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The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY APRIL 24, 1909.

1692

VOLUME XXXI.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1909

THE OLD STORY.

It seems to us that some parents are burdening us with an ever-increasing load of immaturity and ignorance. We refer to their conduct towards their boys. They cast them out into the streets at an early age to fend for a livelihood, to rise or sink, to fail or prosper.

But what chance has a boy, immature, inexperienced, untrained, against the forces of the world. What probability is there of a Catholic, ill-instructed in his religion, standing steadfast against materialism, the myriad influences of street and factory. What hope of success can we have in things temporal against the well-equipped and educated youth of the country. It is true that Canada is a land of opportunity. But it is also true that its prizes are for the men who can win them: and these men go forth to battle with weapons that have been forged and fashioned in the fire and on the anvil of education.

The lad of fourteen who, through the connivance and with the blessing of his worthy parents, steps out of the school-room into the world, wants a "job." What it is bothers him not at all. He may work a lift, or run errands, or sweep an office. So long as he gets a miserable pittance for this frittering away of his time and his rights he is content, and father and mother are duly grateful for his contribution to the household finances.

In the course of time he will drift down to the docks, and stay there. He might have been a competitor for the prizes which Canada has to offer had not his foolish and criminally negligent parents sent him to his doom as mortally as ever despot ordered a victim to the block or scaffold. Our pastors try to hammer into parents an idea of their responsibility. But some of them are immune to knowledge and cling with dogged obstinacy to methods that connote incomprehensible ignorance and produce results as deplorable as they are incurable. The clerics expend time and strength to shepherd and to guide these children. They help them over the rough spots and strive to inject into them some ambition and a realization of their dignity as Catholic Canadians. But it is hard work and oftentimes heart-breaking. For it is difficult to do much with boys that have been played upon by bad example, by the street, the trivial "shows" that flourish like noxious weeds in our cities and strip life of all seriousness. The wonder is that the parents who send the boys into slavery take some pains to give an education to the feminine portion of the family. The girls are placed in boarding schools where they are taught the piano and fiddle—very good things in competent hands—and to exco-

cusite wondrous and weird devices with the paint-brush. They are initiated, man's the pity for many of them, in the mysteries of elocution, and on the glad day of graduation Julia trips up to the rustling of fans and the joy of the mother to receive her medal. Happy Julia, who frowns-frowns hither and thither, exhibiting the proofs of her prowess in art. Meanwhile her brother is running around town for a dollar per week. Strange, is it not? But, Carlyle says that man is somewhat like an owl.

MUCK RAKING.

"Muck raking" may be necessary at times albeit malodorous. To unravel the network of schemes in which men and municipalities are sometimes entangled and pour upon them the light of public opinion may well be a duty that cannot be overlooked. But it seems to us that men of well-balanced minds should be engaged in this interesting occupation. For them the good of the common weal shall be as a light to prevent them wandering into the desert-land of personalities. But when the partisan sallies forth we have, as a rule, nought but clamor and an exhibit of dirt raked out of the cess-pool of slander. He labors but for self and party. And when a misguided zeal lures him away from facts into the field of imagination his investigations are but proof of the baseness to which a narrow-minded politician can descend. We have our faults, for we have human nature; but we believe there are men in Canadian public life who wear the white flower of manliness and who are, in their interest for the good of country, motivated by neither personal gain nor advantage. Painting political conditions in dark colors is not a task to test either skill or knowledge. Any babbling about graft and corruption. Any

tourist with an ear for gossip can quote scandal-mongers as authorities. But the average citizen has neither fear for the purity of the ballot nor the integrity of the public official.

STRIKES AND LOCK-OUTS.

In reply to a correspondent, we beg to say that in our opinion a strike is no remedy for a labor grievance. Mr. T. V. Powderly, former president of the Knights of Labour, spoke wisely and out of the garnered experience of years when he said that the labor leader who has the interest of his men at heart will fight the strike to the last ditch, for of all the costly, cumbersome, wasteful, cruel methods of settling a difficulty in labor matters the strike and lock-out are the worst. Let the labor unions incorporate. The union has nothing to fear from incorporation; there is nothing the law can reach under incorporation that it cannot reach now.

THE RISING TIDE.

