

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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IRELAND'S ENEMY.

Timothy Healy must, if one may take his latest pronouncements seriously, imagine that life is a perpetual Donnybrook Fair. He is certainly the "enfant terrible" of the Irish Party. A clever debater and incisive speaker, he could if he chose be a tower of strength to the cause of Home Rule.

Time, indeed, was when Timothy was an Irishman all the time, but his later years have been given over to dreams of ambition and to dealing out abuse to his political confederates.

Despite the fact that Mr. Blake has given to Ireland the services of his magnificent abilities, and has on more than one occasion contributed largely to campaign funds, he has never ceased to be a victim of Mr. Healey's attacks and vilification. He has hounded down John Dillon: and at the present time Wm. O'Brien has to run the gauntlet of the same individual's Billingsgate.

A SPECIMEN POLITICIAN.

Now the candidate doth don his best attire and blandest smile and departs to commune awhile with his intelligent constituents. He goeth gladly to and fro and speaketh much and at sundry times. He beameth benevolently upon the sons of toil and assureth them that the 'pressure' of their horny hands thrilleth him with joy. And their good and excellent wife and children knoweth him not a little. "Are they quite well?" he asketh. Waiteth he in anxious expectancy for the answer, and when told that the health of the family is, despite increased taxation and "patriotic" celebrations, not on the wane, he weepeth tears of gladness.

What a great man is a politician? His big heart has room, and to spare, for all our troubles and interests—for our wives and children, not to say anything of our numerous relations. In the stilly night, perchance when pondering o'er weighty problems of state, his brow may be sickened o'er with the pale cast of thought; but in interviewing his constituents he is ever accompanied by a flawless urbanity and a comprehensive and a bright and cheery smile.

Wonderful, too, what interest he takes in Catholic affairs; and more wonderful still is to have his commendatory words explained as evidences of broadmindedness. They may be, but to us they are evidences of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. In listening to the praise and promise of politicians we think of the old lines: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes" ("They sell what they seem to give").

TO THE VOTERS.

Next to the politician the political meeting is the most interesting feature of a campaign. If you attend one you will surely be repaid for any discomfit it may occasion you, and be convinced, moreover, that there is a surprising lot of human nature in man. The speaker generally begins by complimenting the electors on their intelligence and their zeal in contributing to the upbuilding of the social fabric. This is one of the stock jokes and is invariably greeted with applause.

Then follows statistics, promises, personalities, platitudes, quotations from Hansard, old flag allusions and freaks of imagination. There may, from beginning to end, be no point to the rambling remarks; but the intelligent constituents, with a rare insight that is their peculiar prerogative, manage to extract from them the information that will enable them to do their whole duty on election day. It never seems to dawn upon them that they have no independent opinions on

the current questions. We should not advise you to acquaint them of the fact unless you are tired of life and are heavily insured in some reputable company. We have read of men who have been crazed through long sojourning in hot climates, but politics has the knack of turning sensible individuals, and instantaneously, into blithering lunatics. Just how it is done is a problem for bacteriologists. Their one idea of contributing their quota to the right government of the country is to stand up for their party. What the party has done or purposes to do matters little. Rights attacked or just claims ignored are matters of little moment, and are not apt to weaken the enthusiasm of the ordinary voter. He is told when, and how, and for whom to exercise the franchise, and as befitteth a good and faithful henchman he obeys without hesitation. Sometimes when he fails to receive the position that was duly promised, suspicion enters his mind that he has been a much and diversified kind of an idiot.

We think that in some respects a despotic monarchy is superior to government by the people and for the people and of the people.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

Today the clergy and Catholic priests are urging laymen to take a more prominent part in Church work. "Laymen," to quote Archbishop Ireland, are not appointed in confirmation to the end that they merely save their own souls—and pay their pewrent. They must think, work, organize, read, speak, act, as circumstances demand—ever anxious to serve the Church, and to do good to their fellowmen. They should do it; but the fact remains that Catholics of influence and of education are apathetic in the things that make for the extension of God's kingdom on earth.

