonderry. This is a handsome and picturesque city of forty six thousand inhabitants, twenty four thousand of whom are Catholics. It is built on the inside slope of a vast amphitheatre, formed by a circle of mountains, around the head of Lough Foyle, and was the home of St. Columba, in the sixth century. The grand chancel window in the handsome Cathedral shows in stained glass, the story of St. Columba and his companions departing from Derry on their exile to Iona. The strong walls and fortifications still show the marks of the assault, made at the famous "siege of Derry" in 1689.

The history of Londonderry, like that of the whole of Ireland, is always interesting and at times appalling. We were shown a fine stone church built where St. Columba's monastery once stood. It was endowed by the English Government at the time of the American War of Independence, to conciliate the Catholics of the North.

The writer celebrated Mass in this sacred sanctuary the morning after our arrival in thanksgiving for our safe journey, nor did we forget friends at home. We visited the pleasant town of Port Rush, in Antrim county, in the extreme north, where the cool waves of the Atlantic are beaten into white foam on the rock bound coast. The "Giant's Causeway," a few miles farther, is a wonder of nature—not beautiful, but marvellous, with its wrought pillars of stone, unequal in height and in short sections, crowded together, in upright positions on the shore. In this romantic place we had the pleasure of meeting a party of Bishops and priests from Australia. Our way to Dublin brought us through the green fields, rolling mountains and lovely valleys of Tyrone, Fermanagh, Monaghan, Louth and Meath. Farmers could be seen cutting and stacking hay in the fields, and the quantity the ground must yield twice as much as the soil of Canada, at its best. We crossed the Boyne River, unlike William, Prince of Orange, and soon came in view of the fated battle field of 1690. At Drogheda, at the mouth of the Boyne, so many ruins of abbeys, churches and towers telling their mournful story makes one shudder, recalling "man's inhumanity to man," on the sad eventful day of Cromwell's visitation.

Ascending the tower of the Hill of Slane, one can see the heights of Tara, the ancient residence of the monarchs of Ireland; and what Irishman does not rejoice in the name, recalling St. Patrick's visit of ages ago. From Drogheda we whirled along the shores of the Irish Sea, to numerous towns and villages, alive with people, reaching at last the Capital of Ireland which ought to be wealthy as it is always "Dublin."

ENGLISH CATHOLIC BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Catholic Emigration Association, of England, whose headquarters in Canada are at St. George's Home, Hintonburgh, Ont., (a suburb of Ottawa), have placed, on either for apprenticeship or adoption, during the last twelve months, about eight hundred children, the boys on farms and the girls in domestic service. Their records show that of the children placed during the past five years, of whom absolute detailed particulars are filed and tabulated, only four per cent. of the boys and seven per cent. of the girls, turn out unsatisfactory. This term is adopted to designate those who change their places a number of times and are difficult to settle, and does not mean that their characters are necessarily bad. Where a boy or girl shows a bad or depraved character he or she is deported rather than retained in the country, to be a menace to the good name which others are endeavoring to keep up. This being so, the association is persistent in enforcing the fulfilment of the obligations assumed by an employer, of one of its wards, and also requires that the child shall receive proper treatment.

While the association recognizes that all children are not equally unsatisfactory, they require an employer who may have an unsatisfactory child in his care to return such child to the Home, when they will replace the same at their own expense, rather than subject it to treatment which might be construed into cruelty or undue harshness.

Recognizing that during the time elapsing between the annual visits to every child, some may be receiving unnecessary hard treatment, the Catholic Emigration Association welcome information which may be furnished them on these matters, and treat with strict confidence such communications, at the same time taking immediate action upon the same.

Forms of application, containing full information for the guidance of those applying for children, are readily sent, on application to Mr. Cecil Arden, St. George's Home, Hintonburgh, Ont., and full enquiries are made regarding each application, before a child (boy or girl)

is committed to their care. The association has always a number of boys to place out, but fewer girls, though their applications for girls exceed by some two or three hundred per year those for the boys.

THE POLITICAL CREED CATHOLICS SHOULD HOLD.

