

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, March 22, 1902.
SOCIETY REGALIA.

Some time ago we received a letter from an esteemed correspondent re our remarks on secret societies. In reply we beg to state that our views on this matter are strictly orthodox and in line with the clipping which he forwarded us. A second perusal of our article will remove any doubt on this point. We also said that we did not like the high cock-a-lorum titles and resplendent regalia of some of our organizations. Now this cannot wound the most tender susceptibilities. It was merely an expression of taste and no censure. A man may be a High Patriarch at meetings and parades and still be a very estimable citizen in private life. And, moreover, if our correspondent finds any delight in high sounding titles we don't want to deprive him of it, and he may ascribe our inability to see eye to eye with him in this matter to any cause, however uncomplimentary to ourself.

ORIGINAL INVENTORS.

We think it was Washington Irving who said that the departed masters would, were they to come back to this planet, be amazed to see how jauntily their literary and scientific wardrobe was worn by their successors. There is never a tag on it to show whence it came. There are indeed a few buttons added here and there, and improvements in details of construction, but the idea of the garment itself was oftentimes elaborated years before. Thus, though Marconi's achievements have placed him among electrical wizards, wireless telegraphy was invented in 1617 by Father Strada. Watt is credited with the invention of the steam engine, though it is justly due to the Marquis of Worcester, who received a patent for it in 1663. We are all aware of what constitutes the fame of Robert Fulton, and yet the propulsion of a boat by steam was demonstrated long before his time by a Spaniard. The dynamo, storage battery, etc., which are usually placed to the credit of present-day geniuses, were invented years ago by Catholic scientists. They first drew the plans on which others have builded so well. And when we read the accounts of the discoveries of our own time by the light of this knowledge, our expressions of admiration may be tempered in tone and our judgment of originality to this and that one may be made with greater truth and justice.

PENANCE.

Ere now our readers have betaken themselves to serious meditation. They have for a time at least laid aside the cap and bells of the jester and donned the habiliments of the wise. Yet it seems to us that penance is for many a word without meaning. They recognize theoretically that it is necessary; they have read of the men and women of the olden time who subjected themselves to vigils and fastings, but the story affects them as little as a fairy tale. They were, they imagine, but fanatics played upon by dreams and visions, or at all events men and women who were seeking peace and rest after years of sin. Many a desert dweller had gone through the whole catalogue of sin; but others, and they were in legions, had, before the brightness of their innocence was dimmed, gone out from the haunts of men and clasped tightly and reverentially the rough hand of penance. And they must have had a motive in so doing. They were human beings as we, with different garb from ourselves, but with the same passions, with the same repugnance to aught that may hurt our fleshly nature; and "life was for them a battle field, and their hearts a holy land." They were not fools; they were simply getting ready for the summons of the Lord. They were thinking of the never-ending flight of future ages, of the day when the heart would be stilled and the curtain rung down on their life's play. They were giving breathing room to their souls by disengaging them from the distractions of the things of sense. This is the end of penance—to prepare us for union with God. We are betimes in this world like the men who were imprisoned in a cave. High above them ran the walls and from a little opening at the top came a ray of light. And we build our own cave and look upward at the walls of distraction or sensuality or indifference without a feeling of regret. We live sordidly and meanly, content with the sunshine that filters through our prison house until

God's workman, penance, brings us out and makes us see by the light of Christian knowledge, the pitifulness of our lives and the foolishness of forgetting the first and great commandment.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"The licence," said the English Bishops in their Pastoral of last year, "which is commonly confounded with liberty; the passion for criticising and finding fault with everything, the habit of throwing into print whatever men think or feel, have so confused and darkened men's minds that the Church's office as a Teacher has now become more than ever useful and necessary, to save Christians from being drawn away from conscience and duty."

