

# 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 WASTE OF INK AND PAPER.

A book has been sent to the office with a request for our opinion of it. We may say that this particular volume is written by a woman who hails from the breezy west and whose claims to literary distinction are vouched for by herself. Our readers doubtless have seen the work referred to in the daily prints and need not be enlightened as to its title.

Our humble opinion is that it is a waste of ink and paper. The writer plumes herself on being bold and bad, but she is merely stupid. However, the publisher has managed to get it acclaimed with more or less joyousness by the individuals we suppose who are wont to grow maudlin over murderers and outlaws. We may be wrong on this supposition—but there are still about ground some who are not to be lured by epigrams to the perusal of crude feminine vapors.

### THE RESULT OF SUPERIOR WISDOM.

Our Anglo-Saxon friends are making up and displaying an amazing fertility of invention. One gets the idea from histories written for their benefit that they are usually stolid and unimaginative, blunt and latent at all times upon rendering justice to others. We have alluded to this fact before, but recent events constrain us to put it again before our readers. And it is all the more remarkable when we remember that the fanciful devices of the Latins are viewed with contempt by the average Briton.

Why, when it was suggested that Mussolini, the brigand, should, on some pretext or another, be given his liberty, an esteemed editor worked himself into several kinds of a fit at the very thought of it. What thwarting of justice and various other things! When he heard of the unspeakable antics of the Orangemen in Ireland he was silent! We venture to say that he could have advanced excuses for the unvarnished brutality of these blackguards—for some editors have elastic consciences when it comes to dealing with outrages against Catholics. It would not be parliamentary to say that he and his kind are smug hypocrites, for a Briton is never a hypocrite. It is so alleged by his enemies, but we know him as the very embodiment of honor. True, he is adopting the method of explaining away things that were wont to be looked upon as infamous and unjustifiable, but this is merely the result of his superior wisdom. Perhaps he is trying to emulate the example of these good people of the United States who assure us that the weather is responsible for the "water cure," and that other gentle pastime of skinning the Filipino alive and then roasting him. We do not know, and our readers may glance over the following news from London and decide for themselves. A despatch of Sept. 6 informs us that

"Since the Old Daily sessions five weeks ago 20 people have been murdered in London. In the same time there have been 350 deaths from violence, including 60 suicides."

Pretty bad record for the people who, as say our Ontario brethren, glory in the "open Bible." So we thought at first, but a well-known London specialist has shown us our mistake. He lays the blame on the weather. It need not be too hot, he explains, to drive people mad. It need be only depressing; and it has been that. He has also a theory that the liver has a great deal to do with these murders and suicides.

How delightfully simple and enlightening, and what a consolation for Londoners to know that these suicides were insane and the murders due to the weather and a torpid liver! The theory, however, has its disadvantages. The Londoner may stay in doors during a period of depressing weather and avoid the danger of being sandbagged. But how is he ever going to escape the man with the deranged liver who may run amuck in any kind of weather? According to this theory anarchists, and such, should be given a dose of pills and not prison. The noble lords and ladies who keep the sewers of the divorce courts in operation are moved by forces beyond their control. Things of all kinds may ply their trade with the hope that if ever they come to trial they may be discharged with the caution to get their livers running smoothly.

But suppose these murders took place in Dublin, and a Dublin specialist put

them down to the liver! Would the London press, which is chuckling over the wisdom of the London specialist, give him a hearing, or would it publish reams of stuff about Irish lawlessness? We are sure that short shrift will be given to any such picturesque theory emanating from an Irish source. But let us hope that London may become a model city though it is placed before the world with a record of 20 murders, 290 deaths from violence, and 60 suicides, all in one week. And whatever happens they can call upon the specialist of weather and liver fame for explanations.

### SIR RICHARD CALMADY.

It would seem that few educated readers could peruse the novel entitled "Sir Richard Calmady" without appreciating to a great extent the remarkable talent of the author.

