

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXV.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1913

1929

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD'S appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Previously acknowledged	\$1,992.80
A. Friend, Port Hood	1.00
E. G. Toronto	1.00
Friends, Cobden	3.00
In Memory of Mother, Niagara	1.00
A. Friend, Malton	5.00
A. Reader, Kamloops	2.00
B. McGeough, Ontario	1.00
Jubilee Aims, Beauportville	1.00
A. Friend, Waverley	1.00
A. Reader, Waverley	1.00
M. E. T., Nova Scotia	1.00
Miss S., Ottawa	5.00

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GOOD ADVICE

We are reminded that no indelicate representation should be tolerated in a Christian home. Artistic merit in the work is no excuse for the danger thus presented. But let the walls be beautified with what will keep the inmates in mind of our Divine Lord and of His saints and with such other pictures of the great and good as will be an incentive to civic and religious virtue. These words are not heeded by some parents who harbor pictures that, if not suggestive, can neither elevate the intelligence nor cultivate the heart. The sense of the beautiful original with man must be guided and exercised lest it be misled or corrupted. The influence of a good picture upon the impressionable souls of children, who have the long long thoughts of thought with its illusions, aspirations and dreams, cannot be overestimated. A copy of a picture born in the brain, nurtured by the heart and put on canvas by a son of the Church, who is the mother and nurse of the fine arts, has an influence beyond computing on the mind of the children.

In his "Bethlehem" Father Faber puts it well when he says that of a truth art is a revelation from heaven and a mighty power for God. It is a merciful disclosure to men of his more hidden beauty. It brings out things in God which lie too deep for words. In virtue of its heavenly origin it has a special grace to purify men's souls and to unite them to God by first making them unearthly. If art debased is the earthliest of things, true art, not unmindful that it also like our Lord was born in Bethlehem and cradled with Him there, is an influence in the soul that it almost seems akin to grace.

ARTISTIC STERILITY

We need not dwell upon the fact that, according to "Hurst's History of Rationalism," since the Reformation, something painful, desolate, almost evil, characterizes works of art. We remember how Ruskin, no lover of the Church, bursts out in a flood of impassioned eloquence extolling the works of Catholic artists who sought in prayer cunning for the hand and inspiration for the mind. Copies of their productions can be purchased by the owners of little means. The imagined presence of Madonna, as Ruskin puts it, has not only idealized but sanctified womanhood. And the editor of the letters of Rossetti, who if we remember aright, subscribed to no creed, quotes him as saying "that the world would come to see that the lasting grit of Romish faith—a grit which would probably make it survive all other Christian sects—was based upon the idealization of humanity through the mother idea in the person of Mary, and that whatsoever potent development the Protestant sects might have, they would always, lacking recognition of Mary, be like church services without music which all can join."

NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN

What we must be persuaded of is that pictures that dull the instincts of modesty and delicacy, that can and do impel the imagination to dwell upon sensual pleasure, must be banned. It matters not what the

"critics" say about it. It matters little even if they look upon us with condescending pity. In these matters we are not guided by men, who can see beauty in the sullied and are blind to corruption framed in courtly diction, but by the Church. And the wonder is that many of us have so little of what we call Catholic architecture in our homes. The walls should speak to us of our faith; its adornments should proclaim our pride and glory in it. We should be true to our ideals, and pattern our houses not according to pagan ideas but to principles which are fragrant with purity.

ALWAYS FAIR

We have no desire, we beg to say to a non-Catholic correspondent, to belittle the achievements of Protestants. We are ready, when necessary, to give them just due. We can not be denied the privilege and duty of holding up oft-repeated charges to ridicule, but we do not regard personalities as arguments. Our advice on the question at issue, viz., education, is to read the reputable Protestant historians. They tell what the world owes to the Church. They have no hesitancy in portraying the labors of Catholics who, in days of darkness and bloodshed, kept burning the lamp of learning. The system of instruction in public schools is due to the Church. Every normal school is a reminder of the fostering care of the Church. We might go on on this well-worn theme, but suffice it to point out that educators who are not under the domination of fads are realizing that the methods employed by the masters of long ago, by cowled monks who were as renowned for their learning as for their sanctity, can and should be adopted to-day in order to have results that mean anything. They are realizing that mere knowledge is quite incidental. All reflecting persons are coming to feel that unless schooling makes pupils morally better, purer within and sweeter, kinder, stronger in outward conduct, it is unworthy the name. The madness for book learning is passing, and the sanity that demands character as one of the constituents of a sound education is becoming more and more visible.

