

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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SOCIETIES.

We were questioned a few weeks ago as to the advisability of establishing another Catholic organization. Our opinion is that we have too many societies for our adult population. They all have their aims and remedies for special needs, but, judging them by their work, we are inclined to believe that many become members simply for selfish purpose or to have the privilege of being called by some high-sounding name and of being robed in gorgeous regalia. Too many societies tend to break up home-life. We do not imagine that a husband should be everlastingly attending meetings of committees, etc. Again a multiplicity of societies prevents us from concentrating our forces and renders us comparatively use less as a social or political force. They are fruitful breeders of cliques and factions and we have more than once observed that those who are loud in their exhortations of brotherly love are the ones who impede the advancement of a brother Catholic. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

We have societies enough, and to spare. One good benefit organization that is on a higher plane than the ordinary insurance company, a temperance society, and one adapted to the needs of the juveniles, should afford ample scope to our zeal and satisfy our desire to promote Catholic interests.

AFTER THE WAR.

The advocates of expansion, etc., are less enthusiastic just now in commendation of the McKinley policy. The prowess of the American soldier in the far East is based largely on the luxuriant imagination of the scribe who furnishes the populace with accounts of sanguinary encounters and glorious victories. That the "boys in blue" have done their share for Humanity's cause is undeniable, but that the campaign has been a success either in quelling the disturbing elements or in adding anything to Uncle Sam's domains is as untrue as the manufactured reports sent from Manila.

Oils, who told the natives to get into the bush and to wait until they were sent for, begs for volunteers to crush those whom he esteemed so lightly. Earnest and intelligent men who did what was in them to hold back the "Man of Destiny" from a policy that was as antagonistic to justice as it was subversive of the principles of the American Constitution, see the fulfillment of their prophecies. The commercial nabobs who hurled the country into war, with the view of making the Philippines a battering ground for counter-jumpers, view the situation without alarm: but they who pay the taxes, and know that many a gallant young heart will bend and break under the strain, are convinced that Government by the people and for the people has its disadvantages. They can learn a little yet from the effete monarchies of Europe. The Philippines seems destined for some years to be an American graveyard. It is rather costly to have one so far from home, but, like the afflicted baby who cried for Castoria, they "were not happy until they got it."

When we read that General Brooke has declared authoritatively that crime and bloodshed are, considering the disturbed state of the country, comparatively unknown, and when we are told by reliable witnesses that the average Philippino is in no need of the blessings of Anglo-Saxon civilization, we are at a loss to account for the misrepresentation and calumny that have been circulated by some secular and so-called religious newspapers.

A military gentleman, as quoted by the Standard and Times, says that it is all nonsense to believe the yarns told about the ignorance of the Philippinos. In the Isle of Panauy the percentage of men, women and children who can read and write is greater than in the city of Boston. A minister of the Church of England holds the opinion that the Augustinian friars have done more solid work in lifting up the natives in the scale of civilization than has been accomplished by all the sects working in China and Japan.

The men are good mechanics and would be a valuable addition to the laboring classes of the United States. Above all, they are law abiding: and he says that it would be a very good thing to send "ten thousand ship loads of the inhabitants of our slums out here and fill their places with Philippinos. Our bills for police force and reformatory institutions would be smaller by millions of dollars a year."

Our contemporary deserves gratitude for its efforts in dispating the cloud of humbug and falsehood that has prevented some men from seeing things as they are.

We believe that the justice-loving American loathes the present iniquitous policy that has brought sorrow to many homes: but loathe it as he may, he may not be unduly enthusiastic over the blessings of his boasted freedom when he reflects that he is but the tool of the hireling press and conscienceless politician. Windy rhetoric is of little avail when contrasted with the facts that have within the last year been written on the page of history.

THE SONS OF LOYOLA.

The Presbyterian Review said in a recent issue that "the true men of science were dismissed from Washington University and their chairs filled by creatures of the Jesuits." The editor of course was absolutely ignorant of what he was writing about. He knew it as he penned the insulting words, but consoled his conscience with the thought that it must have happened. Verily our godly brother must have strange notions about the commandment of bearing false witness against his neighbor.

Will he when he has a few moments of leisure give us the names of those "creatures of the Jesuits?"

