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# The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1911

1719

**The Mother**  
 You struggled blindly for my soul  
 And went for me such bitter tears  
 That through your faith my faith grew  
 And fearless of the coming years.

For in the path of doubt and dread  
 You would not let me walk alone,  
 But prayed the prayers I left unsaid,  
 And sought the God I did disown.

You gave to me no word of blame  
 But wrapped me in your loves belief,  
 Dear love, that burnt my sin like flame,  
 And left me worthy of your grief.

—HESTER L. KAPOR in Atlantic Monthly.

**In the Chapel**  
 O little lamp that glows before the shrine  
 Of Christ the Lord, here in the chapel dim,  
 I would the tireless constancy were mine  
 Wherewith your radiance serves and honors Him!

O little lamp, thy steadfast worship shines  
 My hours of deep discouragement and doubt,  
 When faithfully with love my heart up-raises  
 And then in dark forgetfulness goes out.

—DENNIS A. MCCARTY

**Just a Little Song**  
 Just a little song, dear,  
 When the heart is gay;  
 Just a little measure  
 On the loom of duty  
 Just a thread of melody  
 In the weary way.

Just a little song, dear,  
 When the burden binds;  
 Just a snatch of music  
 When the toiler finds  
 Life a little wearing,  
 And the day's work grinds.

—Collier's Weekly

## THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS AND TEMPERANCE WORK

Justice Barnes of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, who is a member of the Knights of Columbus, makes some suggestions for the Knights to take part in temperance work. He writes:

Many benevolent organizations are born under apparently auspicious omens. Scourish for a time, and, as the enthusiasm of youth wanes, become atrophied and fall into a decline that presages death.

That organization which works with some set, definite, and laudable purpose in view, that has a mission to fulfil, and can point with gratification at the record of its past accomplishments, has built on the most secure foundation.

The Knights of Columbus have done much during their short career. The endorsement for the Catholic University was a grand conception. While ostensibly our great universities directly benefit only the few, indirectly they benefit the many.

It is a pity that the enthusiasm which once carried through to a successful conclusion, the Catholic Church is the Church of the poor. Opulence is not a characteristic of its membership, although millionaires are welcome. The Catholic lady, considerate of the ability to pay, have many demands made on them to support their churches, schools, orphan asylums, and other deserving objects of charity. It is obvious that we should aim to do the good we can in the world with the limited means at our command.

Having put the matter forward, I have reluctantly concluded to offer a suggestion, not in any spirit of dogmatism, but to illustrate what I have in mind, and perchance to invoke honest and friendly criticism, which is always helpful in working out the details of any plan that has merit in it as well as in killing off any scheme that is mere utopian.

A very large proportion of the membership of our Church are wage-earners who barely earn enough to support their families decently. Drunkenness not only promotes sin and crime, but it brings misery in numerous ways to innocent wives and helpless children. It is not my purpose to preach a temperance sermon. It is unnecessary. Every intelligent reader knows that results from the excessive use of alcoholic beverages. It is so common that it fails to attract more than passing notice.

But why not try to take care of our rising generation? There is a great field for labour in virgin soil when strong habits have not taken hold on weak minds and bodies. The most reputable physicians and physiologists tell us that a boy who abstains from the use of liquor when his bodily and mental powers are fully developed rarely becomes a drunkard. There are exceptional cases, of course, but in dealing with a large subject like this the question is: Can we confer a benefit on a large number of the boys to-day and to-morrow who are to come after us? I think it could be done easily and at a comparatively trifling expense.

