

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE BEST POLICY.

Some time ago we told our readers to stay at home was best. A correspondent, however, assures us that across the border opportunity is ever beckoning and incidentally that Canada is "slow." Will our friend make a short sojourn in the United States, and then, after much seeking for work, and finding none, he may not be so optimistic in his views on the facility of obtaining a foothold among the alien. We admit that a few Canadians there are at the top. But what of the many who are at the bottom? We know those who have won, but the many who have lost—they who went from farm and Canadian city to court success, and wedded failure, and had their dreams of preferment dispelled by the facts of poverty and obscurity—these are unknown to us for the most part. Report has it that many of them either toil for a pittance or have acquired the habit of soliciting small donations from Canadian tourists. There is always room at the top for those who have courage and talent and who are willing to work. So writers in Success tell us. But the young man who goes to the big city with its broad line, and its thousands ever on the edge of starvation, will find that it is extremely difficult to get a grip on the lowest rung of the ladder that leads to the top. He may have courage, but so have the hundreds who struggle for a livelihood. Talent he may possess, but that is a drug in the market. Without friends who have a "pull" he will look in vain for the positions which represent money. He may work, solacing himself while with the art of talking pains, and his reward will be a pittance from either shop or factory.

What the Canadian must move why not go to the North-West—his heritage—where he can make a home of his own. And if he doubts the possibility of making his way there, the Americans who are credited with knowing a good thing when they see it are certain that the West's broad acres hold within them a future able to satisfy any reasonable man.

A "BLUFF KING HAL."

In his chapter on Welsey, Green tells us, speaking of the despotism which Welsey had done, more than of those who went before him, to build up that "all sense" of loyalty to England, to its freedom, to its institutions, had utterly passed away. The one duty which the statesman owed was a duty to his "prince"—a prince whose personal and appetite was overriding the highest interests of the State, trampling under foot the wisest counsels and crushing with the blind ingratitude of Fate, the servants who opposed him.

Still some historians credit "Bluff King Hal" with statesmanlike qualities. Wife baiter he was too conspicuously to evade detection. A monster of cruelty too, but some would have us look at his deeds of rapine and barbarism through the glasses of the years when he was a good prince and faithful husband. It would never do to divest the chief of a new religion of all worthy attributes and to exhibit him as the personification of ravens lust: and so we have the view that he was a far seeing statesman sternly resolved from the first to free his kingdom from the yoke of Rome.

Mr. Martin Hume in his recently published "Wives of Henry VIII," the second Tudor King was a weak, vain, boastful man, the plaything of his passions, which were artfully made use of by rival parties to forward religious and political ends that ended in the Reformation. "A bluff bully," Mr. Hume's verdict is, "a coward morally, and also perhaps physically: a liar who deceived himself as well as others in order to keep up appearances in his favor."

An Evil and a Remedy.

Sacred Heart Review.

The country is full of cheap and good for nothing books and papers. They are scattered everywhere, and thrust into the hands of our children. This kind of reading does a great deal of harm, and the only way to stop it is to get the children interested in good reading, and give them a supply of it.

Let us often dwell upon the thought of Mary's stainless purity and holiness; and let us, trusting to the Holy Ghost, do all we can to correspond to grace, to walk with Jesus in white, and to follow Him whithersoever He goeth.

A VISIT TO LOURDES.

By Charles Frederick Butler, M. D.

For several hours before reaching Lourdes we are ever in sight of the lofty range of the Pyrenees. The summits of the highest peaks are clothed with spotless snow, and glitter dazzlingly in the bright summer sun. The country which we pass is green and fertile; broad fields of wheat and barley wave in the gentle breeze. Mountain streams dash impetuously along, shaded by rows of straight, arborescent-looking poplars. The little towns through which the train rushes look clean and prosperous. At the station women in quaint, old-fashioned dresses and starched white caps, like the Sisters of Mercy, are selling luscious grapes and juicy peaches. Suddenly, as we are unsuspectingly looking out at the window, we catch a glimpse of a lofty spire and a vast basilica. It is Lourdes at last—Lourdes, all prepared and awaiting the great annual pilgrimage.

From all parts of Europe the pilgrims are arriving. Already, in the early morning, the waiting train has come, direct from Paris, bearing four hundred sufferers. Only half an hour before us the Gray train rolled into Lourdes; with its many sick; in half an hour more the Blue train will arrive, then the Green train, then the Yellow train, then the Pink train, and, finally, late in the afternoon, the Orange train, carrying its mass of suffering humanity, all longing to bathe themselves in the healing waters of the sacred Grotto.