They are not so, however, in the domain of party politics. There at least they have a fund of exuberant energy, and during the days that precede the election they give time and labor, the resources of pocket and brain, for the good of the party. As soon as the summoning voice of the leader is heard they gather from far and near to the standard and begin hostilities. But let a prelate call upon them and how few will respond? They are willing to give money, but a modicum of work, even though it may entail some self-sacrifice, means more and is productive of lasting good. When we consider the interest manifested in lines of spiritual activity by our separated brethren we must needs blush for some of our Catholics.

CATHOLIC COLLEGES SUPERIOR.

And now Bishop Farley of New York is after President Eliot's scalp, or rather what is left of it.

Speaking at the Commencement exercises of the College of St. Francis Xavier he declared he was willing to take any consequences of saying that not one of the graduates of Harvard, if given the themes handled by the young men that evening, even with the aid of all his professors, could have dealt with them on the basis of as sound a philosophy as was shown by these young men, callow as they are.

We hope that utterances such as these will be read and taken to heart by those who persist in patronizing alien institutions. If our colleges were poorly equipped, and as our adversaries would fain have it, behind the times, that might be assigned as palliative of their conduct, but when they are the peers of the very best in the country there is nothing to justify their discreditable mode of action. The philosophy heard within the precincts of St. Francis Xavier's is taught in every Catholic college. Our professors may not have as many titles as the learned pundits of Harvard: but they are as a rule men of acknowledged prowess who for something nobler than pecuniary considerations, devote their lives to the upbuilding of character.

The parents who expose their children to the least enervating atmosphere of non-Catholic halls of learning cannot be denounced too severely. Resistant to their duty and blind to the

best interests of their children, they may live long enough to see the result of their folly and to bewail unavailingly for not having hearkened to the warnings of their spiritual chiefs.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

In political parlance, another country has been heard from. A member of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has just sent his modest contribution to the vexed question of the Boxers, to the effect that Catholic missionaries are responsible for their conduct. The gentleman lies—under a mistake. It is merely another case of a good man gone wrong. His pronouncement may not prevent international complications, but we beg to tender him our congratulations and respectful sympathy. He had better stake that theologico-political find or have it embodied in the new Presbyterian creed.

His contention is based on the French Treaty of 1899 which conceded certain powers to Catholic missionaries. This treaty regulated the intercourse of priests with the local authorities, but gave them no civil power. And yet our Presbyterian friend urges that the Catholic clergy have taken advantage of this to shield evil doers for the purpose of making them adherents of Catholicism.

The power is simply a ceremonial one, but the gentleman will have it a civil one, and Presbyterians are usually very obstinate in maintaining their opinion.

THE CRUSADE IN BOSTON.

Striking Features of the Non-Catholic Missions.

The current issue of the Missionary has an interesting article on "The Boston Apostolate," which notes some of the striking features of recent missions to non-Catholics in that vicinity. The article says:

It is not without its significance that on Pentecost Sunday the first mission to non-Catholics in the city of Boston was opened. It closed the following Sunday, leaving ten neophytes under instruction, but between the two Sundays a great stride in advance was taken by the apostolate of preaching to our separated brethren. Not the least of the good results is the assurance that even in Boston crowded audiences can be secured, and the average type of the New Englander will listen to an accredited exposition of Catholic teachings.

It is well known that Boston had been the fons et arigo of most of the bitter attacks on the church. It is asserted by men now in their prime that in their early days the affirmed policy of the New England minister was to deliver into his sermon portfolio and take out his stereotyped sermon against the Pope and the iniquities of the Scarlet Woman when the truths of the gospel seemed to pall. This policy soon lost the element of novelty; then the bitter A. P. A. and the ex-priest were able to command the attention of a prejudiced public. The preachers frequently secured a hearing, and not a few people of honorable station were found to applaud their diatribes against the old mother church. The attitude of the New England mind during the last half century was one of consistent apathy.

All this time the Catholic, who began with little besides his native talent and his fund of energy, steadily rose in the social scale and commanded respect both for himself and for his church. But it was in spite of uncongenial opposition. It was difficult to

beat back the tide of bigotry. Antipathy to his religion had impregnated the very nature, tradition and custom of the "Yankee." They believed that nothing of good could come from Nazareth. The modern Nazareth was the despised church of the foreigner.

