

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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RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The Secular Thought of Toronto finds fault with us for saying that whatever rights woman has today she owes to Catholicity. The editor avers that it is a funny bit of historical imagination, and is probably chuckling over it yet, but the reason for his undue hilarity he fails to point out. Sooth to say, your average free thinker is a tiresome repeater of definitions to suit his purpose, of cant words, such as crafty priesthood, and of axioms culled from what are styled advanced thinkers. Anything savouring of the supernatural is, in accordance with the rules of Ingersollian logic, but superstitious.

Recommending to the consideration of the editor the dictum of Pascal that the farthest reach of reason is to recognize that there are an infinity of things above it, and that it must be weak, indeed, if it does not see thus far, we come back to the women.

We have from time to time dipped into the volumes of infidel writers, and we must say that we have never seen anything to lead us to believe that the duty of championing the rights of women pressed heavily upon them. Diderot's remarks about them are unprintable. Rousseau and Voltaire treated them with the grossest disrespect. Goethe regarded them as playthings; and Schopenhauer, though he had small love for the male, had less for the female. Some of our present day thinkers are advocating the doing away with marriage—free love—everything in short that makes for the downfall and profanation of women. "If man is ever rebarbarized by the withdrawal of the softening influence of home, if woman becomes nothing more to him than a competitor in the general struggle for wealth, she will eventually be forced down to that degradation which has always been her lot under the reign of pure selfishness and brute force." What Catholicity has done to avert that, and how it has furthered her intellectual and moral development, may be read in the pages of the past. Any decent history will give the facts. And we recommend the reading especially to those of the faith, so that they may have as it were a balance in order to weigh the statements so often made that the elevation of womanhood is not one of the glories of the Church.

A WORD TO OUR CRITICS.

We have been accused of "booming" books and colleges, not for their intrinsic merit but for their Catholicity. We beg to demur. If we have ever commended a book it was because we deemed it worthy of such. Tastes differ in the matter of approbation of literary wares, and hence we bespeak for ourselves what we grant freely to our critics, the tribute of right intention.

As to our colleges we have said repeatedly in our columns that they are worthy of all encouragement and support, and that parents who confide their children to other institutions are guilty of criminal folly. And, furthermore, we say that our institutions are quite capable—and we speak from experience—of giving our children an education that will enable them to make their way in this world, not to say anything of the world beyond.

There are just a few cynics in Canada who seem to have a grudge against Catholic colleges. And by cynics we mean not only the individuals who resort to any pretext for unjust criticism, and uphold any graduate who may happen to go wrong as proof positive of the inefficiency of our homes of learning, but those also who whilst prating about the standing of Catholic colleges take good care not to give their own children the advantages of Catholic training. Upon cynics we are not going to waste any words, except to advise the voters not to be gulled at election times by the politicians who pose as friends of Catholic education and who unfortunately prove by their deeds that they are but hypocritical declaimers. To guardians of youth we recommend the reading of the following quotation, culled from the Catholic Standard and

Times. It is from the pen of Mr. Capes, who was an Anglican clergyman until Divine grace led him to the Church.

Writing in the year 1849 he said: "As to the present comparative state of English Catholicism and Protestantism in this momentous element of Christian morality, I have been impressed in the profoundest degree since I became a Catholic with the immeasurable superiority of the former over the latter. I know by long experience what are the real habits of thought and recognized principles of every rank. I know what boys and youths and grown-up men and persons of venerable age are in the Public Schools, in the universities, at the bar, in the Protestant ministry and in the higher ranks; I know what is the tone of thought and feeling which is accepted by them all as natural, inevitable and allowable through the overpowering strength of human passions; and I cannot but perceive that the discipline of the Catholic Church is founded upon a depth of practical wisdom and accompanied by a supernatural intelligence which places her commands, when tolerably obedient to children, so far above the level of the gross, sensual world in which they live that by most Protestants I should be treated as a deceiver for attempting to persuade them of what they account an impossibility. * * * No person can become familiar with a Catholic college or with Catholic boys at home under the parental roof without remarking the extraordinary contrast. However deficient may be the Catholic seminaries in many things which cultivate the intellect, however far they may occasionally fall short of that perfection or discipline which the Catholic Church requires of them, no man can compare their inmates with the inmates of Protestant schools and with the general run of young men of respectable character, and fall to be astonished at what he sees. My readers may be assured that a Catholic boy, as such, is generally a different species of being from the Protestant boy. He frequently preserves his innocence, his simplicity, his openness and guilelessness of character, to an extent which I believe to be wholly without parallel among the best of Protestants."

