

The Catholic Record.

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

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A SORRY JEST.

Some well-groomed and well-fed individuals wax merry sometimes at what they are pleased to term the crazy performances of socialists. They would have us believe that the socialist is a creature unkempt, illiterate and given to undue bemoaning of his condition. For our part we fail to see either the wit or aptness of their observations. It may strike them as meet for laughter why they who cry for bread wonder bitterly why ostentation is clad in splendour and they in poverty's shabby livery. But it is rather a sorry jest—one that moves to tears those who understand. The bandit barons grew humorous over the sufferings of their victims, and the King and his courtiers, looking out from palace windows at the horde of the wretched and downtrodden, jesting, forgetting the while that their own fortunes were on the wane. They did not dream that men, who had tumbled in their presence and gave of themselves and substance for the maintenance of kingly power and pleasure, would ever dare to do aught but obey their every caprice and behest.

WE MUST NOT JEST.

We, however, cannot afford to jest. The mist of material comfort may blur our vision. We may ignore want, or seeing it, adopt the don't care policy of the pagan. We look upon our tolling and suffering brethren as if they were natives of another planet, alien to us in every way. If, however, poverty and wretchedness exist we must either contribute our quota to their alleviation or run the risk of encouraging the sufferers to seek relief in socialism. Not indeed that we can wipe away all tears or take off all the burden from aching backs, but in loving them we can show that Christianity has not lost its vitality.

MAKE OUR OWN HISTORY.

It boots little to descant on the deeds of other days. It is a far cry to the early Christians as to the days of the Florenti. Our past history may incite us to be worthy of our forbears. But to warm ourselves at other fires to the easing of our conscience will do nothing for those who live now and care nothing for the chronicle of charity and justice written by our sages and saints. What they wish to see is achievement. Words cannot save their hurts. It is a duty to show that Christianity is a barrier to wrong and oppression, and to prove by deeds that justice and human brotherhood find their meaning and support in the words: You are all brothers and of one Father Who is in heaven.

WORK FOR EDUCATORS.

It seems to us that our educators could devote time to some purpose by interesting themselves in the labor movement. The movement is growing apace. Tainted in some sections of the country with socialism and in others wedded to Christian principles, it needs direction, sympathy and understanding on the part of those who are prominent in the community.

We may be certain that the workmen, compacted into one body, and as time goes on with ever-increasing power, are destined to be no negligible factors in the upbuilding of Canada. With competent leaders, and in Parliament with their representatives bearing no allegiance to either political party, they may hold the balance of power, or be in such a position as to exact a very attentive hearing from Canadians. They are not so apathetic as formerly in regard to their conditions. They are beginning to recognize their possibilities and to play the political game "off their own bat." The worker is well aware of the potency of sympathy and loving kindness, but he complains that these qualities are not visible in every day life.

THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

Property rights, says Bishop Spalding, are sacred, but not absolute—they do not imply that a man may do what he likes with his possessions. He may not do what he likes with himself, but only what is becoming and worthy. A decent physical existence for those who labor for employers should be considered a first charge in the business: and the wages should be sufficient to make it possible that they found a family under conditions compatible with right human life, and favorable, therefore, to mental, moral and religious improvement. The wages does not constitute

the sole relationship between master and workman, for in all human associations rights and duties are involved of which money can never be the equivalent.

THE LITERARY CRITIC.