Whilst waiting for the information we shall content ourselves with saying that the Canadian who endeavors to besmirch the fair fame of the Jesuits displays a lamentable ignorance of the history of his country and is a type of the man who contributes his share, not to upbuilding and promoting peace and harmony, but to the store of ignorant bigotry that is a menace to the growth and stability of the community. It he reads nothing save tracts and his own delectable effusions he is unredeemably lost; but if the spirit should move him to delve in other fields he may happen upon some Protestant writers who were just enough to acknowledge the debt owed by every Canadian to the Jesuits.

When some of their ancestors were witchbaiting and robbing church and castle and harrying and killing in the name of the Gospel, the Jesuit was going his rounds of mercy in the forests of Canada, teaching the savage the story that refashioned the world, bending to his work despite fatigue and hunger and treachery, meeting death hero-like, calmly, and trying, in praying for his torturers, to imitate the Chief to whom he had sworn fidelity. And to-day, as our worthy friend wracks his brain in investigating some new species of calumny of things Catholic, the Jesuit is what he was in the early days—a friend of truth and justice. One has but to open his eyes to see this, but our friend seems to be saturated with the literature of the age of John Knox.

The very suspicion that the Jesuit may not be the individual described in hair-lifting romances and controversial works of a past generation would cause him to forget his hostility and induce him to have some regard for truth and common decency. But that would be looked upon as sign of weakening orthodoxy. He must be firm—and when his poor soul clamors for something more substantial than he can give it, he takes it to a collection of controversial weapons long since obsolete and relegated to the top shelves of the offices of religious newspapers.

One who wishes to love God more, and to put himself in a fair way to save his soul should read every day two numbers of the "Imitation." It is only a few lines, and taken but a few minutes, but these lines will be "written in heaven." How many troubled souls have found comfort in that book, which, whenever opened, seem to suit our needs. Well has it been named "the communion of the devout soul with the loving and devout Redeemer." A most perfect preparation for Holy Communion is a reflection on a chapter of the Fourth Book. —Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J.

Story of Cardinal Kremenz.

A pretty story of the late Cardinal Kremenz, Archbishop of Cologne, is going round the German press. Phillip Kremenz was a poor boy, and, like Cardinal Woisey, the son of a butcher. As the eldest son, his father determined that he should be brought up to the trade, whilst the mother and the school teachers, perceiving his remarkable talents, strove in vain to procure for him permission to aim at a higher calling. One day, however, after school hours, little Phillip was sent by his father to the other side of the Mosel to bring over a calf. He was so long away that his father in some alarm went to look for him. Old Kremenz found the gentle lad standing on the bridge and weeping beside the calf, which he was trying in vain to urge forward, for his own tender-hearted and sensitive nature made it impossible for him to drive the little creature on with blows. The angry father boxed his son's ears, with the words: "You can go and become a student, for all I care; you are too stupid for a butcher!" And this was the turning point of the future Cardinal's career.

SOUND PRINCIPLES FOR CATHOLIC GUIDANCE.

The Archbishops and Bishops of Bavaria, like good shepherds, will not allow error under the guise of science or nationalism to ravage their flocks. At a synod lately held at Freising they drew attention to those principles which should guide the clergy and every faithful Catholic in their judgment of all Church questions, viz.:

"1. The Church and the teaching authorities as established by God, and not an individual scholar, has the right to decide what is Catholic truth and what is not, and to decide what is contrary to this truth and what is not."

"2. All genuine and true Catholics, and especially the priests, must render complete and inner obedience to the decisions of the Church and must be on their guard lest they be entrapped by one of those devices which in our day are so skillfully laid against the true faith and the genuine Catholic spirit."

"3. The Catholic Church does not condemn science or research, but only error. She in no way condemns the freedom of a healthy and correct method of investigation, but she condemns loose methods of research, which dare to make even the eternal truths of the Church the object of criticism and correction on the ground that this is 'advanced learning.'"

"4. The truth, as this is taught by the Catholic Church, is universal and divine. It would therefore be a silly assumption to attribute a national character to Catholic science and scholarship."

SMYBOLISM IN THE CHURCH.

Wm. Hart Boughton in July Donahoe's. Very few really know to what extent symbolism enters into the construction of churches, and also how close it comes to our worship. Take, for example, a new cathedral to be built, and what does the architect start out to do? He has a ground plan to lay out—his first thought is the Cross, and he therefore starts with the nave and chancel and with the two transepts for the cross piers.