If parents are counselled by misguided friends who would pawn their immortal souls in order to be able to rub elbows with the "smart set," to send their children to non-sectarian institutions, they should before following it, think whether it is better to have their children God-fearing men and women or polished imitations of ungodliness. We may be told that many of those who are graduated from alien colleges are respectable and respected members of society. We admit it. But can any parent conscientious at all of his responsibility take that as a reason for plunging his offspring into an antireligious or indifferent atmosphere?

"APHORISMS AND REFLECTIONS."

It is a charming book well worth the reading, and we have been asked to review it. That, however, is scarcely necessary, for the author is Bishop Spalding, and anything from his pen will without aid of comment find its way to the hearts of thousands of readers. It is sufficient to say that he has published a new book and it will forthwith be read by all who know that the prelate of Peoria has the talent—in our days of fast-writing, a rare one indeed—of setting forth the results of his experience and thinking in exquisite diction. Everything that we have ever seen from his pen bears the stamp of a fertile and disciplined mind and of a culture, born of silence and labor.

He is an aristocrat in the world of letters, neither caring for nor seeking the popularity awarded to every passing novelist, but intent on the truth that is to be sought, followed and loved, though it bring calamity and death. "If thy life seem to thee," he says elsewhere "a useless burden, still bear it bravely and thou shalt find at last that, like St. Christopher, thou hast carried a God across the troubled stream of time. Whosoever does what is right in a generous and brave spirit feels that he acts in harmony with eternal laws and is in his deep soul conscious of thy soul, prevail. Become conscious of thy soul, and bend thy ear to its whisperings, and thou shalt hear the voice of God. In the depths, in the depths—here alone is life. And the voice of the world, the desire to be known, the thirst for pleasure and gold, and whatever things draw the soul to the surface, separate it from the source of its being and joy,

whose waters are clear and deep, where silence reigns where the calm eternal face of God is mirrored."

Bishop Spalding has been often likened to Helme and Emerson. There is, we think, so far as deftness of phrase goes, a certain resemblance between them, but his work is marred neither by cynicism nor by nebulousness and every line of it is pulsating with enthusiasm and love and hope. He is no mere maker of phrases. Paraphrases he has, indeed, finely chiselled, but they but serve as drapings for his message whose inspiration is faith in the worth and sacredness of human life, in the joy of living, in civilization and progress, in God and the soul. And yet his words, despite the glow and color of them, must fall strangely on the ears of some of our generation and of some of the critics who are wisely laudatory of his philosophic and literary gifts. Perhaps they may in their heart of hearts rate him as a visionary, for we have drifted far from the belief that of value only are the things that make a man nobler and tenderer towards his fellows and brings him to his knees in adoration, and that such a man is a benefactor to the race, though material works, whose praises he hymn loudly, never grow under his hands. And that is worth learning. For those who learn it in youth life will be ever a joy; and the world weary may study it and glean therefrom the peace and happiness and liberty that live and can live only in hearts dominated by God. We advise our readers to become acquainted with the works of Bishop Spalding. They are packed full of wisdom, are invaluable for quotation, suggestive and a bracing mental and spiritual tonic. To read him is to dwell in an invigorating and cleansing atmosphere.