ARTICLES DRAWN UP BY ARCHBISHOP O'CONNELL FOR HIS OWN USE AND READ AT A PUBLIC BANQUET.

Speaking recently at the annual banquet of the Catholic Literary Union of Charlestown, Mass., which has grown to be the principal feature of the yearly celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill, Coadjutor Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston, dwelt upon the price Catholics should occupy in public life. He said:

I believe we must hold up to young men who are aspiring to office a certain political creed, and we must hold them to that creed if they wish to represent us.

I enter public life on his own merit, but the man who professes to represent Catholic interests, and who asks for our votes on that ground, must take his stand openly and honestly. He is free to do what he wishes, but if he asks for our suffrages on those grounds then let me read these articles which I have drawn up for my own use and you are free to accept or reject them as you wish:

1. I believe that while in this country there is no union of Church and State, nevertheless the State respects that it is to her own interests to respect the Church and her legitimate rights.

2. I believe the State has in the Church the best and firmest defense of good government, and the greatest safeguard of civil order.

3. I believe that the principle of the Church, to recognize in the established legitimate authority the authority of God Himself, is the greatest bulwark against anarchy.

4. I believe that that principle is most adequately and universally declared and maintained by the Catholic Church.

5. I believe that every true and consistent Catholic obeys habitually all the laws of the country, State and city in which he resides, and shown respectful deference to the representatives of law whatever be their creed.

6. I believe that no mere profession of faith is sufficient for the election of any man to public office.

7. I believe, consequently, that no man who simply calls himself a Catholic should have, from that claim alone, a right to public office.

8. I believe that some men call themselves Catholics at election time who have practically little right to that title.

9. I believe that such men bring little honor to the Catholic name.

10. I believe that the Church is often held unjustly responsible for the public action of such men.

11. I believe that every Catholic man placed in office by the people should be held responsible for the good name and reputation of the religion which he professes.

12. I believe that it makes for the strength and harmony of good government to listen to the reasonable and legitimate demand of every class of citizens.

13. I believe that at times such representation on the part of Catholics has been unjustly ignored.

14. I believe that when a disposition to ignore common rights is manifested by a public official, the plain duty of those offended is to steadfastly endeavor by lawful means to remedy the injustice.

15. I believe that Catholics want no unjust favors, but only their rights and just privileges, and these they should endeavor to obtain by every peaceful, legitimate and orderly effort.

16. I believe that all honest people imbued with a spirit of our democratic institutions will always applaud such action.

17. I believe that religious controversies achieve very little lasting good to the public.

18. I believe that religious strife is an injury to the peace of a country.

19. I believe that antipathy to Catholics is due mainly to ignorance of the true Catholic position.

20. I believe that it is the duty of Catholic men in public office to conquer antipathy by honesty and patience; by strict loyalty to Catholic principle and by the frank courage of their honest convictions.

21. I believe that we have many such men, that their influence is becoming more and more felt and that they will ultimately prove by their actions and lives that honest, clean politics is not only possible, but will soon be the only kind possible amongst us.

Wealth Rightly Used

"Wealth rightly used," says the Catholic Advance, "is a power for good not to be lightly estimated; the rich man and woman who accept their obligations nobly and live up to the teachings of the Church—pious, faithful, regular at prayer, liberal to the poor, giving of time and thought as well as money, unselfish, pure in character, upright, sober, modest—bearing, in a word about their daily lives, the marks of their Christian profession, exert an influence for the betterment of the world scarcely to be estimated. For the heaven of pious works downward, and because of their very position, the example of the great ones of this earth exert a much more powerful influence either for good or bad, than the example of the obscure."

THE FIRST HALIFONIAN TO BE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

The official confirmation of what has been considered substantial rumor during the last week, now makes the appointment of Rev. Dr. McCarthy to the Archbishopric of Halifax, a certainty. It is an appointment received with general satisfaction throughout the Diocese of Halifax, especially rejoices, and is proud of being the birth place of the new Archbishop. Here he played as a child, and went to his first school.