Of the western doors we find that one is lofty and that two are lowly. The Main Entrance is "Obedience" and the other two "Repentance" and "Faith." The door Obedience opens into the middle aisle which is the symbol of the Holy Scriptures. "Faith leads to the south aisle which is symbolic of the Creed, and Repentance naturally opens into the north aisle which is given over to the Lord's Prayer. It is here that our Baptismal promises are made and our entrance into the Faith, and it is at this end of our church that we should find the Baptistry with its font. These doorways are generally surrounded with statues of apostles and martyrs, showing us those who had led the way.

The columns of the nave are dedicated to the patriarchs and prophets. In the south transept we see the Epistle and Gospel, Jesus Christ in History, and in the north transept we find the Psalms.

EFFICACIOUS NOVENA TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

O Divine Jesus, who hast said: "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," behold me prostrate at Thy feet, animated with a lively faith and confidence in these promises, dictated by Thy Sacred Heart, and pronounced by Thy adorable lips. I come to ask—(here mention the request.)

From whom shall I ask, O Sweet Jesus, if not from Thee, whose Heart is an inexhaustible source of all graces and merits? Where shall I seek, if not in the treasure which contains all the riches of Thy clemency and bounty? Where shall I knock if it be not at the door of Thy Sacred Heart, through which God Himself comes to us, and through which we go to God?

To Thee, then, O Heart of Jesus, I have recourse. In Thee I find consolation when afflicted—protection when persecuted—strength when overwhelmed with trials—and light in doubt and darkness. I firmly believe Thou canst bestow upon me the grace I implore, even though it should require a miracle. Thou hast only to will it, and my prayer is granted. I own I am most unworthy of Thy favors, O Jesus! but this is not a reason for me to be discouraged.

Thou art the God of mercies, and Thou wilt not refuse a contrite and humble heart. Cast upon me a look of pity, I conjure Thee, and Thy passionate Heart will find in my miseries and weakness a pressing motive for granting my petition.

But, O Sacred Heart, whatever may be Thy decision with regard to my request, I will never cease to adore, love, praise, and serve Thee. Daign, my Jesus, to accept this, my act of perfect submission to the decrees of Thy adorable Heart, which I sincerely desire may be fulfilled in and by me and all Thy creatures for ever and ever. Amen.

ONE SUNDAY WITH A POLISH PASTOR.

One of the most learned and best-loved Polish priests in this country is Rev. Dr. M. Barabasz, pastor of St. Stanislaus' church, Baltimore. That he is the object of deep attachment is not at all surprising, however, in view of the light that is thrown on his character in the following excerpt from the "Baltimore Sun" of June 13:

"The sight of a Catholic priest celebrating Mass beneath the boughs of a wide-spreading oak was the novel scene presented on Sunday to the residents of the vicinity of Wilham's Station, in Anne Arundel county, on the line of the Annapolis Short Line Railroad."

"In that neighborhood several hundred Polish people, in many instances whole families, have been employed for several weeks in picking berries and other farm produce. These people are from Holy Rosary and St. Stanislaus' Polish Catholic parishes. On Sunday Rev. Dr. M. Barabasz, pastor of Holy Rosary church, went into the country to minister to their spiritual welfare. Under a large oak he erected an altar, and at 10 a. m. celebrated Mass, which was attended by more than a hundred persons."

"After the Mass Dr. Barabasz went about among the people looking after their physical welfare. He found one poor woman with a sick child, which the priest quickly saw needed instant medical attention such as it was impossible for it to receive there. He induced the mother to bring the child to the city. The sick one was three years old, and a younger child of about six months was another burden which the poor mother was compelled to bring along with her. She managed to carry them to the train, one in each arm, and then she gave out. Dr. Barabasz relieved the woman of the older child, and when they arrived at Camden Station the people about the depot were much interested in the sight of a tall and dignified clergyman carrying upon his shoulder a raggedly-dressed child, followed by a woman whose appearance indicated poverty. Dr. Barabasz, with the child in his arms, accompanied by the mother with her infant, boarded a street car and set out for a hospital. They went to several, often walking along the streets and attracting considerable attention, before Dr. Barabasz was able to find a hospital where those in charge would consent to take the child. At the Maryland General Hospital the physician in charge was induced to receive the child. Last night its condition was reported to be improved."

FATHER BOYLE'S PRESBYTERIAN BELL.

Washington, June 13.—The good stories attributed to the late Father Frank Boyle are constantly being added to, and in Washington, where he was widely known and beloved, they are collected, treasured up and repeated, for it is certain that, while they were powerful to bring out a healthy laugh, he never gave utterance to a pleasant conceit that carried with it the slightest sting. The subjects of his pointed aphorisms enjoyed them equally with the listeners, and were rather proud they were part and parcel of his witticisms.

