

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, MARCH 14 1908

1534

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AN ASTONISHING PERSON.

A most astonishing person is the gentleman who beams the mental slavery of Catholics. He will not muzzle his intellect at the command of any church and accept things which he cannot understand. It never seems to strike him that what he does understand can be written on a post card, and from birth till death he is surrounded by mysteries. He swallows patent medicines oblivious of the fact that he knows not their ingredients. He takes his baker and his physician on trust. He has confidence in the engineer when he steps aboard a train or steamer. For his facts and conclusions he is in the most of cases dependent upon his fellows. And yet this individual, who perchance keeps a chestnut in his pocket as a guard against rheumatism, or something else for luck, believes only what he can understand.

ONE KIND OF TOURIST.

We gave a copy of the Presbyterian Witness, that had recently some derogatory remarks on South American Catholics, to a non Catholic friend, and asked him what he thought of them. After reading, he said: "The intelligent Protestant is ashamed of such rigmarole." We rejoined that the tried and true Catholic might, if he tried hard enough, convince some editors that religious weeklies should not be the dumping ground for charges that have been refuted times past reckon ing. If, however, they must print them they should deck them in different garb, or set them forth in better diction, or do something to make them less wearisome to the public. Some of the missionaries who ramble in foreign fields see only what they wish to see, viz., their phantasms taking form and reality. This often happens to people astray in the desert of prejudice. Just as a travel-worn voyager sees bubbling streams and sheltering palms where there is but the naked sand, so the missionary sees inquiry and things abominable where there is naught but misinformation and prejudice. Instead of looking out he looks in. But as the belated traveller happens betimes upon water not born of mirage, so the missionary may be led on to see that we are not, to put it mildly, undesirable citizens.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

"Nothing, too, can be gained, says a writer in The Lamp (February)" by scorning the foundations laid in Peter, which in the light of three hundred years of Protestant experience we have now to review and which such men as Dr. Briggs and Dr. Newman Smyth tell us have basic reality; and must be taken into account for the future by devout souls and honest and scholarly minds. It will not do to refuse the cries and its possible results because Peter has been found sometimes in bad company, or because he has not been able in the past centuries to make meek slaves out of politicians and fanatics. One must consider, above all, the question of fidelity to the faith and fidelity to authority. If these cannot be found somewhere, and the whole world knows where they claim to be found, there must come disunity, doubt, decay, anarchy."

THE NEWSPAPER HABIT.

A friend asked Right Hon. A. J. Balfour why he never read a newspaper. "Do you never really read a newspaper," I asked. "No," he replied. "I have no time." He gives to the great writers the time we give to the newspapers. The most of us read newspapers because we have time, and to spare. A good newspaper—that is, a journal which is not a mere record of scandals, crimes and personal gossip, but clean, intelligent in its discussion of events and fair in its treatment of its opponents—ought to be in every home. But to acquire the newspaper habit is to waste time and lose one's individuality, and to hinder mental growth.

"MAN IS SOMEWHAT OF AN OWL."

We protect our watches from dust. Precaution guards their mechanism. To be a time keeper their mechanism must be repaired. But we are not so careful of the soul's mechanism. Unheeding the consequences we expose it to things

that tamper with it and disorganize it. We subject it to the flippancy of the newspaper, to the winds that blow from the desert of low aims and pursuits. And so spiritually we are never on time. We wish to be humble without being looked down upon; patient, but without restraint; obedient, but without anything; penitent, but without sorrow.

THE BEAR GUARD.