The saloon-man's fibre is sensitive. He affects a supreme contempt for temperance agitators, but somehow or other he contrives to inform us that criticism of his methods grates on his nerves and knocks the harmony out of his sympathetic organism. But is criticism alone responsible for this? We think not. What adds to his discomfort is the knowledge that the business is regarded as malodorous by the majority of citizens. Temperance men are opposed to it, and they, who are neither extremists nor allied with any party, are of the opinion, which they do not conceal, that upon saloon-keeping rests the heavy burden of social and moral disgrace. It calls for neither brain nor brawn. A wastrel may succeed in it. And we think that even the interested persons realize that a business cursed in too many homes, whose finished product is the drunkard, whose trophies are the tears of women and the blight of men, is too pitiable to engross a life. The average man wishes to die tired, and to have some blessed memories with him when he marches over the border. But these are not in the gift of the saloon. The memories born there scorch and torture. Even those whose instincts are dulled, if not brutalized, by daily contact with things that yield nought save sorrow and death.

BELOW PAR.

We are well within the bounds of truth when we say that the liquor business is falling into disrepute. We hasten to say for the benefit of some subscribers that it is not destitute of men who have not parted with respectability. But the average citizen looks askance at a business that demands neither brawn nor brain and is fraught with so many dangers both to himself and neighbors. And the saloon-keeper, we opine, has some qualms of conscience as he counts the pennies of the poor and knows that his name is not in benediction in many households. It is a poor business that is ashamed to boast of its product. It is an easy way to money, but surely it were better to be out at elbows for aye than to pass one's too short time in mixing drinks.

PRaise OF LIBERTY.

We have before us an address on Liberty as it is in the United States. It is very egotistic, even to the point of calling the Republic the providential country for the Catholic. Much can be allowed for oratorical fervor, though we have more than once thought that our cousins need not use a megaphone when they speak a piece on liberty. In Canada we do things differently. Our liberty is very serviceable, not only for parade, but for the humdrum of every day life. And we do not harp on it. It is visible, so efficient that strangers, even they who live in the providential country, marvel at its works. When they inspect our school system, note the composition of Government, observe our respect for law, and our home, they begin to understand that we also are playing the game of civilization.

A LIVER GONE WRONG.

"There is great unrest in the world." So says a writer who indites a few mournful words about his soul. He is drifting out upon wind-swept waters, under a gray sky, with never a light to guide him and with no hope of reaching a haven. He may possibly mistake an aberration of the liver for mental agitation or he may be of the young who like to weave dream-stuff into fantastic shapes. Sad, indeed, is this gentleman on the raft that drifts. A miller are

they who have to handle his tear-drenched utterances.

BE WISE IN TIME.

"There are no pockets in shrouds." So good people with bank stock be wise in time. The memories of charitable deeds will stand angel-like around your death-bed. Put, then, some of your money in the Lord's bank which is always open and gives sure and plentiful dividends.

SOME SPECIMENS.

Now and then we happen upon some poor specimens of human nature. We know the man who puts his mother in the poor house because, to the intense annoyance of his wife, she does not speak with a convent-bred accent and cannot distinguish between bridge-whist and a merry waltz hat. He is in a class "hors de concours."

We may know the lady who is up to her neck in every cess-pool of slander. She is betimes a well-brained, sordid-hearted, cackling kind of an animal that looks like an angel and talks like satan. We may put her in the bizzard class with apologies to the bizzard.

But how shall we designate the Christian who wants a whole pew for herself even if she has to wave an old man out to the aisle. We know a term that would fit the case, but as it would be blue-pencilled by the editor we leave our readers to think it out for themselves.

PROFESSIONAL CRITICS OF THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

FATHER THURSTON, S. J., EXPOSES VICIOUS METHODS OF AUTHORS WHO WOULD DISCREDIT THE LEADERS OF THE FAITHFUL.

Rev. Father Thurston, S. J., in an article which he contributes to the current issue of "The Month," writes:

There is a certain group of historical writers of whom Dr. H. C. Lea and Mr. G. G. Coulton are at present perhaps the best known representatives, who delight in such works as the sense of right and wrong. (I refer more particularly to "From St. Francis to Dante" and his "Friar's Lantern.") From this they, or their imitators, draw the inference that it is only in a married clergy and in the manly self-reliance of Protestant or agnostic principles that any hope can be found of the moral regeneration of society at the present day.