The literary critic of to-day is, with a few notable exceptions, a very pretentious and most amusing individual. He bows and grines at the beck of the publisher. He emits profound nothings about technique and writes copiously, if not intelligently, about the subtlety and obscurity of motives. In books which are mainly dirt he discerns a rare beauty. Adultery and running away with another man's wife are but indiscretions—an outbreak of the spirit that brooks no conventionalities. Descriptions of sensuality, pictures of passion, dallying with and defiling both modesty and delicacy, are, in his jargon, but human narratives. And some of us take him seriously. Is it due to prurient curiosity? But how anyone with a due regard for imagination and judgment can see beauty in impurity—in the reek of the divorce court and dishonored family—passes our comprehension. The style may be splendid, but we do not drink poison because it happens to be in a cut glass bottle. But then we are told these books are modern and devoid of puritanic prudishness, and devoid, also, we may add, of anything that can entitle them to any consideration from people who recognize their dignity. Their only modern characteristic is the shameless treatment of the subjects which are centuries old, and, in the opinion of the sensible, fit for the dissecting-room and the police court. They have, we grant, a freedom of expression, which, however, not many moons ago was supposed to be the property of the denizens of the underworld. But, guided by our standards of worthiness, we are not prepared to extol the phosphorescent gleam of corruption as a radiant star, or rhapsodize over mud pies as producers of mentality.

TORONTO TO THE FORE.

Toronto is exuding loyalty these days. It may be on account of the Dreadnoughts fever or merely to give an opportunity to our friends of the Lodges to unload their fiery eloquence upon a long-suffering public. But if they really and truly mean to build a war-ship we beg to nominate the gallant Colonel as commander.

If we remember aright he saved, or promised to save, this country from the machinations of people in and around Quebec. His words of fire seethed and sputtered to the terror of the enemy, and when he threatened to bring his trusty musket into action all opposition faded away like snow before the sun. But imagination keyed up to madness pitch cannot depict what he would do with a ten-inch gun. Still we may as well bear in mind that we cannot build up a permanent nationality with war-ships. Our chief danger is from ourselves, or, as Jules Simon put it: "A people dies only by the relaxation of its morals; by abandoning its manly habits, by the effacement of its character through the invasion of egoism and scepticism. It dies of its corruption. It does not die of its wounds." If our Toronto friends should extricate themselves from the maze of misconception and prejudice and come into the sunlight with open minds and kindly hands, and admit that contentions and rancour are barbaric, and that sneers at creeds other than their own are un-Christian as well as un-Canadian, they would do more for the Empire than any number of war-ships. The statesman, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, knows that the greatest safeguard is in the hearts of a united people, and its weapons the love and amity of all who do homage to the flag.

The Power of the Press.

"Talking about newspapers," said Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, the other day to a Roman newspaper man, "talking about newspapers, permit me to express the pain I feel every time I come to Rome and find that the immoral and anti-clerical press is every day gaining ground. This morning I went to celebrate Mass at the church of S. Francesca Romana in the Forum. It was early and near the church stood a news-vendor. Every one of the working men who passed by bought his paper, and went on his way reading it attentively. They were all anti-clerical sheets. And then I thought: How is it that you do not succeed in giving greater development and circulation to the Catholic press in Rome? Take my word for it—the necessity of consecrating all our forces to the development of the press at the present moment. I, Bishop as I am, would lay the building of a church in order to help in the founding of a newspaper.—Rome.

CONFESSION EXPLAINED TO PROTESTANTS.

LECTURE BY A CONVERT—A BLESSED AND CONSOLING SACRAMENT—HOW IT HAS BEEN MISREPRESENTED.

The impressive words in which Father Henry G. Graham availed himself of the opportunity on a Sunday evening last at the Co-operative Hall, Motherwell, to explain the true character of the confessional for the benefit of Protestants will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. The audience was large, attentive and intelligent. Father Graham said:

"There is perhaps no doctrine or practice of the Catholic Church about which there is more misunderstanding, distortion, and I will even say calumny, than this of confession; no doctrine so much used as this to scare and frighten people away from Rome as the sink of iniquity and the 'abomination of desolation.' The general idea among Protestants concerning it, we may say, is six-fold: (1) The confessional is a source of corruption and immorality both to priest and people; (2) it is an unholy means of making money; (3) it weakens and destroys a man's will power, saps his moral strength and makes him less able to resist evil and depend upon himself; (4) it is degrading and disgusting to go and tell your sins to any mortal, sinful man, and is a bad thing for penitent and confessor; (5) it interferes with the peace of families, and causes strife and discord and jealousy between husband and wife; (6) and, worst of all, it puts the priest blasphemously in the place of God, setting him in the tribunal of judgment to forgive sins, thus usurping the right which belongs to God alone as the great Judge and Calumnious.