If merchants managed their business as some manage their religion, they would not have a dollar on the right side of the ledger. These words were quoted to a friend who is in the rear guard, or rather, who is a member of the society that takes its religion at long range. We refer to those who crowd around the doors of the church. Some are but in their teens; others sport the dowry token of an approaching manhood: a few are grizzled veterans of a thousand Sundays. They are in every manner of grotesque attitude. Some plant their manly backs against the walls and others hug the pillars. Some act as if they had a malady affecting their spinal cord or other extremities. The most experienced have their legs stretched out and wound in various knots. And many of them do not seem to be there for any particular purpose. Some, indeed, have prayer-books for ornament, we judge, while others, who have their hands in their pockets, are, we suppose, fingering their beads. But we advise them to study church etiquette. In theatres and private houses there are laws to be obeyed and they are obeyed. Why, then, should the house of God be a place wherein bad manners and slovenly attitudes are to be exhibited. In other days we had to be careful of our external behavior in church. Hawking and spitting were forbidden, speaking unnecessarily subjected the offender to ecclesiastical censures. The faithful were, while in church, ordered to keep a watch upon the senses, to bear in mind the tone of voice, gravity of manner, decency of habit and the observance of all ceremony and prescribed rite. Not indeed trivial matters, for they concern the silence and decorum and majesty of the altar. Consider, says a saint, with what fear these stand before the throne, who wait on a mortal king. How much more does it behoove us to appear before the heavenly King with fear and trembling and with awful gravity. Here were greater symbols than the holy of holies contained— for here was not the cherubim, here were not the urn and the manna—but the Body and Blood of our Lord.

A CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

A correspondent has sent us a letter denouncing the "bridge whist craze." As he appears to be perturbed over this matter we regret that we have no words to soothe his nerves and to allay his indignation. We know little about it. But as a change of occupation works miracles, at times, where mere advice fails, may we suggest to him to teach the parish gossip the rudiments of the game. The first thing is to catch the gossip. This is a matter of some difficulty, for an adept in the art of scandal mongering is never at a loss for means to conceal the fact. You have encountered in your readings the individuals who made murder a fine art. The less skilled opened the door to eternity for their enemies with a stiletto. This was a messy business and not devoid of danger. The artists smiled upon their foes, and gave them flowers so impregnated with poison as to silence the heart and leave no accusing sign on the body. So the artistic scandal-mongers ply their trade with a wink, a shrug of the shoulders, an insinuation, a dropping of slander's offal here and there, and all the while they look demure, and are very pious, and have an unmeasured contempt for the uncharitable. Now if our friends would corral these people and get them interested in the fascinating game many communities would be at rest. If he does this he should be recommended for the Noble peace prize. The way to victory is rocky, but he would be accompanied by prayers sincere if not audible.

He who has suffered, however, ought, if he has not received his soul's cross in vain, to pass through the world as a living sacrament of divine consolation. For he knows that secret watchword, that counterweight, those words of loving counsel, that find their way to the sorrow-stricken heart and set like balm upon its wounds.

THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF MARCH 7.

TEACHING BY PARABLE.

Were I called upon to explain to the merest tot, in the lowest grade of our elementary schools, the line of reasoning I followed in proving that the spot in question was no other than the site of St. Ignace II, I should profess to be some familiar illustration as the following of easy apprehension for the weaker intellect. Mr. Editor, please call Mr. Hunter's attention to the lesson that he may profit by it.

Two brothers had migrated from their native village to the boundless prairies of our great Northwest, but at different times. They had settled some twenty miles apart, and had not met since their departure from the home land, from which one had received a most important message on family affairs, which he felt it his duty to communicate without delay to his brother, who was a bachelor. Being advanced in years and not accustomed to the saddle, he called John his son, a sturdy young fellow, and bade him run the errand. John had been already trained, to a certain extent, to range the prairie for several miles from the home stead by means of a compass, for as yet there were no roads in that region, only trails, but no trail leading directly to the settlement of Farville where his uncle lived. He had been once as far as a little hamlet, which I shall call Midtown, for convenience sake, not more than ten miles distant. So he protested to his father that he could never find Farville, the settlement where his uncle lived all alone.

