

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

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London, Saturday, September 1, 1900.

ROBERTS' RELINQUISHMENT.

Report has it that Lord Roberts will relinquish the command in South Africa to some less prominent general. We hope it is true. The soldier who went from Cabul to Kandahar should be given some better occupation than chasing Boer farmers.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The career of the late Lord Russell shows what persistent labor can accomplish. Gifted undoubtedly with magnificent talents he neglected no opportunity of developing and strengthening them. He was proud of his Irish blood—devoted to his faith—a gentleman always, kind and considerate, with high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AND THE CHINESE.

William of Germany is nothing if not versatile. He paints and writes dramas, and then, to relieve his over-taxed brain, comes forward as a staunch advocate of Gatling-gun Christianity. He believes that the best Chinaman is a dead one.

We wonder if there will be enough Chinamen left above ground to purchase the cunning little idols that are manufactured for them by some good Christians of Birmingham.

REV. MR. SWIFT ON THE FILIPINOS.

The Rev. Henry Swift, Protestant chaplain of the 13th Infantry, who was in the Philippines, sees no reason why the natives should be disturbed. He says:

"I judge from what I can observe that religion powerfully affects the private life in the direction of morality, especially as regards purity and honesty in their business transactions. Profraternity there is none. We can learn from these people more of naive and active faith than we can give to them. Their church-going contrasts with our home-staying. Their reverence will show well beside our profane uses of the sacred names of God and Jesus. There is so much here that should make us humble. Shall we disturb them? And shall a hundred denominations pouring in introduce to them the blessings of sectarianism and of unhappy divisions of Christendom, the source among ourselves of so much indifference and contempt for religion, or of absolute and despairing unbelief?"

This, while not pleasant reading for the imperialists, reflects great credit on Rev. Mr. Swift's honesty. The Filipino is not so progressive as his benevolent assimilator, but in all that makes for high and enduring civilization he has nothing to learn. Devoted to his Church, pure in his domestic and business relations, he can teach the invaders some much needed lessons.

We wonder what a Filipino would say were he to happen upon Thomas Nelson Page's arraignment of the Newport frequenters who pose as the exemplars of American culture. He calls them a little set of gilded imitators of foreign fashions who fall into the ditch of folly and profligacy and who mistake notoriety for fame, brassiness for splendor, and prominence for exaltation.

THE PRINCIPLES THAT REGENERATE THE WORLD.

We are heart sick of the ever-recurring phrase, "New methods for new conditions." Because the world is growing older we must have new-fangled schemes in order to do good work. Thus we prattle and dabble in this and that, expending betimes a prodigious amount of energy in doing little or nothing.

To do good work we must have sound principles. When we open the wondrous records of the heroes of the Church we are astounded that, with a dearth of all that the world deems necessary for success, they accomplished so much. And they could do the same even in our generation. They would have a different garb and phraseology, but the principles which directed their work would remain unchanged. Instead of endless speculation they kept their eyes upon the Master and learned from Him the secret of enduring success. They were mocked and ridiculed, but the seed sown by their faithful hands yielded an abundant harvest. What they preached they lived. Poverty and humility were not merely words to gild a discourse, but were for them the basic principles of right living. Anyone, therefore, who may

wish to do anything for the Church must strive to understand that the things which give permanency to work and make it fruitful are the principles that have regenerated the world. Be convinced of that and there can be no failure.

SHAMELESS BIGOTRY.

A preacher named Vallmer gave recently a shameless exhibition of bigotry. It occurred at a meeting of educators who were called together to discuss ways and means for the best furthering of school interests in Puerto Rico. Bishop Blenk was present, as were also several Protestant clergymen. After various speeches had been delivered, Mr. Vallmer arose and commenced his harangue. It was an ignorant tirade against the Latin races, their contaminated blood, their superstitions, etc. Then, turning directly to Bishop Blenk, he declared that:

"The world holds the Catholic Church convicted of the backwardness and the state of utter degradation in which Austria, France, Spain, etc., are languishing and decaying."