"Now, I am free to admit that a few years ago I myself, if I should not have believed and subscribed to all of this, at least would have been silent and been unable to refute or deny it. But now I know differently, and I stand before you to-night to declare, and I can do so with confidence, that all such charges are false and calumnious; that they are hollow and devoid of any solid basis in fact; that they are merely repeated over and over again to terrify and delude and repel you by persons who have not and never had any personal knowledge of the confessional, and do not even know what confession is, and could not tell you what the penny catechism teaches on the subject. And, lastly, I stand here to declare with all the earnestness of my soul that the sacrament of penance, so far from being the black and hideous and soul-corrupting institution that it is represented, is, after the Holy Eucharist itself, the most blessed and consoling of all the seven sacraments; that it brings peace and joy and comfort to the troubled soul; that it strengthens a man's will and fortifies his character; that it gives assurance of God's forgiveness and certainty of reconciliation to the sinner through the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ as nothing else could possibly give, and that, in short, to every contrite, rescued from the confusions and doubts and horrible uncertainties of Protestantism, it always appears as the most blessed instrument ever raised by a merciful God for the saving and sanctifying of souls, and an irresistible proof of the divine origin of the Catholic Church.

No words can express the sorrow I feel that so many dear Scotsmen and Scotswomen should be so deluded and befooled and blinded in regard to the supposed horrors of this life-giving institution. I would I had the tongue of an angel or apostle that I might be able to sweep away all your cruel and painful doubts and difficulties concerning it, and annihilate all the baseless accusations, the whole mass of the confusions and filthy fabrications piled up against it. I cannot tell you how indignant and angry and impatient (and I hope lawfully so) I often feel that so many souls, good, pious, earnest and God-fearing, with the latent capabilities of achieving a high degree of sanctity, should nevertheless be deprived of this most sweet source of grace, and be kept back from mounting up the ladder of perfection by an ignorant and irrational dread of what would be to them, if they only knew it, by experience, the most encouraging and comforting of helps to aid them in their journey through this desert land towards their heavenly home.

"I hope, in the time at my disposal this evening, to do something to assist you to understand the nature of this great sacrament and its blessings to the soul; and so long as there is breath in my body and a drop of blood in my veins I hope and pray that I may ever employ it in leading people who love God to love also His one true Church, and so to come to love and treasure that beautiful and most merciful sacrament, so maligned, so slandered, so misunderstood by others, but for that very reason so much prized and venerated by every child of the Catholic Church.

"A RESURRECTION OF THE SOUL." "Not until the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, will it be known how many souls have been plucked from the very jaws of hell, and how many more have been advanced on the way of perfection by the instrumentality of God's sacrament of penance. There is the man, for example, whose conscience is loaded with five or ten or twenty years of accumulated sin. Upon his face are branded guilt and shame, confusion and remorse. There kneels the wretched man by the side of the confessional, his head upon his hands, pondering over his sins, ashamed, like the publican, to lift up his eyes to heaven, afraid to open the door of the box and enter and lay bare the iniquities of his heart to God's priest—

whom yet he knows in such a case to be his best and truest friend, and not only his best friend, but the absolutely indispensable instrument of God for applying the cleansing blood of Christ to his soul. At length his turn comes. He summons up courage; he rises, trembling, and glides into the mercy seat. No human ear will ever learn what there took place, but this at least is certain, that during the few minutes spent at the feet of the priest of God a resurrection has occurred more wonderful than the raising of Lazarus from the tomb, a resurrection of the soul from the grave of sin to a life of grace and love of God.

