

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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AT HOME.

In reading the account of the honors conferred on a Catholic priest by the University of Oxford we were reminded that the "whirligig of time brings in his revenges." The priest may have bethought him of the days when his faith was proscribed and its heralds hunted like wolves; and he may have rejoiced that his investiture will, however viewed by the unthinking, be welcomed as a sign of the growing desire of Englishmen to atone in some measure for the wrongs of the past.

Yet he must have been thoroughly at home.

He was in a University founded by Catholics that numbered in its palmy days thirty thousand students, and that was, before the deplorable schism that robbed England of its birthright, the home of gallant and learned defenders of truth. Such was Oxford when under the sheltering shade of the Church. When the "lovers of the Bible," especially the open one, appeared in the land, Oxford's "divinity schools," says Froude, "were planted with cabbages, while the laundresses dried clothes in the schools of art;" and Greene tells us that libraries were scattered and burned, and the intellectual impulse had died away.

OUR GRADUATES.

One of the pleasures of this season is assisting at commencement exercises. We like to see the pupils decked out in their gayest raiment, with their fresh young faces unmarked by care or worry, and with brave, true hearts, longing doubtless to run a course against the error and evil without the precincts of their Alma Mater.

They bring back to us memories of the long ago when life was like a story that held neither sob nor sigh; and they push us back into the past and make us live over again for a few moments the happy time when our simple eyes surveyed the big round world and deemed that nothing it held or owned could dampen our enthusiasm or stay our progress. But that was in the long ago. Years have passed since we bade farewell to our Alma Mater, and yet its influence hovers around us, guarding us betimes from danger and exhorting us ever to be loyal soldiers of Truth.

And that should be the first and fundamental resolve of all our graduates. To-day, perhaps, more than at any period of the history of the Church, there is need of Catholics who know their faith and are ready not only to explain and defend but to portray its majesty and beauty in their daily lives. The graduate who neglects this important duty is untrue to his high vocation and lays up for himself in the years to come a store of misery and unavailing regret. The young man who has deep down in heart the strenuous resolve to be a good Catholic—not one of those who display a contemptuous indifference to authority and a desire to minimize the teachings of their creed—but a Catholic who reverences his Church and everything connected with it and recognizes that he must be an Apostle with heart aflame with the fire which the Master wished to be enkindled on earth, will be a source of pride to his Alma Mater and a blessing to the community in which he lives. He will be a sincere Christian—giving God first place and allowing no demands of the world to override His claims to love and fealty. What an influence such a man would wield! He would be a reproach to the many who are down on their knees before some passing fad; and who, because their pitiful selves must be attended to, and because they cower servilely before human respect and public opinion, push God aside and reckon not with Him in their calculations and plans. He would persuade those who are tossed about on the waves of passion and of worldly ambition, that the possession of all esteemed by men here below has no balm for soul-hurts and no message of peace for the heart-weary, and that life's success

must be judged by its fidelity to the eternal law.

The Nazarene to human eyes was an awful failure. Nothing He had except the garment woven by His mother's hands, and yet that disfigured, crown-thorned and almost friendless Man wrote down on time's annals the record of a victory that has refashioned the world. And so it has come to pass that they only who followed in His steps, true to themselves, because never recreant to duty; rousing the timid to action; sincere in a world of deceit; trustful in the midst of treachery; dispensers of kind words and deeds and stern antagonists to aught that can degrade their manhood, can face death fearlessly and trust that they have not run in vain.

We may appear to be touching on a subject that belongs to the pulpit; but we pray our young friends to ascribe our words of advice to our sincere desire for their best interests.

We wish them every success in their life's work. May they be always true and trustful and pledged to good and honest work that will get them out of the press of the inefficient and place them at the top where there is room enough—and to spare. They have their stations now in the lists; let them do their duty in knightly fashion.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

You remember that an old gentleman, a much esteemed friend, visits our sanctum when his liver is out of order. Quite recently he came upon us, just as we were busily employed in getting up copy. He has the faculty of visiting us at inopportune moments. He does not know, it is of course, for he is the very pink of courtesy; he is simply absent-minded like the individuals of leisure who imagine that dilating on imaginary woes constitutes the chief business of life. Calling up all our reserve politeness, and wondering when he would leave us in peace, we waited for his remarks, explanatory and otherwise.