We thought of the words as we read the effusions of an editor on the advisability of curtailing suffering by death at the hands of a physician. He assures us that there can be no good reason against the theory of the idea, but for various reasons it is not practicable. One hardly knows what is more conspicuous in this effusion—effrontery or ignorance. There can be no good reason—no—not one perhaps for those who regard the world as an immeasurable swine trough, and the land beyond as the baseless fabric of a vision. But all men are not in that category. Most of us who do not take our ethics from journalists believe that the taking of life is never justifiable except in a lawful war or in self-defence. What is meant by killing in self-defence may be learned from a text book of Catholic philosophy: suffice that the majority of people are never called upon to exercise it. The physician, therefore, is not justified in doing a man to death either by anaesthetics or by any other means. The patient may be in agony or in the throes of an incurable disease; but the physician must keep his hands off the patient's life. There can be no possible discussion about this for those who believe in Christianity. And we do not believe there is any doubt about it except in the minds of maudlin sentimentalists and pagans. The physician who would venture to usurp in this matter the dominion of God would find himself in his proper place, at the end of the hangman's rope.

Without the guide of sound reason, and swayed by every caprice and hallucination, men are liable to go far afield in questions of this kind—because it seems so, it must be so; and laugh at principles which have been the life of nations and which have been in working evidence for centuries. We remember, for example, what a wave of hysteria passed over parts of this country when it was reported that the English women were about to purchase immunity from dishonor at the hands of the Boxers by the sword and poison cup. There was scarcely a protest against women who were contemplating murder, save from Catholic sources. But we had reams of sentimental nonsense depicting them as heroines. We suppose we may expect this kind of stuff so long as man believes that he is his own master and owner.

THE TRUTHS ABOUT MIXED MARRIAGES.

When a Catholic is so deaf to the teachings of the Church as to go before a civil magistrate or a non-Catholic minister, there is every reason to fear that his faith is so weak that he will be more than sufficient to extinguish it. The children of such a Catholic may learn to use a phrase often heard in many parts of this country; "I am a friend of the Catholics, for my father was once a member of the Church," or "My mother ought to be a Catholic." Expressions of that kind tell of an immortal soul bartered to satisfy the cravings of an unholily love. A Christian marriage involves a blessing on the husband, wife, and children; unChristian nuptials entails malediction and misfortune. Much of the misery which haunts the footsteps of the married couple proceeds from such a difference of natural disposition in the man and woman as will not coalesce to form an agreeable companionship. If human weakness and folly can mar the beauty of the Christian nuptials, ever which the Church extends the mantle of her protection, it vitiates much more those in which religion has no part. The Protestant does not reflect as a Catholic, and, however well his conduct may seem to accord with the maxims of human prudence, he cannot be a good Christian husband. He differs essentially from his companion in his manner of thinking. Both the present and the future are viewed from a different standpoint. What should be all to his wife is of little importance to him; he lives for time and the world, she for eternity and God. In a word, they remain, as before marriage, not one, but two.—*Sacerdos in American Herald.*

THE CARDINAL'S SERMON.

The Gospel of Christ—Sermons, Sentences and Otherwise.

Cardinal Gibbons preached on last Sunday morning at the Cathedral at High Mass, taking his text from the gospel of the day, as follows:

"His Eminence said in part: 'The Gospel of Jesus Christ surpasses all human orations, because God Himself is its author. Peter and Paul address you, James and John address you. But they speak to you, not in their own name, but in the name of Christ, Whom they represent. Go out in the desert and behold John the Baptist preaching under the canopy of heaven to a promiscuous multitude. You see him clothed in camel's hair and a girdle of leather about his waist. Now change the scene and contemplate in spirit Daniel Webster delivering an oration in the Senate chamber. He is surrounded by illustrious colleagues and is listened to by distinguished citizens and ladies of fashion. If you had a choice, which of the speakers would you prefer to hear? Surely your preference would be for the hermit in the desert, because you know that he spoke to you in the Name of God of Heaven. You would be attracted to the Senate chamber by the eloquence of the man. You would be drawn to the desert by the sublimity of the message. When the Queen of Sheba came from the far East and brought large presents of spices, of gold and precious stones to King Solomon, the king on receiving these rich treasures did not criticise the camels that brought them nor sneer at the harness in which they were encumbered. Now, my brethren, the words of Christ are your treasures, far more precious than gold or precious stones. We are the pack-horses that carry it. We are to bear this treasure in earthly vessels. 'Christ the Lord is the living fountain of grace. He is the delicious wine that cheers your hearts and we are but the channels by which it is conveyed to your souls. Christ is the bread of life, the living bread which cometh from heaven. We are the ministers who serve this food to you. He is the shepherd of your souls. We are but the pipe that He uses to call and guide His sheep. Our speech is but the feeble echo of that voice of the Spirit of God that purified the Apostles at Jerusalem and that spoke to the multitude on the Mount. It is the consciousness that we speak to you in the name of Christ that gives us confidence. Standing on this rock, we rest on an inviolable fortress. Entrenched on this impregnable stronghold. The gospel of Jesus Christ exerts all human utterances, not only because it is the Word of God, but also because it has a message of transcendent importance to the world. The speeches of Demosthenes, of Cicero, of the Earl of Chatham, of Patrick Henry treat of subjects of a transitory and ephemeral character. They possess also an academic interest, and are read chiefly, if not exclusively, for their style. Who cares now about the disputes between Demosthenes and Philip? Who is concerned about the indictment of Cicero against Cataline and Verres? Who is influenced by the speeches of the Earl of Chatham in the British Parliament? Many of his countrymen would dissent to-day from his views, which were then applauded. Even the orations of Patrick Henry, which fired the colonies with enthusiasm, excite little or no emotion to-day. 'Five and twenty years ago, if a public speaker were to extol the wisdom and statesmanship of our splendid isolation and our freedom from entangling alliance with foreign nations, and if he were to denounce imperialism, his sentiments would be universally applauded. 'If he were to speak to-day along the same lines he would be regarded by many as verging towards political hesitancy. I make this remark not in a critical or fault-finding spirit, but to illustrate my theme and to demonstrate that a political argument and state policy may be regarded as sound and almost self-evident in one generation and be utterly condemned and rejected in another. 'But the words of Christ have a permanent and an abiding interest throughout the world. They are as true and as convincing as they were a thousand years ago, and will be as convincing and vital a thousand years hence as they are to-day. Kingdoms and empires may change, science may startle the world by its discoveries, but the Word of the Lord abideth forever. 'Thou shalt adore the Lord thy God with thy whole soul; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not calumniate; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods. 'These precepts shall exert their sway as long as man shall inherit this earth. You see the essential difference between a political discourse and a Catholic sermon. The doctrines we announce to you are immutable because they are eternal. We do not occupy your time in the pulpit in discussing temporal or secular affairs. 'These subjects are amply considered during six days in the week. We do not tickle your ears or excite your fancy by vain and flattering and humorous tales. We do not trim our words to the popular current by seizing hold of the popular topics of the hour. We do not discuss politics unless politics serve to point a moral. 'No, but we speak to you of the great eternal truths. We speak of God and eternity, of a judgment to come,

of the joys of the righteous, of the retribution of the reprobate, of the dignity and responsibility of your immortal souls. The same dialogue which Moses gave the people on Mount Sinai, this is the dialogue we preach to you; the same prophetic warnings which the prophet announced in the mountains of Judea; these are the warnings we declare to you; the same gospel of peace which Christ preached on the mount; this is the gospel we deliver to you; the same Christian lesson which Peter preached in Rome and Paul in Athens and James in Jerusalem and John in Ephesus; the same holy doctrine which Chrysostom preached in Constantinople, and Austin in Hippo, and Ambrose in Milan and Cyril in Alexandria; the same message which Augustin brought to England, and Patrick to Ireland, and Remigius to France, and Boniface to Germany, the same gospel which the missionaries brought to these shores in the sixteenth century, that is the only gospel we preach to you from January to December—Jesus Christ, yesterday and to-day and the same forever.' We have no newer or better gospel to give. Man cannot improve or reform the Word of God."