The day on which First Communion is administered would be a particularly auspicious one on which to administer the pledge. There is an element of sanctity associated with any obligation taken on this occasion that would afford assurance that the vow would not be broken, and I believe few children would decline at that age to make the vow for a limited period of time, and it should

be exacted for a limited time only. I am optimistic enough to think that, if this scheme were carried out, in course of time it would be a rare spectacle to see a Catholic who was neglecting and bringing misery and disgrace upon his family by spending for drink the money needed to bring happiness to the home. In nearly every State we have laws forbidding the sale of liquors to minors. The decent element engaged in the liquor traffic is only a part of the law. The indecent element and the opportunists engaged in the trade disregard them. It is meet that any organization engaged in moral uplift should take the State in bringing about what it seeks to accomplish in the respect named. The skeleton outlined might be clothed with most ornamentation, but space in the mouthpiece of a fraternal organization is of value, and perhaps too much has already been taken. The members of ardent and energetic priests were selected by the proper ecclesiastical authorities whose mission it was to visit each church on one Sunday, say as often as every two years, and deliver a sermon to our youth on the dangers of intemperance and administer the pledge to those who are willing to take it until they arrived at an age when they could know and appreciate the dangers themselves. Unless a vast army of our boys could soon be enrolled in the cause; that practically all of them would keep their obligations and that many of those who took the pledge would be total abstainers during the rest of their lives, and that of those who did not, few would become excessive drinkers.

On this The Catholic Citizen of Milwaukee remarks: The reader may wonder whether the Knights of Columbus are incidentally only. Their part should be to provide the funds to pay the expenses and charges of the reverend lecturers employed, and perhaps to arrange their itineraries and to render their best efforts towards creating local sentiment in favour of the project. The expense would not be felt and the good accomplished might well be incalculable.—London Tablet.

**ANTI-CHRIST**  
 Optimism flourishes to-day. Politically, socially, religiously, the world is rushing onward, whither—men do not really know. Sitting in their Pallmans they have good reason to suspect that the train despatcher has lost sight of them, that the conductor is without orders, that the locomotive is beyond the engineer's control; yet they are gleeful over the progress they are making. They ignore the elementary truth that progress means necessarily a sacrifice of the past. The more they advance, the more they lose. The former holders man's salvation, as all will see who think seriously for a single moment. The latter, so far as it is concerned, is a world going wrong in religion is infinitely worse. The former holds man's salvation, as all will see who think seriously for a single moment. The latter, so far as it is concerned, is a world going wrong in religion is infinitely worse. The former holds man's salvation, as all will see who think seriously for a single moment. The latter, so far as it is concerned, is a world going wrong in religion is infinitely worse.

## SOCIALISTIC FALLACIES

Socialism is a philosophical error and an ethical calamity. Its scientific and erroneous, and captivating principles would fall place at the door of capital all the evils under which the laboring classes now suffer. Yet, great as the pernicious and lamentable exploit'ion of capital may be, and apart from the fact that the real remedies for this evil can be found only outside of socialism, the cause of suffering among the masses or in individuals.

If socialism could remove inhumanity from human beings, if it could allay the feelings of hatred and revenge, if it governed the passions of men and cured the vices of drunkenness, debauchery and gambling; if socialism could, for instance, inaugurate a successful propaganda against the bad and distinctly religious custom of treating, if it could remove from all officers of whatever political shade or party the tendency to accept graft, if it could influence the lives of men so as to make divorce not only impossible, but even unthought of, as in the Ages of Faith, if it could remove from the elements, from the weather and the climate all pernicious influence upon life, crops and property on land and sea, then, indeed, human misery would be lessened to a degree that would make even the undue exploitation of capital impossible.

Socialism forgets that since the fall of man paradise is lost, that this world has become a vale of tears. Man enters it with a cry of pain and departs with the groan of death. The greatest possible harmony between capital and labor as it is, is impossible. Faith will not lift from society all human misery. Socialism makes the mistake of looking upon labor as the only factor of valuation. The sole exchange value of a thing is not, as Karl Marx, the founder of modern scientific socialism, says, "the amount of congealed sweat of the laborer that it contains." Demand and supply shall also be ever patent factors of valuation; rain and antiquity, historical memories, associations of endorsement, art and professional endeavor shall ever produce degrees of valuation in this world of ours unless mankind be reduced to the universal level of savagery as the final outcome of socialism. Among savages, the bugbear of socialism—private property—is, indeed, impossible. Class-hatred is removed, there being no more classes. Marriage and well-regulated family life, which are the very root of civilization, are at their lowest ebb. Modern civilization with all its blessings was inaugurated by the Christian religion and reached its height in spite of the great upheaval of the sixteenth century, erroneously called the reformation. But this great upheaval of the sixteenth century prepared the way for atheism, and it is this atheism which is undermining society at the present day. It is this atheism which was the cause of the capital from responsibility to divine authority; hence its undue exploitation and the consequent oppression of the laboring classes.