"Do you know," he said fiercely, "I can make money by going into the newspaper business. I can sell a newspaper published in New York and have 50 cents for my trouble. Yes, sir, it is just the thing for putting under carpets or the wrapping up of winter overcoats. It has two or three good columns, boiler plate in abundance, and an editorial page that I have seen before. Some editors have pointed out the remarkable similarity between it and their own utterances. Is that true?" he asked in an almost menacing tone.

"Well," I replied, "I don't know." "Of course you don't," rejoined our old friend. You don't know anything except that So and So gave an 'eloquent and powerful address' at some tea-meeting or fancy sale. They don't use quotation points at that office. No sir, they have no use for them. What they are after is money from your delinquent subscribers and from every other Catholic who wants the news and nothing but the news; and solid and practical, strengthening and uplifting and all that sort of thing, information about things Catholic.

"I tell you," he continued "you newspaper people have no push. Get some professor to write you a few columns per week, fill up and pad with anything and everything, no matter where you see it; send out 'doggers' stating that you will give every subscriber to the ideal Catholic newspaper a cottage piano and a share in a soap factory, and you will have an immense circulation. You will be called hard names, but what matters that, when the ducats are in your inside pocket."

"That is a very good scheme," I replied, "I'll think about it."

"Think!" he exclaimed. No! "act, or you'll not have money for your winter's coals. Act—be a pirate—a downright cold blooded pirate," and so saying he left us and we resumed our work.

The following words of Cardinal Manning may be read with profit by the editor who descanted a short time ago on the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the Bible:

"The question may have occurred to you, my brethren, as a philosophical difficulty, how it is that able, cultivated enlarged minds should not only be the organs of the grossest slanders about us, but should refuse to retract

them when they have been absolutely silenced and exposed. The very courtesy of civilized life demands from them a retraction: it is the rule among gentlemen that even when an accuser adheres in his heart to what he has advanced against another, yet in that others denying it he accepts the denial and withdraws his words. It is otherwise in the contest with Catholics; when we deny what is charged against our character or conduct—and deny it with irresistible arguments—we not only have reason to desiderate that outward consideration which the laws of society enforce, but probably are blithely told that we lie, and there we are left and the matter too."

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART

The Apostleship in Daily Life.
GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY, 1899.

Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

As our readers are well aware, it was the founder of our Association, Father Gautrelet, of happy memory, who was the first to appropriate the consecrated term "Apostleship" to the ordinary works of piety and mercy when performed by several of the faithful united together with the common motive of God's glory and the salvation of souls. Restricted, at first, to a number of young religious and ecclesiastical students, who were destined one day to continue the work of the Apostles in the exercise of the holy ministry, the term was gradually applied to all the faithful who agreed to unite with them in prayer or in works of zeal, and it now denotes an organization sanctioned by the Holy See, open to all the faithful, and justly regarded by all who know it as one of the greatest helps to Catholic devotion in our times.

The term "Apostleship" has been applied to many movements and associations, with more or less propriety, since Father Gautrelet first used it to designate the spirit of our league of prayers. Indeed it is used so frequently now-a-days as to sound commonplace, and it is too often adapted to recommend schemes that little deserve to bear a name so sacred. Before it was used to express the holy mission of the Apostles it was, and should have been, used with all propriety to designate any other charge or mission as well. Since their time Christians at least have reserved it to express the vocation to special charge of laboring for the salvation of souls, and to derive the full benefit of the term as applied to ourselves, to appreciate the character of our association, and to value the importance of the present General Intention we must bear in mind the exalted meaning of the word "Apostleship," and the strict sense in which we can appropriate it.

If we insist on the meaning of our title, it is because it helps us to conceive the correct idea of our duty as members of the League. It should remind us constantly that we unite together not merely to observe certain practices and to cultivate devotion to the Sacred Heart in a special way, but that in some manner we have like the Apostles, a mission to perform and an object to labor for, and a motive to inspire our labor, which must influence all we do, and that so continuously as to be the dominant influence in our daily life.