REAL HEROISM

The real heroism of our age, says Father Elliot, is not a dash of bravery for God; ours is not the era of the martyrs. It is rather an unvarying patience, inwardly cherished, outwardly maintained under oft-repeated trials. It is constant readiness to postpone judgment with inwardly spoken excuses and palliations whilst untimely and intrusive justice is clamoring at the door. This is love's best achievement—a habit of mind that is considerate of our neighbor's failings for Christ's sweet sake. How soon does one learn the value, not so much to others as to himself, of this kindly way of thinking; for it corrects the inner ferment of a soul nature and it stops the eruptions of foul or harsh words.

AN OLD STORY

We are exhorted to remind our readers that the Y. M. C. A. is an organization Protestant in tone and policy. The varnish of non-sectarianism to which it points is too thin. It may attract some of the brethren who are under the delusion that membership in it is a passport to success, but not the Catholic who has respect for his manhood and faith. If they have means which tend to allure our youth, why cannot we furnish an antidote. We may grumble and complain to no avail. We are not going to compete with the Y. M. C. A. by talking but by achievement. In a word, we should endeavor to satisfy every legitimate aspiration of the young. If we have the gymnasium well equipped, if we can press into service our men of means and education, and drive into them the fact that their lives belong not only to themselves but to others, we may have fewer letters from indignant subscribers.

A SAD SIGHT

There is, perhaps, no sadder sight in the world than the young delving into a mass of filth designated by the critics as a problem novel. These

critics would, if they recommended a deadly drug to the public, be looked upon as enemies of society; but they can with impunity sanction the reading of matter that reeks with corruption as old as the world. It may be garbed in irreproachable diction, but it smells of the gutter and befouls those who handle it. It rubs off the bloom from the soul and fills the mind and heart, that should be tenanted by angels, with things of earth, slimy and repulsive, born only to destroy ideals and to besmirch purity. But nowadays it seems that any author or authoress, who can depict an adventuresome past, can get a public. And the wonder is that some people who are careful, unduly sometimes in the selection of their acquaintances, have never a scruple about hobnobbing with writers who have no standards of fitness and dignity and depend upon morbid curiosity for their success.

THE PROFESSIONAL AGITATOR

The Labor Union should beware of the professional agitator who declaims against the iniquity of Capital and the private property system as the root of all modern industrial evil. Doubtless his picture of a new world untainted by either poverty or misery is alluring to workmen who give of their brawn and brain to employers who look upon them as bits of machinery. It tends to give their leaden sky a touch of brightness. But these noisy talkers do not condition themselves by the facts of human nature. The Socialism which they profess is an impractical scheme. It has failed even in small communistic societies. This world will be always a place of sunshine and shadow. We may cover the land with halls of learning and enact laws of every kind, but human nature will still remain, never, because created to love God, to have perfect peace this side of the grave.

AN ANTIDOTE

To all who are interested in the Labor Problem we recommend Leo XIII's Encyclical on the Condition of Labor. Clear and plain in its enunciation of principles, it is an antidote to the rubbish printed by the yellow journal that "generates a very dirty quality of public opinion." And let us, for the benefit of those who forget, remember that Leo XIII, speaking out of the garnered wisdom of years and guided by history, said that "the maternal love of the Church for mankind is wide as the paternity of God; but, nevertheless, faithful to her origin, and mindful of the divine example, she has always been accustomed to devote herself by predilection to the lowly, to the afflicted, to the disinherited of fortune."

LOOKING FOR A NAME

Whether the Anglican Church in the United States is to make the momentous discovery that though it has been calling itself the Protestant Episcopal Church for over a hundred years it had really been a Catholic Episcopal Church all the time is still uncertain. The comment of the Church Times is significant of the general unwillingness to be associated in any way with Protestantism:—"Innumerable are the non-American Churchmen who are conscious of making a wry face when they say they are in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. We—for we share the difficulty of having to pronounce the title—should welcome the day when it should no longer be necessary to undergo that painful exercise, and we only wish that this forty-fourth General Convention would settle this long-debated question out of hand." Perhaps it will make for the peace of the world when we can all be persuaded that there never were any Protestants, and that the religions wars therefore never took place.—Tablet.