If the general downfall of modern civilization has been stayed for a time, it is only because the laboring classes have not yet been imbued with atheism in the same measure proportionately as capitalists generally or their abettors in the higher walks of life. Let infidelity spread still more and the conditions of ancient paganism will return. In the pagan world two-thirds of all human beings were slaves, and deplorable especially was the lot of woman. It was

the Christian religion that broke the chains of slavery and lifted woman to her true dignity as man's equal and his partner.

Let defection from God, let blatant infidelity which holds sway in the upper classes, the university professors down, become still more general and take full possession of the laboring classes, and modern society will totter and fall to ruin. Then, indeed, will the upper ten thousand be low; they have sowed the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind.

Socialists are only drawing the logical conclusions from atheism. Cast off all faith in the Almighty, to whom we are responsible for all our thoughts, words, actions and omissions, yes, for every cent we have ever earned, and what is to prevent man from squandering his money as his passions may dictate; when the present man, the other hand, from taking by force what he considers worth having, wherever he may find it.

Capitalists have set the teachings of Christianity at naught, what is to prevent them from doing the same? In vain does the Church lift up her voice, in vain does she point out to nations eternal justice, in vain does she try to safeguard the rights of man. Unless she mean to make common cause with a general hell, unless they use the lawful power of the ballot and compel capital to respect the God-given rights of man, unless governments again adopt Christian principles, the world will be a hell. Christ—then, indeed, instead of making this world a paradise, socialism shall make of it a veritable hell. We may not live to see that day, but those among us who shall have been responsible for these consequences shall not escape eternal perdition in the bottomless pit.—Rev. Joseph Fischer, in Social Service.

## CATHOLICITY AND THE MODERN WORLD

In the course of an article in the Atlantic Monthly, Right Rev. Mgr. R. J. McDonnell, who is a member of the Catholic Church and suggestive of her still greater power and prestige in the world of modern thought and activity.

At every crisis in the history of Christendom—at the captivity of Avignon, the appearance of Luther and the capture of Rome in 1870—it was declared by modern thinkers to be a burden on its shoulders, and survived? For it is a burden which she cannot shift. She cannot, at least, recast her theology and drop unpopular or unfashionable dogmas (as can all sects which claim merely human authority) and yet live. Yet who can doubt that she is more of a force to-day than all the most accommodating denominations ever had? See how lived, too, in the tumultuous rush of western life, not in the patient lethargy of the East. She has struggled, not only with enemies in her gate, but within her own house. She has been betrayed over and over again by the treachery or wickedness or cowardice of her own rulers; she has been exiled from nearly every country which she had nursed into maturity; she has been stripped in tears every one of her lands of all her treasures; she has finally seen her supreme sovereignty on earth driven to take refuge in her own soul by the children of the men whom she raised to honor. And yet on her secular side she has seen every kingdom of Europe rise and fall and rise again; she has seen a republic

give birth to a monarchy or an empire, and an empire yield to a republic; she has seen every dynasty fall except her own; she has seen, in religious affairs, every modern sect—whose one claim to efficiency lies in its modernity—fall to keep pace with herself who has the centuries on her shoulders; and she remains to-day the one single sacred and secular commonwealth which has faced the revolutions and the whirling religions of the West and has survived with a continuity so unshaken that not one of her enemies can dispute it, and an authority which they can only resent; she reigns even in the day of her 'discredit' over more hearts than any other earthly sovereign, and more heads than any philosopher of the schools; she arouses more love and obedience on the one side and more hatred or contempt on the other, than the most romantic, the most brutal, or the most constitutional sovereign, sage or thinker ever seen.