In their perplexity they thought themselves of a cripple, their nearest neighbor, who had lived for some time at Farville. The latter expressed his regret that, on account of his infirmity he could not go himself, but that he would have no difficulty in explaining to John how to find his uncle's home at Farville, though the farm houses were a good distance apart, provided John could steer, as it were, by the compass. This John said he could do. The cripple then told him that he would first have to go due south-east to Midtown, for Farville was about in the same direction, and then ride on about ten miles more. He said he was certain that the whole distance to Farville was twenty miles.

But John had another difficulty. One farm house looks so much like another, all through the new country, how could he know his uncle's house without having to inquire of strangers, who perhaps could not speak his language. The cripple told him that he started again, still going south-east by his compass. And he rode, and rode over the flat prairie, where there was no road but only grass, until he saw in the distance, but it was a little to the right, some scattered houses; and knowing that he had ridden about ten miles from Midtown he was pretty sure it was Farville. A boy on a horse, whom he met ten minutes after, told him it was Farville. So he rode, and rode until he came to the first house. It had red hollyhocks in the front yard but no green veranda. And it was just the same with all the other houses. Poor John and Jerry the horse were very tired, and John had nearly lost all hope of finding his uncle's house, when he saw a clump of small trees, the first John had seen for a long time on the prairie. And there was a chimney that showed above the trees, so he was sure there was a house there. It was the last house of Farville, the only one that he had missed. But what made John very glad, it had a green veranda, which none of the other houses had. He tied his horse to a post and ran up the steps, but just as he had his hand on the knocker, for out West on the prairie, they had no electric push bells yet, he noticed there were no red hollyhocks in the front yard. This puzzled him, but he scratched his ear, and with a knowing nod he said half-aloud to himself, "The green veranda is all right, as for the red hollyhocks we shall talk about that later." (He found out after that the hollyhocks were all planted behind the bar). So he knocked and, children who do you think came to the door?

This is the "Parable of the Green Veranda and the Red Hollyhocks" not written by our modern *Beop Ade*.

APPLICATION OF THE PARABLE.

The problem of finding St. Ignace II, the Indian village where Brebust and Lalumet were tortured to death by the Iroquois is similar to the above, that is, as similar as circumstances will allow, since "every comparison goes on three legs."

We have the term of departure known to a certainty, the ruins of the old fort of St. Marie I, then a village St. Louis, lying midway, whose direction is ascertained by consulting Duroeur's map. (Incidentally, it may be remarked here that there is no record existing of more than one site of St. Louis.) The distance from St. Marie I to this midway village of St. Louis is given in Bressani and in the relations.

As for the total distance of St. Ignace II from the old fort, it is set down in Brother Francois Malherbe's obituary, while its distance from the midway village of St. Louis is recorded in Bressani, in two letters of F. Charles Garnier and in the relations.

As for its direction from the old fort it is inferred from the fact that the sum of the two distances, that is, from the Old Fort to St. Louis, and from St. Louis to St. Ignace II, is about equal to the total distance of St. Ignace II from the old fort. So that drawing a line from the old fort through the village of St. Louis and prolonging it will still equal the total distance, the village of St. Ignace II, must lie very little to one side or the other of that straight line. If it were certain that the sum of the first two distances was absolutely equal to the total distance given, then as a geometrical necessity, the third village, St. Ignace II, should be found exactly on the straight line.

But, it will be asked should it be ascertained, after inspection, that several sites really exist at the correct total distance from the old fort, and very little outside the above mentioned straight line, what is there to show us which of the sites was that of St. Ignace II? The answer is simple enough. The bearing indicator is the description of the configuration of the ground, the features of the position, given in the relations and by Bressani, and which nowhere else, for miles around, within anything that might be fairly judged a reasonable distance, finds its counterpart; or rather, its verification. And this Mr. Hunter says just as well as I do. The configuration or shape of the site plays the same role as the "Green Veranda." But how about the potatoes, etc? Oh, the "Red Hollyhocks?" We shall see about them later.

