

The Catholic Record.

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

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1567

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded lives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling
And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie
Of the faces lined with scheming,
—In the throng that hurries by,
From the sleepless thoughts endeavoring
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity,
For the burdens the rich endure,
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor;
Oh, the little hands so skillful,
And the child-mind choked with woes,
The daughter's heart grows wild
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no! From the street's rude bustle,
From the trophies of mart and stage
I would fly to the wood's low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dreamer's sake;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And the toiler dies in a day.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

GOLDWIN SMITH METAMORPHOSED.

A couple of weeks ago the Sun gave editorial space to a letter from Mr. Goldwin Smith on the subject of "Man and His Destiny." It was too long a letter by two columns at least. Its message could with ease have been compressed into ten lines. All it said, in the last analysis, was this: "I am in doubt that there is any God and any immortality for man. I would be glad to know the truth on this matter, and if anybody can help me to find that truth I shall be greatly obliged." This is the whole sum and matter of his inflated, space-filling querying and complaining—a mere mill of a bit of bread to an infinite quantity of sack. But the real question for any one who has been reading those frequently recurring and tiresome repetitions of an unquiet spirit to consider, is, can any answer satisfy him, or does he really seek to get a satisfying answer? The difficulty in the case is the duality of Mr. Smith. He speaks in the one breath with two voices, one denying, the other asserting. One sentence destroys the sense of another, yet the fond author appears to be unable to discern that fact so patent to all who possess that four-leaved shamrock of common sense which enables them to see what is hidden from dupes laboring under fairy spells or delusions of the self-centred mind and the spirit of human pride.

Belief in the Bible as inspired and God's revelation of himself to man can hardly now linger in any well informed and open mind. Criticism, history and science have conspired to put an end to it.

The "open mind" herein contemplated is of the sort that is open to all sorts of doubt, but shut tight against everything illustrative. Now, if all belief in the Bible has disappeared in the way postulated by Mr. Smith, how comes it that a little lower down in the same column he can say:

"There remains of the Old Testament besides its vast historical interest much that morally still impresses and exalts us. Of the New Testament there remains the moral ideal of Christ, our faith in which no uncertainty as to the authors of the narratives or mistrust of them on account of the miraculous embellishment common to biographers of saints need materially affect. The moral ideal of Christ conquered the ancient world when the Roman, mighty in character as well as in arms, was its master. He has lived through all these centuries, all their revolutions and convulsions, the usurpation, tyranny and scandals of the Papacy."

There is much that impresses us, but does not exalt, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment and the Travels of Sir John Mandeville; and on the same plane as these wonderful compositions Mr. Smith and all of his ilk would find place the Old Testament, whose wonderful prophecies of the coming of the Messiah are as strikingly borne out in the New Testament, for whose veracity in regard to the central figure in it he professes some sort of respect.

Mr. Smith detests the idea of dogma, yet he can be not a little dogmatic in the assertion of his agnosticism himself—e.g.:

"The belief that man has an immortal soul inserted into a mortal body from which, being, as Bishop Butler phrases it, 'indiscernible,' it is parted at death, has become untenable. We know that man is one; that all grows and develops together. Imaginations cannot picture a disembodied soul. The spiritual apparitions are always corporeal."

"We know that man is one!" Who knows it? Mr. Smith, who says he does not know anything about God or immortality, says he knows this. He does not think it necessary to give us the proofs or state the reasons which lead him to think so confidently on this particular and by no means inconsiderable matter. He professes some vague sort of belief in the reality and respect for the teaching of Christ. If his response were real, he would accept His teaching on the existence and the separability of the human soul, the loss of which He tells us with terrible impressiveness is worse to the sinner than the loss of the whole world.

This duality of argumentation is so obvious all through the long and laborious surfeit-roll of pliant that a commen-

tator who signed himself "An Amateur Agnostic" grew ironical in his impatience at it. He wrote in the Sun:

"To destroy is necessary, but it is greater to build. Have we no builders now? Mr. Goldwin Smith's sincerity is so obvious, his earnestness so admirable, that those of us who in a humbler way are also seekers and doubters looked to him for some new light, something to guide us from the chaos of modernity into at least the outlying regions of the orderly certainty of the future. Perhaps this was too much to ask; but the leaders have hewed us a path which ends in a cold sea."