The scenes depicted are perfectly true to life in England, whether of the nobleman or the servant; the descriptions of nature are extremely beautiful, although certainly open to the objection of undue length, and we modestly submit that this last criticism applies equally to the interchanges of sentiment between Lady Calmady and Miss Honoria St. Quentin. Many of the conversations in Sir Richard Calmady are immensely entertaining, while the details regarding female attire are furnished with a minuteness that would have rejoiced the heart of Baron Worth himself.

Few books can aspire to unqualified praise and so we hope that we shall not appear to be actuated by an unfriendly spirit when we express our opinion that the volume in question, despite its consummate ability, is one of the limited number, while several passages render it unfit to be placed in the hands of the young.

As our remarks are to be of the briefest, we will at once proceed to make known our appreciation.

To begin with—was it the best taste to hold up before the mental gaze a distinctly unnatural deformity? Are there not grave reasons, outside the painfulness to all minds, for rendering it undesirable that such misfortunes should take strong hold of susceptible imaginations? Why should the mind be quite unnecessarily invited to dwell on what the eye would on no account be permitted to see? Again, the repeated lamentations on the subject end by begetting a feeling of impatience that a simple way out of the difficulty is systematically ignored and that Lady Calmady did not allow an operation, which, thanks to medical science, could have been quite painless to have put her son in the position of many a brave man, who has lost his limbs in the service of his country, and round whose chair fair women press, without the least sense of repulsion. Sir Richard Calmady could not, clearly, have been made to run and jump, but there are human joys, after all, outside these acts. Thus, while the historic Don Quixote rode gallantly forth to fight windmills he caused his vivid Spanish imagination pictures of them as actually existing, it seems constantly to the reader of Sir Richard Calmady that the author has built a wind-mill for the sole purpose of laying lance in test against it.

Then, how could Lady Calmady, who is described as a type of womanly instinct, have remained all her life completely oblivious of Mr. Julian March's sentiments in her regard? There is magnetism about all true affection which is manifest even in the brute creation. How, then, is such lack of perception to be accounted for in such a character?

As to the fanciful description of Mme. Vallarbes' visit to the confessional in the old church at Naples, it is the old, old story! However mentally gifted our separated brethren may be, their understanding of our doctrines and practices forever eludes their grasp. We must believe this, or nothing will remain of the "open Bible." The misrepresentation. We are told that "Helen rose from her knees a free woman" (from sin), and four lines lower down the author goes on to say how far she literally believed in the efficacy of that solemn rite she would not have found it easy to declare, "It (confession) being to her an insurance against the accident of the vegetable existence of Heaven and hell!"—and sin being actually punishable by a narrow-minded Deity! If people who undertake to write about Catholic matters would only condescend to study the child's five-cent catechism for a few days before putting pen to paper, of how much rash error might they not be spared the humiliation!

At different stages of the narrative great changes take place in the mental attitudes of both Lady Calmady and her son, and on each occasion the cause assigned as leading to the altered view of things seems inadequate to the result obtained. What, however, defiantly sets at naught a general experience, is the marriage between Sir Richard Calmady and Miss Honoria St. Quentin. After years of mutual dislike, they fall suddenly in love! Who can furnish a precedent to this?

It would be difficult to define accurately the religious ideas of the writer, who now and then seems generously disposed "to give or take," on this subject "a little all round," his or her political views, however, are left by no means a question of doubt. They are strongly socialistic, indeed the exaltation of socialism is apparently a main object of the work.

In the prophetic dream which draws

the senses of Sir Richard Calmady in his opera box at Naples, admiration for the working classes rises nearly to frenzy, while the author's sentiments are made known to us through the medium of his hero. It is said that in "art, letters, practical civilization, even religion, even in a degree of Nature herself—they (the working classes) are the architects and judges—in their corporate strength they are little short of majestic! Why have they been so patient of constraint? Why have they not risen long ago to obliterate the pretensions of those conspicuous by birth and wealth? In plainer language, why have they not turned the world upside down before now?"

The lady socialist, Miss Honoria St. Quentin, has the sorrows of the working classes much at heart, but God had thought of them long before, when He commanded "Love thy neighbor as thyself." No more human plan for man's well-being can ever go thus far. Before His formal injunction all social difficulties at once vanish and if it be urged that this precept of Holy Writ is too universally disregarded, no one will ever dare say that it was not solely because the Catholic Church raises her voice in vain!

