

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## THE SISTER OF CHARITY ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

The following beautiful poem was written by a lady after the American Civil War. A well known literary gentleman has kindly translated it from the French, and although the beauty of it in the original is somewhat marred by translation we have no doubt that it will be read by our numerous readers with great pleasure:

Where bullets hiss in maddening gloom,  
And shot and shell rush wildly on,  
Where dead and mangled forms we see  
Amidst a wild and frantic throng.

Far louder than the thunder's roar,  
Or the tempest's howling blast,  
Are men half mad and drunk with gore,<  
Besmeared with blood and rushing past.

But there amidst the carnage seen  
God's own sweet angel bright and fair,  
Kneeling on the blood wet green  
Her hands to God are raised in prayer.

For the dying soldier at her feet  
Whose brave young life is near its close,  
Her words are gentle, kind and sweet,  
God grant to him endless repose.

A pillow of fresh autumn leaves  
Are gently placed beneath his head,  
And many a fervent prayer she breathes,  
Nor leaves him till his spirit's fled.

Then as God's messenger of peace  
She presses on through shot and shell,  
Everywhere she brings God's grace;  
The good she does no tongue can tell.

Let wounded's dress be grey or blue,  
She gives a sister's kindly hand,  
She has but God alone in view,  
And serves Him in the wounded one.

The dying soldiers bless her name,  
And those who live do her reverent;  
But God's grace is all she'll claim,  
This alone to her is dear.

At death she'll bring her harvest sheave  
Of rich ripe grains—yes, grains of gold.  
It at her Master's feet she'll leave  
And enter into joys untold.

Her death comes, she hears the bride-  
groom's call,  
Her life's lamp's filled with oil and trimmed,  
She enters into the banquet hall,  
Whose brightness never shall be dimmed.

For all and all eternity,  
With Thee her God and King Divine,  
Her deeds and love of charity,  
Will far the brightest stars outshine.

## DON BOSCO.

### The Apostolic Career of This Holy Man.

The life and work of Don Bosco by J. M. Villafraña, translated into English by Lady Martin, has, no doubt, been read by thousands; yet for the sake of those who may not have heard his name I propose to enlighten them with the following analytical data in a chronological order concerning the greatest doings of this saintly man of God during our own times.

Don Bosco was born at Merialdo, in a hamlet of Castelnuovo, d'Asti, near Turin, in Piedmont, on the 16th of August, 1815. When sixteen years old he began his studies, and during his curriculum at Chieri, until his ordination at the Seminary in Turin, on the 5th of June, 1841, constantly manifested a certain latent energy, the true harbinger of a mission, not localized to Piedmont only, but universal in its enterprise and final success. The 8th of December was the real beginning of his Apostolic career by the gathering around himself of all the children who at that time in Turin were in need not only of food and raiment, but required secular education and religious knowledge.

In 1844 Don Bosco accepts the spiritual direction of an hospital, and on the 8th of December blesses the first chapel of a nascent institution and dedicates to St. Francis of Sales, to be known in the future as the Salesian Institute. It was not, however, until 1846 that his great hopes were realized in the permanent establishment of his oratory after a great many trials and sufferings. Don Bosco was the first to establish evening schools in Italy for the benefit of the poor children who otherwise would have had no chance of education. In 1852 his zeal was crowned by the existence of two more oratories and by the completion of the Church of St. Francis of Sales, which was solemnly opened on the 20th of June. From the date everything that Don Bosco undertook grew as it went, *crescit eundo*, in a most mysterious and seemingly supernatural manner. The oratories were enlarged and multiplied; the real work of preparing his children for their different vocations in life was not only started but produced already good fruit; the publication of Catholic ecclesiastical and sacred history made their appearance, and in a short time, being translated into different languages, were spread beyond the seas for the benefit of the world in general.