If there is nothing better to offer us than agnosticism, were it not wiser to have left us our crucifixes and our flocks? We are bidden "put aside childish things"; but the working tools of manhood which they give us are vague speculations, hypotheses, dreams and shadows of dreams. Poor things, all, with which to build and perfect a sanctuary.

Refuge of one sort or another man must have. Materialism is ours today; to-morrow it will be skepticism; and day after to-morrow, negation, absolute, denouement. For this emotional part of man will live on, and the less exercise it finds in the higher loves the more it will turn to the lower. It cannot reason. When reason comes, already emotion is gone. Take away its cause for being—its aspiration—and it will atrophy. It cannot aspire continually or profitably toward something in which it has ceased to have faith."

Mr. Smith is fourscore years old now, and in his case the usual process of thought seems to have been reversed. The faith of other men, who have had in their younger days some gains strength with years; the little that he formerly had has almost completely died out. What a pitiable spectacle, Belisarius, in his old age blind and begging for an obolus from the passing wayfarers, was better off than the great Oxford historian, begging for a little light for his sightless soul.

Forty years ago Goldwin Smith, if he were not dissembling as to his faith from worldly motives, was not an agnostic. His lectures on Pym, Cromwell and Pitt, delivered at Oxford, and printed in 1867, are full of comment which could not be penned by an unbeliever. Speaking of the Parliamentary struggles between the followers of Burke and Fox and William Pitt, for instance, he says that "the East India Company's action in buying up rotten boroughs, to make of itself a great Parliamentary power, was beginning, in the secret counsels of Providence, to avenge, by its pestilential influence, English politics, the wrongs of the Hindus."

Again, speaking of the sanguinary suppression of the rebellion in 1798 in the Protestant yeomanry and the Hessians, he says that that rebellion was the natural consequence of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, sustained by the oligarchical Government and hierarchy (Protestant) of this country (England). "They were the authors, before God, of the rebellion, though the people died for it by earthly law."

God was very clear to Mr. Smith when he was an Oxford lecturer, or else it must have been necessary for him to conceal whatever doubts on the subject he may have had very carefully from the University Board. He ought logically, to revise his lectures or else recall his letters to the Sun as very silly productions.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A TRUE STORY OF RESTITUTION.

STOLEN MONEY REFUNDED AFTER MANY YEARS—CLERK YIELDED TO TEMPTATION—LAST ACT OF HIS LIFE.

"For Mrs. Richard Ashley," said a letter carrier in the early part of last week, as he tossed upon the marble-topped counter in a tall Manhattan apartment house, a bulky envelope bearing four foreign stamps, and departed. "Front!" called the clerk, in his best business voice, and when a young "button" appeared: "For Mrs. Ashley; she has just gone into the luncheon room."

"A letter for you, madame," said the youngster, as he stood at the side of a handsomely dressed woman past middle age.

"A foreign letter!" exclaimed the guest, first looking at the stamps; then, after inspecting the postmark, she exclaimed, "It is from Australia!" It was from Melbourne; had been re-addressed from Chicago.

When the envelope was opened she drew out a letter, upon the top of which she read "Boulton & Boulton, Solicitors, Melbourne." Its contents began with a very formal "Madame." The writing was execrable, and before the woman had puzzled out the first ten lines she had wondered a score of times why the Australians didn't use typewriters.

Finally she stampered upon the information that a certain Mr. Anderson, George Anderson, to be specific, had died in a hospital at Melbourne and had bequeathed the sum of \$25,000 to her and a similar sum to each of her two sisters or their heirs. The woman got busy at once, and after two ineffectual attempts to call her husband by telephone, at Philadelphia, she sought the advice of a New York lawyer as to the best methods of cabling to Australia.

To him the story was confided, and from that source it reaches the writer, with the unusual condition that his name is not to be mentioned.

