

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

NO. 1143.

The Catholic Record

London, Saturday, Sept. 15, 1900.

A GOOD MOVE.

The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland assembled at Maynooth, June 20th, passed the following resolution:

"In view of the general elections which are believed to be imminent, we deem it our duty to express our earnest hope that Catholic electors will not support any candidate who will not expressly pledge himself to use his best exertions for the establishment of a University to which the Catholics of Ireland can repair without sacrifice of their religious convictions. We hope that the members who go to Westminster will present a united front to their opponents and demand that they in the matter of education should be on an equality with their Protestant fellow countrymen. At any rate we shall have the fair play so dear to the heart of the Anglo-Saxon put again to the test."

THE WAR.

Mr. Michael Davitt has sprung a surprise on the British public by showing that Mr. Chamberlain and his allies know, despite their protestations to the contrary, the strength of the Free State and the Transvaal.

Writing in the New York Journal, he gives some startling information, gleaned, according to him, from documents found upon English officers who had surrendered to General Botha. He states that the War office had, some months before the war, been in possession of detailed information concerning the various forts—their armament—that Lord Lansdowne declared the Boers had obtained in the United Kingdom "the supply of ammunition sufficient for a protracted campaign" and other data that go to show that England was not taken by surprise in October, 1899.

He contends that Lord Lansdowne's "Military Notes" prove the existence of a conspiracy against the South African Republics. We do not think Mr. Davitt will get the lovers of justice and civilization to swallow this medicine. The facts may be against them, but it will be another case of "so much the worse for the facts."

A GRAB AND MURDER TYPE.

Mr. Demetrius Boulger, a gentleman who writes extensively in various magazines, is away behind the age, that is, the age not represented by the fire eating German Emperor and his kind. He has in him the making of a thorough paced freebooter, and had he been vouchsafed a part in the days of Drake and Hawkins, he would have been an unmitigated terror. Just now he is crying out for blood—and more blood. He advises the Powers to destroy Pekin—to harry and to kill and then to divide what is left among themselves. His cure for sick China is to murder her. It is a very simple and effective way, but to reconcile it with the principles that are supposed to dominate European States may tax the resources of the truculent and redoubtable Boulger. We do not believe he carries much weight, but he is interesting as a type—prominent now—who, drunk with the passion of the game of grab and murder, utter sentiments repugnant to every believer in Christianity.

U. S. PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

We remember reading some time ago a glowing eulogy of the public school of the United States. It was fashioning a superior sort of citizen! It was the source of national greatness! And when every subject of Uncle Sam would know how to read and write the American eagle would announce to an admiring world the beginning of the millennium. Up to date, however, the United States has its own share of troubles. It is the dumping-ground of fads innumerable, the paradise of social and religious fakirs and home of not a few who do anything but prove that the Public School education is all that its panegyrist would have it. In banishing religion from the schools it has banished, as impartial witnesses admit, religion from the entire life of the great majority of the American people. "If the public school were," said Richard Grant White, "what it was set up to be, its fruits would by this time be manifest." After fifty years of common schooling, our large towns swarm with idle and vicious lads and young men who have no visible means of support. Crime and vice have increased *pari passu*, almost with the development of the Public School system. Filial respect and parental love have both

diminished. And Rev. Dr. Hodge called upon all who really believed in God to thank Him that He has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in this country true to that theory of education in which our fathers first founded the Public Schools of the land, and which has been so madly perverted.

CATHOLIC COLLEGES SUPERIOR.

The parents who commit the educational interests of their children to institutions not under Catholic auspices are guilty of the most deplorable and criminal carelessness. If they choose to subject their offspring to the enervating and corrupting influence of a non-Catholic atmosphere they will have on their hands later on some polluted imitations of ungodliness. They will assure you that their children are safe—quite able in fact to withstand anything that may prove harmful to their faith. This is the most pitiable delusion that can be born of ignorance. The children are, so far as sturdiness of belief goes, as safe as an impressionable female at the mercy of a reckless libertine. We contend that it is impossible for a Catholic lad to come out of a godless school or college unscathed. It may not attack his faith, but the disregard for all religion—the contempt for it as having no bearing on the life which has a commercial value—these and other things are bound to leave unlovely marks on his soul.

This system of education tends to produce the individuals who are lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemous, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, wicked, without affection, without peace, slanderers, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness, traitors, stubborn, puffed up, and lovers of pleasures rather than of God.