A long, straight avenue leads from the station directly to the Grotto. Crowds of peasant women in gay colors and wearing the invariable starched cap, are hurrying towards the basilica. Another crowd, on its way to the station, meets us. There are many more women than men, and we notice few people above the peasant class. On either side the broad, shadeless avenue is lined with countless little stores, where are exposed for sale religious articles of every imaginable kind. There are tapers of all dimensions, from immense candles as big around as a man's leg and correspondingly tall, which will burn two months, to tiny ones costing only a sou; there are prints and photographs of every size and shape, showing the basilica, the grotto and the statue of Notre Dame de Lourdes; there are rosaries, both large and small, ugly and handsome, some of the most primitive kind, others of the most skillful workmanship; there are statues of all the saints in the calendar; there are various prayer books in a hundred different tongues; there are holy water stops and crucifixes—in short, a very luxury of religious articles of every conceivable sort. Business-like vendors call out to us in broken English, or in worse German, urging us to purchase of their wares. Refusing all their blandishments, however, we follow the leading of the crowd, and soon reach the parish church, which lies half way between the station and the grotto.

Externally, this church is not beautiful, being built of a material resembling adobe, and profusely whitewashed. For a moment after entering, we can see little in the dimness, save a profusion of glittering tapers; then we become aware that the large church is crowded to the doors, and we wonder at a constant sound of tinkling bells coming from every side. As our eyes become accustomed to the light, we see that all along the walls of the nave, and close together, stand small altars. There must be twenty or thirty of these. Before each one stands a priest engaged in saying Mass. Unceasingly from the bells ring; unceasingly, from midnight to midday, the Holy Sacrifice is offered up at each one of these altars. Long lines of priests kneel near by, waiting their turn to say Mass. Every few moments a group of people rise, go forward and kneel before an altar. And always, ere they have had time to regain their places, another little bell has given its signal, and another group has knelt before another altar. Except for the constant ringing of the bells, for the perfect silence reigns. Above, in the tower, the doves are cooing to each other, while the crowd beneath kneels in prayer.

If we are to hear High Mass at the basilica, however, we must be moving onward. We are soon once more in the gay, crowded streets, mingling with the throng of peasants in holiday attire and hastening with them towards the grotto. The long village street ends abruptly; we cross a foaming mountain torrent and find ourselves within the park which surrounds the grotto, on the hundred yards in front of us, on the summit of a small hill, rises the great basilica, with its lofty, tapering spires and its imposing facade. Behind it, and seemingly close by, a fitting frame to the imposing church, rise the lofty, snow-capped peaks of the high Pyrenees, glittering with snow. Just across the valley, and crowning another hill, stands the grim old feudal castle, dated from the twelfth century. The smiling valley is carpeted with flowers; a cool breeze blows from the mountains, and in the trees the birds are singing gloriously.

A short climb up a broad approach brings us to the basilica. Within, the solemn High Mass is about to begin. With difficulty we make our way through the dense crowd until we find ourselves sufficiently near the high altar to follow the Ritual. The sanctuary is very rich in effects. The high altar is built of pure white marble, and laid with exquisite mosaic; a thousand tapers burn in caudles of solid silver, beautifully worked, gifts of pious pilgrims. Along the side aisles are chapels, ten on either side. Their small altars are likewise of white marble, and the candlesticks and crucifixes of silver, beautifully worked. All

the widows in the church are of stained glass, and come from the most celebrated studios of Paris or Rome. The style of the basilica is Renaissance, with a few Gothic features. The nave is very long for its width, but is most impressive, owing to its great height.

The most striking feature of the basilica is, however, the thank offerings. From pavement to roof, from end to end, every available square inch of the vast church is covered with ex votos. There are innumerable crutches and bandages and machines; there are braces and invalid chairs, ex voto pictures and banners, and, more than all, hundreds of thousands of little golden hearts. From every pillar, from roof and walls, from the highest groning of the vault, they hang, these little glittering hearts, infinitely touching, they seem to me, child like in their simple lesson of love and sacrifice. Gorgeous, too, are the silken embroidered banners. They hang from the vault and the triforium, and extend the whole length of the wall, and float in the depths of the chapels; they surround the choir with a richness of satin and velvet. All the kingdoms of the world are represented—Brazil and Japan, Australia and Canada, India, and South Africa, all are there.