Some years ago the chapel which Father Boyle was instrumental in building in the southeastern part of the city, bought of the Presbyterian church near by a large bell, which had been discarded on account of a flaw in its construction that created a painfully harsh and discordant sound. The bell was sent to a foundry, where several inches of the lower rim was cut off. It was then returned and put in place in the chapel. The tones were now exceedingly soft and sweet, and the bell a source of much pride to the congregation and pleasure to the neighborhood.

One day the pastor of the Presbyterian church, meeting Father Boyle, said to him: "Father Boyle, I was passing the chapel recently and was struck by the rich, mellow tone of your bell. I think I never before heard anything so clear and chime-like. I quite envied you its possession. Where did you get it?" "That is the bell," replied the pastor, "that we bought of your congregation."

"Is it possible?" said the pastor. "I can scarcely credit it. What in the world did you do with it to bring about such a marvelous change?" "Blissed it, blissed it," returned Father Boyle, in a rich brogue and with a sly, mischievous expression on his handsome, happy countenance.

Blissed it and got the Presbyterian divul out of it, and nothing else, I assure you," and with hearty laughter that brought the hearts of the two preachers closer together they went their several ways.—New York Sun

"CATHOLIC-MINDED" ANGLICANS.

Of all the sects, the most interesting to Catholics is the Anglican body, as they are known in England; or the Episcopalians, as they are usually known in this country. Our greatest converts have been from among them, and those of them who remain outside the Church seem to stand nearer to it than other sectarians. The "Catholic minded" Anglicans—a large and increasing multitude—refuse submission to the Pope because, they say, the Papacy is a usurpation, and because there existed a pre-Reformation Catholic Church in England independent of Rome. To them we commend these words of *Literature* in a review of Maitland's "Roman Canon Law in the Church of England":

If Prof. Maitland is right, the supposed independence of the English National Church before the Reformation is no better than a post-Reformation legend. At present we do not see where or how his argument can be proved wrong. The point is whether English ecclesiastical authority within the sphere left free to it, and apart from controverted secular powers, ever claimed an inherent jurisdiction to refuse obedience to the legislative or judicial authority of the Pope. What Prof. Maitland finds is that no such discretion is even hinted at by English canonists; that no king ever asserted it against a Pope, or attempted to get it exercised by the English Bishops (although this would have been an obvious way out of many difficulties); that there is no trace of its exercise in fact; in short, that nobody ever heard of it before the days of Anglican apologetic literature. The Pope's constitution is treated without hesitation by canonists in England as they are treated in Germany or Italy; that is, as binding law—the law of the Church Universal. . . . Nay, more: the Pope has a direct and immediate jurisdiction everywhere as "Universal Ordinary."

Prof. Maitland, we believe, holds a chair in Cambridge University, one of the two great strongholds of Anglicanism; and *Literature* is published in England by the London Times Company, and in America by the Harpers. So far as we know, nobody accuses these sources of friendship with Rome. —Ave Maria.

CANADA'S DELEGATE.

He is an American Citizen and an Italian Archbishop.

An item of great interest to our Catholic friends across the border stated the other day that Archbishop Diomede Falconio, O. S. F., had been appointed first apostolic delegate to the Dominion.

Mgr. Falconio was born at Pescocostanzo, a little town in the province of Abruzzo, Italy, in 1842, and at an early age joined the Franciscans, who are numerous in that part of his native land. He spent the first four years of his religious life with the Franciscans of the Italian province of San Bernardino, and then he was sent to Rome, where he studied for five years. While still a scholastic, he and a companion, who afterwards became the well known Fra. Anacletus de Rocagorga, O. S. F., was sent out to St. Bonaventure's Allegany, N. Y., where they taught. In 1868, Fra. Diomede, who afterwards became president of St. Bonaventure's, was priested by Bishop Timon, and before his ordination he and Fra. Anacletus became citizens of this country, and both frequently voted in state and national elections. The two Franciscans were subsequently sent to Winsted, Conn., a Franciscan mission, but after two years of service there Fra. Diomede was ordered to Harbor Grace, N. F., which diocese was then governed by a Franciscan Bishop, Dr. Carfagnini. For ten years the future delegate labored in that bleak land, and then he was recalled to this country, and sent to help Fra. Anacletus, who then had charge of a large congregation in the lower part of New York City. While engaged on this mission Fra. Diomede obtained permission to revisit his aged parents in Italy. He fully expected to be back in New York in a few months; but while in Italy he was named provincial of one of the Franciscan districts there, San Bernardino, his own native province. His administration proved so successful that the general of the order noted it, and the result was that, after serving as provincial for two terms, he was elected procurator general of his order.