The following thoughts are selected from his new book: "There are many lovers, but little love; many believers, but little faith. What thou dost for another, thou dost for thyself. With the Greeks the women of the house sat at the loom; with us they sit at the piano. But it may be doubted whether our lives are more filled with music than were theirs. "Whoever would test friendship, or love, or culture, or religion by its utility, is a philistine. "No one is interesting to the crowd unless he has a touch of vulgarity. "They who in ceaseless meditation wrestle with the difficulties which faith involves, believe not less, but more lovingly, than those who passively accept what they have been taught. Thou sayest thou hast not strength for such effort. But even children may learn to understand a father's commands, a mother's love. "Oateries against those who are not criminals are pious. "To learn the worth of man's religion, do business with him. "God save us, says Schopenhauer, from women whose soul has shot up into mere intellect. The weakness of reformers lies in their inability to embrace the whole cycle of virtues that make a man. They who would rise must learn to stoop, as climbers have to bend. As the scent of the new-plowed ground, the odor of woodlands, the fragrance of flowers have power to recall vanished memory breathes a perfumed air, which sweetens and keeps fresh the thought of those we love, even though they be dead. Demand of thyself more than thou art able to do that thy ability may increase. When one is caught in a machine he is bruised and broken by fatal forces. Business, politics, and social conditions generally easily become such a machine. Be not entangled in the wheels and bands, but free thyself from within; make thyself a person whose essential and ultimate relations are with God. "There is in our youth a failure of will, of the power to resolve highly and to pursue the object of desire through long years of unwearying labor. "Let the young be taught to believe in the best things—in courage, magnanimity, truthfulness, chastity, and love; for so long as experience has not revealed their supreme worth, through faith alone can their value become known to them. "One's work is the best company. What never happens is the chief cause of worry. The deepest love is silent; the deepest faith is dumb. By speaking as we think, we learn to think what we speak. Culture must make us more virtuous, or it is not culture. The eye is the great despot. Help-

less as worshippers of Juggernaut, we lie prostrate in the world of visible things, unconscious that what we see is but the vesture of the Eternal.

A MIRACLE AT LOURDES.

A Paralytic Arises and Walks—Graphic Description of the Scenes Near the Grotto.

A correspondent of the London Mail writes as follows from Lourdes: The host had just been carried past us yesterday afternoon when there came an inarticulate cry from a man lying on a stretcher just in front of me, and a sobbing exclamation, "Holy Mother, I thank thee!" from the white-haired woman near the stretcher. The man upon it grasped its sides with hands which looked like claws, so thin were they, and with a convulsive movement raised himself to a sitting posture.

"Help me up," he gasped, while two great tears rolled down his emaciated cheeks into his beard. "I can walk, I feel it." Ready hands helped him to his feet, and like one risen from the dead he stood tall and trouserless, with nothing on him but a night-dress and a dressing gown. "Let me walk," he cried again in a queer hollow voice.

"Hear him, Holy Virgin, hear him," sobbed the mother. "He has not spoken almost for twenty months. In the sight of thousands massed along the line of procession this rag of humanity, with legs like rolling pins, and feet a mass of sores, walked five tottering steps upon his dressing gown, which had been pulled from his shoulders for him to stand upon, and fell back exhausted into the out-stretched arms of him.

I followed his stretcher, which was carried through kneeling crowds to the hospital, and learned all about it. His name is Gabriel Gargan, and he was, until twenty months ago, a letter sorter in a railway postal van. He was so badly paralysed of the spinal marrow set in, and immediately rendered him incapable of taking food except through a tube. He was able to speak only at rare intervals, and from the waist downwards his body was absolutely rigid—insensible even to hot irons, which the doctors from time to time used upon him. This morning, after being bathed with water from the grotto, and receiving holy Communion, he was able to eat almost normally and walk as well as any man carrying the muscles of whose legs have entirely disappeared owing to long immobility. The woman sitting in his feet, which were suppurating yesterday, are almost entirely healed; his face has a little color in it, and he talks perfectly distinctly.

Gargan told us all this morning at the office of the doctor's where he was examined that his faith dated only from his cure. He was always a Catholic, but rarely went to Mass, and hardly remembered the prayers to be said while the Host was carried past. A less serious side to the mystery of Gargan's recovery is that a few weeks ago the railway company lost the case which he brought to recover damages, and was ordered to pay him an annuity of £240. The sum was paid over the day before he left for Lourdes, in order that his mother might have it in case he died in the "violet train" from Angoulême.

Gargan told me himself that he only consented to be moved here as a last resource before an operation, which the doctors feared would kill rather than cure him. The male nurse and the Sisters of Mercy who travelled with Gargan told me that they expected him to die at any moment in the train. He had not even brought clothes with him, never thinking he would have need of them again.

I have described this cure at length and as I saw it. No one in Lourdes doubts that a miracle has happened, and there is random talk of many others. By the time this is in the readers' hands the first train loads of pilgrims will be leaving Lourdes. The attitude of the uncured sick is inexpressibly pathetic. "God's will be done," is the invariable answer to the question I have asked numbers of them—whether they were not terribly cast down and disappointed at the negative result of their journey.