This desire to consolidate the long-felt necessity of rescuing the youth of both sexes from the brink of perdition and bring them out as champions of the evangelical virtues was realized, inasmuch as the rules of the new Salesian Religious Order were proposed by Don Bosco and sanctioned by the late immortal Pius IX. on April 3rd, 1874. They had for their primary object the acquiring of Christian perfection, of devoting themselves to works of charity, spiritual and temporal, especially among children and youth, and to the education of students, destitute children being preferable to others. The first Salesian college was established at Mirabello, in Monferrato, in 1863. A second college sprang up at Lanzo, near Turin, the following year, in 1864, and in 1869 the third college made its appearance at Cherasco. In 1870 the Municipal college, of Alasio,

near Geneva, was handed over to him for its direction and supervision. In the following year this man of God opened an institute for poor abandoned children at Sampierdarena, under the title of St. Vincent de Paul. In 1872 we see him engaged at Valsalice near Turin in directing the college for children of noble birth and bringing it foremost amongst colleges for the refined education of the mind according with this peculiar preventive and repressive systems of educating youths of God, the Church and the State.

Piedmont was too small a territory for his energy and for his zeal. It was neither ambition nor filthy lucre that caused him to soar aloft and fly over the Alps and the seas, to carry his superabundant love of God, love of his neighbor and love of the poor. Behold then in 1875 he opened the first Salesian home at Niza Maritima in France. On the 11th of November he sent his first army of missionaries to South America; and the work done by these Christian heroes in the way of civilizing the savages of Patagonia and the surrounding countries without Government help, but the help of Providence alone, suffices to demonstrate the spirit, the energy, the undaunted courage of this the greatest of heroes of the nineteenth century. Yes, *crescit eundo*, and this work is carried on by yearly expeditions of newly-ordained priests, to supply the want caused by the untimely death of their seniors through exhaustion in their labors and the palm of martyrdom. Whilst the new enterprise was felicitously progressing in South America the home work was bearing its fruit in a most astonishing manner. New churches, new oratories, new orphanages, new convents, were built, and additional numbers of strays and needy were rescued in Italy, France and Spain.

From this epoch until his death in 1888 the name of Don Bosco became, according to the emphatic praises of his admirers, a wonder-worker, and therefore a saint of God. Pius IX., the greatest veteran of the Church of God, knew well the extraordinary abilities of Don Bosco, and through him, as an agent, many intrigues on the part of the Italian Government against the Vatican were apparently healed and quieted down, remaining *in statu quo* until this very day.

I should be too prolix if I were to enumerate one by one the multifarious deeds of this great man within the decade previous to his death. Suffice it to say that in 1879 Pope Leo XIII., the greatest veteran of the Church of God, knew well the extraordinary abilities of Don Bosco, and through him, as an agent, many intrigues on the part of the Italian Government against the Vatican were apparently healed and quieted down, remaining *in statu quo* until this very day.

To complete this enormous work of prayer was not sufficient, and here we see Don Bosco becoming a missionary preacher in Italy, in France, Spain, and Austria. His appeal to the believers and unbelievers met with not merely a cordial reception, but the golden metal required to further advance his projects and meet the enormous liabilities on his shoulders. The triumphant and Royal-like reception given to him by the Parisians in France, the Macedonians in Spain and the Trentians in Austria is in itself proof that Don Bosco's work was more of a supernatural than of a natural character. Buenos Ayres became a second Turin, a centre from which radiated on all sides the beneficent influence of Christian love carried onward to the most desolate and barbarous corners of South America by the apostles from his seminaries for foreign missions.

It was, however, in 1887, during the month of November, that Don Bosco sent a small number of his sons to London, according to the saying of Our Lord, "without scrip and without purse." They came and, like Caesar of old, could say *Veni, vidi, vici*. Twelve years have scarcely elapsed and during that short period these sons of Don Bosco have proved by their indefatigable, unostentatious and persevering work, and imbued with the spirit of their beloved Father in acting according to his peculiar mode, that Divine Providence would not forsake them. That beautiful plot of land secured by them at Battersea, the magnificent temple there erected in a special manner for the benefit of the poor people, the new college which is already in course of erection, the number of children who receive even now every kind of secular education and preparation for their success in life, stand there as a monument of the power of Don Bosco and of his faith in Divine Providence. Here also the *crescit eundo* is realized, not in a strange country but under our own eyes and in the midst of the greatest of all cities in the world—the metropolis of England. If so much has been done in such a short time there

is every reason to expect that in the near future their new college will become one of the foremost not only for the youth of the middle class but in a special manner for the humbler classes.—Rev. J. B. Gastaldi, D. D., in Liverpool Catholic Times.