The Bishop rose to his feet and branded the statement as "a monstrous calumny and an infernal lie." It was the only thing to say. Argument is wasted on individuals such as Vallmer.

The action of Bishop Blenk has been commended, by not only Catholics but every self-respecting Protestant.

And yet this Vallmer poses as one who yearns, at so much per year, we suppose, to lead the inhabitants of Puerto Rico into the ways of truth. What his qualifications are may be judged from his recent utterances.

Despite the fact that the assembly was convened to discuss educational methods, and not the progress or decay of any nation, and that the various speakers refrained from any word that might offend good taste or disturb the harmony of the meeting, the preacher could not for even a few moments conform himself to the usages of gentlemen. An utterer of "an infernal lie," and a ministerial churl, he is an object lesson of a peculiar brand of Christianity.

THE TROUBLE IN CHINA.

We said before in our columns that the Chinese trouble does not call for unlimited prevarication. No one on this side of the water can, unless he have a private cable, form any reliable opinion as to the cause and extent of the trouble. That it is serious is indubitable; but that the Chinese in general are responsible for its atrocities is still an open question. We do not believe that the outrages committed by the Boxers warrant us in branding every Mongol as a robber and a murderer any more than we believe every Orangeman to be as prime a blackguard as some of his Belfast brethren. And yet there are some individuals, ambassadors even of the Prince of Peace, who are advocating wholesale extermination and adding to our stock of vituperative language. Some there are, however, who do not hold the Europeans guiltless in the matter.

Before indulging in wild declamation we should ask ourselves if the white race has any just claim to the good will of the Chinamen. When we consider that the opium trade, that has sapped the vitality of myriads of them, has been forced upon them, and that too at the cannon's mouth, we do not wonder they should regard Europeans with a certain measure of suspicion and distrust.

Tolstol, writing in the New York Journal, says that white men cultivate only the darkest sides of Chinese public life. The mandarins are notorious bribe-takers; we aid and abet this tendency; we would have invented it, if necessary. We smile on the corrupt officials, because their crimes fit in with our plans. To the mandarins: ceremonial receptions, presents, goodwill. For the people: the grindstone, the official whip, terrible laws.

TO OUR YOUNG MEN.

Now is the time for our young men to qualify themselves to exercise the franchise as freemen. Read as many campaign documents as you like, but before depositing your ballot be conscious of your duty as citizens, and be able to form an independent opinion on the issues before the country. In this, as in other matters, we are

lamentably apathetic. A great many of us are driven to the polls like dumb cattle. We do as we are told, as becometh faithful trenchmen. It is the old story of Hamlet and Polonius.

Says Hamlet to Polonius:

"Do you see that cloud, that's almost like a camel?"

Polonius.—"By the mass and 'tis like a camel."

Hamlet.—"Methinks, it is like a weasel."

Polonius.—"It is backed like a weasel."

Hamlet.—"Or, like a whale."

Polonius.—"Very like a whale."

Polonius is very much in evidence during political campaigns. He assents to everything given out by his leaders, and cries "Hear, hear" at certain intervals. He has a great taste for humor, and is apt to regard dispensers of antique chestnuts as very able speakers. And how his chest expands when the would-be candidate addresses them as his "Intelligent constituents" and reels off long columns of statistics that would bother an expert accountant! But it does not disturb him! He has to all seeming innate ideas that free him from thought and study.

The young man, however, who knows he is alive should allow no politician to drive him into supporting this or that opinion. Do not fear being unpopular. "Fear, rather," says a writer, "being unpopular with yourself, for the soul of a man is a sort of community: conscience, taste, self-respect, will, honor, judgment—these are its citizens, whose suffrages are more to be desired than of the whole world beside."

"UNPROGRESSIVE" QUEBEC.