The story is worthy of his forbearance, because it is, literally, that of a voice from the grave. Here it is as nearly as the writer can remember its details, the names being verifiable:

A few years prior to the breaking out of the civil war Mrs. Ashley's father, Henry Devon, was American consul at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He employed in the dual capacity of clerk and interpreter a young man known as George W. Anderson, an Englishman, according to his own statement, but believed by Mr. Devon to hail from the United States. He had inherited Anderson from his predecessor, with excellent commendation, and had no cause to complain. Mr. Devon had been appointed under President Pierce, but had retained his place when Buchanan succeeded, owing to strong Pennsylvania influence. After the birth of two daughters Mrs. Devon started to visit her parents in this country, and the youngest child, Mrs. Ashley that is today, was born at sea.

That was before the days of cables under the sea and the woman had been in this country only a short time when she received word that Mr. Devon had died suddenly. He had been a man of considerable wealth, and at the earliest moment Mrs. Devon returned to Rio to administer upon the estate. To her great sorrow, she found that the trusted Anderson had taken all convertible securities and cash, and fled to the United States. The real estate was sold, and she realized a sum sufficiently large to place the widow and her three children, all daughters, beyond want. The estate was closed out, all outstanding obligations settled, and the widow, not making an effort to apprehend the fugitive, returned to the United States. Then came the civil war, during which the widow and her daughters resided in one of the small cities of central New York. She lived to see the girls grown and married, and died at the home of one of them about 1880.

Mrs. Ashley had heard, in childhood, the story about the absconding clerk, but its details, even to the name of the man, had passed from her mind, when several years after her mother's death a letter came addressed to the dead woman from Buenos Ayres. Mrs. Ashley opened it and found it to be from Anderson. In the missive he admitted taking the money and said that he hoped to repay it. Years afterward, another letter arrived, addressed to Mrs. Devon, postmarked Melbourne. It described the writer's misfortunes in Argentina. He had accumulated some money there, by raising cattle, but had lost all in trying to increase the sum. That letter was answered and a permanent address for future correspondence was given to the man. He was also told of Mrs. Devon's death; the letter did not contain a reproach.

Since that day Mrs. Ashley had not heard of the wanderer until the recent letter arrived from the Melbourne solicitors, including a long statement of Anderson's tribulations and struggles to amass a fortune. It was chiefly written in pencil, evidently at various times, and some of the English terms was intolerably bad, but it told the pitiful tale of a "man without a country"—a wanderer upon the face of the earth! He confessed again that he had embezzled \$12,900, which Mr. Devon had left in the safe, in his custody. In Australia he had tried gold digging without success. Then he tried sheep-raising and made money rapidly. With his accumulations he went into trade outfitting miners, and his bank account had grown to \$16,000, when he was taken fatally ill. His health had been broken by hard work and some dissipation, and the hospital physicians to which the wifeless man was sent told him he could not recover.

His nurse in the hospital—St. Catherine's, if memory serves—was a Sister of Charity, an Englishwoman and the embodiment of cheerfulness. She seemed to the dying friendless one the only worthy character he had ever met in woman's habit. Till his failing eyesight broken by hard work and some dissipation in her black garb and broad-brimmed bonnet of white. She awakened in him, he confessed, first thoughts on religion. The prospect of death, with the intent to refund the stolen money, unfilled, terrified him. At his request, a clergyman was summoned; he made his confession and was baptized. The name of the priest, of the Roman Catholic Church. The good priest assured the dying penitent that, so far as he was able, he ought to repay the stolen money to the heirs of his former employer. Restitution was the only act that would wipe out the sinfulness of such an act. Boulton & Boulton, solicitors, were thus brought into the case.

The reformed man left his entire estate to the three daughters of the dead employer, whose confidence he had betrayed. The diary is said to have been very pitiful and bearing many evidences of remorse.

Withal, it is a curious but perfectly credible tale.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SOCIAL BUTTERFLIES VIGOROUSLY IMPALED.