## HOLY FIRECRACKERS.

"Converted" Celestials Make Use of a Shipment of 84,000 dibles. From Frank Leslie's Popular Science Monthly.

"Independence Day reminds me," said the missionary from China, "of the most encouraging and the most disillusionizing experience in my life. I had labored hard in the work of converting the Chinese to Christianity, and there was unfeigned rejoicing among all the missions in China and the churches in America when the demand for Bibles on the part of our converts culminated in orders for 84,000 Bibles in one shipment.

"The remarkable number of new Christians thus indicated, while it occasioned much thankfulness in America, caused the heads of the missionary associations to set on foot an inquiry as to the methods employed in saving the souls of such an unusual number of Celestials and the uses to which they put the Bibles sent them.

"You may not know that in China the majority of the firecrackers with which we celebrate our day of national independence are made by the Chinese in their homes. Contractors for fireworks give each man a certain amount of powder and that must be made into a given number of crackers. The paper used in the manufacture he buys himself—and paper is not a cheap commodity in China. The powder furnished seldom fills the required number of crackers, but that does not disturb the Celestial in the least; he turns in his quota all the same, and the American boy, in consequence, invariably finds in each package of firecrackers a few that 'won't go off.'"

"I discovered that Yankee thrift had been absorbed by the heathen Chinese with much more readiness than Yankee morals. In contributing his labor toward our festival occasions he hit upon an expedient whereby a considerable profit accrued to himself. In other words, our great shipment of 84,000 Bibles had literally 'gone up in smoke.' They were to be had for the asking, and the Celestial conscience seems never to have suffered a pang as to their disposal for firecracker wrappers."

## SPIRITUALISTIC HUMBUG.

Our spiritualistic friends have opened their annual tomfoolery and sleight-of-hand performances at Lake Brady. Knowing Artemus Ward's love for good humor they are introducing him as the star performer. But spiritualism is more than a joke, it is a humbug. There may be some things in the history of spiritualism that baffles explanation. It is difficult, for instance, to see how the introduction of the cult in America through the Fox sisters—only children at the time—can be attributed to chicanery and fraud. But aside from the first manifestations it is certain even by their own confession that the pretended spirit communications of these women werelegerdemain pure and simple.

Dr. Home in his exposure of spiritualism explains every trick of so-called mediums up to his time, and we know that within a year the Anti-Spiritualistic Society of Indiana, where the nuisance was becoming especially intolerable, challenged the mediums of the United States to a public trial and agreed to duplicate every trick performed by spiritualistic mediums. The challenge has never been accepted.

With its free love principles, its jugglery, modern spiritualism, deserves no quarter and has no title to existence. Even by the admission of spiritualists themselves the spirits lie and steal. They make no claim that they are good spirits. Spiritualism leads men away from God; it opens the door to sensual indulgence. Its whole stock in trade is the trickery palmed off on its blind votaries under the cover of darkness and atmospherized by surroundings in which there is no element to make the visitations unpropitious.

Judged by experience, while it may not be safe to say that there is absolutely no spirit visitations, it is safe to say that as a rule the whole thing is trickery and fraud. Judged by its fruits and the well known principles that govern its leaders it is a hot bed of sensuality, and while there may be no need of spirit interference to cheat the dupes who believe in it, there is every evidence of the influence of the spirit of darkness in the attempted overthrow of Christianity, the denial of future punishment and the free rein given to licentiousness.