Last week, at one of the summer meetings of the Presbyterian body, the Rev. J. Robertson, D. D., superintendent of missions, said: "The province of Quebec was far behind the other provinces of the Dominion almost entirely on account of their [its] being locked up with their [its] own religious ideas and beliefs. The making of these people Canadians, was of primary importance." There was more in the same strain, but this is enough to show the ignorance and consummate cheek of the speaker. Even with regard to mere material progress the province of Quebec, far from being behind, is fully the equal and generally ahead of all the other provinces because its citizens, as a whole, are more solvent. In Ontario, to take what is commonly supposed to be the banner province, there are four or five times as many mortgaged farms as in Quebec. The French Canadians boast less, but do more; they are more thrifty and spend less on show. As to the highest kind of civilization, which consists in the knowledge of truth, the spread of higher education, the practice of virtue, cheerfulness and contentment, they are far above all those whose fundamental ideas of life are radically wrong and whose so-called prosperity consists chiefly in bragging about themselves, and running down others of whom they know nothing but what the prejudices of their sect have invented. Then the serene impudence of a man born in Scotland wanting to make the Quebecers Canadians! Why, they are the only historical Canadians. They were Canadians one hundred and fifty years before the first Scotch Protestant landed in Quebec, and they still speak of themselves, with perfect consistency, as "Les Canadiens."

—North West Review.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON "THE NEW WOMAN."

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, preached at the High Mass at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Southampton, L. I., on Sunday, August 19. Southampton is a summer resort much affected by the ultra-fashionable. When it became known that the Cardinal would preach, the church was over-crowded, many in the congregation being non-Catholics.

In the course of his sermon, the Cardinal spoke of the "new woman," and the faults and frailties of social leaders.

"The Holy Spirit in the Old Testament," he said, "pays a beautiful and well-merited tribute to woman and to woman's position in society. 'Who shall find a valiant woman?' say the Scriptures, indicating that woman should be found attending to her domestic duties rather than mingling in the strife of the world.

"What is it the Holy Spirit commends in woman?"

"Does He admire her because of her social triumphs, because she is a brilliant leader in society?"

"Does He commend her because she is an advocate of certain so-called female privileges?"

"Does He commend her because she goes about from place to place, ascending here a rostrum and there a rostrum and advocating the rights and privileges of women?"

"Not at all. The Holy Spirit does

aver that she is simply a loving wife, an affectionate mother, a benevolent mistress to the members of her household; as the guardian of the domestic arrangements she is ever faithful, she looks well to the requirements of her household and she does not eat her bread in idleness. She attends to the little things of this life, and she does them well."

The sermon was received with grave attention and has been much discussed.

A MISSIONARY WHO WOULDN'T FLEE.

A Chinese War Story as Told by a Participant.

By Pierre Loti, Translated by Katherine Head, from the Oulook.

In the sinister yellow country of the Extreme Orient, during the worse period of the war, our boat, a heavy iron clad, was stationed for weeks at her post in the blockade in a bay on the coast.

With the neighboring country, with its impenetrable green mountains, and its rice fields like velvet prairies, we had almost no communication. The inhabitants of the villages or the woods stayed at home, defiant or hostile. An overwhelming heat descended upon us from a dull sky, which was nearly always gray and veiled with curtains of lead.

One morning during my watch the steersman came to me and said:

"There is a sampan, captain, that has just come into the bay, and which seems to be trying to speak to us."

"Ah, who is in it?"

Before replying he looked again through his glass.

"There is, captain, a kind of priest, Chinese or I don't know what, who is seated alone at the stern."

The sampan advanced over the sluggish, oily, warm water without haste and without noise. A yellow-faced young girl, clad in a black dress, stood erect and paddled the boat, bringing us this ambiguous visitor, who wore the costume, the head-dress and the round spectacles of the priests of Annam, but whose beard and whose astonishing face were not at all Asiatic.