CHANCELLOR DUNNE LASHES FEMINE FLUCTUANTS WHO DELIBERATELY EVADE THEIR DUTY OF DOING NICE WORKS. EVEN HOME HAS NO MEANING—LANS-GEORGE STERN AS ANY UTTERED BY THE GREAT ENGLISH JESUIT, FATHER BENIGNARD VAUGHAN.

The children of Mary Tabernacla Society resumed its annual work in behalf of poor churches and missions on the 10th of October in the Sacred Heart Academy, 697 Pine Grove avenue. They were presided over by the Rev. Chancellor, who said in part:

"It affords me great pleasure and gratification to address a few words of encouragement to such a distinguished gathering of Catholic ladies who have a higher and a nobler purpose in life than mere dress, idle amusement and an occasional advertisement of their gowns and jewelry in the society columns of the newspaper. How many of you well-to-do women lead lives of utter uselessness from one end of the year to the other! They may move heaven and earth to figure as patronesses of a ball or entertainment which benefits the mollusc, the florist and the liverman far more than the needy. For really deserving charities we gain nothing by our manifest utmost indifference. When invited to co-operate, if they do not turn their noses up in disdain, they at least politely decline by pleading an unavoidable engagement elsewhere. Catholic charity does not appeal to these social butterflies whose great ambition is to keep fluttering in the limelight and if they succeed in obtaining an occasional recognition, let it be even a glance of the eye or a faint smile from the feminine plume-tails of our great metropolis, why they are ready to burst forth like Simeon with the 'Nunc dimittis servum tuum in pace. You will not find them here today making vestments for poor churches. Pish the thought! You will find them in the world of fashion and vanity, which women go in order to be admired and sought after; where the great purpose in life is to display one's self to the best advantage; where feminine curiosity is gratified in those silly conversations in which an absent neighbor's reputation is minutely dissected; where the dancin' damsel and most secretively suspicious and most secretively judgmental is considered remarkably bright and clever. You will find them in those assemblages of the wealthy and dissipated where no attention is paid to the noble qualities of mind and heart, but where the only means of distinction for a woman desirous of mental charms is to parade in a more marked affectation of luxury, a more marked affectation and hauteur of manner, or perhaps to display her physical form in a sheath, diaphanous, décolleté gown or some other fashionable abomination. These poor deluded creatures imbue their daughters with the same distorted notions of social life. That is their debit but a gentle hint that the dear girls have been placed in the matrimonial market and are ready to receive the amorous overtures of desirable suitors? They are formally introduced to Vanity Fair for the purpose of dazzling and outstripping all competitors. Their highest aim is to so fascinate and bewitch by their dress and prattle that they shall become simply irresistible. These are the kind of people who by their follies and vanities have given an opprobrious and almost criminal meaning to the term society. For such women there is no true home life with its sacred duties and domestic virtues, with its serious labor of self-improvement and spiritual advancement. For these votaries of vanity home means the retirement in which they rest between one round of gayety and another, and in which, when they have slumbered away part of their fatigue, they are ready to be reborn in the next onslaught. Their husbands are only regarded as the providers of their pleasures, furnishing them with the money necessary to their unlimited extravagance in gorgeous raiment, and the worth of instant and willing obedience. And Christ was quick to approve of that loyal stand with the words: 'I have not found such faith in all Israel.' This is generally the case. The people of the congregation who have much to attend to are the most helpful and most charitable to the priest, while those who are shiftless and careless have the most to say.

Doubtless the Church has had the grumblers like the poor with her from the beginning. In all likelihood there were individuals in old Rome and Corinth who found St. Peter too impetuous and St. Paul too plain-spoken. Some people would be lonely without some sort of a grievance against the priest.

Family life is the common lot, it has its blessings and comforts, but it often narrows a man and causes him to make mountains out of mole hills. The wife and mother can stir up a small tempest by an injudicious story of some reproach given the children at school, some lack of warmth on the part of the priest. If such a story about another were related to the man outside he would laugh at it, but at home it is another matter. He feels like refusing to give anything at the next collection and makes up his mind to tell the priest what he thinks of him.