WIFE OF WIZARD

ENTERTAINS ABBOT GASQUET AT DINNER IN NEW JERSEY HOME. Thomas A. Edison and the Right Rev. Francis Aiden Gasquet, Abbot General of the English Benedictines and head of the commission for the revision of the Vulgate, sat down to dinner in the former's house, Glenmont, Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N. J., a few evenings ago; and each marveled at the magnitude of the other's life's labor. The Abbot praised Edison for his inventions which have made the world his debtor to an incalculable extent, and

in turn Edison had this to say of the Abbot: "He has a big job. I have been greatly interested in his description of what he is doing, and I must say that it would be far too much for me!" The dinner at Glenmont was planned by Mrs. Edison. She had as guests Dr. and Mrs. T. O'Connor Sloane, of Orange; their son, Charles Sloane, who is engaged to Mr. Edison's daughter, Miss Madeline Edison, who was present, and Father Langdon, the Abbot's secretary. Mr. Edison did not know of the company until he came home from his laboratory in the evening.

MISSIONS IN ENGLAND

AN OPEN AIR GATHERING IN PICKERING

Father Power, S. J., found himself on holy ground when he came here to give the first mission since the Reformation. The place has been hallowed by the labors of Father Nicholas Postgate, the martyr-priest of Pickering, who died on the scaffold at the age of eighty-three. Immediately on his arrival from Edinburgh, Father Power began the mission with a Rosary Procession through the streets, headed by the cross bearer and acolytes in scarlet cassocks. Before each of the mysteries, Father Power delivered a short fervent prayer, and on his left, the statue of our Lady borne by four men on a litter. A vast crowd had now gathered and listened with the closest attention. The time for the local Kenesite party, composed mainly of a Drayman and an outdoor porter, had not yet come. The procession over, the carriers of the Roman torch-candles rallied round the missioner, who made his way to the top of the great tower, which is one of the many triumphs of Mr. Stokes. It is not easy to thrill a Yorkshire crowd, but there was something like a sensation as the vast concourse of Protestants, with a handful of some forty-five Catholics saw Father Power scale the parapet, his long gown standing out black against the flare of the torches, and proceed to recite over the town at his feet the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus. A fervent response rose up from the depths into the still night air. Then a deep silence followed, as the missioner, whose foothold looked precarious in the extreme, seized the cross and blessed the burgh of Pickering. Then all retired.

As the Bishop of Middlesbrough had foretold, the strong Protestant element was soon in arms. The leader of the opposition was the High Church Anglican Vicar, the Rev. Evelyn Drage, now in charge of the old Parish Church of S. S. Peter and Paul, with his curious frescoes of a date not later than 1450. In a leaflet widely circulated in Pickering, the Vicar protested against many things such as "the Italian Mission," "the alien presence, the Pope of Rome," "the arrogant assumption of the title of Catholic without qualification," etc. Then followed quotations from Cardinal Newman on "the break-water" of the English Church and from Father Tyrell. The printing press of Pickering now entered on a prosperous career. Father Power complained that the Vicar's publication was "marred (1) by bogus history (2) by mutilated quotations, (3) by illiterate English, especially in the closing paragraph." The whole controversy was now wisely restricted by Father Power to the second point, until he forced the Vicar to confess to three "unintentional errors."

Father Power's retort was, "You plead guilty to three mutilations; you are guilty of six in three and a half lines of a leaflet." The prevailing impression among the Vicar's people was that he had made a grave mistake in entering the field at all, and some pressure seems to have been brought on him to apologize to the missioner. He answered in a leaflet that he "never dreamt of apologizing to Father Power, there being no occasion for it." He was never asked to do so by any Catholic.