He came on board and addressed me in French, speaking in a dull and timid way.

"I am a missionary," he said, "from Lorraine, but I have lived for more than thirty years in a village six hours' march from here, in the country, where all the people have been converted to Christianity. I wish to speak to the commandant and ask for aid from him. The rebels are threatening us, and are already very near. All my parishioners will be massacred, it is certain, if some one does not come promptly to our aid."

Also! the commandant was obliged to refuse aid. All the men and guns that we had been sent to another place, and there remained on board just enough sailors to guard the vessel; truly we could do nothing for those poor parishioners "over there." They must be given up as lost.

The overwhelming noonday hour had arrived, the daily torpor that suspended all life. The little sampan and the young girl had returned to land, disappearing in the unhealthy vegetation on the bank, and the missionary had naturally enough, stayed with us, a little taciturn, but not recriminative.

The poor man did not appear brilliant during the luncheon he shared with us. He had become such an Annamite that any conversation with him seemed difficult. After the coffee, when the cigarettes appeared, he seemed to wake up and asked for French tobacco to fill his pipe; for twenty years, he said, a like pleasure had been refused him. Then, excusing himself, because of his long journey, he sank back on his cushions.

And to think that, without doubt, we should have to keep with us for several months this unforeseen guest that heaven had sent us! It was without enthusiasm, I assure you, that one of us went to him to announce on the part of the commandant:

"They have prepared a room for you, Father. It goes without saying that you will be one of us until the day when we can land you in a safe place."

He did not seem to understand.

"But I am only waiting until night-fall to ask you to send me to the end of the bay in a small boat. Before night you can surely have me put on shore, can you not?" he asked, unobtrusively.

"Landed! And what will you do on land?"

"I will return to my village," he said, with sublime simplicity. "I could not sleep here, you know. The attack might be made to-night."

This man who had seemed so vulgar at first grew larger at every word, and we surrounded him, charmed and curious.

"But it is you, Father, who will be most in danger."

"That is very likely," he replied, as tranquilly as an ancient martyr.

Ten of his parishioners would wait for him on the shore at sunset. At nightfall, all together, they would return to the threatened village, and then, at the will of God!

And as we urged him to stay—be-

cause to go was to go to certain death, to some atrocious Chinese death—this return after aid had been refused, he became indignant, gently but obstinately and unchangeably, without long words and without anger.

"It is I who converted them, and you wish me to abandon them when they are persecuted for their faith? But they are my children!"

With a certain emotion the officers of the watch had one of the ship's boats prepared to take him to shore, and we all shook hands with him when he went away. Always quiet and now insignificant again, he confided to us a letter for an aged relative in Lorraine, took a little French tobacco and went his way.

And as twilight fell we watched in silence over the heavy, warm water the silhouette of this apostle going so simply to his obscure martyrdom.

We got ready to leave the following week. I forgot for where, and from this time on events gave us no rest. We never heard more of him, and I think for my part that I would never have thought of him again if Monsignor Moreau, director of Catholic missions, had not insisted one day that I write a little missionary story.

The confirmation services were very impressive. The congregation passed out, leaving only myself at the channel end of the aisle to receive the Archbishop's blessing. I felt it gave me an impulse toward him—and I think probably I could have walked then.

But God chose best the time and place.