Undoubtedly medieval manners were often night to barbarous, and there were periods when grievous crimes and excesses were rampant amongst every class, among the clergy as well as among the laity. But the argumentation of the writers here spoken of is vitiated by one constant defect. They are determined to fix their eyes upon the evil of the Middle Ages, and they entirely ignore the good. They recount in their most noisome details all the stories of depravity or cruelty which will bear quotation, but they tell us nothing of the purifying influences which were constantly at work side by side with the very worst of these corruptions. The people who gloat over the playmate scandals recorded by a Salimbene are apparently quite ignorant of the healthy moral atmosphere that pervades the not less real and human records preserved to us in the "Magna Vita S. Hugonis," or the Chronicle of Jocelyn of Brakelonde. We hear much in these indictments of the loose talk of Chaucer and Boccaccio, but nothing of the genuine contrition manifested by both these writers for their ribaldry.

Dr. Lea is unwearied in his denunciations of the grasping and dissolute friars whose failings the rivalry of the monastic orders and of the secular clergy satirized and exaggerated, but he says not a word of the Franciscan and Dominican heroes who, at a period corresponding to what is supposed to have been the very lowest ebb of ecclesiastical life in Europe, went forth amid indescribable hardships to preach the Gospel in the newly-discovered continents of the West. Let any one who would read their story in the pages of so impartial a chronicler as Sir Arthur Helps' "Spanish Conquest of America." So the same Dr. Lea tells his readers sentimentally that at the close of the Middle Ages there was "a complete divorce between religion and morality," and that "a more than Judaic formalism of ceremonies had practically replaced the ethical values of Christianity." (Dr. Lea in the "Cambridge Modern History," Vol. 1, pp. 673, 674.) Can any one who remembers that the Immaculate Conception was produced at precisely this period and it in his heart to be even decently patient with such pompous imbecilities?

The whole question is one of degree, and it ought, if we could only obtain them, to be a matter of statistics. In what proportion were evil and good intermingled? Unfortunately, no sort of statistics are really available. Dr. Lea and Mr. Coulton find their delight

in raking together a perfect manure-heap of unsavory facts. Look, they say, at all this filth, and estimate from it the moral turpitude of the age in which these things were possible. But that is just what we cannot do. Though the heap were mountains high, it tells us nothing until we have found some test of comparison. To single out those scandals which from their grossness or atrocity seem the world-a-talking, and that, too, a mediaeval world strangely incontinent of speech, and on the other hand to ignore those numberless lives of quiet observance which from their very routine and dullness left nothing for men to gossip about, is a process futile and absurd. We might just as well call a meeting of a foreigner by the evidence of the ten thousand woolly heads he saw before him that the city in which we live was peopled almost entirely by black men.

The utter worthlessness of this kind of argument has recently been brought home to the present writer by the results of a brief experiment which seems of sufficient interest to claim attention in the pages of the Month. Some time ago, having no other literature to beguile a Sunday journey, I chanced to purchase a paper of a type quite new to me, one of those journals which, it is to be feared, provide a considerable proportion of the working classes with most their only reading on the week-day. Horrors, carefully selected from the whole kingdom, and ranged under the most startling headlines, meet the eye on every page. Political news is of the most meagre description, but sport and crime run rampant. What particularly caught my attention was the amount of space devoted to the clergy.

There does not seem any reason to suppose that the journal in question, or any of its congeners, are specially anti-religious or animated with any bias against the Established Church of England. The partiality shown for clerical scandals is probably only an example of the operation of the law of contrast. A washer woman in White-chapel may steal a pair of boots without becoming famous, but should a Duchess be indicted for the same offense, she would certainly fill at least a column and a half in any one of the journals of which I am speaking. The burbling of an ordinary citizen's residence would be too tame an episode for special mention, but the case would be different if the victim were a police magistrate or the governor of a gaol. On the same principle of the incongruousness of the position of a clergyman charged with a moral offense at once far from his own home, and consequently any one who wishes to acquaint himself with the delinquencies of the clergy which are made public in the courts will probably be well posted if he studies for some time the columns of one of these Sunday papers, catering almost exclusively for the tastes of the lower orders.