In the face of these conditions the missions were begun. It took stout hearts to plan for them and courageous souls to carry them through. Father Dolan of Newton and Father Murphy of Neponset were among the first to give actuality to the proposals. The Paulist Fathers O'Callaghan and Conway were giving a mission to the faithful in Newton, and, with the prestige of a Catholic mission to assist them, they determined to inaugurate one for non-Catholics. The well-tried methods that had succeeded elsewhere called out an audience at Newton which varied from two hundred to six hundred as the evenings went on and the interest increased. At Neponset, however, the week of lectures was commenced without any precursor in the way of a Catholic mission. To start without any previous stirring up

was like working one's way through a dense undergrowth. Father Murphy was equal to the occasion. In the first place he announced the mission by the following circular, which was distributed far and wide:

OTHER RELIGIONS NOT ATTACKED.

"These lectures are intended specially for non-Catholics and will consist of exposition of Catholic belief without attacking other forms of religion or attempting to provoke controversy."

"The Catholic religion is an enigma to most people outside the church. Catholics and non-Catholics are neighbors and fellow citizens; they touch elbows in one way or another every day of their lives. Catholics are of all ranks of society, and of every profession; their churches, hospitals, asylums, homes and other charitable institutions are everywhere."

"Experience shows in addressing non-Catholic audiences elsewhere in this country that one effect of these lectures has been the bringing of Catholics and non-Catholics to a better understanding and closer touch with each other in the ordinary walks of life."

"All questions relating to the Catholic church will be answered at sight from the altar; they must, however, be previously written out and deposited in a box provided for that purpose inside the church door. Each person may ask as many questions as he desires, but no names should be signed."

There was a very deep feeling among the prominent people of the district that the Catholic church had been defamed in common rumor. They were beginning to see that many things that they had been taught to believe were not so. So, with a sense of candor and inquiry, they came to see for themselves. They did come; they came in such numbers that some nights not a few were turned away. They came with eager, openeyed curiosity to know and see for themselves. Of course nothing was farther from their minds than the idea of ever being Catholics. They seemed to enjoy their coming, for they were loath to lose a single evening. They came to the very end.

A notable circumstance in relation to this mission is the fact that it was advertised by all the ministers of the district. There was one exception, however.

THE RITUALIST MINISTER REFUSED on the ground that he had been teaching his people Catholic doctrine, and he did not think it was necessary to send them elsewhere to find out what the Catholic church taught.

In securing these notices from the non-Catholic pulpits Father Murphy displayed remarkable tact. The immediate result of this advertising by the ministers was to establish among their sympathetic relations with the work and to draw off any possible opposition. From the moment they announced the mission, they took themselves the first night and brought their people. And so satisfied were they that the mission was what it pretended to be, simply an exposition of Catholic doctrine, without any reference to other creeds, that they came each subsequent evening, often taking the first seats and listening with the greatest attention.

ENTER FULTON.

Towards the close of the week Justin D. Fulton, of notorious name, put in an appearance, and resolved to make the mission the text for a bitter attack on the church. He went around to all the ministers in turn to get their private pit to speak from, but each and every one flatly refused him. Rev. Mr. Noble of the Congregational church, not only refused him personally, but he served notice on his church committee that if they gave Fulton the pulpit he himself would never enter it again. The committee did not need the warning, for they had already established a strong feeling of amity, and they not only refused Fulton the opportunity of stirring up discord, but they also managed that Fulton could not get a platform in the whole district. This is only another proof that non-Catholic missions, instead of creating religious antagonisms, ally them.

In order to emphasize this statement a bit of testimony from a prominent non-Catholic merchant in the district, who attended many of the lectures and who in his conversations with the people had the best of opportunities to know the sentiment abroad, may be quoted. He said, writing to Father Murphy: "I wish to express to you my great obligation for the chance of becoming better acquainted with the rites and usages of the Catholic church, and I think Father Doyle's lectures and expositions have in a large measure tended to harmonize the antagonistic feelings which have for years acted as a barrier between Catholics and Protestants. I think I voice the sentiment of a majority of non-Catholics who have listened to the lectures, and I hope the benefit received will be lasting to both Catholics and Protestants."