"During these precious moments a drop of blood, as it were, from the cross of Christ has fallen upon his black and sinful conscience and washed it white as snow. All his past sins are blotted out, clean swept away as by a torrent; forgotten, forgiven as utterly and entirely as though they had never been. He is restored to the peace of God, reacquires his merits, is established in a state of sanctifying grace, a child of God, a brother of Jesus Christ, an inheritor of heaven. He comes out, and there is a quickness in his step, joy in his countenance and a new light beams in his eye. And if you ask him why, he will tell you that he has experienced the goodness and forgiveness of Almighty God; he has got another chance, another period for penance and amendment, another proof of God's long suffering and tender mercy. He is God's friend once more; he was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

"The next moment perhaps you may see some sleeping lightly into the sacred tribunal whose soul is already almost as pure as snow; one whose whole life, day by day, is spent in the presence of God; one whose mind and heart never are, and never have been, stained by any grievous offense against her Lord. A few imperfections, some little faults, perhaps unavoidable in the circumstances—such trifles as these are all that ever occur to distress her devout soul and form the material for her self-accusation. The weekly confession, the frequent, perhaps even daily, communion of the Body and Blood of her Saviour keep that soul so bright and beautiful in God's sight; her conscience is so delicate, so sensitive, so truly scrupulous that the smallest speck of dust, so to speak, that falls upon it is at once detected, and causes her as much pain and regret, perhaps even more than would a hideous crime to the man that I spoke of but a moment ago. Little need for forgiveness or absolution in such a case as hers. What she wants is spiritual direction, kindly advice how to advance still further on the road of penance and humility, of love of God and union with Christ.

"THE SCIENCE OF THE SAINTS." "Ah, my dear friends, none but Catholics can adequately realize the heights and depths of the spiritual life; none but Catholics know to what heroic and sublime perfection even the poorest and meanest of God's children, whom externally perhaps you would be inclined to despise, can and do attain by the help of His holy sacraments. In the Catholic Church, and in her alone, indeed, is the science of the saints.

"Now listen. Year after year, week in, week out, day by day goes on throughout the Catholic Church this ministry of reconciliation. Kings and courtiers, paupers and beggars, princes and peasants, young men and children, old men and maidens, beggars and plowmen, business men and tradesmen, keen lawyers and sharp politicians and great statesmen, poor and rich, clever and stupid, priests and Bishops and monks and nuns, all, and the Pope himself—I say these are to be seen in some church or other within the bounds of Catholicism approaching with contrition in their hearts and humility and love of God the sacred tribunal from which is dispensed the free forgiveness of Jesus Christ, their common Saviour. Will you tell me that all these people are befooled, blinded, besotted? These the best and brightest and holiest in the world? Would they be going to humiliate themselves like that, and subject themselves to the trials of a confession, and place greater restraints and penance upon themselves if the thing was a mere human invention—if they hated it, and loathed it, and felt it to be an engine of degradation and corruption? They are only bound to go month after month, or year after year, or even fortnight or even week. Do you seriously tell me that all these great and influential ones of this earth, these aristocrats and scholars, the highly-born and the intellectual leaders, such as we see in every land, but especially in Catholic lands, as well as the common crowd of millions of every nation and color and class, and speaking different tongues, for all I know—are they all believing a lie, keeping up a solemn farce?

"ONE OF THE FAIREST WORKS OF GOD." "Be persuaded that it is only by the perverse and lies of men who think evil in their hearts that this, one of the fairest works of God, has been blackened and made to appear so foul and false. Rather believe those who know it and have experience of it. Believe those who tell you that not more blessed was the Magdalene when she felt the Precious Blood drip from the wound of her Saviour upon her once sin-stained soul than is the penitent sinner that to-day approaches the priest of God, whoever he may be, and receives the absolution that is ratified in heaven. Think kindly, I ask you, and fairly of this great sacrament that commands the belief and devotion of so many millions of the choicest souls. Pray that God in His mercy may give you to understand and know the truth about it, and I promise you the truth

make you free."—London Catholic Times.

WATERLESS BAPTISM.