Suddenly the organ peals out, the long stream of priests and acolytes enters the sanctuary. Then, arrayed in gorgeous vestments, the celebrant begins the Mass. At the Sanctus the great congregation kneels, while the chimes, from overhead, ring out, and far away over the valley other bells are heard chiming back in answer. The Ritual is simple and extremely dignified. Owing to the dense crowd, it is impossible to pass around the church, so the asperges is given from the sanctuary. At the Benedictus the thrusters kneel before the altar, while the incense from their censers rises in pearly clouds until it is lost in the mysterious heights above.

Immediately after the High Mass in the basilica there is another High Mass in the church of the Rosary. This church is hollowed out of the solid rock beneath the basilica, and close beside the grotto. It is smaller than the basilica, and is of a round shape, an imitation of the church of the Holy Sepulcher. The decorations are extremely rich. The high altar, of various colored marbles, is adorned with gilded lamps of every size and shape, many of them exquisite in design, serve to light the subterranean church. Here, as in the basilica, innumerable offerings adorn every pillar and available inch of wall. There are the same crutches, the same distressing machines, the same glittering golden hearts. The church is crowded to its utmost capacity, and here, far beneath the earth, the atmosphere is insufferably close with sickening smells of disinfectants and the bandages of the sick. We should like to stay for the High Mass, but we feel faint and sick from the penetrating odors.

Turning a sharp corner of the precipitous hill upon which the basilica is built, we find ourselves in front of the grotto. It is a small cave in the side of the hill, not more than fifteen or twenty feet wide. I should think within stands a white marble altar and a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. She is represented in the traditional blue and white, and is saying, "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception." ("I am the Immaculate Conception.") Before this statue hundreds of tapers are blazing, some large, some very small. The walls of the grotto are blackened with their smoke and the floor is deep with dripping candle wax. A grating extends across the mouth of the cave, with a narrow door on either side. Before the entrance hundreds of people are kneeling. There are many invalid chairs, and some of the poor miller of Lourdes, was sent out by her mother to gather wood. She wandered about until at last she found herself before a shallow cave in the hill called Massabielle. It was about noon; the sky was covered with masses of heavy clouds. Soon the Angelus ought to ring from the parish church. Suddenly there came a sound as of a great, rushing wind sweeping by the girl, yet when she closed by as much as the leafless trees close by, she was moved. She thought herself mistaken, and again the rushing sound passed by and died away in the distance. And when she looked, a brilliant light shone around about her, and she fell trembling on her face on the ground. Slowly the radiance died away, and she arose and hurried home, fearing to tell any one of her vision. Day after day the same vision appeared to Bernadette, the vision of the Blessed Mary surrounded by the divine fire of the Holy Spirit, by dazzling light. "Pray for sinners," wept, and said, "Go and tell the priests that they must build here a chapel." And again, "Penitence, penitence, penitence; and finally she told Bernadette, "Go, drink of the fountain and wash yourself therein." Then it was that, at the prayer of the peasant girl, a pure spring of water gushed forth from the depth of the grotto. The last time that the Blessed Virgin appeared, she raised her eyes to heaven, and said,

"I am the Immaculate Conception." Then she bade adieu to Bernadette, and since then has not been seen. A chapel was soon built at the grotto, and the miracles began. In a few years the fame of Lourdes had spread to all Christendom.

A priest appeared in the stone pulpit at the side of the grotto. In the intense hush his voice could be heard by all the thousands of kneeling pilgrims. The hour for bathing the sick in the cold waters of the spring had arrived, and he urged his hearers, in impassioned tones, to more fervent prayer. In the crowd people began to weep with emotion, and somewhere a voice said, *Seigneur guérissez nos malades.* (Lord, heal our sick.) At the edge of the spring two priests appeared carrying between them a young boy, who seemed paralyzed. Placing him in a rubber sheet, they dipped him in the icy water, and all the while, from a thousand throats, rose the agonizing application, *Seigneur Jesu, Seigneur Jesu, Guérissez nos malades.* Then a lame woman was dipped, then a man with a horrible running sore, his hilt continually the same wild cries ascended, mingled with half stifled sob. Next a young blind man was led forward, and as the icy waters touched his eyes, a piercing shriek rang out, *Je vois, je vois, je suis guéri!*

A perfect frenzy of emotion took possession of the crowd. There was a great rush for the sacred spring; cries and shrill yells rang out. A lame man threw away his crutches and walked, while more and more fiercely (loudly) became the cry, rising from the throats of thousands, *Seigneur Jesu guérissez nos malades, guérissez nos malades.* Slowly and by degrees the frenzy began to die away, and the crowds, exhausted with emotion, gradually dispersed. We followed them.