"The Gospel of Jesus Christ has brought more genuine peace and consolation to the human heart than all the books that ever were written by the hand of man. How often have you come to the House of God with a clouded brow, a heavy heart and a downcast countenance? Perhaps you were pre-occupied by domestic cares, or business concerns, or by the fear of some impending calamity. And you heard a few words of the gospel. They led to your ears like the dove which fled to the ark of Noah, bearing to you the olive branch of peace, and you filled your soul with the hope and assurance that the waters of desolation would soon recede, and that you would be firmly planted on the mountain of God. And you left the church with a light step, an unclouded brow, a cheerful countenance. Even when Christ speaks to you in language or reproof or censure, His words bring sorrow for the moment, but it is a sorrow that leads to death, but into life. 'Though you sow in tears, you will reap in gladness and benediction. David's soul was sorrowful when Nathan the Prophet removed him for his adultery. But it was a sorrow which brought repentance, and he deserved afterward to be called a man according to God's heart."

IN AN IRISH TOWN.

Celebrating St. Patrick's Day on the Old Sod.

By Denis A. McCarthy.
No sooner had the town clock ceased to strike the hour of twelve midnight, when the life and drum band, composed chiefly of boys, awakened the echoes and the staid people of the town—with the stirring strains of "St. Patrick's Day." What was lacking in artistic finish was amply made up in noise. The drums rattled, the flutes squeaked. Over and over again the tune was repeated until it seemed as if the leader would never give the signal to stop. At last, with a grand finishing crash, "St. Patrick's Day" came to an end. Three cheers were then given for Ireland, and to the tune of "God Save Ireland," the "Wearing of the Green," "Garryowen," and the "Shamrock Sons of Erin," homeward the band and its attendant crowd of men and boys took their way, leaving the town to darkness and sleep for a few hours longer.

Such is the way St. Patrick's Day began in a certain Irish town. Its further celebration was, to a boy's mind, little to be compared with the mystery and daring of the "Wearing of the Green" at the nation's festival; still there was sufficient excitement throughout the day to keep the juvenile element fairly satisfied. For one thing the day was a holiday. No work was done. No school kept, and attendance at Mass was obligatory, of course.

Perhaps the first thing a boy did after getting up and dressing on St. Patrick's morning was to fasten a good-sized "sprig" of shamrock in the band of his cap. Then if he was a small boy he had a "Patrick Cross" pinned on his shoulder. This cross was made of cardboard covered with some bright colored cloth—not necessarily green. Some elaborate ones had gilt paper, rosette fashion, on the points of the cross. The small Irish boy who had no happy individual on St. Patrick's Day, did not wear St. Patrick's crosses. Instead they wore, not on their shoulders but pinned on the bosoms of their frocks, a rosette of colored ribbons.

One feature of the day was a great favorite with the boys and girls. This was the playing before and after Mass of the brass band which was installed for the occasion in the choir. "St. Patrick's Day" was, of course, "St. Patrick's Day" and it used to stir some young hearts very much indeed, after the sermon which called to mind the early days in Ireland's history, her triumphs and her glories, to hear the brazen instruments and the drums bursting into the spirit-awakening strains of that Irish air. On the way to the church, or "chapel," as we called it, and in returning, the band played other Irish marches, but all day long one song, tinged with "St. Patrick's Day." In the afternoon there was a procession. The band was out again. This was called "playing around the town." Through all the principal streets (and they were not many) the procession, moved. It halted before the priest's house and the band played one or two

airs in honor of the priest. Then it marched a little way till it reached the convent of the Sisters. Here again a halt was made and the band serenaded the good Sisters. Across the bridge then the procession moved amid enthusiasm such as only is seen in Ireland on St. Patrick's Day, and, on arriving at the residence of the friars another halt was made and the band paid its respects to the beloved Franciscans by playing those tunes which always appeal to the Irish heart, be it in the breast of priest or layman, let it be under the brown habit of the Franciscan, or the red uniform of the Irish Fusilier, or the frieze coat of the peasant.