Again we are told that non-sectarian institutions have as pupils the better class, and that, consequently, Catholics brought into contact with it get a better idea of life and manners than they would otherwise obtain in their own institutions. It goes without saying that the Catholic who alleges that as an excuse must be mentally and morally twisted. Life and manners forsooth! And for these, which are understood only by Catholic students, immortal souls created for God must be sacrificed!

The only system of education is the Catholic one—that system that is based on and directed by religion; that cultivates and develops the entire moral being of the man. It lays stress upon the point that the "one thing necessary" should be the aim of the student's endeavor. It equips us indeed for life's battle, but it never ceases to remind us that our real life, for which we are born, begins when we are summoned into eternity. But while doing this Catholic educators are aware of the intellectual needs of the present day, and spare no pains in order to meet them. As a result we have colleges that are second to none. Despite prejudice and the half-hearted support of Catholics our halls of learning can, so far as secular education goes, turn out graduates who can challenge comparison with any in the country. The Catholic parent who sends his children elsewhere is false to his duty and recreant to his God.

THE HONORING OF RELICS.

The boxes of chocolate sent by the Queen to the soldiers are eagerly sought after as mementoes of the South African war. Amongst the relic hunters are individuals who manifest but a compassionate pity for what they style the antiquated ignorance of Catholics who persist in venerating the relics of the men and women whose memories are cherished and honored by the Church of God. If, however, bullets from the velvet and buttons from khaki uniforms are set aside as possessions beyond price, why may not we pursue a similar line of conduct with regard to the saints who have been soldiers in a truer and higher sense than they who have contributed their quota of blood and courage to the British cause in South Africa? But in this, as in other matters, our separated brethren are wont to allow the bogies that have been evolved from the imaginations of their forbears to frighten them out of all sense and decency. And when some female missionary returns with a tale of superstitious practices of Catholic

countries the bogies become very real and substantial. They may go their way hunting boxes of chocolate, etc., and regard it as a patriotic occupation, whilst Catholics may not, without being branded as idolaters, venerate the relics of saints.

On this point the Church teaches that the bodies of holy martyrs and of others now living with Christ, when were the living members of Christ and the temple of the Holy Ghost, by Him to be raised up and glorified unto everlasting life, are to be venerated by the faithful, through which many benefits are bestowed on man by God; so that they who affirm that veneration and honor are not due to the relics of Saints, or that such relics and sacred monuments are uselessly honored by the faithful, and that the places dedicated to their memories are in vain visited for the sake of impetrating their aid, are absolutely to be condemned.

In the above words our readers will discover the motives which induce us to honor the relics of Saints. We know that it is asserted we attach a supernatural efficacy to bones and garments. We do nothing of the kind. We believe that relics have of themselves no virtue or power, but that God uses them as instruments to dispense favors. We read in the Acts that God wrought special miracles by the hand of Paul, so that there were brought from his body to the sick handkerchiefs and aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the wicked spirits went out of them.

The pages of history can furnish many a testimony to the fact that the honor of relics and miracles wrought through their instrumentality have been since the beginning the inalienable possession of the Catholic Church. We know our brethren scoff at miracles, but if they are sustained by the most irrefragable proof what are they going to do about it? Must they reject them, for the reason as Middleton confesses, that "if they admit the testimony they must accept the facts, and with them the institution they illustrate."

FRANCE'S "CATHOLIC SALVATION ARMY."

I have seen a Catholic Salvation Army. It is not as noisy as Booth's, but it is a thousand times more demonstrative. They are called the Assumptionists. The man who really founded them is forgotten in the blaze and glory of the achievements of the two Bailey Brothers. They have no connection with the Bailey Brothers of circus fame, and they are in no way related to them; but a similarity in name is accompanied by a very striking resemblance in talent. The French Bailey Brothers are priests, and they have undertaken to convert the slums of Paris. They have a religious order of Sisters who share with them the labor and glory of the undertaking. They have a vast and fruitful field in Paris. The common people are neglected to a frightful extent in the French capital; and the priests are not to blame. In the faubourgs there are parishes of forty and fifty thousand souls with only a little church and one priest. You may ask why there are not more. The government establishes parishes, and the present government of the republic cares little for the souls of the people so long as they have their votes. The Archbishop of Paris tried the experiment of establishing chapels, but he was confronted with an old law which forbids the opening of a chapel without the permission of the government.