First of all we are charged to pray for one another. "I desire, therefore, first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings, be made for all men, for kings and for all that are in high station, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all chastity; for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour. Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth." This is a clear mission, or charge to pray with an object and a motive that are purely apostolic; nor are we to be content with prayer. The Apostle St. Paul bids us: "Therefore let us follow after the things that are of peace, and keep the things that are of edification one towards another," and again, "let all things be done to edification." With prayer we must join action, and while we must refrain from everything that can hinder our neighbor's salvation, we must leave undone nothing we can reasonably do for his welfare, temporal and spiritual, so that we may edify, or at least help to build up in him "God's building," as St. Paul styles us.

We are, therefore, constituted apostles, and though we are not all chosen to administer the sacraments, or to preach, we are still, in the words of St. Peter, "a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." "A chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people, that we may declare his virtues, who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light." In these and other passages of Holy Writ we find not only a justification of the apostolic character of our league, but also an incentive to use all its practices as a means of cultivating an apostolic spirit, and of bringing every action of our life under the influence of this spirit. This is what we mean by praying for an apostolic spirit in our every-day life.

The importance of cultivating this spirit we cannot over estimate. We are all glad to see men coming to the knowledge of the truth; we hail with joy every new means, or movement, that promises to make known to inquiring minds our Christian doctrine and obligations; we support our foreign missions, we go out of our way to help those who are not of our faith to understand what to believe and practice; we rejoice when after careful study and deliberation men or women of trained intellect cast away every prejudice and pay to God the tribute of their reasoning powers by embracing the Church which keeps His truth among men; we are generous in our admiration and praise of all those who are the instruments of such conversions; and all this proves that we estimate the spread of the truth above every other good thing in this world. We are, nevertheless, apt to overlook the chief factors in the work of converting a human soul. Too often we forget that God alone, who knows the secrets of hearts, can lead souls unto Himself; and too often, also, we forget that it is His will that we have all a share in the work, if not by preaching or by administration of the sacraments, by our prayers and by our good example and zeal.

We are favored from time to time with accounts of the steps by which some notable conversions have been made. Missions, special sermons, doctrinal books, have much to do with them; family or other relationship often help to bring them about; but there is one factor which invariably enters into the process of converting a human soul, whether from unbelief or heresy, to the true religion, or from an evil to a good life, and that is the ordinary, every day example of Catholics living in accordance with their faith. This is the silent, continuous, and gradually irresistible influence which we all have in our power, and which we are all bound to apply for the good of those with whom we come in contact. It is vain to talk about the conversion of our country, without living well enough to show the comparatively small number of its citizens with whom we deal, the truth and holiness of Catholic belief and practice. It is not a Catholic spirit at all, but distinctively a Protestant one, which makes us wish to convert or reform others before we have embraced, in deed as well as in mind, the truth to which we hope to convert them.

The mere human instruments and means of converting souls are largely in the possession of non-Catholics. Costly churches, well-salaried clergy, richly endowed seminaries and colleges, books, newspapers, clubs, university extensions, and settlements, and, what is more surprising, a rest less activity in using all these resources to propagate their religious views and practices. For all this their churches are empty, their missions for the most part sterile, and the results they accomplish are never in proportion to their expenditure of money and energy. They are continually comparing to their own disadvantage, their meagre fruits with our own, in spite of our comparative poverty. They are unwittingly pointing out what most urges upon their attention the consistency of our belief and the sanctity of our observances. They may avoid our preachers, and ignore our best doctrinal and conversational books; but they cannot blind themselves to the strong evidence of Catholic life, which is manifested so naturally by every true Catholic, whether taken individually, or as part of his parish or congregation.

It is most important, therefore, that we should appreciate how much every Catholic can and should influence for good every one he meets in the daily walk of life. Even without any extraordinary means beyond those which our holy religion provides so abundantly to all of us, we can extend to others the force of the spirit by which we live. Like the branches engrafted on the vine, we draw our spiritual life from Christ; as His members, we derive all our religious vigor directly from Him. It were strange if we could partake of His life and not impart it to some extent to those who are disposed to receive it. It were strange, too, if we should be content with receiving for ourselves, or imparting to others, a slight share of His divine life and influence when we have at hand so many simple means of having and of giving it abundantly.