Father Faber tells us of people who look upon God as a burly policeman, whose business it is to keep order in the world for their convenience, but who is required to abstain from intruding His Personality upon them uninvited. We think that there is a trifle of this spirit in Sir Richard Calmady. The brilliant book will, however, have rendered its tribute of service to the cause of truth, if it has accentuated the conviction in some candid mind that escape from seeming contradictions, wild theories, and vain dreams, is only found by taking refuge within the tranquil fold of the Catholic Church. C. M. C.

### A MINISTER IN A CATHOLIC COUNTRY.

He Falls to Find the "Blighting Influence of Romish Superstition."

Writing lately to his Parish Bulletin, Rev. E. L. Stoddard, rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Jersey City, describes a visit to Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol. His revelations will doubtless surprise many who are accustomed to look upon most of the European countries—particularly those the majority of whose people are Catholics—as in a state of moral and mental decay as a result of the "blighting influence of Romish superstition."

"I began this letter," writes the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, "to tell you that it is not wise and is not patriotic to think, as so many Americans do, that their country is so much better than any other that we Americans have nothing to learn from any one else. This sort of notion is unwise, for it is untrue. It is unpatriotic because it keeps us Americans from learning from Europe a great many things which it would be well for us to learn. Last summer I spent the night at one of our American country cities with a population of 29,000. In the best hotel men were sitting with their feet up and spitting around the office. The stiff and awful parlor, with its hideous furniture, smelled as musty as if it had not been opened since the last funeral was held in it. The dining room was hot and far from neat, the waitresses were dowdy, impertinent girls, who joked with the boarders, and the dishes which they showed at you were so awful that I went upstairs and ate crackers. The city itself was ugly and dirty, its streets half swept, and it had no park."

"Now, in distinction from such an American town—and there are thousands of them—let me draw a picture of the town where I spent last night, and which is a picture of hundreds. It was in what people call 'blighted Austria'; it had only a population of 12,000; it was not a resort for tourists. Let me tell you a story of a man who ran to the car window and for thirty cents took my hand baggage and my two trunks to the hotel, a short block away, so that in ten minutes I had my trunk open; the proprietor met me at the door, his hat in hand; no water ever dripped of passing without saying good morning or good evening; the elevator, the dining room opens on a beautiful garden, and if you prefer you can have your meals in this garden under a shade tree; your chamber has a writing desk with paper, pen and ink; you had a little electric light by your pillow, so that you can touch it in the night or read by it."

"When you walk out in this little town you find the street spotless. You see one or two little shaded parks with benches and old trees. In front of some of the houses or hotels are tables on the broad sidewalk, and there, as the sun has gone down, people are eating. The waiters are as respectful and courteous as the Junior St. Hilda Guild girls were at the strawberry festival. In the great square of the town is a handsome fountain, a thing of coolness, beauty and so of joy. There was not a place, as we understand it, in the place; there was no disorder, though many of the people were very poor and ignorant, and in comparison with its beauty, its courtesy, its delicious food and its cleanliness our American city was a barbarous hovel, and the boarders and servants half civilized."

We must be penitents before we are saints.—Manning.

July is the month of the Precious Blood. Every Catholic would be benefited by reading Father Faber's book on that subject. Will you get it for yourself?—Catholic Columbian.

### SAINT AUGUSTINE.

The Following Panegyric on the Famous Bishop of Hippo was Delivered in St. Augustine's Church, New York City, August 21, by Rev. Henry A. Judge, S. J., of St. John's College, Fordham.

Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man shall hear my voice, and open to me the gate, I will go in to him and will sup with him and he with Me. (Apoc. C. 3, v. 20)

Though St. Augustine is popularly known and referred to as an eminent doctor of the Church, his life history is more properly the story of the wanderings of a great heart in quest of happiness and the supreme good than of the brilliant achievements of a profound and subtle intellect. "The heart," to use his own expression, "is the man," and never perhaps was there a more affectionate nature than his own, to symbolize which Christian art has represented him as a person of majestic figure, bearing in his hand a flaming heart. That great heart at first resisted the gentle solicitation of grace, the Holy Spirit stood at the door and knocked in vain; it was wayward, it thought to find its satisfaction, its complement, its repose in creatures, but afterward realizing the vanity of its search it opened wide its portals and grace had triumphed.