That evening the greatest ceremony of the pilgrimage took place at Lourdes. By 7 o'clock the vast basilica was filled to overflowing, and hundreds of people, unable to obtain an entrance, stood in the square outside. It was a still summer night. A full moon bathed the broad valley in a flood of silvery light. Taunting peaks of the Pyrenees towered up imposingly close at hand. Through the open doors we could see the high altar ablaze with myriads of twinkling tapers. The organ rumbled, the priests entered the sanctuary, and the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament began. Far, far up in the triforium the sweet voices of the chorists led us to the feet of her Divine Son. Let us, also, say "Amen" in response to the songs of praise sung by the Mexicans in Mitlan, that little village far from us, but near Heaven.

eng the charge, threw it out; and Virgilius became, lived and died Bishop of Salzburg, of which city and diocese he has been always the patron saint. Mr. Lane's story of the "degradation" is a myth. But how can we expect to find correct information in a writer who confesses that he has to "force" himself to read the Civiltà Cattolica, one of the best written magazines published? It is edited now by the learned Father Brandi, who was for years professor of theology at Woodstock, Md. True scholars read both sides of a question; and I would advise Mr. Lane to read the Civiltà with pleasure for the future, as I advised Mr. Smith to read De Maistre. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* Bitter medicine is often the best.

It is not likely that Mr. Smith or Mr. Lane will care to take the advice, for such controversialists as these do not desire to be convinced against their will. — Philadelphia Catholic Union and Times.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

In The Catholic Standard and Times an account is given of a beautiful custom practiced in the city of Mitlan, in the southern part of Mexico. A priest who visited the city during the past year is the chief authority for the account.

The travelers had traveled all night through such a beautiful country that they were off early in the morning as far as possible. As the train entered the city of Mitlan the first rays of the sun were appearing in the East. What was the surprise of the travelers to find all the inhabitants of the city singing a hymn of praise to our Blessed Mother.

In the olden days before Christianity had been taught to the people, there was in Mitlan a famous temple to the Sun. When the missionaries had taught the people about the faith of Jesus Christ and had baptized them as children of the God Who had made the sun, they taught these dusky children of the warm lands of Mexico to rise in the morning, as had been their custom, but instead of worshipping the sun, to sing praise to the Blessed Mother of the Son of God, the Light of the world.

To-morrow and many to-morrows let us rise with the sun and praise God and ask the Blessed Mother to guide us to the feet of her Divine Son. Let us, also, say "Amen" in response to the songs of praise sung by the Mexicans in Mitlan, that little village far from us, but near Heaven.

THE CHURCH ON THE BOWERY.

NEW YORK PRIEST OPENS MISSION IN THE SLUMS.

January 1, Rev. Daniel C. Cannon, of the Church of our Lady of Lourdes, New York, undertook a new work. With the approbation of Archbishop Farley he opened the Holy Name Mission in the darkest purlieu of the Bowery. It will, says Joseph W. Gavan, in the New York Daily News, be the first religious institution ever established in that quarter by the Catholic church. The greatest problem which confronts New York evangelists to day is the question of how to deal successfully with the non-church-going man of the Bowery. Sociologists are puzzled over the situation in the Bowery lodging houses, where burdens imposed by ignorance, vice and despair crush to earth a large portion of the population, and where the extremes of deserving poverty and shittless sloth meet on the ground of chronic impecuniosity.

Many of the Bowery lodging houses are respectable places in which no man need be ashamed to go a night's rest. Others are hotbeds of disease, where the heat and stench are intolerable and the law against overcrowding is violated outrageously. There are upward of thirty of these houses between Chatham Square and Third Street, and almost all possess the same characteristics, viz., clearness, noise, dreariness, discomfort and dirt. The amount of vice and crime springing from and fostered by the promiscuous herding together of human beings in these lodging houses has been a fruitful source of trouble to the police. In many of them there is an overcrowding of human beings far beyond anything that has ever been known in any civilized country on earth.

The Bowery is naturally the home of fakirs and worse. If these men are not hostile to religion—and few of them are—they will soon find that no man is more ready or willing to show sincere interest in them than Father Cannon. The religion which he will preach and practice will not be wanting in reality. For the man who has no clothes to go to church, Father Cannon will try to find some. He will make the experiment of a tool store, where the unemployed and penniless mechanic and laborer can get a hammer, or a shovel, or a saw, or a plane, to enable him to earn a day's wages. He will mobilize the immense forces of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Knights of Columbus, the A. O. H., and other organizations with which he is identified in order to procure work for the unemployed, he will awaken the latent feelings in the soul of the non-religious man, and sharpen his spiritual faculty which has been buried and dulled as a result of years of privation and neglect by proving that he is sincere in his efforts to benefit those to whom kindness and civility are strangers and that the benefits of Catholicity are not confined to the people in the pews or for the rich, the moral and the cultured.