All during this time the boys of the town, large and small, in a state of tumultuous excitement followed, their shrill voices rising in unison with the basses of their elders whenever some enthusiastic wight called for "three cheers for Ireland," or for the bright, particular political star which happened just then to be in the ascendency. When the procession was over and the weary bandmen had returned to the band rooms, around the door hung a crowd of boys, reluctant to think that everything was over, and until St. Patrick's Day came round again they would not taste the delight which had been offered to them on this 17th of March.—*Catholic Columbian.*

THE EASTER DUTY.

The Easter time has again come around and again a number of persons, particularly young men, are entreated to go to the Sacraments. Now if those persons do not intend to stop committing sin and are not resolved to avoid the occasions of sin, they would better stay away from confession and Communion. For if they are not repentant, they simply add a sacrifice to their other transgressions when they receive Penance, and they eat and drink damnation to themselves when they make an unworthy Communion.

If they love sin more than they love God, let them go hell honestly; but let them not pretend that they are penitent when they have no intention to amend their ways; for the Easter duty made in this way is a fraud, and unless obliterated by a subsequent repentance it will only serve to sink them deeper into the pit of perdition. To any person who, however sinful, however weak, really desires to be contrite and to do better, a welcome is extended, for the Sacraments will then give pardon and strength. "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be made whiter than snow." But if you must be exalted, and scolded, and driven to the confessional; if you have not even attrition—the lowest form of sorrow for sin—if you have no mind to row for sin—if you have no mind to forsake the practices, the habits, the persons and the places that contributed to your transgressions, you are not fit to receive the sacraments. Instead of doing you good, the sinful reception of them will still further blacken your darkened soul.

Better excommunicate yourself from the Church; better die in your present sins; better be buried in unconsecrated ground than add to your transgressions the guilt of two deadly sacrileges—*Catholic Columbian.*

A JOVIAL HERO.

When the Park avenue tunnel disaster in New York struck terror to the hearts of thousands of people and left many homes desolate, one heroic soul, Peter Murphy, received the homage of a grateful people. His fortitude and bravery. When the trains crashed together Murphy's head and shoulders were pushed through a window and his feet and legs were caught beneath the engine which had telescoped the car. He worked one leg free and was about to pull the other loose when the roof of the car fell on both legs.

As he hung there in fearful agony Battalion Chief Farrell came along. Murphy asked him to lift the timbers of his legs so that he could free himself.

"If I do that," said Farrell, "the roof will fall on the others inside. There are women there."

"I didn't think of that," said Murphy. "Let it stay, I'll stand the pain."

He did for more than half an hour, never losing consciousness. Then they got him out. At the hospital they said they didn't think they could possibly save his life, but they tried. He was the most cheerful patient there. They amputated his right leg, but he never uttered a word of complaint. And New Rochelle had daily bulletins of his progress telegraphed there and posted at the newspaper offices. Crowds gathered to read them and hundreds prayed for the recovery of Peter Murphy, "hero of the wreck."

Last Sunday he left the hospital and went home to New Rochelle. The crowd that welcomed him back home was the largest ever seen at the station. It was larger than when Bryan spoke in New Rochelle. Mr. Murphy was taken from Bellevue Hospital to Willis avenue in a patent ambulance coach in charge of four members of the Grand Knights of Columbus, New Rochelle: Mr. H. Synett, Deputy Grand Knight; Mr. Noonan, John F. Condon and Thomas F. O'Connor.

At Willis avenue, one hundred members of the Knights of Columbus took charge of Mr. Murphy and placed him on a special train on the Harlem River branch of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad. He had a horror of riding through the tunnel where he saw so much suffering, and on this account he was taken by the way of the Harlem River branch. He says he will never

ride through the tunnel again, as the vision of the tunnel horror is constantly before him.