The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked has taken upon himself the responsibility of instituting a sacrament. He has held till recently the tenets of the Baptist Church, which restrict baptism to adults only, but having found that opinion inadequate to satisfy the claim of children to salvation, and unwilling to adopt the doctrine of the Catholic Church as it has been practiced from apostolic times, he has determined to construct a system of his own. The ever old, yet ever forceful question, "By what authority dost thou do these things?" should have been answered before he laid his thoughtless and irreverent hands on so holy and so necessary a means of grace as baptism. The new rite will be administered without the use of water. It will be a dedication of infants to Christ, and is intended as a substitute for the baptism in other denominational churches. Prayer and the singing of hymns will precede the ceremony, and the parents will promise to rear the child in Christian principles.

It is difficult to understand the deliberate postponing of baptism by those who admit that it is necessary for salvation. It seems strange that man should have the hardihood to take the words of Christ and give them an interpretation which is astonishing to all who have a principal of procedure as "Where the law itself makes no distinction, man is forbidden to invent distinctions." When every child of man may be an heir to the kingdom of heaven, not by personal merit, but through the infinite atonement of Christ, he who departs from the path of greatest safety, the practice of infant baptism, for novel and unauthentic theories, places himself between Christ and the human soul, and rejecting the divine command, cleaves to his own vagaries.

It remains undetermined as yet whether the new holders of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church will follow this shepherd into pen and dangerous fields, or whether they will demand the source of his power to establish what the Christian world never conceded except to divine omnipotence.—Pilot.

CHURCH UNION.

The Casket. The Presbyterian Witness notes the fact that at the recent meeting of the Anglican Diocesan Synod of Montreal, the newly elected Bishop Farthing declared the acceptance of episcopal government to be an indispensable condition of Church Union, so far as Anglicans were concerned. Our Anglican temporary says it fully expected the adoption of this position, and while intimating that it is one which the so-called Evangelical churches cannot accept, it appears to take it with perfect equanimity, concluding its remarks on the subject as follows:

"Our Anglican brethren have intimated with much frankness that their ideal is rather to seek union with the Asiatic and Roman Catholic Churches, than with the non-Episcopal Churches. We trust their experience in this line will prove profitable, although thus far the churches thus to be recognized have been slow in reciprocating respect for, or recognition of, the orders of the Anglican Church. It may be that greater intimacy may mend matters in this regard.

"We should really like to have a snapshot of the editor's face as he penned that last sentence. It expresses in his own unctuous manner precisely the same notion which the late lamented author of 'The Habitant' makes one of his characters put in this wise:

MYTH DISTURBS ORANGEMEN.

The practical joker is not, as a rule, much troubled about teaching useful lessons, but when he victimized Mr. William Moore, M. P., one of the representatives of the Orangemen, he conveyed to Parliament and the public a moral which all who run may read. Mr. Moore is a gentleman who takes a genuine delight in endeavoring to make the inhabitants of Great Britain believe that the wickedness of the people of Ireland, the country where he represents a constituency, is past imagining. No matter how pleasant or how peaceable the Irish Catholic may look, he is always, in Mr. Moore's opinion, brewing mischief. Mr. Moore's Parliamentary life, therefore, consists of a daily array of many questions as to what measures the Government have taken or intend to take in order to prevent this or that crime, or to punish this or that criminal. On Thursday, March 11, he inquired in tragic accents what the Government meant to do with Mr. James Hogan, J. P., of Kinvara. Mr. Hogan, he stated, was a plague in the community. He was a boycotter and oppressor, and had been inflicting suffering on innocent people. The lawbreaker had been brought before the magistrates for his misdeeds, but being of his religious and tragic belief, they acquitted him. The Resident Magistrate had unavailingly protested against the scandal, and the County Inspector had urged the institution of further proceedings. The Attorney-General for Ireland had, however, refused to act on the suggestion, and the audacious Mr. Hogan, of Kinvara, was still at liberty. Mr. Rodmond Barry, amidst the laughter of the house, informed the hon. member that Mr. James Hogan, J. P., was a myth—that no such person exists at Kinvara.—Liverpool Times.

"As One of These."

"He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." (St. Matthew xviii, 6.)