Our Apostleship of Prayer is one of the simplest of these means. Its practices, easy and commonplace as they may seem, soon beget in us an apostolic spirit, which inspires everything we do. Uniting us with Christ, and keeping uppermost in our minds His desires and intentions, it makes us pray and work and suffer, with the object and motive He had ever before Him, the glory of His Father and the salvation of our souls. Putting before us each month some leading interest of the Church, our Association gradually develops in us an intelligent zeal, and sustains the same by appealing to our minds as well as to our hearts, by explaining carefully all these interests as they are recommended by the Holy Father. From the Vicar of Christ we are thus constantly receiving the impulse of

zeal imparted to us through his faithful clergy, and the entire force of this impulse is made to affect even the slightest of our daily actions. In this way we live and move and have our very being so influenced by Christ that it becomes natural to us to exercise upon others the influence we derive from Him.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. CHAMPLAIN.

A Dominion Day Exemplar for Catholic Laymen.

When we consider the abundant fruit which the Catholic Church has produced, and is now producing, in this Canada of ours, we instinctively call to mind, with sentiments of gratitude and admiration, the names of those zealous martyr-priests who sowed the good seed, and of the heroic laymen who so ably assisted them in their good work. Very few of the latter now-a-days realize in their lives the Christian vocation. They do not seem to understand that theirs is the glorious mission of not only saving their own souls, but of co-operating with Christ's ministers in establishing His Kingdom among men. On the earliest pages of our country's history we find standing out prominently the names of men whose example the Catholic laymen of to-day, and especially those who are placed in offices of trust, might profitably imitate: daring adventurers like Cartier, brave soldiers like D'Iberville, Catholic gentlemen, Christian statesmen like Maisonneuve, the founder of Montreal, "a knight without fear and without reproach," and lastly one who possessed all those qualities in his own person, the father of New France, Samuel de Champlain.

"The character of Champlain," says Withrow, "was more like that of the knight errant of mediæval romance than a matter-of-fact soldier of the seventeenth century." Reared as he was within hearing of the ocean's roar, his innate love of adventure was fostered by the sight of the billow and boundless Atlantic. He ill brooked the idle dalliance of a monarch's court. He longed to unveil the mystery of the great Western waste and to plant on the shores of America the fleur-de-lis of France. This was with him no idle wish, no phantom project only to be abandoned. Sanguine as became an adventurer, self-denying as became a hero, no obstacle however great could deter him from attaining his end. Twenty times he crossed the stormy ocean, although it was then a greater task than to circumnavigate the world to-day. As his frail craft sailed up Canada's majestic river no human habitation met his gaze. "The white whales floundering in the Bay of Tadoussac, and the wild duck diving as the foaming prow drew near—these were," says Parkman, "no life but these in all that vast wilderness," yet nothing brooked the resolute determination of our undaunted valor of Champlain. When Massachusetts was a wilderness and the Virginian settler feared to penetrate a league inland, and crouched in terror behind his narrow fort, he was planting the white flag of France on shores which even to this day are comparatively unknown. The foremost pioneer of the Canadian forests, he struck the boldest and deepest blow into the heart of their pristine barbarism. We see him with his little band of faithful comrades fearlessly advancing into the very heart of forests, where never before a white man trod and where the wild cat and the beaver held undisputed sway. To view the evening bivouac of Champlain one need only encamp on some of the upper waters of the Ottawa, or on some lonely river still farther distant, places even to this day a solitude. There, around the red camp fire, whose ruddy glow revealed the mighty arms of the adjacent forest, with legs crossed, the red man and the white man sat together eating their evening meal while they listened to the mournful howl of some lonely wolf in the distance, or the soft foot-fall of a prowling wild beast whose glassy eyes glared forth from the neighboring thicket. Brave almost to rashness, he would thrust himself with a single European follower into the very midst of savage enemies, and more than once his life was endangered by the excess of his confidence and of his courage.