There are 3,600,000 people in Paris and there are only ninety parishes. To meet this crying evil a number of young priests have banded together and, with the sanction of Cardinal Richard, have undertaken to evangelize the faubourgs. They are meeting with very signal success. They publish a paper called *La Vie Catholique*, and from it I have learned much about their work and methods.

But for any work of this kind organization is needed. The Assumptionists have gone into the field and they are reaping a glorious harvest. They are the publishers of *La Croix*, the paper which the French government suppressed the other day and from which the Pope recently ordered the Assumptionists to withdraw. *La Croix* is a dignified edition of the *War Cry* of the Salvation Army. It has penetrated every nook and corner of France; and is sold for a sou and is published daily. It has a Paris edition and an edition for every province in France. It is violently opposed to the republic and its articles are fierce and fantastical.

These Assumptionists have organized pilgrimages everywhere and they keep the French Church on the march and under arms day and night. The

Assumptionists became very wealthy. They own millions of dollars worth of the best property in Paris. These Bailey Brothers are extraordinary business men as well as taciturn leaders. The government became alarmed when they found that *La Croix* had its candidates in every department of the country and were actually prepared to grapple with the infidel abortion of 1870. They suppressed the society and confiscated its property. After their condemnation the Cardinal paid them a visit of condolence and the government complained to Leo XIII. The latter promptly ordered the Fathers to withdraw from politics and the management of *La Croix*. The Fathers were nominally suppressed and *La Croix* is nominally under lay management; but things are going on pretty much as before. There is no denying the fact that the Assumptionists have thoroughly aroused the Catholics of France; and to day the latter resemble an army in array. They have carried Paris and now defy the government at every point of the political compass.

The priests walk the streets like conquerors, and the Catholic people are proud to show that they are with the Church and against the infidel, Freemason, Jewish cabal in Quays d'Orsay. The government is pressing its temporary advantage and is now trying to tax the orders to death. They have mulcted the Marists 300,000 francs and the others in proportion under the law of accretions. They have ordered the Jesuits and Redemptorists to cease giving missions and threaten still further reprisals. But they have not confiscated any property yet. They obtained a judgment against the Passionists of the Avenue Champs Elysees last month, but the sheriff has not put in an appearance yet. It is hard to say what will be the final outcome of the death struggle. People who pretend to know stroke their heads and say: "Wait till after the exposition."—Rev. D. S. Phelan, in the *Western Watchman*.

THE MALIGNANT POWER OF RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE.

May not an important lesson be learned from the conduct of the Scribes and Pharisees, in presence of the miracles of our Lord? On one occasion, we are told, He healed a paralytic by simply telling him to stretch forth his hand, and it was restored. But the Scribes and Pharisees who witnessed the miracle, instead of being convinced of His divine power and being converted, "were filled with madness and conferred with one another what they might do to Jesus."

Filled with madness because He performed a manifest miracle before their eyes! That was strange. Why should they refuse to give assent to the claim of a divine Teacher who thus established His authority by a manifest miracle? Nay, why should the Scribes and Pharisees not only refuse to believe in Him but be filled with madness and confer with one another what they might do to Him?

It was the malignant power of religious prejudice. They did not like our Saviour's doctrine. In the first place, it was a new doctrine and involved the necessity of a change from the doctrines and practices in which they had been educated; and, second, His doctrine was too strict, He inculcated a too high and severe morality for them. In their hearts they hated Jesus because He furnished such convincing proof of the divinity of His teaching that they could not deny it, yet they determined not to believe—not to yield assent and become His disciples. That made them angry, and anger is always the reply of a man convinced against his will.

Are there not Scribes and Pharisees in our day and generation? The Catholic Church is the legitimate inheritor of the teaching and authority of our Lord. She is constantly demonstrating the divinity of her origin, the superiority of her teaching, the wonderful efficacy of the supernatural power lodged in her for the healing and uplifting of the nations. God has confirmed her teaching and divine authority by miracles as stupendous and certain as the Gospel miracles themselves. Her own existence, however, during all the centuries in the face of such trials and difficulties is itself a miracle and proof that she is in God's keeping. And what is the effect? Alas! the Scribes and Pharisees, filled with a prejudice which if not malignant is neither reasonable nor charitable, refuse to believe, and they consult together how they may cripple and destroy the Church. They are angry. They publish the most abominable lies about her—lies made out of whole cloth. They never cease to misrepresent and malign her, and they go as far as they dare in depriving her of her just rights and privileges.