A GOOD IRISHMAN'S VIEW.

There were many incidents of very great interest during the mission. A few, which indicate the temper of the people, may be selected. An Irishman, a real old-timer who had borne the brunt of antagonisms against his religion for many years, as he looked

at the crowd of well dressed "Americans," as he called them, coming out of the church, was asked what he thought of the mission. He had not felt kindly to the arrangement that excluded Catholics and gave the use of the church to non-Catholics. "Well," said he, rubbing his chin, "I think Father Murphy will be a long day getting a fine Easter collection out of that crowd." He was typical of a generation whose great act of faith consisted in giving a big offering to the Easter collection. We may well hope that they may never die out.

It is significant also of the work of the mission that some Catholics living within a stone's throw of the church, but who had not made the Catholic mission given a few months before, came to this mission and to the sacraments. A mission to non-Catholics does the gleaming after a Catholic mission has reaped the harvest. One evening a well known storekeeper said to his Catholic friend, on their way out of the church: "I must acknowledge that the logic of the situation is yours, but you know how I live (he acknowledged no standard of morality but expediency). I cannot become a Catholic till I make up my mind to shape my life according to the requirements of your church." There was in the statement an unwitting testimony to the sincerity of Catholic standards.

The mission is now past. The deepest kind of an impression was made on the townspeople. They are now in the attitude of one who, having been befooled for years, is intensely angry with the one who deceived him. They now realize that the statements concerning the Catholic Church that they have accepted as gospel truth are false. Under the stimulus of this feeling they are determined to inquire until they know the truth and the whole truth.

NOW FOR NEW ENGLAND.

As Boston goes so goes all New England. Boston sets the pace not only in material things and commercial affairs but in spiritual matters also. The inauguration of the apostolate of preaching the truths of the faith to non-Catholics in the city of Boston under favorable auspices will so command the work to the clergy that the demand for missions of this kind will come with refreshing frequency. It has been said by far-seeing men that the time is not far distant when every invitation to a religious community to give a mission will be accompanied with a request that it be followed up by one to non-Catholics, and missionaries that can do the latter will generally be asked to do the former. It is conceded, too, that the best way to establish cordial relations with the non-Catholics in a parish is to have a mission for them. The principle is this: The Catholic Church has been in the community for many years a tower of strength against all kinds of lawlessness. It preaches reverence for authority, obedience to law, and necessity of preserving the sacred rights of property. Its preaching is generally to the plain people, and is heeded by them. It stands, moreover, ever against the santon and all the degrading elements that cling to it. It stands for the sanctity of the Sunday. Hence, as a most powerful element in the commonwealth for good, it is worthy of consideration. It has been belied and defamed, and judicial minds are coming to the conclusion that many of the accusations that have been made so openly in the public press are false. Hence they want the truth. The truth can only be obtained from men who have made the study of the church's system a theme of their deepest consideration. On these grounds the non-Catholic mission will become a very popular affair in any town.

AMONG OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBORS.

Two splendid object lessons have lately been given in Boston. In the fall it will be taken up elsewhere. New Hampshire is ripe for the work. Father Delaney has been working on these lines, with the approbation of Bishop Bradley, for the past few years. He has interested the Knights of Columbus in his work, and they have generously contributed the money to carry on the work as soon as the weather permits. In Vermont, too, there is a strong movement among the priests. Already applications have been made to the Paulists to inaugurate the work in that state, so that movements have been started all through New England which in a few years will give the church a new aspect.

THE WIT OF POPE LEO.

While his beautiful character places him first in the esteem of millions of hearts, nevertheless the present Pope owes a great deal of his popularity to talents not generally known—his firm hold on the world of arts, letters and society. Save that of the master palatiers, he has as many gifts as Leonardo da Vinci. Like him a fine mathematician, musician, art critic, oriental scholar, with a general culture, deep and broad, he is one of the best of the living chess players. His knowledge of books, with all their strange and curious details, reminds one of such human phenomena as Magliabecchi and Pic di Mirandola. Well he might make the world wonder as did the children in Goldsmith's "Vil-

lage," how "one head could contain it all."