OUTLINE OF ARGUMENT FROM REPORT 1902

The foregoing line of reasoning was put tersely enough at page 92 in the Ontario Archaeological Report, 1902, so that Mr. Hunter had no excuse for not having given it in his letter. It runs as follows:

"To answer off hand, in a word or two, the question: 'What makes you so sure that you have found the site of St. Ignace II?' is no easy matter. To satisfy fully those of an inquiring turn of mind, I must proceed with method, and in answer to the question, formulate a thesis which I hope to make clear and acceptable:

"East half lot 4, Concession VII, Tay Township, is absolutely the only spot.

1. Where the configuration of the ground tallies perfectly with the description of St. Ignace II, given in the Relations and in Bressani.
2. Which at the same time lies at the proper distance.
3. In the right direction from St. Marie I, (The Old Fort)?"

The whole line of reasoning lay there in a nutshell. It took just the last six or seven lines to state it. And why did not Mr. Andrew Hunter, our disinterested propagator of truth and detector of error, whose letter, he tells us unblushingly, was "merely a plain language for historic truth and the use of common sense in matters of archaeological inquiry," why did he not at least indicate this line of reasoning, like an honest critic, then lay bare its weak points, to show that nothing conclusive could be drawn from it? Mr. Andrew Hunter has logical acumen enough to know that a premise is as invaluable so he concluded that the best that could be done (in the interests of truth?) was to ignore it completely.

MINOR PREMISE PROVED.

I shall deal with the propositions numbered off above as 1, 2, 3, in the following order 2, 3, 1; but for fuller developments I must refer you, Mr. Editor, to pages 93 et seq. of the Archaeological Report for 1902.

2 Malherbe's Obituary sets down the distance of St. Ignace II to St. Marie I, (The Old Fort) as two leagues or six miles (Ct. Report on Canadian Archives, Ottawa, 1884, p. XV, and La Semaine Religieuse de Quebec, June 9, 1889, p. 322). The correctness of this distance of two leagues is corroborated by what follows under (1) and (3).

(1) ST. IGNACE II, TO ST. LOUIS.—Bressani says only three miles (Martin's Translation p. 253). Ragneneau in the Relations says, about one league, or about three miles (Rel. 1619, Quebec edit., p. 10, 2 col. line 30 et seq.). Fr. Charles Garnier's letter to his brother Henry, Apr. 23, 1649, has a league or thereabout, or about three miles (Rel. 1649, p. 11, 2 col. line 41 et seq.). A second letter from the same to Pierre Bontar, April 27, 1649 gives also one league (Richemontel, 11, p. 464).

(3) SEE MARIE I, (OLD FORT) TO ST. LOUIS.—Ragneneau says, not more than a league (Rel. 1619, p. 10, 2 col., line 41 taken with p. 11, 1 col., lines 10, 13 essant give two Ital an miles, that is 3704 meters (Martin's translation p. 254, taken in conjunction with p. 253, line 19 and line 28).

The distance given in (1) added to the distance given in (3) makes about two leagues, or six miles approximately. So that according to old records St. Ignace II, lay about six miles from St. Marie I, or the Old Fort. The obituary of Malherbe, where the shrine stands, on lot 4, concession VII, Tay Township, is a little less than six miles, or about two leagues from the ruins of the Old Fort. Therefore it is situated at the correct distance from the well-known ruins.

But is there not at least one authority in disagreement with those just quoted? Yes, there is and that one, Christopher Regnaud, a doctor, aged thirty-six, was with the missionaries in Huronia. In 1659 he returned to France and became a lay-brother. In 1678, all but thirty years after the disaster, he writes a letter to a friend in which the following passage occurs: "Father Jean de Broboz (sic) and

Father Gabriel L'Alemant (sic) set out from our Cabin (Cabane) to go to a small town (bourg) named St. Ignace, distant from our cabin about a short quarter of a league. . . . Which is equivalent to saying, 'from our cabin (and let me suppose that by cabin he meant St. Marie I.) it was less than a mile and a half to the town of St. Ignace.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHURCH AND SECRET SOCIETIES.