Every night in the market place, the missioner, standing in a specially constructed pulpit, flanked by cross-bearer and acolytes with lamps, explained the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments, the latter being the more popular subject. All the week, both in Pickering and the adjoining villages, Father Power acted as his own bellman, but was soon confronted by another of the same profession, announcing that a "Terrible Exposure of the Jesuits" would be given by local experts. Some 500 people assembled to hear the drayman, and not one of them stirred when Father Power got up to lecture on the Sixth Commandment. The two policemen had nothing to do even when a Catholic lady from the slums asserted her robust faith by a stinging slap on the face of a no Popery champion. Once when the tiny Catholic procession passed a Protestant orator, the Rosary was drowned by the stentorian cries, "I challenge Father Power to public discussion! He won't accept it! He's a gentleman! He's a coward!" The Catholics moved on, saying their prayers lustily, took up a position in another part of the street, and w

they have at their disposal goes generously towards the Church that I am endeavoring to build. Of course, but little is left for the priest. Up to the present I have almost lived on Mass intentions. Some of my friends in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have sent me a few intentions, but I need more. Can you spare me some Mass intentions?"

The Catholic Church Extension Society has a great many calls on its Intention Department. During the month of July 3,160 intentions were given to missionary priests.

BRACON LIGHT IN CHINA.—Through the generosity of a friend of the missions, Father Wilfrid Hallam, of Wei-hei-wei, China, was enabled to erect a chapel in one of his out missions, where it was much needed. In a letter thanking the society for the chapel he says: "The gift of a chapel to a pagan district is eminently the propagation of the faith; for the faith being firmly planted there, where there is a permanent chapel, diffuses itself to the country round. Friends of the new Christians learn the faith from them, come to see the chapel, admire the generous faith of the donors and take away the impression of things seen and heard to their homes. This process continually repeated on all sides, the parable of the leaven being applicable here, the whole country may become a mass of Catholicity."

WONDERFUL NUMBER OF ADULTS BAPTIZED IN PEKIN.—We spoke recently of the fear expressed by some publications in the United States that China would become Catholic. In fact the tide of sentiment in that country seems to be set strongly towards the doctrines of our Faith. In confirmation of this comes another report from Pekin. The writer is a Lazarist missionary, Father Planchet: "The hopes of reaping a good harvest expressed by me last May have not only been realized, but have exceeded my fondest dreams. I need no longer speak of my 35,000 catechumens, but boast rather of 37,000 grown persons, who have just been baptized in this city. The importance of this event cannot fail to impress even the most inobservant."

"I make haste to publish this authentic statement in order that those interested in our mission can rejoice with us in the extension of God's kingdom in China."

THREE SCHOOLS WITH 1,200 CHILDREN.—If poverty is any title for your help," writes Father Espelage of Tagudin, P. I., I surely can demand your charity. We have here three schools for 1,200 children. Can you imagine what that means? For the support of these schools, aside from what little we gain from the industrial work, we have no resources except charity.

Two priests look after this department, and they find plenty of employment. We have, however, one of the rare examples in the Philippine Islands—that of parish schools instructing the majority of the children in the parish. The accomplishment of this end, so greatly to be desired, makes us bold to apply to you for aid. To keep our own children safe within the fold is worth any sacrifice."

MONEY NOT THE GREATEST ASSIST IN MISSIONARY WORK.—It seems that a new menace exists for some anxious people in the fact that China is in danger of becoming Catholic. The number of converts made in that country has indeed surprised even our priests themselves, and this in the face of a constant lack of funds. Catholics throughout the world contributed \$1,610,151.11, as against \$25,000,000 from American Protestants alone last year. The disparity is indeed enormous, yet the results are not equally discouraging.

The Christian Century remarks upon the state of the Church in China as follows:

"At the close of 1911 there were in China, 1,363,897 baptized Roman Catholics, with 890,985 catechumens under instruction awaiting baptism, according to a Roman Catholic journal published in England and partly reprinted in the Catholic World. Other figures given by the same journal for the same country, follow: Bishops, 49; priests, 1,426 European and 701 Chinese; students for the priesthood, 1,215; nuns, 1,896, of which 1,328 are Chinese. Shall China be Roman Catholic? We think facts like these, once grasped, should result in doubling our efforts all along the line."

The natives of mission countries are close observers of the white missionaries, and the deductions they draw from the patience, industry and self sacrifice displayed by the Catholic apostle are all in favor of him and the doctrine he preaches.

A MARTYR OF THE PRESENT.—It seems that martyrdom in China is not yet a thing of the past, as recent news of China states that a Franciscan Friar, Father Francis Bernat, was put to death in the latter part of June by the pagans.