"I called this characteristic of hers 'Reverence.' I call it the reverence for the 'sign of the cross' which the 'discredit' over more hearts than any other earthly sovereign, and more heads than any philosopher of the schools; she arouses more love and obedience on the one side and more hatred or contempt on the other, than the most romantic, the most brutal, or the most constitutional sovereign, sage or thinker ever seen.

## BAPTIST PREACHER'S CHANGE OF HEART

AN AUSTRALIAN MINISTER DISCOVERS THAT THE ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH IN EUROPE ARE THE FOES OF ALL RELIGION.

The Rev. F. C. Spurr, a Baptist minister of Melbourne, when he first arrived made the mistake of appearing at an Orange gathering and joining in denunciations of the Church. He seems, however, to have learned better, judging by recent utterances. In an address which he delivered on "The Religious Outlook on the Continent of Europe" he rebuked those Protestants who make common cause with irreligion and atheism in Catholic countries, and even go the length of countenancing the irreligious and blasphemous "Aims," because they are hostile to Rome, both political and religious. Rationalism was also an obstructive force. In its very worst form it was rampant in the French capital, and at one of the great functions of its adherents the crucifix was brought in after dinner, broken by the chairman, and passed round the table for each in turn to trample upon it. To that attitude he was entirely opposed, and he would urge them not to let their religious prompt them to be unjust to the Catholic Church. It seemed to him the French people had gone beyond the limits of justice and toleration in so cruelly and affectionately attacking the religious orders because two of them happened to be at war against the State; because he believed the hearts of the people there beat true to Jesus Christ. Rationalism was setting itself against Christ and Christianity, and therefore merited no sympathy from Protestant people; but they should resist it to their full power. There was another factor to be contended with—the presence of Godless Socialism. It was present in Germany, Italy and France, and it would take every bit of religion to prevent it finding its way into the homes and lives of the people, affecting the marriage tie and reducing society to anarchy. One of its public functions has been refused admittance into Australia by the Postmaster General, who he complimented on preventing the distribution of a paper that was wholly bad and totally opposed to the welfare of a Christian people.

It is quite refreshing to find that Mr. Spurr, instead of enlarging on the decay of Catholicism, made the confession that Protestantism is the great enemy of the Church. In Germany Protestantism was in one direction at the morning service and another in the evening on a jocosely appropriate line of thought. With regard to England, the one great feature was the work of disturbance. The position of the churches was bad. There was a declining membership and declining enthusiasm, and a corresponding lightening of the purse strings in the churches, which made the position very difficult at the present juncture of transition.

## THE DUKE OF NORFOLK ON THE POPE

At the recent Catholic Congress the Earl Marshall speaking to a resolution said:

It was a happy privilege, said his Grace, which had fallen to him, that of seconding a vote of loyalty and love to the Vicar of Christ. He wished, instead of making a speech, to contribute to the Pope the sign of the cross. The Pope's sight that Catholic Newcastle had produced that night, for it would have cheered his heart amidst his sorrows. It would assure him that in this sea-girt land faith still lived strong and firm. They pledged their love and devotion to the Pope that night, because he was the Vicar of their Lord because he was the divinely guided head of their Church. And looking on the deep anxiety and sorrow which surrounded him, they pledged their love with all the more determined spirit, because they wished to afford him all the assurances of their trust, their fidelity, and their love. Could he, asked, any meeting take place with such absolute unity and unbroken unity as was instanced in that vast hall that night? They had discussed during the Congress, and thank heaven they had not agreed on all points. But on this they all thought the same. They were not a mere herd without a bond of union. They were all children of the true Church, guided and governed by the Vicar of Christ. He had attended many meetings but never one such as this. It showed the reality there was about their deliberations. There was no higher privilege on earth than to bend the knee in loyal love and homage to the Pope. As a layman on their behalf he desired to emphasize the message to the Pope which had been spoken by the Bishop of Northampton. That Congress had been of great blessing, encouragement and happiness to them all. From the Lord Mayor of Newcastle they had received not only a gracious official welcome, but as he was able to testify, a personally affectionate welcome, which had shown and inspired them all. He did not share their beliefs, still, at the same time, he did not wish to appear merely as a genial official but wished to make them feel that he was coming to Newcastle with his own friend in his Chief Magistrate. That stirred their hearts, and made them feel that not only did the Catholics of Newcastle welcome them as brothers, but that Newcastle as a whole came forward to them as generous friends. By command of the King he had had the honor of entertaining the representative of the Holy Father at the Coronation, who had told him of the Pope's love and esteem for England and his fondness for his friend in his Chief Magistrate. That stirred their hearts, and made them feel that not only did the Catholics of Newcastle welcome them as brothers, but that Newcastle as a whole came forward to them as generous friends. By command of the King he had had the honor of entertaining the representative of the Holy Father at the Coronation, who had told him of the Pope's love and esteem for England and his fondness for his friend in his Chief Magistrate. That stirred their hearts, and made them feel that not only did the Catholics of Newcastle welcome them as brothers, but that Newcastle as a whole came forward to them as generous friends. By command of the King he had had the honor of entertaining the representative of the Holy Father at the Coronation, who had told him of the Pope's love and esteem for England and his fondness for his friend in his Chief Magistrate.