Arrived home, the sexton wheeled me up my platform and into my room. I paid him, removed my hat, and placed my prayer-book, etc., on my bed, putting my feet over the foot-piece of my chair, preparatory to getting on my bed—when suddenly—I walked off rapidly—hands crossed on my breast, saying, "Oh, Joseph, praise be to God, what does this mean!" Walking rapidly from one room to the other, back and forth, touching nothing! I sent my nearest son, who came speedily with his wife. I crossed the two rooms and met him at the door before he could enter, and I continued walking thus at frequent intervals for my children and grandchildren until 11 p. m. Monday, on the morning of the 28th of May, I awoke early, dressed on my bed as usual, awakened my family and prepared to watch the total eclipse, when it occurred to me that I should go to church and make a thanksgiving for Sunday's walking before taking another step. I sent for Joseph; we went alone as usual, I with smoked glass in hand, presenting it to those we met. One gentleman and a lady said to me, "Are you not the lady mentioned in the morning's paper? Did you walk yesterday?" I answered, "Yes, I am now going to church, to make a thanksgiving before I try if I can walk to-day." I proceeded in my way, presenting it to several passing us, for the eclipse had already commenced, and I certainly meant to watch it myself, but was rolled within the Church of St. Alphonsus, and the marvel of walking unaided, mounting and descending the four marble chancel steps, and walking three times in the aisle of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, the length of that long church and after my return home a portion of every hour until night are past all imagination, a thing real and so far permanent.

I have attended Mass each of the two Sundays since, walking up the aisle with my wheel chair rolled behind me and the crowded church people glad for me. I am widely known and my friends numerous, and my door has been open to all without regard to sex or color. My physician and confessor have tried to prohibit over exertion, but I have withstood the strain on muscle and nerve in a manner that is beyond comprehension or description.

Two priests from two different States congratulated me thus, the first day: "Undoubtedly your power to walk was a gift from your deceased father confessor which he gained for you in heaven." And I most happily accept that as a fact, not as honor unto myself—but as the climax to our year of prayer; a beautiful and perfect answer sent by him to whom I first appealed when I commenced the devotion. To me the gift comes through his intercession with Our Lady of Perpetual Help at the throne of God. And besides bringing us in communion with holy Father De Ham, it gives us a confirmation of heaven and hereafter—and the efficacy of prayer.—Josephine Hasam.

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Two priests from two different States congratulated me thus, the first day: "Undoubtedly your power to walk was a gift from your deceased father confessor which he gained for you in heaven." And I most happily accept that as a fact, not as honor unto myself—but as the climax to our year of prayer; a beautiful and perfect answer sent by him to whom I first appealed when I commenced the devotion. To me the gift comes through his intercession with Our Lady of Perpetual Help at the throne of God. And besides bringing us in communion with holy Father De Ham, it gives us a confirmation of heaven and hereafter—and the efficacy of prayer.—Josephine Hasam.

On Wednesday morning Father Robinson brought me Holy Communion at my bedside. The day following, Ascension Thursday, the last day of our year of prayer, I was wheeled to church, and Father Robinson came down the chancel steps and gave me Communion, some of our band commencing at the rail. I was suffering locally then, and during the last two weeks even more than usual, occasioned by over exertion in my extra devotions. I joked about my way of getting well, and although suffering, I did an unusual thing for me—went with my son and family to a musical nearby on the evening of Ascension Thursday. They wheeled me home after 11 p. m., and before my very door we met Father Robinson returning from a sick call. The occurrence impressed me deeply, and I said: "Bless me, Father, as you pass." He answered: "You always have my blessing."

Being rolled within, I said: "That is a strange coincidence." My children asked: "Why?" I could not resist telling them of our year's prayers

and that the young priest had commenced them with me the first hour, and ended them with his blessing the closing hour of the year; and I said: "I think it means something." They laughed incredulously.

Three days after, on Sunday, before going to church to be present at confirmation service, I wrote a letter of thanks to the priests and all who had joined me in praying during the year, saying, I am not disappointed in not walking; I feel about it as I felt about our Easter poem which the editor asked me for and then did not publish—that the spiritual favors that came to me through the composition of it were worth more to me than its publication. So likewise, the blessings of such united sympathy were worth more to me than walking. This was at 8 a. m., and I was content.

The confirmation services were very impressive. The congregation passed out, leaving only myself at the channel end of the aisle to receive the Archbishop's blessing. I felt it gave me an impulse toward him—and I think probably I could have walked then.

But God chose best the time and place.

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