Oh, the eyes of a child, the eyes of a child,
See far—see fair—
Lest they be clouded for fault of thine,
Take heed—beware!

Oh, the ears of a child, the ears of a child,
Hear fine—hear far—
Hush! Lest they answer for word of thine,
Before God's bar!

Oh, the heart of a child, the heart of a child,
Is so rare a thing;
Tender the touch which should tunc each fine
Sensitive string.

Oh, the soul of a child, the soul of a child,
Is white as the flame,
And pure as the Pentecost fire that once
From Paradise came.

And if His gracious gift has given
To you—or me—
Better to-day than trust betrayed
The stone—the sea.

—Kate M. Cleary, in Extension.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

By the will of the late Joseph A. Connor, of Omaha, five or six parochial schools will be built in that city. Each building will cost in the neighbourhood of \$20,000. An endowment fund of \$2,000 for each school is provided for. A Spanish exchange states, apropos of the announcement that Pius X. will educate 1,000 boys orphaned by the earthquake in South Italy, that various French priests have offered the Holy Father to adopt, feed, clothe and educate 1,000 more, if agreeable to the Italian civil and ecclesiastical authorities.

One of the largest paintings ever made in the United States on a single stretcher, a mural painting of the Crucifixion, by William Laurel Harris, probably will be unveiled at Easter in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York. The stretcher measures 55 by 20 feet, and the canvas for it was woven in one piece in Holland.

For remarks derogatory to the character and fame of the Blessed Joan of Arc, the students of the Latin Quarter in Paris rushed from the lecture room in the university Professor Thalman, held an indignation meeting, formed into parade, surrounded the Professor's house and threatened his violence. The police had to interfere.

The State of Louisiana maintains a home for lepers under the supervision of a state board of control. In their biennial report the board states that successful management of the leper home should be given to Sister Benedicta and five other Catholic sisters, who have entire charge of the domestic affairs and of the nursing and providing for the comfort of the patients.

From Ambryn Islands in the South Pacific ocean news comes of the drowning of Father Perthuy and Sister Marie Clement, Catholic missionaries, and some Kanakas. The Sister, exhausted while clinging to the wreckage of the capsized boat, asked the priest to administer the last sacrament to her. She died soon afterward, and while the priest was administering the sacrament to one of the Kanakas, he himself expired.

Near the city of Vancouver, B. C., is a settlement of the Squamish Indians. The former warriors are well housed, and the industries, prosperous farmers. There is a neatly kept frame church, and on the public square stands a full-sized crucifix with the inscription, "Erected as a memorial of solemn homage to Jesus Christ by the Squamish Indians, A. D. 1900."

His Holiness Pope Pius X. has granted the bishops of America, Oceania and Australia, the privilege, when going to Rome, of saying Mass daily on board ship during their voyages, and also on their return, provided that the place at their disposal be fitting and suitable; the sea so tranquil that there is absolutely no danger of spilling the Sacred Species from the chalice, and another priest—if present—assist in surplice the Ordinary while celebrating.

Jean Webster, the author of "Much Ado About Peter," is a grandniece of Mark Twain and the daughter of the old publisher Charles L. Webster. After leaving college in 1901 Miss Webster traveled in Europe and spent much time in Italy. One year after a winter in Rome, when she wanted to retire to some quiet place to do some writing, she induced the nuns in a convent in the southern part of Italy to let her live there for over two months.

In regard to the approaching beatification of the Maid of Orleans, Blessed Joan of Arc, the London Athenaeum (Protestant) says: "A good deal has been written during the last two weeks concerning the tardy 'preparation' made by the Church of Rome to the memory of the saint burnt by her five centuries ago." The insinuation is incorrect in fact and theology; the Church was never at any time responsible for the burning of Joan of Arc.

It is intimated that Channey O'Leary's donation to the Catholic Church Extension Society will be used in building a memorial chapel in the memory of his mother in the archdiocese of New Orleans. What a shining example for many Catholic people who are supposed to have a good deal more Catholicity than actors!