A Lenten Letter to the Catholics of Hamilton was read in St. Mary's Cathedral on the 1st of March on which occasion Father Mahoney, the Rector, made a timely and most instructive reference to the Church's stand on Secret Societies. For the following report we are indebted to the Hamilton Times of March 2.

Another warning against secret societies is contained in Bishop Dowling's annual pastoral letter, with the Lenten regulations, read in the Catholic churches of the Hamilton diocese yesterday. Although the Masons, Odd-fellows, Sons of Temperance and Knights of Pythias are named in the letter, it was explained that every society was under the ban, which exacted an oath of blind and absolute obedience from its members, preventing them from revealing to the authorities of Church or State secrets of the organizations.

Dean Mahoney, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, commenting on the letter yesterday, said the papers were in the habit of making sensational headings out of these warnings against secret societies, as though they were something new. On the contrary, they were the old, solid truths and principles which the Church was always preaching. It was the same stand as taken by such an eminent statesman as Edward Blake, who arose in Parliament and spoke against granting a charter to a secret society, when parliament was not in a position to know whether it would effect the stability of the empire or not. Secret societies, with their rituals, their high priests and priestesses, he declared, were a travesty on religion and none of these organizations could be tolerated by the Catholic Church.

For any man to sell his liberty by taking an oath of blind and absolute obedience was ridiculous. The Catholic Church did not exact that of its clergy or the members of any of its religious orders. They took an oath to obey the commands of the Church, but they were not obliged to obey any command contrary to conscience. Catholics who might have unknowingly joined these societies are urged in the letter to sever their connection at once, not mistaking any insurance or other matters involved.

Another point emphasized in the letter was that it was necessary to secure the Bishop's permission to establish a Catholic society in the diocese, and that the chaplain must be appointed by the Church authorities and not elected by the society. Dean Mahoney referred to one so-called Catholic society, which had been knocking at the door of the diocese for several years, and which received the right to elect its own chaplain, just like the secret societies. To expect that the priest would be obliged to join every Catholic society to become its chaplain was absurd. He was glad to say that the Catholic societies in Hamilton were all in harmony with the Church and were doing good work.

TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

"GOD MUST HAVE MOVED MIGHTILY IN HER HISTORY, HER MAJESTIC WORSHIP, HER UNIVERSAL MINISTRY."

The Rev. Thomas Barney Thompson, speaking recently in the Plymouth Congregational Church, Chicago, referred to the Catholic Church as "the most splendid institution the world has ever seen." "Governments," he continued in a tribute to the Church not apt in a Protestant pulpit, "have arisen and gone to the grave of the nations since her advent. Peoples of every tongue have worshipped at her altars."

"The Roman Catholic Church has stood solid for law and order. Her police power in controlling millions un touched by the denominations, has been great. When she speaks, legislators, statesmen, politicians and governments stop to listen, often to obey."

"In the realm of worship her ministry has been of the highest. In employing beads, statues, pictures and music she has made a wise and intelligent use of symbolism. Her use of the vest in music and painting has been the greatest single inspiration to these arts, and her cathedrals are the shrines of all pilgrims."

"The love and veneration of the Virgin Mary plays an important part in the ritual of the Church. I find no difficulty in appreciating the attitude of the Catholic worshipper toward the Mother of Jesus. Jesus is the love of God made manifest. But Christ Himself has often been made so austere, and so unapproachable that a mediator between Him and man has become an insistent necessity. What is more natural than to worship Him through the gracious influence of the Mother? "Aside from this, one cannot help but feel that the enthronement of the Virgin Mary has softened the heart of the world toward womanhood; that it has done much to give woman the place of honor she occupies today;

that it has put the whole Catholic Church behind the sanctity of the home. In the respect given to Mary, the Roman Church has paid the world's finest and most delicate compliment to the grace, sweetness and beauty of motherhood.