Augustine was born in Tagaste, a town in Numidia, in 353. His father was a pagan, who, convinced of the folly of the worship of the gods, had lapsed into a condition of religious indifference, ambitions only to amass riches and to secure an honorable position in the world. His mother, on the other hand, was a highly educated and devout Christian, who, with untiring energy and unflinching courage, devoted herself to the conversion of her husband and religious formation of her children. The youthful soul of Augustine was accordingly influenced, that of his father, who, indifferent to his moral condition, cherished only the hope of making him a famous orator and statesman; and that of his mother, whose darling ambition it was to see him as well as a scholar an ornament to the city of God. The influence of Platonism, flattering as it was to fall in with the prejudices of the world, and the prayers and entreaties of Monica, corroborated by the inspirations of grace, prevailed in the end.

Our saint was possessed of rare and surpassing gifts of nature. His literary triumphs, wherever he went, read more like a romance than like a true narrative. As soon as he had completed his primary studies in his native town, his father sent him to Madaura, a neighboring city, in order that he might study grammar, poetry and rhetoric. Thence he went to Carthage, where he further cultivated literature and the fine arts and took up the study of philosophy. So great was his progress that even in this large city he surpassed with ease all competitors. Returning to Tagaste he opened a school of rhetoric, and the enthusiastic applause of a great number of the ambitious of seeking a more spacious theatre in which to appear, and he set out for Carthage. Next he went to Rome, where the most famous scholars of the world marveled at his learning and parts and were charmed by the sweetness and amiability of his character. He had scarcely spent six months in the metropolis when deputies of rhetoric were sent thither from Milan, now the court of the Emperor Valentinian, and at the recommendation of several persons of distinction Augustine was chosen. His reception here eclipsed all former triumphs; the verdict of the learned world was unanimous. Augustine was a prodigy of learning and eloquence.

Our illustrious saint was a new in the zenith of his reputation was in the middle of the path to riches and fame was smooth and easy. But strange as it may appear, this was precisely the moment chosen by Divine Providence for his conversion. Allured by the reputation which St. Ambrose, the bishop of Milan, enjoyed, he listened with a critical ear to his discourses, attentive at first only to the beauty of the style, but later on he was profoundly impressed by the wisdom and truth of all he heard. It began to dawn on him that he was in pursuit of vain honors and trivial pleasures which could never satisfy his heart. Having been appointed to deliver a panegyric in praise of the emperor and of the newly elected pontiff, he had been very solicitous about his success, when walking along through one of the streets he saw a beggar one of the streets he saw a beggar laughing and merry over an alms which he had received. "What torments," said he to his companions, "our only folly creates, only to purchase a tranquillity which perhaps we can never attain, but which the poor man seems to enjoy in the trifling alms which he has to-day gathered!" His soul was yearning for freedom and peace.

But the spirit of Augustine was yet enthralled, for despite his great gifts he had fallen into error and sin. Despairing in his pride the simplicity of style in which the gospels were written, he had subscribed to the folly of Manicheism. He had idolized the world, allowed that noble heart of his to be seduced by the allurements of sensuality; and custom long continued had strengthened the fetters which hold him captive. "I sighed and longed to be delivered," he wrote, "but was kept fast bound not by chains fastened upon me by another, but by my own iron will."

Nothing can be more touching than the narration of his conversion. "The load of the world," he said

"agreedly kept me down, as happens in sleep; and the desires by which I meditated to rise were but like the struggles of such as would awake, who nevertheless are still overcome with drowsiness and fall back into their former slumber, whilst a heavy laziness benumbs their limbs, though reason tells them it is wrong and that it is high time to rise. I had nothing to reply to thee when thou saidst to me: 'Arise thou that sleepest and rise up from the dead, and Christ will enlighten thee.' I had nothing at all to reply but certain lazy and drowsy answers, 'Little while,' but this presently did not presently come, but had no bounds, and this little while ran out into a long space."