Does she demonstrate her power in converting, civilizing and Christianizing, the Indians? She must be deprived of all Government aid, and the poor children of the forest, as far as they are concerned, turned over to the cold charity, the heartless indifference and selfish greed and inefficiency of official secularism.

It is proved beyond possibility of reasonable doubt, even by Protestant

testimony, that the condition of the Philippines is a model of purity, virtue and contented happiness—in the language of Sergeant Peyton, a Protestant Episcopalian, "I do not know that on the earth there is a people so cleanly, so moral, so temperate, and so devout as they!" So much the worse for them. That is their misfortune, their fault—they are Romanists and they must have the Protestant Bible with its multitude of contradictory interpreters, and all the glorious privileges and blessings of Protestant civilization, including civil marriage, divorce, secular, godless education with the multiplication of drinking saloons, gambling halls, and other evils not proper to mention to ears polite.

The misfortune of the Philippines is that they were converted, civilized and Christianized by the monks and friars, who, though they make them the most cleanly, the most moral, the most temperate and the most devout nation on the face of the earth, yet made them devout Roman Catholics. That can not be forgiven to the monks and friars, and we must make haste to undo their nefarious work as soon as possible by confiscating their property and crippling their efforts in doing further good. It was, indeed, a marvelous work—a miracle of divine grace and blessing, such as Protestantism never has done nor ever can do. But Protestantism is not going to be convinced—it is angry—at least it hates the Church—and it is plotting how to destroy the good work as soon as possible. Such is the malignant power of religious prejudice.—Sacred Heart Review.

HOW RUSSELL CORNERED PIGOTT.

Describing the memorable legal battle of Parnell against the Times, which began on Oct. 22, 1888, and ended Nov. 22, 1889, the *London News* says: Of all those scenes the most stirring was, of course, Russell's cross-examination of Pigott, which began on Feb. 21, 1889. During the whole of the preceding day and the first few hours of the 21st Sir Charles Russell had been making his last preparations for his onslaught. He had turned Houston inside out, so to speak. And he had been quietly taking stock of Richard Pigott during the forger's long-winded, plausible story to Sir Richard Webster. Who can forget his treatment of the prim, priggish, composed, bandbox-like Houston? Composed, I mean, until Mr. Houston became demoralized by the meretriciousness caused by his own admissions in answer to abrupt little questions, delivered in a sort of confidential undertone, curiously at variance with the sudden, searching gaze that accompanied them. After eleven years I can see Mr. Houston, in the flesh as it were, coming miserably to grief in that cross-examination about the black bag in which Pigott and his alleged confederates brought the Parnell letters to their purchaser in the Hotel des Deux Mondes, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. I can hear the laughter in the densely packed court promptly suppressed by the usher—while Mr. Houston told how he waited "upstairs" while the bargaining for the letters was going on "downstairs," and how he refrained from going "downstairs," or seeing who was there, or taking any part whatever in the bargaining—"because," said Mr. Houston, "I wished to keep myself aloof; I wanted to keep myself in ignorance of the source of the letters." I can hear Sir Charles' "aye"—"aye"—"aye," uttered at intervals, quietly encouragingly as it were, while the smart Mr. Houston was laying bare his own extreme simplicity—or worse. Sir Charles looked at the ceiling. Then down again, in an absent minded sort of way. He unpoockets his snuffbox. He taps the lid. With his right thumb he helps himself to a "pinch." "You didn't go downstairs?" he asks quite casually. "No." The soupy brown handkerchief half way up to Sir Charles' nose stops. The keen eyes look Mr. Houston through and through. "No?" "No." Laughter—and furious rebuke in the usher's eyes.