Then the Pope took a hand at honoring him, and named him Bishop of Lucerdogua, and a few months afterwards put him at the head of the United Italian dioceses of Acerenza and Matera. At the time that a delegate was to be appointed for this country Mgr. Falconio's name was mentioned as likely to prove that of the papal representative. Mgr. Fallonio, however, selected. Mgr. Falconio is described as a tireless worker, a skillful organizer and a man of broad views, gentle ways and affable and courteous manners. He speaks English and French as fluently as his native tongue, and if he prove to be Canada's first permanent papal representative, our northern neighbors are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in securing so capable and

accomplished a delegate.—Columbus Catholic Columbian.

THE CONFESSIONAL IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Fortnightly Review. Inside or outside her widest pale, I cannot imagine any person who could find a word of defence for the confessional as it exists to day in the English Church. The fact that any man of any age or reputation—or lack of it—who is in priest's orders can hear confessions from anybody, when and where and how he pleases, without leave from any one or a single rule to restrain him from any act of vulgarity or stupidity, or worse, which may occur to him, is a scandal to the whole Church and Kingdom. The toleration of such a system for another week in a country where the most elementary laws of propriety are recognized is incredible.

In France—I say in France instead of in the Roman Catholic Church, because this matter has nothing to do with theology—a priest has to be licensed to hear confessions by the Bishop or his Vicar General, who must have a genuine personal acquaintance with him; his license must be renewed once a year; he is carefully instructed in the art of dealing with penitents; to scandalize children—even with the most honest intentions (or women either, I suppose, but that is a less repulsive crime), is pronounced by his books of theology a "mortal sin," and on any moderately well-founded suspicion of his doing so, he may be removed to another parish, while if a second similar case occurs his confessor's license is not renewed. This, too, in a country where regard for decency English folk are accustomed to consider as hopelessly inferior to their own!

I advance here no arguments for or against the confessional: the priest who would draw every man, woman and child in his parish to confession once a week, and the man who would fling every confessor and his penitents into the Thames, are alike concerned to remedy the present folly. Articular confession cannot be stopped in the Church of England; it is not only allowed, but recommended by the Prayer Book, and for reasons which are well known to every one, has numerous and influential advocates. The question is, Shall it or shall it not be decently regulated? If not, I hope sincerely that every man in the country with young relatives who desire to confess their sins to a priest will use every endeavor to induce them to join the Roman Catholic Church, where the practice is at least properly safeguarded.

BABIES IN CHINA.

When a Chinese baby takes a nap, people think its soul is having a rest—going out for a long walk, perhaps. If the nap is a very long one the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far away, and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course, the baby will never waken. Sometimes men are sent out on the street to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another, the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So, whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as the bird hopping along after them.

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE.

Tweed, June 26, 1899. The Rev. Clergy of the Diocese of Kingston have arranged to conduct their annual Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beupre on Tuesday, 25th July, in order that intending pilgrims may be enabled to be present at the Shrine and to invoke the intercession of La Bonne Ste. Anne, on Wednesday, 26th July—the very day which the Catholic Church has consecrated to the honor of the Mother of the Blessed Virgin. The pilgrimage will be under the immediate direction of the Rev. D. A. Twomey, of Tweed, Ont., and the Rev. Father Stanton, of Brockville, who has so successfully organized the Pilgrimages of past years, will give his invaluable assistance on this occasion also. Return ticket to Toronto, good for ten days, is placed at the very low rate of \$6.75. Starting from Toronto, tickets will be sold at all stations, both on G. T. R. and C. P. R. as far East as the limits of Ontario, and will be good to go on special and regular trains on the morning of the 25th July, and to return on any regular train within the time limit. A special G. T. R. train will leave Lindsay at 12.30 p. m. on Tuesday, 25th July. For further particulars apply to Rev. D. A. Twomey, Tweed, Ont.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.—The total receipts of the Catholic Westminster cathedral building fund from its commencement in June, 1895, to May 8th last, amounted to £100,848 and the payments during that period to £88,367.

Of all miseries the bondage of sin is the most miserable.—Faber.