It was his zeal for the Catholic faith—that faith so dear to his heart—that led him on in his adventurous career. The great object of his life was to win the wandering pagan to the doctrine of the Cross. He used to say that the salvation of one soul was of more importance than the conquest of an empire. Fame, glory and power he esteemed of less account than the extension of the Catholic faith. To amass riches was the desire of his contemporaries: to find an empire that might be a fruitful field for the sowing of God's gospel, the goal of his ambition. "He would fain," says Parkman, "win from perdition men living like brute beasts, without law, religion or a God." It was this zeal that urged him to establish the Jesuit missions and to send priests to plant the cross amid the primeval forests of Northern Ontario. It was this zeal that urged him to fetch Le Caron out to the wild land of the Hurons, where, not far from where Orillia now stands, he himself had the pleasure of hearing

the first Mass ever celebrated in the wilds of Western Canada. It was this zeal that urged him to act the part of lay missionary and to transform Quebec into a missionary station where the Indian was treated with kindness and led over to the Christian faith.

His own life and actions were in accordance with his views. In an age of universal license his life was pure. A century after he had received the reward of his virtue, the Huron braves spoke with reverence of the confidence of the "great French war chief." He treated the Indians with such kindness and fidelity that, though naturally suspicious, they always put perfect trust and confidence in him. He was always social with them. At their feasts he attended with seeming satisfaction, and smoked the pipe of peace as it went its round. He invited them into his hospitable refectory, and when it came his turn to act as host, he waited on each individual group with as much politeness as he could bestow on a king. There, in that refectory, while the appetite of the Indian was being appeased, he heard the word of God issuing from the lips of holy men, and was taught to hope in life beyond the grave. Thus did Champlain by word and example win the pagan to the faith. What a contrast with some of the would-be civilizers and evangelizers of our day, whose secret motive is self, who have no love for the poor savage, and whose motto has been well expressed in these words, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

We cannot but admire the self-denying fortitude and patience of this great hero. The companion of Indians and the sharer of their toil, he exhibited more patience than they. At one time we see him loaded down with rowing equipments trudging over the rugged portages and subsisting whole days without food. Again we see him drawing the canoes with ropes or shoving them with poles up the shallow streams where the wild duck found scarcely depth to swim. During the long winter—"and there are six months of winter," says Champlain—he upheld the drooping spirits of his companions by his cheerful endurance of the privation and disease that proved fatal to so many of their number. To be pent up in a rude hut and ill protected from the biting blast of a Canadian winter was indeed a severe trial for one accustomed to the mild climate of France. But he had to suffer more. His little colony was in constant danger of being butchered by the fierce and treacherous natives. Receiving no encouragement from home, he was constantly harassed by rival traders who were jealous of him. In such a situation any man less persevering than the "Father of New France" would have yielded to despair. Nevertheless, with unflinching patience he labored to attain his object. From the day that he planted the lilies of France at the foot of Cape Diamond, until his death, he devoted himself to the infant colony and kept it alive in the face of enemies at home and abroad, and discouragements enough to have shaken any determination save that of courage founded upon faith.

To the last he recognized in him a chivalrous devotion to duty and a calm, self-reliant courage that never faltered in the face of any difficulty. He refrained from the lucrative traffic with the Indians. The glunge of the quines had no charms for him. He was a man of wide views and nobler nature. He possessed, besides, that high tone of personal honor and truth that raised him in the esteem of his associates. No character in the history of Canada can lay higher claims to honorable fame. His writings, wherein he graphically and truthfully describes the life and customs of the wandering savage of the West, best reveal his true character—everything to the point, nothing about himself, but all for his object. In relating his actions he displayed such modesty and ability as won the admiration of all. He touched the extremes of human experience among diverse characters and nations. "At one time," says D'Arcy McGee, "he sketched plans of civilized agrarianism for Henry IV, and Richelieu, at another planned schemes of wild warfare with Huron chiefs and Algonquin braves."

The memory of Champlain will ever live in the minds of Canadians. A monument now commemorates his fame, but his real monument is our country. The founder of many towns, the patron of all the missions, the friend of the Indian, the first and best governor of New France, his name is imperishably written on the foremost pages of her history as a man of genius, of pure and untarnished honor.

It is well for us to gather instruction and inspirations, on each recurring anniversary of Canada's feast, from the lives of her noble sons. He whose character I have attempted to portray teaches the youth of the Dominion, and those who are placed in high stations, what excellence there is in a noble, honest life characterized by a devotion to duty and forgetfulness of self; and the multitude of Christian people who now dwell in peace and plenty throughout this grand country will ever hold in grateful remembrance the name of the man whose zeal and wisdom first redeemed it from the desolation of the wilderness.

F. O'S.