The story of the life of St. Anthony related to him by a friend roused him from his lethargy, and when he heard how another acquaintance had resolved to leave the court and follow the saint's example he was transported out of himself and filled with a holy zeal and with a sober shame and indignation against himself. He said, "Tell me, I pray, with all the pains we take, to what does our ambition aspire? What is it we seek and propose to ourselves? Can we have any greater hopes in the court than to arrive at the friendship and favor of the emperor? And in that it is obtained what is there in it that is not brittle and full of dangers? Through how many dangers do we ascend to greater danger? And how long will it last? But behold if I please I become this moment the friend and favorite of God and such I remain forever! His breast began to heave under the influence of his spirit, and when he read some portions of the epistle of St. Paul he sighed as if his heart would break. Upon the departure of his visitor Augustine remarked: "What are we doing who thus suffer the unlearned to start up and seize heaven by force, whilst we, with all our knowledge, remain behind cowardly and heartless and wallow still in the mire? His countenance was entirely changed, his tone of voice was so unusual that his companion was amazed at his pathetic manner and the signs of extraordinary emotion. "I would," he said afterward, "and I would not: Thou, O Lord, continuedst to press sore upon me in my interior, with a severe mercy redoubling the stripes of fear struggling and my chains should grow again and bind me faster than ever. I said within myself, Come let it now be done; let it be done at this moment! Neither did I do it quite, demurring still awhile to die unto death and live unto life. Trifles of trifles and vanities, my old mistresses, hung about me and pulling me by the garment of the flesh, softly besought me to me: 'Wilt thou then forsake us? From this moment shall we be with thee no more forever? Wilt thou never hereafter taste these pleasures? Dost thou think that thou canst live without these and those delights? But the chastity dignity of Continence enticed me to come forward, and with her were great numbers of boys and girls of young men and maidens, of grave widows and aged women, and he laughed at me somewhat derisively, saying: 'Canst thou not do what these do? or are these able in themselves and not in the Lord their God?'"

The storm had soon subsided and Augustine subdued by grace, poured forth his soul in humble thanksgiving and joy. How sweet had it on a sudden become to me to be without the sweets of these trifles? What I was before so much afraid to lose, I now joyfully cast away. Thou didst cast them out to enter Thyself, O Lord, sweeter than any pleasure!

From this moment the path of our saint was like the path of the rising sun. His one desire was to make up for time misspent and for graces lost. Too late, he exclaimed, "have I loved Thee," he loved Thee! "Too late have I loved Thee!" He sought to repair by greater love the great offenses which had been forgiven. O Love, which always burneth and art never extinguished, true charity of God, set me all on fire!" So tender were his sentiments of devotion that in reading the psalms of David or in hearing hymns sung in the church his heart was all inflamed and copious tears flowed from his eyes unceasingly. He gave himself up to a life of retirement and solitude, and so great was the esteem which his sincere piety won for him that when on a certain occasion he was visiting the church in Hippo the people laying hold of him, presented him to the Bishop, and in spite of his humble protestations he was ordained priest. Wherever he went he was entreated to address large audiences, eager to listen to his inspired utterances. He preached daily and sometimes twice a day. Being shortly afterwards made Bishop, his zeal and clarity know no bounds. "I desire not to be saved," he said to his flock, "without you. What shall I desire, what shall I say? Why am I Bishop? Why am I in the world but to live in Jesus Christ—but to live in Him with you! This is my passion! my honor! my glory! my joy! my riches!"

Time will not permit the mention of his numerous great deeds, of the holy foundations which he established, of the alms which he disbursed, of the miracles which he performed. Suffice it to say that by writing or in public debate he vanquished the representative defenders among the Manichees, Donatists and Pelagians, and that his writings are a vast treasury of theological and moral doctrine, being the foundation of the modern exact science, and that portions of his works have been engraved into the decrees of the councils of the Church.