The missionary, who was located in the Province of Shensi, was a native of Spain, being born at Castellon, March 14, 1876, and receiving the Franciscan habit in 1897. After his ordination, Father Bernat asked to be sent to the Chinese missions, and was entrusted with a large district of which he has become the first martyr.

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CATHOLIC NOTES

Eleven new parochial schools were opened in Greater New York this year. The attendance of pupils show an increase of 12,000 over last year. Then 140,000 were registered; this year the registration is 152,000.

The new English laureate's wife is a convert to the Church, as was Mr. Bridges' brother, the late Matthew Bridges, poet and hymn writer. Dr. Bridges was an intimate friend of the late Father Gerard Hopkins, S. J., the poet.

The Bishop of Rochester, N. Y., says that during the year, the Rochester St. Bernard Theological Seminary had 220 students under 12 professors, and representing 92 dioceses. During the year 23 were ordained for 15 dioceses.

Mrs. Alexander R. Lewis of Metuchen, New Jersey, the only living sister of the well known novelist, Frank H. Spearman, who is himself also a convert to the Catholic faith, was received into the Church recently, making the third conversion out of the 5 children of Simon Spearman of Smyrna, Delaware.

The Marquis de Wentworth's painting, the Death Bed of Leo XIII, presented to the Catholic University, by Mr. John D. Crammins, was recently hung in the reception room of the University Caldwell Hall. It is stated the Catholic Club of Paris offered \$15,000 for it for the French Museum, and that an effort had been made to have it added to the Vatican Gallery.

Right Rev. James A. McFaul, D. D., has taken steps to bring the anti-Catholic Menace to judgment for its recent vile slander on the Catholic Sisters in Camden. Prosecutor Kraft of Camden county, a non Catholic, who by virtue of his office, was called upon to make a thorough investigation of the slander which the Menace published, denounces the story as without any foundation.

A memorial to Father Faber is contemplated in England, and a committee, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, has the matter in charge. It has been decided to erect, in St. Wilfred's Chapel at the London Oratory, a bronze statue of St. Wilfred to whom Father Faber had a special devotion, whose life he wrote before he was a Catholic, and whose name he took after his conversion.

One thousand children, including infants in arms, assembled in the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Montclair, N. J., recently as a demonstration against the race suicide during the mission conducted by Jesuits, who in their mission sermons denounced the modern American tendency to limit the size of the family.

In England the Methodists are following the Catholic plan of giving "Retreats for the People." When a prominent English Methodist was called to task for this by a zealous brother, he responded: "A good method is none the less good for being practised by those from whom one differs in certain respects, and if we are to avoid everything the Catholics do, we should have to give up using the Lord's Prayer."

The late Charles Robert Scott-Murray, while traveling abroad, left his umbrella in a Catholic Church, whose architecture he had been examining. He returned to look for it, and met the priest. Their acquaintance, formed under these peculiar circumstances, ultimately led to Mr. Scott-Murray's reception into the Church. There is a Providence even in the loss of an umbrella.

"Very often and with reason," says the Univers of Paris, "in songs, poems and writings, the statues of the Blessed Virgin, erected on promontories, have been called light-houses—or lighthouses of succor and of hope to sailors and travelers. Of this figure of speech the Spaniards have made a reality. On the coast of Pontevedra, they have erected a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin which is in fact a lighthouse. An immense concourse attended its inauguration."

The Rev. Francis Izard, a Benedictine, recently ordained to the priesthood by the Archbishop of Birmingham, is a fully qualified medical man, and was formerly assistant superintendent of the Staffordshire county lunatic asylum at Cheddleton, near Leek. Six years ago, on becoming a convert to the Catholic Church, he gave up practice in Lancashire, and went as a novice to Eridington Abbey, where in medical and other capacities, he has rendered much acceptable service.

In a little Indian village of Michigan stands a monument cross of Marquette, the explorer-missionary of the Northwest Cross village, as it is known, has about 600 inhabitants equally divided between the white and red races. It was founded as an Indian post upon one of Father Marquette's exploring trips. It was at the site of this little village that Marquette erected a large cross and directed his converts to preserve it forever from time and storm. So clear have been the instructions of Marquette been followed that the cross stands to-day exactly where it was placed by Marquette.