## THE ESCAPED NUN

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Such are the outlines of the story of the latest "escaped nun." Like many a similar story it dissolves into thin air when it is confronted with hard facts. In the first place, there is no "escaped nun" in the second place, there was no Dr. Baldwin. The Superior of the Convent at Marshall, Mo., punctures the romantic story by giving plain, unvarnished facts. In reply to a letter from the Catholic Standard and Times, she states that Miss Romine, who had been a pupil at the Convent, stayed after the commencement in June to take an examination as a teacher. She had the promise of obtaining the position of school teacher that fall. When she left for her home at Arrow Rock, Mo., the Sisters accompanied her to the depot and heard nothing more about her till the "escaped nun" story appeared in the newspapers. The good Mother Superior writing of her says: "She was a pupil, a Baptist, and not a Sister Novice, nor a postulant."

Here is what is said of Dr. Baldwin who was represented as waiting in an automobile on the other side of the high Convent wall: "The doctor—the Sisters never heard of Dr. Baldwin. He was never attending physician at the Convent." The Mother Superior knocks the wall story down by simply stating: "There is no wall, high or low, around the Convent." And so ends the latest "escaped nun" fake. Of course it will have successors.—Freeman's Journal.

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WHAT A MOTHER'S MEMORY DID FOR A BLACK MAN

A true story by Rev. Richard W. Alexander

Not far from the beginning of my ministry, it was very many years ago, as you may suppose, I was visiting a brother priest at his church in Baltimore.

He asked me to help him in the confessional during a busy season, and I consented. "Many of my people are negroes," he said, "and I think you will not be sorry for that, when you make friends with them in the box."

"Negroes!" I said, "I have yet to discover their fervor! They are very emotional, are they not?" "Not over much," he replied, "they love to sing, and the angels for that matter! Given fair instruction they are fine, reliable Catholics. I have no discount to make in comparing them with the whites. To be sure, they are a subject race, greatly despised by many whites, as well as feared and detested; others patronize them, spoil them, laugh at their foibles, and forget their striking qualities. But taken all in all they are good people, a submissive race, and religiously considered are the fairest prospect for our Catholic missionary field, second to none!"

And we chatted about the blacks and their spiritual and moral traits, till far into the night, incidentally comparing notes about their social and domestic qualities even their intellectual ones which cross their religious state.

The work in the confessional always consoling, was especially so with the negro-penitents that time, and it seemed to me I had the "lion's share" of them! In fact, few others came to me. I revelled in their simplicity and sincerity. I was heartless at the sight of misery that was revealed.

One evening I was pretty nearly done, and was thinking of a well-earned night's rest. Glancing between the curtains after my last penitent had gone I saw a man rise in the middle of the church. He looked towards my box and doubtless noted that there was no one else to go to confession. Then he left the pew, and made a genuflection and started towards me.

Evidently bending his knee was new to him, for it was anything but rubrical, but I could not help noticing a peculiar grace in his unbridled reverence to the altar and watched him. He was under the full glare of the large central chandelier as he stepped along the middle aisle. I know a handsomely built man when I see one, and that negro, black as my cassock, was an ebony Apollo!