Recognizing the fact that decent men are sometimes in great straits here for weeks and months at a time and that nothing tends to lower a man

in tone of self esteem quicker than life in our horrible cheap lodging houses. Father Cannon will endeavor to stir up the poor habits who hid in them at night, and induce them, to find homes among their friends, or at least in more congenial surroundings, where they will be shown that cleanliness, while next to godliness, costs no money, where they will not be stirred up for public exhibition or disturbed once or maybe twice a night by detectives who come looking for some criminal who is suspected of having a hat in the day's misdeeds. Another popular feature of the mission will be meal tickets, which will be distributed free to the most deserving cases by Father Cannon.

While giving out a religious atmosphere, the mission will be sufficiently social in its character to attract the irreligious as well as the non religious; the lukewarm and the indifferent; a sanctuary where the believing soul can find refuge and solace and human kindness, assistance, and encouragement and everything that enriches and beautifies human nature.

BISHOP HORSTMANN ON ASSOCIATED PRESS.

NEWS AGENCY FOLLOWS POLICY OF HOSTILITY TO THE CHURCH, SAYS THE BISHOP.

The New World, of Chicago, which has been arraigning the Associated Press for hostility to the church—a matter treated by the Universe some months ago—publishes in its latest issue the following letter from the Right Rev. Bishop Horstmann endorsing its contention:

My dear Father Judge:

Suggested by your remarks in last number of The New World about the Associated Press reports in Europe and America, I give you the following two facts in my own experience. Whilst in Rome as a student of the American College, 1800 1806, Pius IX. laid the cornerstone of the new church of St. Thomas a Becket in the English College. After the ceremony the Pope preached in Italian one of the most eloquent sermons I ever heard. Standing very near was a gentleman who took down the sermon in shorthand. When the sermon was over and the Pope had imparted his blessing, I said to the gentleman: "What a grand sermon that was." He answered that he had been so impressed by it that he would at once send the whole of it to the London Times. "I know," he added, "it will not be printed by them. I am the Roman correspondent of the Times, and my instructions are to send whatever I can that will be against the church and the temporal power and nothing in their favor. It is for this reason I said that it would not be printed, but it was so grand that I am determined to send it."

First Fact. — Whilst I was Chancellor for Archbishop Ryan, I was obliged to answer letters from all over the world asking whether the Shepherd of the Valley editorial about the Catholic church, which had been credited to Archbishop Kenrick and then to Bishop and Archbishop Ryan was true. At last I asked the Archbishop to write out a card denying the calumny and I would have it published everywhere by the Associated Press. The general manager of the office in Philadelphia assured me that it would be done in the next morning's newspaper. It was so done. I then asked whether he could not have it also done by the Reuter Agency and thus insure its publicity throughout the world. He answered me: "Yes, I will send it at once to the manager of the cable dispatches in New York." He did so, but as quite a time passed without a reply, he telegraphed again and immediately received this answer: "No use, Reuter would throw it in the waste basket."

Gen. F. HORSTMANN, Bishop of Cleveland.

PERIOD OF GRACE FOR PATENT-DRUNK PROMOTERS.

According to a ruling made some months ago by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, on and after Dec. 1, the federal government would have control of the product of all patent-drunk promoters, or more specifically, patent medicine fakirs. By the terms of the above officer's finding after the date named these heretofore privileged morphine and bad rum distributors, masquerading as medicine philanthropists to humanity under the mask of forged and lying testimonials, were required to take out licenses as rectifiers and liquor dealers. Further it was decided that all druggists handling the products were required to pay a retail liquor license.

Enquiry from local druggists elicits the information that operation of the Commissioner's finding has been suspended until April 1. Further than that, however, they are silent as the grave on the subject.

In a previous reference to the subject we predicted great activity on the part of the compounders of the seductive cocktail cure pills to defeat the determined course of the Internal Revenue Department. We have it on reliable authority that the period of grace granted the patent drunk promoters is being strenuously used to that end. Just what prompted the extension of time we do not know. We are of the opinion, however, that there were good reasons or it would not have been done. But there should be no further delays after the expiration of the present period of grace. The finding of the Commissioner is just. It is in the interest of the state, of sobriety, of public health and morals and should be rigidly enforced. The existing immunity is only making millionaires and inebriates.—St. Louis Church Progress.