Pious Catholics remember with veneration that his call to the religious life was at the early age of seven. Of all historical figures in contemporary portraiture there need be no draping for effect of Leo XIII. by the made to order stories of the professional biographer, because the long years of his pious and spotless life have been well known from the beginning. The *sturm und drang* of other great saints who have personally known the depth of sin, as St. Augustine of old, and Pius IX. (who when a dashing soldier in the younger society of Rome never thought he should one day be Pope) have been familiar to Leo XIII. only by compassionate imagination, entering into the sorrows of men, and save of course, the average errors common to our best humanity, he has been singularly free from stain of the world.

In society, however, from the earliest of the social diarists' recollection Leo XIII. has been noted as a wit. It is said that he has the greatest power of repartee of any man in Europe. It is an old thing to remind one that "the greater the saint, the greater the humorist." This has so generally passed into a first principle by students of men that one can understand why the wisest theologians are given to doubt the sanctity of any man who does not enjoy a joke. Perhaps Emerson was not aware that he was uttering an old Catholic truth when he said: "You need never despair of the salvation of any man who can see a joke."

Those who have lived near his holiness, or who have associative ties with him, know a volume of stories of his wit. It is said that he never lost the mastery of any situation—grotesque, painful, awkward or ridiculous. He has always enjoyed a reputation for this alone, and was betide the unlucky wight who crossed conversational rapiers with the aim of putting him in worse case.

His humor is of the sublime kind; it never wounds or stings. It raises a laugh, but always to lift the hearer to a calm height not before known. Only once in all these *droitelines* does he appear to have made a retort that stabbed and then the victim richly deserved it. A well-known nobleman of one of the proud families antedating Christianity (some of them as old and as wicked as Satan), who may be named the Count de Threestars was rash enough to boast at a club in Rome that he could and would put the Holy Father at a disadvantage. He had begun by disagreeing with his companions in their statement that no one could disconcert the Pontiff's ready wit, and finished by saying that he could do so. Now this was before Leo XIII. had assumed the tiara and was only Cardinal Pecci.

"You will get the worst of it," his circle warned him, "and you will wish all the rest of your life that you had let him alone."

But the Count de Threestars was a headstrong man, and he was bold in his assurance. Bets were freely offered, but only two were taken, that the adventurous man would stand any chance of getting off even third best from an encounter with so accomplished an ecclesiastic. It was arranged that the trial of wit should take place on the occasion of a diplomatic dinner, when the Count de Threestars should be placed near the Cardinal and given his opportunity to crush the priest as flat as the stablecloth.

The evening arrived, and the haughty nobleman was seated on the left of the Cardinal, where he could be under the charm and grace of the distinguished man and where all in the secret should hear the music of his voice. The dessert was far advanced when, in the most natural way, the Count de Threestars, in perfectly assumed courtesy offered the Cardinal his snuff box, that he might partake. It was a jewel of workmanship, and with his thumb slipped beneath, the nobleman held it so that its lid inclined to give the best view of its decoration, this being a certain Venus of Titian, painted in the frank and fearless old fashion even for Titian.

The circle was watching, breathless in admiring horror, wondering what should be the outcome of this daring intrusion upon a man of such piety and spotless morals as Cardinal Pecci. The Holy Father looked steadily at the Venus for a moment. Then he threw his head back and half closed his eyes as if to get a good focus—all the while giving the lookers-on an eternity within some seconds. Finally he raised his eyebrows interrogatively, and to the nobleman, sweetly: "Mme. la Comtesse?" "Your wife."

The snuff box fell to the floor with a crash and the man's whole body trembled with rage at this deadly insult—the worst such a man could encounter, and his eyes looked as if, but for the cloth that separated their ranks he could have killed the smiling ecclesiastic on the spot. But he never troubled Cardinal Pecci again. People tell and write in salon and private letters from Rome of the charming grace of Leo's touch upon the ordinary things of life, the discovery of possibilities of fun where no one ever seemed to have seen it before.—Jeanne Boule in Chicago Times-Herald.