Tall, well-knit, with a fine head, and broad shoulders the swing of his body was full of elasticity and grace! It seemed to me he was about twenty-five years old, becomingly and neatly clad, but not stylishly. As he advanced, he kept his face turned towards my corner and I saw that his features were almost regular for a negro, and wore an expression that was grave almost to dignity.

He halted square in front of me, for I had drawn back the curtain of my box, and looked at me with a half smile of expectancy, and reverence, as if wishing me to say the first word.

"My son, do you want to go to confession?" I said.

"Most certainly, sub, I do for a fact, sub, but I hardly know to go 'bout it, sub." His voice was remarkably sweet and deep and his accent strongly African, but I will not venture to reproduce his dialect entirely, which I afterwards found was that of the Cotton Belt.

I stepped out of the confessional and shook hands with my bashful penitent and invited him to the sacristy, for I saw he needed some instruction on the method of making his confession, and no doubt on other points of our holy Faith. And when I gave him a chair, and placed him at his ease by a few kindly words, I asked him to tell me all about himself.

"My name," said Jefferson Stewart, "is Jefferson Stewart. I was born in the city of Baltimore. My mother was tall, very dark, and very strong. I was her only child. My father died before I knew him. My mammy often talked to me, and when she said her prayers, with me kneeling at her side, she always made me say, 'God rest my father's soul. Amen.' Three times I had to say that. And I can look back over my third year and mind the tears trickling down her face. But sub" (I had quite a time making him call me "Father" he evidently thought it too familiar and hence disrespected) "but, sub, I mean ather, many and many a time my good mammy took me to this very church, and brought me to that railing out there, and made me say over and over, and over my childish prayers, while she fixed her eyes on the altar, and seemed to see God! Then when I stopped for want of something else to say, sub, she would turn to me and whisper: 'God is right heah, Jefferson! He's a-lookin' from the little Death down into your little heart' and I would tremble lest the good God saw something there He didn't like. And then she would say sometimes, as we stood at the foot of this church; 'Jefferson, chile, look around at dis grand House of God! In dis heah church yob father and me was married, and heah you was baptized a little, pook, baby! You was baptized a Catholic heah, a true Roman Catholic, and doan you nebber forget it, an' if any nasty Methists or Baptists ask you to jine their lligion when you git growed up, tell 'em you are a Cath'lic, a Roman Catholic, and that's the only 'ligion that's God's.'"

I suppressed a smile at the epithet my black man bestowed on our non-Catholic brethren, but I did not see me, in my fervor, then I asked him about his prayers—did he remember them?

Yes! This mother (it was always his mother) taught them to him, and then when a little child this tall, fine fellow, went on his knees and said, "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Creed," with numberless little mistakes, which he repeated them, and I would tremble lest I cannot forget his simple fervor and his intense religion. Then he sat down again.

My Mammy, sub, was a free woman, Father, and always carried a bundle in an oletho purse in her bosom a printed paper with her name on it, her

free-papers as she called them. I have seen her show them to the constables and sometimes stopped her on the streets.

"She had to work hard, and scrubbed and cleaned a number of offices. We lived with a colored Catholic family, in an alley full of our people. She often went to my mother when she went out working. One of her offices was along the waterfront, and one evening while she was working at her sweeping she sent me for some sand to strep, and she was a long, summer day, and I went over in a pile of sand that lay heaped up near the river. Mother knew the black man who watched there and told me he would give some in a expressed, I got the sand, I carried it to her and ran back to talk to the man.

"I found a black boy of my own age and we began playing tag out on the long wharf where several schooners lay moored on the river, and never began loosening some ropes on one of the vessels and as we passed he called to us. He was a low-browed, evil-looking man—a white man, of course. When he saw us he shouted: 'Here, you youngsters, get aboard and help to haul this rope in, and I'll give you each a penny.'"

"We raced each other which should be first to take up the rope, and I, though he was older, and I should have my first earnings that evening! So we jumped aboard, and were instantly caught up by two other fellows, carried down below, locked in a room and told we would be killed if we made the least noise. We huddled together and shivered in speechless terror.