One who remembers Dr. McCarthy as a boy, recalls a bright, obliging lad, devoted to his mother and sister. At that early age, the same one says, there was something which made you single him out from the other boys, as extremely likeable. It was probably, the sunny, genial nature, which was, later in life, the secret of his popularity with all classes.

At the next stage of Dr. McCarthy's career, we find him in the Sulpician Seminary at Montreal, where his record during a four years' course, was worthy of the high office destined for him later; being distinguished for his splendid memory, clear reasoning powers, and eloquent defence of the thesis. At that early part of his career Dr. McCarthy possessed a ready mastery of language, which later developed into the forceful, convincing eloquence of the pulpit orator. For several years he has been considered the first preacher in the diocese.

After ordination by Archbishop Connolly, which took place in the convent chapel of Mount St. Vincent in 1876, the young priest was sent to Kentville as curate to the late Father Holden where he remained for five years, during which time the young curate and pastor worked together in the greatest harmony, a bond of sympathy springing up between them which lasted throughout their lives, and ended only with the death of the senior priest, a few months ago.

Dr. McCarthy's first appointment was to the parish of Chester. Twenty five or thirty years ago a parish priest in the country district of Nova Scotia was a misnomer. He was purely and simply a missionary, laboring under all disadvantages to be encountered in a scattered parish, consisting, in many cases, of half a dozen outlying stations covering an area of fifty miles or more; where the only mode of conveyance was by horse and wagon. In those days there was no South Western Railway.

A priest was often obliged to drive twenty five or thirty miles on a sick call, not, infrequently, in the night time, in storms, of thunder and lightning, rain or snow, according to the season of the year.

Dr. McCarthy labored for twenty years among the country parishes of Nova Scotia. He had been resident priest in Yarmouth for fourteen years at the time of his appointment to the parish of St. Patrick's in Halifax, ten years ago, and came to the city, only because it was the wish of his Archbishop.

"I loved my people, and I like the country," he said afterwards, "and I had hoped to end my days as a simple country priest." An almost sensitive modesty made Dr. McCarthy shun honor and high place; he went his way of duty, beloved by all who learned to know the worth of that kindly heart, and generous open nature. No one in distress or necessity ever had recourse to Father McCarthy but came away with the burden if not entirely lifted, with a lighter heart, from the wise counsel and ready sympathy.

The late Archbishop O'Brien recognized the sterling nature and exceptional gifts of the pastor of St. Patrick's and at the death of Monsignor Murphy called upon him to fill the responsible position of the Rectorship of St. Mary's Cathedral. A last proof of confidence and recognition of his Rector's administrative ability was the fact of His Grace appointing Dr. McCarthy his executor.

The Suffragan Bishops of Nova Scotia recognized Dr. McCarthy's fine qualities, and when they looked for a successor to the late Archbishop O'Brien they did not need to take their glance from Halifax. Here was a man of mature years and experience, sound judgment; of brilliant parts. All had heard of the esteem and respect in which he was held among his parishioners. His name was sent to Rome as "most worthy" of being successor to the late Most Reverend Dr. O'Brien. To not only the Catholics of Halifax belongs the honor of having the Rector of their Cathedral chosen to be their Archbishop—for we feel the citizens generally will join them in heartily congratulating the new Archbishop—proud to think that the dignity had fallen upon a Halifax boy.

In 1812 the city of Berlin, Germany, had a population of 193,700, of whom 6,157 were Catholics. In 1900 the population was 1,888,748, of whom 187,846 were Catholics. The proportion of Catholics has increased from a little over 3 per cent. to almost 10 per cent. There are nine parish churches in Berlin and fifteen chapels of ease, served by forty-two secular and ten Dominican priests.

Mr. George West, formerly an Episcopalian clergyman of New York City, was solemnly received into the Catholic Church by the Benedictine Fathers at Nueva Gerona, Isla de Pines, Cuba, on April 26. A year ago he purchased a lovely estate on that island, where he devoted most of his time to the study of the Catholic religion. Although in his fifty-eighth year, Mr. West intends entering a seminary in the United States to study for the priesthood.