Catholics, as a rule, have too much faith and too much good sense to have any dealings with spiritualists. Spiritualism is a crime against God. It violates the first precepts of the Decalogue. It is a sin to have anything to do with it. It is always safe to stick to the old creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord.—Catholic Universe.

## "SOME OXFORD CONVERTS."

Henry and Robert Wilberforce and T. W. Allies.

According to T. Mozley, the young Wilberforces were already gradually forsaking the family Evangelicalism when they went up to Oxford. Three remarkably interesting brothers they were, of three distinct types, alike only in their common ability and warmth of affection: Robert (1802-57), quiet, studious, humble-minded; Samuel (1805-73), brilliant, fascinating, ambitious; Henry (1807-73) hiding under a boyish humor a deep, unsuspected thoughtfulness. It was certainly a strange thing that of the family of the great evangelist leader, three sons should become Catholics (for the eldest, William, as well as Henry and Robert, was a convert) and the fourth, a Protestant Bishop, should, besides being denounced as a Papist in disguise, have to mourn the "secession" to Rome of his only daughter and her husband. Moreover a grandson of the Abolitionist is a Dominican friar—the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., son of Henry, and eloquent writer on the lives of the saints and the saintly life.

Henry Wilberforce married one of the four Misses Sargent of Lavington, and settled down as rector of East Farleigh, Kent. It was a "fat" living, but he had his troubles there. He lost a bright boy at Sowell's school at Radley, and in addition suffered many things of the inevitable "aggrieved parishioner." Archbishop Howley stood by him, and, after inquiry into the charges, exonerated him. One accusation, by the way, was that he had actually spoken of the Blessed Virgin Mary! He was in the confidence of Newman, but he struggled on in the Church of England for five years after the fateful visit of Father Dominic to Littlemore. In 1849, Wilberforce's old friend, Faber, appeared at East Farleigh to arrange for the care and consolation of the Irish hop-pickers stricken with cholera. The Oratorians received every help from the Anglican rector, and a year later they had the joy of welcoming him to Holy Church. In a characteristic letter to his parishioners, he gave thirteen "plain reasons" for becoming a Catholic. The pamphlet is still procurable, and worth perusal. Unlike some converts, Henry Wilberforce had the happiness of "bringing his sheaves with him," his wife and family being fellow-converts. As a Catholic layman, he did a good work in founding the Weekly Register, and he did only three months before his brother Samuel's fatal accident, in 1873. "Dear Henry!" wrote Bishop Wilberforce, on hearing of his death, "what a charm there was about him, if you knew him ever so little." And Manning, asked which of the Wilberforces had, in his judgment, the profoundest intellect, on consideration gave the palm to Henry.

If Manning's verdict was correct, Henry Wilberforce ranks high, for his brother, Robert Isaac, Archbishop of the East Riding, was unquestionably one of the deepest thinkers of his time. His learned treatises on the Incarnation and the Eucharist are still standard works of High Anglicanism. The close friend and confidant of Manning, though long before he could reach his mind to leave her. At last, however, in 1854, he was received. He now talked of devoting himself to geological studies, but Manning's wise urgency overruled the notion. He had lately been left a widower, and was about to receive priest's orders when he fell sick and died at Albano, near Rome, in February, 1857. One of the humblest of men, he had great gifts, and his death was an abiding grief to Manning and a real loss to the Church on earth.

The association in this paper of the veteran, Mr. Allies, with the two Wilberforces has more than mere chronological justification, for he was benefited in Bishop Samuel Wilberforce's diocese, and was, it must be confessed, a thorn in the side to "S. Oxon." Thomas William Allies was born at Bristol in 1813, was an Eton boy, and took a "first at Oxford." He became examining chaplain to Bishop Bloomfield, who, in 1842, presented him to the rectory of Leighton, in the county and diocese of Oxford. He soon became known as having "foreign" leanings, and his outspoken "Journal of a Tour in France" moved Bishop Wilberforce to request the withdrawal of the book. Mr. Allies obeyed; moreover, he undertook to keep faith with the Thirty-nine Articles. But a voice superior to Bishop Wilberforce called him, and in the next year (1850) he found rest and refuge where the Thirty-nine Articles cease from troubling.