Our parish is large; it has a great school and a costly church. The fixed charges and incidental repairs on the plant must be thousands of dollars a year, yet I am constantly hearing people who wonder what the priest does with all the money he gets. I am surprised that he can run the parish at all with so few extraordinary calls upon the congregation.

There is another fact which strikes me most impressively, the change in the attitude of the younger generation towards the priest. The old school had an abiding respect for "the priest." It was slow to criticize and large in its capacity to explain away unpleasant things. The new school makes no such allowances, it is very matter-of-fact and judicial upon all affairs in the parish. Somehow the younger people seem to me to have torn away that mystic veil which enveloped the priest in the old days. They see him more as a man and less as a minister of God.

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So great was the crowd in St. Joseph's church, Newark, N. J., at the close of the non-Catholic mission recently that it was necessary to allow people within the sanctuary rail. There were sixty-two converts, as the result of the mission. The sixty-two who accepted the Catholic faith during the week were confirmed by Bishop O'Connor.

Bishops of the Cincinnati province met in that city last week at the residence of Archbishop Mueller, and decided to ask the Holy See to divide the Cleveland diocese into two parts for greater facilities of administration. If the plan recommended by the Bishops of responsibility and unity which is carried out Cleveland will remain as the headquarters of one part of the diocese and Toledo will be the see of the other.

Bishop Grafton, the high Church prelate of Fond du Lac, is evidently deeply perturbed at the exodus of his high church followers to the Catholic Church. Some months ago, when the defection of Episcopalian clergymen was an everyday announcement in the press, the Bishop Grafton, in a public statement said he was about to open a house of study for Catholic students who had "deserted Rome." Nobody has heard of the house of study since.

Mrs. Carrie Shean, of Los Angeles, Cal., who died last week, was a convert from Methodism. A nurse by profession, she came in contact with many Catholics. Administering to the sick and dying, day and night, she learned to understand the happiness, contentment and peace exhibited by the Catholics in their dying moments on the one hand and then the uncertainty, alarm and fear of those who faced death without any fixed faith or belief. Death-bed scenes were the principal cause of her conversion.

Cardinal Gibbons is almost as well known in Europe, as the Pope," said Mr. Davy Bonham, "the prominent Baltimore art connoisseur, who has just returned from his twenty-sixth visit to the Old World." "He is the best known of the cardinals, and on my trip I heard many encomiums of the distinguished churchman. Those who met him in Rome praised him, and his kindness and affability were commented on during his short stay in Switzerland. While he was in London he was easily the most prominent figure in the recent assemblage of notables of his Church."

OUR PARISH.

SOME PERTINENT OBSERVATIONS THAT MIGHT BE MADE BY ANY PARISHIONER.

"Leader-On" in Boston Pilot.

On moving into a new parish lately and becoming acquainted I was surprised to note what a small percentage of the congregation can be counted upon for active assistance and cordial co-operation with the parish priest. The great majority are well disposed in a negative way, contribute to the collections and attend to their spiritual duties fairly well, but without much warmth or zeal.

Strange to say, there is a large number who "have something against the priest." Generally it is a triding matter, but they have nursed it so long that it has assumed magnitude in their eyes. Then the amount of criticism of the pastor and his methods is a revelation. Some say he is too fond of money and others blame him for lavishness. Some aver that he is too familiar with the people and others call him "distant." He has a bad temper or is irritatingly calm according to the company you keep.

I did not notice these things in the old parish. Time and familiarity had softened down the roughness of comment and criticism and I knew that some of the talkers did not mean what they said, but here it is different, and for the first time in my life I begin to realize what a difficult work is that of a pastor. Of course, much of this half-hearted service and readiness to criticize comes from a lack of knowledge of responsibility. Few of those who have so much to say about the priest give much thought to the priest's side of the question. They find it hard enough to keep their own households in order and yet never hesitate to find fault with the man who must look out for a family that runs up into the thousands.