And now in what follows I trust that I shall not be misunderstood. It is very far from being my intention to throw mud at the clergy of the Established Church or to seek to disparage their deservedly high reputation. On the contrary, the whole point of my argument turns upon the firm conviction which I hold that as a body they represent a very high type of Christian manhood. It would not probably be an exaggeration to say that the class they represent form the backbone of the intellectual culture and sound moral training of our country. It is precisely in those numberless parsonage homes where intelligent and upright men are to be found, that much of the vigor, self-reliance and integrity are learnt that have made England respectably the most efficient, and most successful of nations. And now the purpose of my present lucubration is to show that notwithstanding the deservedly high reputation of the clergy of the establishment, a body which just now the combined effort of High Church asceticism within and criticism without tends to make represent a state of specially difficult times, it would not be a very difficult task to present a plausible case against them. If any Mr. Coulton or Dr. Lea six centuries hence only devoted sufficient industry to the task, he would probably be able to make out to the satisfaction of a large number of prejudiced people that never since the world began had there been a body of men so thoroughly and insidiously corrupt as the married clergy of the Church of England at the beginning of the twentieth century.

It is in anticipation of an imaginary "History of Clerical Wedlock," to be issued at some remote date by a writer as biased against the Establishment as Dr. Lea is against the Church of Rome, that I published these results of a month's reading of the "News of the World." Let me hasten to say that it seems to me quite probable that it was an exceptional bad month, and that it would be unfair to the English clergy to take it as representing the average. None the less, I have not often observed that when such critics as those I have in mind lean over far to one side, they are at pains to redress the balance or to make allowances for exceptional circumstances; so I will simply state the facts and leave them to speak for themselves.

Having completed the unpleasant record from the "News of the World," Father Thurston proceeds: "These eight cases will all be found recorded, as was previously mentioned, in the issues of the Standard paper during a single month, though some of them no doubt had begun many weeks before, and only reached their final stage in January, 1909."

But even were we to suppose that this list represented all the clerical scandals which found their way into public prints during six months of a whole year, it requires little calculation to see that the author of our imaginary "History of Clerical Wedlock" would need but a slender file of such newspapers to supply him with materials for a work as large in bulk, as nauseous in contents and as misleading in its relation to the real facts of life as anything which has been produced by such writers as Dr. Lea or Mr. G. G. Coulton.

For I come back to this point, which I desire to insist upon in the most emphatic terms I can employ. It would be nonsense to pretend that the married clergy of the Church of England as a body are undermined by secret corruption. Whatever we may think of their controversial positions, and whatever views we may hold of the desirability of celibacy in those who are called by God to be the pastors of souls, I do not for one moment think, and still less wish to insinuate that the moral standing of the Anglican clergy is unworthy of the high repute in which they are everywhere held. But persons are human, like other men, and every now and then scandals will inevitably come to light in a body which numbers so many thousands. I have merely wished to protest against the bias which ignores the need of extending the same or greater indulgence to the Middle Ages, and to expose the false logic which treats the statement of every irresponsible mediaeval chronicler as if it were the verdict of a modern court of justice.

CAN PROTESTANTS BE SAVED?

In the course of a sermon in Westminster Cathedral, the Rev. Father Gavin, S. J., said the words of his text "What can I do more for My vineyard than I have done," might fairly be addressed to the world of the present day, because the Catholic Church was the successor of the Jewish Church, and filled the place which the Jewish race lost by its own iniquity. Outside the Catholic Church there was no salvation. This was a doctrine of the faith, but it did not mean that all non-Catholics were lost, and the Catholic Church had never taught so revolting a doctrine. The meaning of the dogma was that for those who from their own fault deliberately died outside the Catholic Church there was no salvation.

They might well believe that there were many leading holy lives outside the body of the Catholic Church and they would one day see their God face to face in Heaven. To all He gave graces sufficient for salvation. Even the poor savage in the woods for whom the Precious Blood had been spilled, would never be banished from the vision of God for ever. UNLESS HE HAD DELIBERATELY VIOLATED THE LAW, which he knew to bind upon his conscience. Outside the Catholic Church there was taken a great interest in the work of the Church among the Indians and negroes, a combined Catholic church and parochial school for negro Catholics of Cincinnati will be erected. Mrs. Drexel purchased the site and will erect the building which will cost about \$250,000. There are 500 negro Catholics in Cincinnati who will benefit by Mrs. Drexel's munificence.