At 1:30 on the following day Sir Richard Webster's examination of Richard Pigott came to an end. Almost before Sir Richard sat him down Sir Charles was up. The loud murmur of talk that broke out after Pigott's "evidence" came to a dead stop. You could hear a pin fall as Russell and Pigott stood there confronting each other. "Take that"—the words rang out sharply in the breathless silence. "That" was a sheet of paper which Sir Charles Russell held out. Pigott took it—gazing while at Sir Charles in blank bewilderment. Everybody in court glanced at each other. "He has him," a barrister whispered, turning round to me. "Write down 'livelihood,' 'likelihood,' your own name, 'prose,' 'tism,' 'Patrick Egan and his initials,' and 'hesitancy,'" which Pigott did, smiling the while, foolishly, and with a flushed face. It will be remembered that in one of the forged letters Pigott had spelled the last word "hesitancy." It has often been said since, and by experienced members of the bar that

Sir Charles' initial tactics were a mistake. Was it not probable that Pigott, warned by the early discussions about the forgeries, would have taken care to spell the word aright? Pigott might have done it. But he didn't. Sir Charles Russell had taken stock of his man and considered the effect of a surprise. The subject suggests a military analogy. By "the rules of war," Wellington, say the military critics, "ought" to have been beaten at Waterloo. But he wasn't—and there's an end on't. An ordinary advocate would not have started with "Take that." Sir Charles Russell was not an ordinary advocate—he was an advocate of genius, and that first shot of his was decisive. I can see Pigott's round, broad back, as he bends down (after screwing his eyes-glasses into its place) to scrawl the word "hesitancy," and when he stands up again, a short, stoutheaded, round-shouldered man, with a bald, shiny head, bushy white whiskers and moustache, large irresolute mouth, big, fleshy nose and smallish eyes far apart. Many an amusing scene occurred in the cross-examination which showed how Pigott had tried to swindle both side—Parnellites and anti-Parnellites. But the most amusing of all were caused by Pigott's admissions as to his persistent efforts to sell "information" to Mr. Forster, to escape and even bully Mr. Forster, and by his excuses for not emigrating to America with the help of the money which, he said, kindly Mr. Forster had given him more than once for the purpose. Sir Charles Russell, quietly helping himself to a contemplative pinch now and again, Pigott making himself more ludicrous every instant with his story of excuses to Mr. Forster, and the three judges trying hard to preserve a severe composure—made an ineffaceable picture. The three judges were not equally successful. Sir James Hannen compressed his lips. Sir Alexander Smith thrust his hands into his pockets and stared hard at the ceiling. Mr. Justice Day laughed outright—reddened and laughed at each fresh recital of Pigott's failure to emigrate with poor Mr. Forster's money. The only absolutely self possessed man there was Russell himself, now seemingly lost in a brown study, now tapping his snuff box as if in search for an idea, now taking a pinch and then darting a searching look at his victim, with a brief, half confidential question. The emotional side of Russell's nature, his inborn tenderness, his deep humanity, revealed themselves in all their unconscious strength in the magnificent, historic speech in which he summed up his case, not merely for the Parnellites, but for the Ireland of his birth.

A JESUIT RULING CHINA.

The Catholic World Magazine has a very readable article on the "Prospect of the Church in China," beautifully illustrated, too. It details something of the introduction of Christianity among the Chinese, and among others relates the following curious story:

"An interesting incident showing the prestige of the Catholic missionaries in China in the second half of the long reign of Kang Hi is related in a letter by the French Jesuit, Father Jartoux. A famine resulting from an inundation, was during this year devastating the province of Shantung. The mandarins were unable to cope with the evil. A number of them were punished and many others fell into disgrace. It was then the Emperor summoned the missionaries to his presence. He informed them that it was their co-operation alone that he desired in combating the dreadful scourge. He placed some thousands of taels in their hands and requested them to go forth and take measures for the relief of the suffering. It is a charming picture that the missionary drawings of the troops of starving Chinese flocking to the Catholic priests with the confidence of obtaining relief; of the method of the latter in cooking and apportioning in the various districts the huge quantities of rice and herbs necessary to satisfy the urgent needs, and of their carrying out the whole arrangement with a discipline and order as perfect as if a highly trained European army were concerned. This was in the year 1704, more than a century before the first Protestant missionary set foot in China."

BYRON AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

From the Ave Maria.

It was recently noted in this magazine that all the lineal descendants—two families—of Lord Byron are Catholics. In the new edition of Byron's works, published by Murray, there are a number of hitherto unpublished letters, in one of which the poet writes: "When I turn thirty, I will turn devout. I feel a great devotion that way in Catholic churches and when I hear the organ." In another of these interesting letters he records his intention of placing his daughter Allegra in a convent and having her brought up "a good Roman Catholic and (it may be) a nun."

That was a good prescription given by a physician to a patient; do something for somebody.—Father Faber.