When Murphy left the hospital the nurses wept. Ever since he arrived there he had been one of the most jovial of patients despite the excruciating pain he suffered. When New Rochelle was reached pretty girls crowded about his car and showered him with bouquets. During the trip to New Rochelle Murphy constantly joked with his friends and declared that he felt excellent. When he saw his wife he said in a joking way:

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but I had a game of pinocle on in the hospital and the nurses wouldn't let me out alone with my one leg."

Mr. Murphy, who is 28 years old, is a member of Relief Engine Company and the Catholic Benevolent Legion of New Rochelle. He was for several years the champion baseball pitcher of the town. When he is stronger in health the different organizations propose to give him a big reception. He was the most seriously injured of the surviving wreck victims.

PROMOTING THE WELFARE OF CHILDREN.

Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J. In February, Donohoe's.

How can this be accomplished? Only by securing the assistance and the personal service of those who have had the advantages of excellent home training and of a thoroughly Catholic education, and who know, consequently, how to give practical advice upon the important duties of life. The workers must be intelligent, devoted, and unreservedly zealous for the welfare of children. The girls must be taught the useful arts of sewing, cooking, and of house-keeping; the boys, the rudiments of the trades. It is astonishing how deficient many of the little folk are in the most elementary branches. Many of the boys do not know how to drive a nail into a wall, many of the girls are unable to thread a needle properly, while as to the patching of a rent, their clumsiness is frequently most distressing. With these facts confronting us, there is no time for the dreams of poetry, we need the prose of action. Guilds and similar societies for the industrial training of children are an indispensable need of the day. All the girls should be thoroughly drilled in plain, substantial cooking by a person thoroughly competent to teach this important art. How many men are driven to the saloons and to pool-rooms by the unsavory, unpalatable messes served up to them at home!

An Impression of Newman.

I dare say you all know, by bust, photograph, or picture, the wonderful face of Cardinal Newman—that wide forehead, ploughed deep with parallel horizontal furrows which seem to express his care-worn grasp of the double aspect of human nature, his aspects in the intellectual, and its aspect in the spiritual world—the pale cheek down which

Long lines of shadow alone
Which years, and anxious thought, and suffering
Give.

—the pathetic eye, which speaks compassion from afar, and yet gazes wonderingly into the impassable gulf which separates man from man, and the strange mixture of asceticism and tenderness in all the lines of that mobile and receding mouth, whose humor, playfulness, and sympathy are intricately blended with those severer moods that "refuse and restrain." On the whole it is a face full, in the first place, of spiritual passion of the highest order, and in the next, of that subtle and intimate knowledge of the details of human limitation and weakness which makes him all spiritual passion look so ambitious and so hopeless, unless indeed it be guided among the sakes and dykes, and pitfalls of the human battlefield by the direct providence of God.

Why Secret Societies are Forb. den.

Everything secret is not bad. Denial of the contrary, secrecy in many things is essential to the well-being of society, to say nothing of the secrecy which is in some cases commanded by the law of God. The argument which Catholic writers invariably propose against condemned societies is as follows:

"Every association whose members are bound by secret oath to an undue obedience is unlawful."
"The 'Free Masons,' the 'Odd Fellows,' the 'Knights of Pythias' and the 'Sons of Temperance' are associations whose members are bound by such a secret oath."

"Therefore the 'Free Masons,' 'Odd Fellows,' the 'Knights of Pythias' and the 'Sons of Temperance' are unlawful."
"There is nothing wrong with that syllogism, and every true American will endorse both the premises and the conclusion. Blind oaths of obedience to societies are not only dangerous, but inimical to the best interests of the country. The condemnation of such societies is patriotic in the best sense of the word.—*American Herald.*

Give Yourself to Prayer.

Learn to entwine with prayer the small cares, trifling sorrows and the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you, turn it into prayer and send it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man you may make to God. Men may be too little for your great matters. God is not too great for your small ones. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.—*Little Treasury of Leaflets.*