One Sister of Mercy, who was in the last stage of consumption, said: "Lourdes is not merely a place for the cure of the sick. Some have been cured there by the intercession of the Holy Virgin. That strengthens faith in us who are still ailing."

The greatest and most real miracle I have seen at Lourdes is the unquestioning faith and absolute belief of 30,000 people, from all parts of France, and the unflinching cheerfulness of those who return to their poor homes to die, hoping, as every man and woman of their hopes, still to have strength next year to make the long journey and pray for mercy once again.

Make your home a sanctuary. In it let no harsh word, no angry, indelicate or profane expression be uttered. Charity, sweetness, and industry should prevail. Heaven blesses such homes—they are truly sanctuaries.

THE WAY OF DALLIANCE.

Pitiable End That Came After a Careless Life.

The following little story was written for the Northwestern Review by a surgeon general in the English army. The incident which he relates seems to have impressed him deeply; if it will convey even a part of the impression to others it is worth reproducing:

Several years ago, when still a young man, I was the surgeon in a regiment serving in Bombay. Among my brother officers was a Captain C., who had lately married in Ireland and brought out a charming bride. It was not without a sense of satisfaction that I found that the beautiful Mrs. C. was my countrywoman, and I inquired of a friend of her husband's with great interest whether she was not a Catholic.

"To tell the plain truth, I believe she is, or was," was the disappointing reply. "But it's just there that people are the hitch comes in between them. I was told he promised before the marriage that she should do as she liked; but it turns out now that he meant that he was sure she would only want to do what he liked, and he has a very devil of a temper. There's a Catholic church not far off, as you know, but nobody ever saw Mrs. C. go there. I've heard some women say she frets about it some times. These difficulties of religion make a confounded lot of trouble."

Not long after this conversation, I met Mrs. C. at a ball. She was fond of dancing, and that night everybody said she was the belle of the evening. Her husband introduced her to me, and she let me put my name down on her card for a dance.

When I led her back to her seat I took a chair by her side to improve the acquaintance. We talked of Ireland and music and various local matters, and by and by I contrived to inquire whether she was a Catholic. Mrs. C. blushed deeply as she almost whispered: "That is a sad subject, Mr. O'—Pray, don't bring it up before Harry; he won't hear of my going to our Church. I have tried to coax him to let me go to confession, but without any result, except to make him angry for days. Indeed, he was really furious the last time the subject was alluded to; so much so that I should be frightened to speak of it again."

Mrs. C. was a very popular little woman so that I seldom found her alone when I called. Thus weeks and months passed, until one day, leaving the mess, Captain C. joined me, and said that his wife was ill, and that he should feel extremely obliged if I would call and see her.

I went at once to the house; and after a long conversation about her health, and relating all the news that I thought could amuse her in any way, I ventured: "You must forgive me, my dear Mrs. C.—if I trespass beyond the limit of my professional advice, but you are my countrywoman and a Catholic; what about seeing a priest? As a medical adviser—I don't mind any personal unpleasantness—don't you think I could speak to Captain C.—on the forbidden topic? I could easily tell him that, as a doctor, I require your mind to be at ease in every respect."

"Oh, no!—on no account just now, though I thank you very much," was the disheartening reply. "Harry has been so very kind to me lately—since I gave up letting him see that not going to Mass vexed me and put away a little crucifix which he used constantly to say he could not bear the sight of, that I would not annoy him for the world."

"I have in my thoughts not this world but the next, my dear lady; but of course, it must be as you please. I do not wish to make you nervous, but you may be worse, and life is always uncertain in spite of the utmost care."

"O, Mr. O'—I never expected that you would have alarmed me! Harry is always saying that I shall very soon be well again; and he bought me a most perfect lady's wanted last week, because he said he wanted me to have something pleasant to think about."

Disappointed, but still hoping for the best, I took leave assuring the patient that I would gladly ride over at any moment of the day or night that she might fancy she should like to see me.

At length a day came when I was summoned. In a quarter of an hour I was by the sick-bed, and did my best to keep up a cheerful conversation until the captain appeared, who insisted that I remain to dine. I shall never forget that perfectly quiet evening. Warm and sultry as is common in Bombay, even the sound of insects seemed hushed.