"Nor do I discover any difficulty in understanding the basis of the confessional. The confessional appears everywhere in life. The erring child confesses to its mother; the patient confesses to his physician; the accused confesses to his lawyer; the penitent confesses to his priest. It is most natural for the penitent, burdened, doubting soul to confide in his spiritual leader.

"Protestantism has wasted much of its force in a forced revivalism, which would have been unnecessary had we paid wise attention to religious education. We may rail against the parochial school system as being un-American. But the Roman Church existed centuries before there was a United States, and for many of these centuries she was the great agency of enlightenment, education and culture. The parochial school is the most serious and successful attempt to hold people for the religious life. Our country has a magnificent system of public schools. She will teach the children history, science, art, languages; but they will not let the world's greatest literature be taught under their guidance, nor will they help to develop the noblest capacity of the human soul, the capacity for God. This task is assigned to the Church. So be it, and let the Church choose that method which in her wisdom seems the best.

"And so we stand in the presence of her history, her majestic worship, her universal ministry and we confess that God must have moved mightily in all this. We think of her Loyals, her Xaviers, her Fenelons and her Marquettes; we look at her hospitals, orphanages, schools, colleges, monasteries, missions—and we see a Church ministering to the body, mind and soul of humanity. Her weakness is the common lot of every human organization; her strength is of God."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The beatification of Van. Mother Braid, Foundress of the Order of Ladies of the Sacred Heart, will take place at St. Peter's, Rome, on May 24.

The consecration of the Right Rev. Joseph M. Kusielka as Auxiliary Bishop of Cleveland took place at St. Michael's Church on Tuesday morning, Feb. 25th.

Rev. Alvah W. Doran of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, and formerly of St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church, received his parents William J. and Mary R. Doran, into the true fold recently in the Church of the Epiphany.

Abbe Perosi, the famous composer of Oratorios and director of the Sistine chapel, the Papal choir, has obtained permission from the Pope to absent himself from Rome and come to the United States to give there a series of concerts.

Rev. Isaac P. Whelan, Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, N. J., was the intermediary through whom the People's Building and Loan Association received a few days ago \$310 that had been obtained by fraud and forgery in November last from Thos. E. Gleason, secretary and treasurer of the Association.

After the terrible accident which recently took place near Milan, in which a night express rushed into a slow train, and a third train coming from Rome ran into the ruins of the other two, the first to reach the scene were the Fathers of the Order of the Signata of St. Francis, whose convent was nearby. They immediately began the work of saving lives, turning their convent into a hospital for the injured and dying.

The True Voice, of Omaha, Nebraska, says that the daily papers are already making a canonized saint of poor Father Leo, who was murdered in Denver last Sunday. Catholics will accept this characterization with reserve. No doubt the murdered priest was a good man, but he was a martyr in the strict Catholic sense, and it is doubtful if Rome will ever be asked to pass upon his virtues. At least that will not come to pass for many years yet.

I have little or nothing to bequeath, as I have desired to give for the relief of the poor the goods I have given me. So wrote the late Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, in his will, the text of which has just been made public. Cardinal Richard died at the age of eighty-nine years, after serving the Church sixty-four years. When he entered Holy Orders he possessed a fortune of about \$3,000 a year, of which but little is left. The great Cardinal, who handled an annual budget of his diocese amounting to some \$320,000 died, so to say, in poverty.

A few weeks ago an heroic Irish-American policeman, named John T. Lynch, was shot to death while attempting to arrest two thieves. All Boston praised his deed, and the Governor of the State was present at his funeral. But Boston's appreciation did not stop there, and a bill was brought before the Legislature, asking for an annuity from the city of \$300 a year for his widowed mother, who has been deprived of her main support. The bill passed. The Boston policeman is not the only public servant who has sacrificed his life in the performance of his duty, but the cases of their helpless families being provided for are rare indeed.