As an Anglican Mr. Allies had published "The Church of England Cleared from Schism!" There is no need to describe his words and work since his conversion. As secretary to the Catholic Schools Committee he was in labor abundant; he learned and exhaustive writings on the formation of Christendom and the Petrine privilege have earned him the honor of a K. C. S. G. from the Holy Father, the gratitude of Catholic readers, and the sore displeasure of Anglican critics.—The New Era, London, Eng.

## DRAMA OF THE MASS.

Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J. Explains the Ritual of the Divine Sacrifice.

Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., professor of philosophy at Boston College, preached in the church of the Immaculate Conception last Sunday on "The Drama of the Mass." He said in part: "I call the ritual of the Mass the drama of the eucharistic sacrifice. By drama I do not mean either a succession of meaningless rites, a procession of spectacular displays or continuous outbursts of emotional rhetoric. These would arouse no deeper feeling than that excited by scenic ceremonial and would be strikingly out of place in an act of worship that is closely allied with the most solemn fact in Christian history and that comes down to us with the pathetic memories that cluster around the martyr days of Nero and the subterranean chapels of ancient Rome.

"An eminent writer tells us: 'The object and power of dramatic poetry consists in its being not merely descriptive, but representative, and that not only when reduced to action, but even when reduced to words. Its character is to bear away the imagination and soul to the view of what others witnessed and to arouse in us through their words such impressions as we might naturally have felt on the occasion.'"

"The book of Job is an example of dramatic composition, where scene succeeds to scene, and where a growing beauty or majesty of dialogue is exhibited which will defy all rivalry with secular productions. This dramatic power runs through the service of the Church in a marked manner and must be kept in view for a right understanding thereof."

"The drama of the Mass means, consequently, that the entire ritual is not an unmeaning pageant, but a ceremony full of deep signification and symbolizing in word and movement the relation to the last supper and to the tragedy of Calvary. These momentous incidents in Christ's life, and the important bearing they have upon the very foundation of Christianity, must be the end of every part of the pathetic function.

"How strikingly the mind is carried back to those events by the solemn surroundings of the Christian temple. The altar the most prominent object, speaks of sacrifice; the sacerdotal robes with the cross speak of Calvary; the chalice speaks of the passover supper so elaborately described by the learned Dr. Bickell.

"What words can delineate the exquisite adaptation of part to part in that ritual, the warning words and prayers of the opening service, the piteous cry for mercy in the 'Kyrie Eleison,' the grand outburst of the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' and the impressive acknowledgment of faith in the recital of the Apostles' Creed.

"Everywhere symbolism, even in the number of times certain prayers are repeated. The preparatory part leads to the offertory, when the dramatic form becomes clear and the scenes of the Last Supper are solemnly enacted, culminating in what stands out as the central point of the service, viz., the consecration.

"There is no need of words to explain this consoling action, because here the representation ceases and gives place to the reality, and Christ's adorable presence is acknowledged by every bowed head and by every banded knee. The parts from the consecration to the Communion, and from the Communion to the end, continue to bring back the same thoughts that throng around the consecration, and which are at once the comfort of the Christian soul and the source of Christian bravery and influence."

## A FEW WORDS TO CATHOLIC GRUMBLERS.

We recently heard some sharp and uncharitable criticism of a good priest because he complained that his flock were not as liberal as they should be in contributing to the Church. Now, if the critics would seriously reflect on the exalted position, great dignity and sacred character of the Catholic priest their duty to contribute to his support would become light and pleasant. We never will be able in this world to understand fully what God has given us in the priest; we will understand it only in the hereafter. The good priest is with us at Baptism, and watches over us with a fatherly interest at our First Communion; he stands by our side when the Bishop's hands are imposed upon us in Holy Confirmation, and reverently blesses us at the impressive ceremony of Matrimony. Through life's wild storm he is our beacon light, and, at last, when we are in the struggling agonies of painful death, he breathes sweet consolations and strengthening hope into our departing soul. The good priest is our loving guardian and strong support on the tempestuous sea of life. He is with us in sorrow and in grief. He does not abandon us in life, and abides with us in death. When the world has lost its charm and sway on us, when earthly life has fled away and the immortal soul passed into eternity, and when all friends seemingly have forgotten us, then the

priest, with uplifted eyes, sends soothing mementos to our abandoned soul, perhaps still suffering in purgatory's cleansing fire.—American Herald.

## GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

The Part It Plays in the Battles of Life.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Common sayings and what we are pleased to call superstitions are very often based upon accurate observations by people who had not the knowledge required to give them a scientific basis or explanation. For ages the belief has prevailed that a guilty conscience unnerves or paralyzes a man. That idea was at least a part of the theory under which the wager of battle was established, as well as many other crude devices for determining disputes. By some it was supposed that there would be supernatural interposition in favor of the right, but even such interposition was assumed to take place by the unnerving of the guilty man. It is not improbable that when this belief prevailed the effect itself was actually produced. The guilty man, believing that the result of the engagement would be controlled by a mysterious force in favor of the innocent, would be terror-stricken and rendered incapable of such resistance as he might have offered if his conscience had been clear.

The idea has been carried down to later ages. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all" and "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just" express the same idea in different forms, and there is at least a germ of truth in it. Men who are entirely free from superstition, to whom the thought of supernatural interference has never occurred, are nevertheless under the influence of conscience. If they are in the right, or think they are in the right—which amounts to the same thing so far as they are concerned—they fight bravely to the death; if they are in the wrong and know it, there is more or less hesitancy in their actions, unless, indeed, they have stifled conscience and are hardened in crime. The man who is doing wrong and whose conscience upbraids him is nervous and ill at ease; he is suspicious of others and his imagination makes him extremely sensitive to criticism. He distorts innocent remarks into accusations, pictures in his own mind evils that do not exist, and is rendered so nervous that he is unfitted to defend himself against attack. The innocent man, with a clear conscience, presents an opposite character. He is contented and self-contained. Even an accusation may pass by him unobserved; he is impervious to hints, and, if assailed, is ready to defend himself with all his facilities.

Increases of knowledge does not lessen the force of conscience, but makes those who are disposed to deal justly with their fellows more responsive to its action. Conscience may be stifled or hardened, but only by the destruction of moral character. One who desires to live uprightly should aim to maintain its influence, and this he can do only by respecting the warnings it may give.

## LYING.

Lying, to take a purely superficial view of it, is the most disgraceful of the minor vices, and every man, who finds that his imagination inclines to talking liberties with facts or to supplying him with facts ought, in the interests of self respect, to repress its vagaries. There are people, who, it has been wittingly said, make no doubt the truth of the famous dictum of Aristotle and St. Thomas—that the object of the intellect is truth. They lose all sense of proportion. They lie, even when they know that their listeners know that they are lying. The regular motive for lying, the wish to deceive, appears to be absent, and they become a standing proof of the wisdom of the Arab proverb—"The penalty of untruth is untruth."

Not every school boy has heard of the case of King George IV, the first blackguard in Europe. He used to tell about his experiences in the battle of Waterloo, though as a matter of fact he was in England at the time of the great fight. It severely taxed the politeness of the Duke of Wellington to be appealed to now and then to corroborate the royal mendacity.

We might say that the penalty of untruth over and above the habit of untruth which it begets is the scorn, good humored though it be, which upright men entertain for liars. Lying is the vice of cowards, of weaklings, of slaves. It is contemptible, ridiculous, unmanly. And more than this, it is an abuse of the gift of speech which God gave us in the interests of human society.—Providence Visitor.

In proportion as we possess sufficient evidence to know the truth, God will require of us to give an account of that truth at the last day. We must give an account both of what we have known and what we have not known, the reason why we have not known that which we might have known.—Cardinal Manning.