A Chinaman, inspired by the celebration of the feast of St. Patrick, mounted the stage in the St. Vincent's School Hall, St. Paul, Minn., and urged the extension of the Catholic religion among his countrymen and the erection of churches in St. Paul and Chicago especially for their worship. The Chinaman is Charles Young, a convert of Father Cosgrove, pastor of St. Vincent's Church.

Father Power, pastor of All Saints' Church, New York City, has a congregation, the most Irish, regarding education and customs of any in the United States. A few years ago this sterling son of Erin invited the Irish Christian Brothers from the "Old Sod" to take charge of his school. All Saints' School is the first foundation of Irish culture in America. Irish language and Irish history, Irish music and song are taught in the proper spirit.

An unusual scene was witnessed recently in Sacramento, California, when a Catholic Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. da Silva, of Portugal, was the honored guest of the State Senate. The Bishop was given the seat of honor on the right of the presiding officer, Lieutenant Governor Porter, while on the left sat Right Rev. Msgr. Capel. In the absence of the chaplain, Very Rev. Father Wyman, C. S. P., Msgr. Capel offered the prayer, which was adapted from the famous petition of Bishop Carroll.

An interesting process of beatification has just been inaugurated at Nevers, France, where the Bishop has begun the judicial diocesan inquiry into the sanctity of Bernardette Soubirous. Last year it was just half a century since she had those visions of Our Lady at Lourdes, which have been followed ever since by such an extraordinary and uninterrupted series of graces and prodigies. Bernardette became a nun and died in a convent in Nevers.

Every Protestant congregation in Saratoga Lake, N. Y., has through its minister in charge, offered the use of its place of worship to the congregation of St. Bernard's Catholic Church until such time as a new church may be built to replace the edifice destroyed by fire last week. The Methodists were the first to make the offer and were quickly followed by the Presbyterians and Episcopalians. While deeply grateful for the proffered assistance, the priests of St. Bernard's have arranged to have services in the opera house so long as temporary quarters are necessary.

THE CAGED SONGSTER.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Deep in the city's heart,
Pulsing with toil and traffic—
Why should I stop and start?
Something—a song seraphic—
Tones of a silvery sweetness,
Tones like a golden bell,
Rich in their round completeness,
Full on mine ear they fell!

Only a bird's song, only
The song of a skylark lonely,
Far from the meadow and croft,
Caged in a cobbler's loft!

Sing, little lark, oh, sing!
Even though your heart be breaking,
Forth from your bosom fling,
Music of God's own making!
Cruel the hand that sought you
Deep in the meadow's breast,
Cruel the hand that brought you
Here from your peaceful nest!

Yet while your voice remaineth,
Yet while your heart retaineth
Even one dream of spring
Sing, little lark, oh, sing!

Deep in the city's heart,
Pulsing with toil and traffic,
Far from the fields apart
Many a soul seraphic,
Many a poet sad,
Pent in the busy throng,
Sings till the people gladly
Pause to applaud his song.

Ah, 'tis a bird's song only—
That of a skylark lonely,
Far from the meadow and croft,
Caged in a cobbler's loft!

—New York Sun.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

General Matthew C. Butler of Columbus, S. C., who celebrated his 73rd birthday last Monday, was also on that day confirmed as a member of the Catholic Church.

The value of Catholic School property in New York is over \$11,000,000 and the yearly expenditure for the support of the schools is \$744,420. The total number of pupils on the register last year was 79,000.

Through the initiative of the late Peter White of Marquette, Mich., and the liberality of his heirs, there is to be erected on Mackinac Island a monument to Father Marquette, the pioneer Jesuit missionary and explorer of the upper lake country.

American Catholics ought to take an interest in the Congo question. In the Congo region there are 26,000 Catholic negroes and 60,000 catechumens. Two hundred and thirty priests, a large number of Brothers, and one hundred Missionary Sisters are toiling there for the salvation of souls. They have 104 schools, 34 orphanages, 21 hospitals and 20 dispensaries.