As soon as we had finished dessert, the captain suggested that we should enjoy our cigars better walking up and down in what is there called the compound; so I agreed. But before going outside, I stepped for a moment into Mrs. C.'s room, arranged her pillow comfortably, saw both her attendants were there and that she needed nothing; and, explaining that we were within a stone's throw, joined her husband.

We had been slowing pacing up and down some time, discussing various regimental matters, and the last news from England, when all at once an agonizing cry of pain struck my ear. With one bound I cleared the steps of the veranda, and before the last echo of that sound, that seemed to remain in my hearing for weeks after, could have died away completely in the distance, I was by Mrs. C.'s side. Her malady had taken a very unusual turn.

I knew in a moment what; and so awfully sudden was it in its results that when Captain C.—entered the room a few seconds after I had done so, I could only gasp out, hulkily: "It's all over!"

Surely no lips save those divinely chosen to teach men could add any weight to the lesson of such an end as this! A layman cannot do so, and I will not try, but shall be only too thankful if this case of my personal experience may be found useful as illustrating the words we have all so heard so often from the chair of truth: "Be ye therefore ready; for at an hour when ye think not the Son of Man will come."

CONVERSION OF ALEXANDRINE D'ALOPESU.

There is a remarkably interesting passage in that charming booklet of Madam Craven's "A Sister's Story," which we think more than likely contains a lesson applicable to some of our readers. The courtship of her enthusiastic brother, Albert de la Ferronay's with the charming Alexandrine d'Alopesu, of Russia, constitutes one of the most fascinating pictures in modern literature. He was a very devout and fervent Catholic, she was a Protestant. She was very beautiful, a most sweet and attractive character, very conscientious and piously inclined. Having met her in Rome, he fell desperately in love with her; but being thoroughly imbued with the true Catholic idea of the inexpediency and danger of mixed marriage, he was for some time terribly exercised with the question whether Alexandrine would become a Catholic.

As time went on, he rejoiced to find that she was quite inclined toward the Church, but had the usual fear and dread of changing her religion. In this emergency, he applied to his highly esteemed and learned friend the venerable Abbe Martin De Nolirien for advice and direction. This admirable ecclesiastic wrote him a letter of which the following is an extract. After recommending him especially to be instant and earnest in prayer as the most important means of success, he goes on to say:

"I am not surprised at what you tell me of the agitation which Mademoiselle—feels at the idea of a change of religion. It seems to her as if taking this step she had to cross an abyss, and however courageous a person may be, it is natural to draw back on the brink of an unfathomable abyss. Protestants erroneously suppose that in renouncing heresy they are compelled to trample under foot and anathematise those they leave behind. God forbid that this should be the case! We condemn error but we feel only love and pity for those whom it enthralled. By the fact of her reception into the Church she will simply declare that she returns to the faith which her ancestors held for fifteen centuries, and renounces the errors which separated from Catholic unity those amongst them who lived three hundred years ago."

This pure soul had the ordinary trials and temptations incident to change from Protestantism to the Catholic Church, but, thank God! she had grace to triumph over all and she experienced the joy and peace in believing which are the ordinary reward of Catholic converts. The history of the courtship and union of these pure and thoroughly Christian souls is as edifying as it is fascinating.

This book of Mrs. Craven's, as our readers doubtless know, is a faithful record of certain experiences of a distinguished Catholic family. It is not a novel, but very few novels equal it in interest, while it has a charm and a value that fiction can hardly hope to give.—Catholic Columbian.

Armenia Returning.

Father Galland, O. P., writing from Van to the director of the Ecoles d'Orient, thus states that the great movement towards reunion is steadily progressing in Turkish Armenia: "Not a week passes without some village or other asking to return to Catholic unity. Yesterday it was Casem Ogin, consisting of one hundred and thirty houses. We have had to defer our decision till we shall have sufficient resources to organize divine service. Since our expedition with Father De France among the Nestorians, the latter have opened their doors wide to us. Twenty-two villages in the districts of Van, Seral, Nordus, Mahandie and Lewin, have become Catholic together with their priests, and in most of them we are maintaining schools. This represents a population of 2,400 souls."

From information just received from the district of Giver, there are also 697 Catholics there. The chief of the Gelo tribe, Malik Benjamin, is a Catholic, and the Baz tribe is also asking for reunion.