The generalities of pastors do not inform the people when they are sick, sore or sad, and yet, when we come to think of it, this must often be the case. In practice it is the clerical hypochondriac who receives the sympathy that should go to the men who suffer and are silent.

There is the genuine ring of the true parishioner in the statement of the centurion in the Gospel who asked the Lord to heal his son. He was a man of responsibility and understanding, the worth of instant and willing obedience. And Christ was quick to approve of that loyal stand with the words: "I have not found such faith in all Israel." This is generally the case. The people of the congregation who have much to attend to are the most helpful and most charitable to the priest, while those who are shiftless and careless have the most to say.

Doubtless the Church has had the grumblers like the poor with her from the beginning. In all likelihood there were individuals in old Rome and Corinth who found St. Peter too impetuous and St. Paul too plain-spoken. Some people would be lonely without some sort of a grievance against the priest.

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CATHOLIC NOTES.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY has declared his intention of sending a special Envoy to Rome in November to convey his congratulations to the Holy Father on his golden jubilee.

Among 150 persons confirmed in St. Mary's Catholic Church in Evanston, Illinois, on the 11th instant, was the Rev. W. J. Grainger, former pastor of St. Matthew Episcopal Church in Evanston, who became a Catholic a year ago.

Joseph O'Connor, chief of the editorial staff of the Rochester, N. Y., Post-Express, died suddenly while sitting in his chair in his home in that city. His writings on Catholic subjects had attracted widespread attention for years.

Nearly 50,000 Catholic men and boys paraded in various towns of northern New Jersey last Sunday as a part of the annual demonstration of the Holy Name Societies against the use of profanity. More than 150,000 persons viewed the processions or participated in the open air service that followed.

On his return to Baltimore, after his trip to Europe, Cardinal Gibbons was the object of a remarkable ovation. Following an official greeting at the railroad station by State and city officials, the beloved Prince of the Church was escorted to the Cathedral, where he reviewed a parade of ten thousand men and boys.

Very Rev. A. Lacombe, O. M. I., the veteran missionary of the Northwest territory, has completed arrangements for the opening of a home for the destitute at Fish Creek, near Calgary in the diocese of St. Albert, Alberta. The institution will be non-sectarian and will be open to all the destitute, men, women and children.

So great was the crowd in St. Joseph's church, Newark, N. J., at the close of the non-Catholic mission recently that it was necessary to allow people within the sanctuary rail. There were sixty-two converts, as the result of the mission. The sixty-two who accepted the Catholic faith during the week were confirmed by Bishop O'Connor.

Bishops of the Cincinnati province met in that city last week at the residence of Archbishop Mueller, and decided to ask the Holy See to divide the Cleveland diocese into two parts for greater facilities of administration. If the plan recommended by the Bishops of responsibility and unity which is carried out Cleveland will remain as the headquarters of one part of the diocese and Toledo will be the see of the other.

Bishop Grafton, the high Church prelate of Fond du Lac, is evidently deeply perturbed at the exodus of his high church followers to the Catholic Church. Some months ago, when the defection of Episcopalian clergymen was an everyday announcement in the press, the Bishop Grafton, in a public statement said he was about to open a house of study for Catholic students who had "deserted Rome." Nobody has heard of the house of study since.

Mrs. Carrie Shean, of Los Angeles, Cal., who died last week, was a convert from Methodism. A nurse by profession, she came in contact with many Catholics. Administering to the sick and dying, day and night, she learned to understand the happiness, contentment and peace exhibited by the Catholics in their dying moments on the one hand and then the uncertainty, alarm and fear of those who faced death without any fixed faith or belief. Death-bed scenes were the principal cause of her conversion.

Cardinal Gibbons is almost as well known in Europe, as the Pope," said Mr. Davy Bonham, "the prominent Baltimore art connoisseur, who has just returned from his twenty-sixth visit to the Old World." "He is the best known of the cardinals, and on my trip I heard many encomiums of the distinguished churchman. Those who met him in Rome praised him, and his kindness and affability were commented on during his short stay in Switzerland. While he was in London he was easily the most prominent figure in the recent assemblage of notables of his Church."

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