When at length his strength began to fail, and he knew that his end was approaching, instead of fearing death as most men do, he welcomed it. Unable to contain himself from joy, he cried out: "Till I shall come, till I appear before Him I cease not to weep, and these tears are sweet to me as food. With this thirst with which I am consumed, with which, whilst my joy is delayed, I am ardently drawn toward the fountain of my love, I continually burn more and more vehemently." About him on the walls of his room he had the seven penitential psalms and these he read with abundance of tears. In order not to be interrupted in his devotions he would receive no visitors some days before his death, which occurred in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

This ended the earthly career of Augustine, and when we behold the marvelous change which came over him we are instinctively led to exclaim: Truly the grace of God is wonderful! But let us remember that this grace is working to-day in our midst. "Behold I stand at the door and knock," which was whispered into the ear of Augustine, is repeated to each one of us. To one it says: "Wilt thou longer remain enclined a slave of sordid avarice, of low pleasures, of vain glory, of foolish ambition—of sordid, low, vain, foolish trifles which can never satisfy your heart? Is this the great purpose for which I made thee? Is this the measure of your manhood, of your nobility?" To another it whispers: "Son, give Me thy heart; leave all, come, follow Me, and I will give thee a hundred in this life and eternal happiness in the next." Let us not turn a deaf ear to the kind invitation of the King, but be prompt and ready nobly to obey His call. Let us open wide our gates, while we exclaim with the saint: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts are unhappy until they rest in Thee!"

### THE GIFT OF A SOUL.

Triumph Which Enriches the Universe and Makes Angels Glad.

BY REV. PETER O'CALLAGHAN, C. S. P.

God hath plans and man hath plans. God's plans are not as man's plans, neither are man's plans as God's plans. But God's plans are always best. Faith alone can give us God's point of view, and show to us the blessed purposes of our Heavenly Father. Unless we understand the value God puts upon each human soul, we cannot grasp the meaning of His universe or the significance of the gospel.

The dogmas of Holy Church will be as enigmas if we do not realize that all God does is aimed at perfecting His everlasting kingdom and fitting human souls to sit down with Abraham and Isaac and all the saints in the kingdom of His glory. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, the doctrine of virginity—all the doctrines of that Master Whose kingdom is not of this world—will have no meaning if we do not understand that the sanctification of each individual soul is worth the best effort and whole attention of a lifetime.

That life is a glorious triumph which adds one soul to the choir of the saints, whether it be his own soul or the soul of another. That life is not wasted that achieves such a triumph, even if it contribute nothing to this passing world; any more than Christ's life was wasted when He died, a seeming failure in the eyes of the world, that we might live eternally. He who gives the gift of a human soul unto heaven has enriched the whole universe.

How vast are the confines of the material order! How terrible are the forces that express themselves through the laws of nature! How awful have been the upheavals and the reconstruction whereby the stars have found their places and the earth has been fixed in its orbit! We may dream of the peoples of other planets, but we know only of men upon earth. All that Nature has done, through the long ages, has not been wasted effort, because it has prepared a habitation for man. And there is nothing great in the world but man; and nothing great in man but mind. How much more sublimely true it is that the cares and sorrows of a bereaved mother have been well spent if they have brought forth and prepared one single child for its everlasting dwelling place!

Blessed is the faith that shows us God's point of view and suggests to us some of the glorious things that God has prepared for those that love Him. Faith is truth. Faith alone can explain all the facts of life and strengthen a soul amid the experiences of sorrow and death—those experiences that are the most real of all; ten thousand times more real than the hollow laughter and giddy joy that fill the hearts of the thoughtless.

Blessed is the faith that can be strong when the heart faints! Blessed is the faith that can see the higher good when other ambitions and hopes and loving dreams are thwarted! Blessed is the faith that soothes the wounded heart of the bereaved mother and lets her see through her tears the glory of her child's present habitation!

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

Temptations are instructions.

Poverty makes some humble, but more malignant.

They who await no gift from chance have conquered fate.

Kind thoughts are wings which bear us on to kinder deeds.