"Soon we heard the rushing back and forth of hurried feet overhead and felt the upward and downward motion of the boat. We were aloft and going—God knows where!

"Oh, how we wept in that dark room. Oh, how my heart broke to think of my mother, my poor dear mammy, hunting for me, head first, her only boy, never to see me again!" He stopped, overcome.

"The paths in that negro's voice would have put to shame the tenderest, sweetest feeling expressed by a child, a white man, and I too felt my heart swell in sympathy, for I knew he was telling a true, simple fact. He went on:

"Soon everything was quiet, and we, too, poor little darkeys, put our arms around each other and wept ourselves asleep. When it was daylight we were taken on deck, given something to eat and found ourselves sweeping out to the ocean.

"We were taken to Charleston and there sold at auction to different planters. I remember my purchaser before he bid for me thrusting his fingers into my mouth, bending all my joints, trying my eyes, my teeth, my hearing.

"One man bid \$150, but I was sold at last for \$225, and was delivered over to this buyer. I was now a slave! I did not dare resist, but went passively wherever I was sent.

"How lonely I was, living in the silent country with three hundred slaves, toiling from dawn to dark. How I watched them, their strange ways, their queer habits, their wild stories and their religion! How different from Baltimore! And, oh, how I pined for my poor mother! I never saw her again!

"About the first thing that happened was a dispute about me.

"The family I was sold to was half Methodist and half Baptist, the father holding to the Methodists and the mother to the Baptists.

"They argued hot and strong with each other to possess me for their religion. They quoted the Bible—lots of it. The bigger children laughed, but took neither side. But I was a bold little darkey, and wanted for a full in the dispute, I waited my chance, for my dear mother's words came ringing into my head, and at last there was a moment's quiet.

"I must stand up all my courage and stood up in my bare feet and my little shirt and pants, my hands in my pockets, and called out: 'The Methodists and Baptists are both nasty. I am a Roman Catholic, that's what I am! It's God's only true religion!'

"When I got through, and before they got over their surprise I thought I had better say it over again, because it didn't sound loud enough the first time, so I planted my feet firmly and fairly yelled out my good mammy's words. And, sub, I felt them deep down in my heart, and I would have said them if those people killed me, as indeed I thought they would. Not at all, sub, first, they started, and glared at me, but I stared back. Then, two of the big girls giggled, and then the children laughed, and after a while the old folks laughed, and there was a shout all around, and then they made me tell them all I knew. I said my prayers three times over during my story. I told them how I was stolen, and about my poor mother, and I think my mistress was kind-hearted, for she said: 'You poor little nigger, no one shall touch you! I never had any real trouble after that day about religion. The people were good enough to me—but I had hard work, and I often just hankered after my mother, and never forgot my prayers. When they wanted me to go to Camp Meeting I said 'No' so fierce that they let me alone. You see, Father, it was my mother's words! She had stamped them on my heart, and although I knew not one thing about Catholics I knew she was right, and anything different was wrong. So I stuck to my mother! When I was grown up I took up with a fine girl, but she was so savage a Baptist that I quit her. I never saw a Catholic, never heard of any in reach. I have been working man all my life, and always poor. After the war I was free and worked on a lighter in a little cotton port, and got a chance of working my passage to Baltimore. My whole heart was set on getting to Baltimore and finding my mother!

"I got here a week ago, Father, and I began to hunt for my mother, but" (and here his voice broke and his big chest heaved, he couldn't go on for a few moments,) "everything is changed. I couldn't find anything as I remembered them in the docks, the streets of the alleys. I found an old lady who remembered my name when I told her and she took me by the two

hands and looked up into my face while she cried: 'You! I! Jefferson Stewart! Come you back to me! We don't want riches here! Fintan, Fintan,—O Fintan!' And then the tears would fall, and poor Nuala could say no more.

"This love of Nuala's was not lost. The lad loved her with all the earnestness of his boyish heart. He saw her plainly in the daytime, when wide awake; he saw her ten times more plainly in his dreams when he sped back over the long, dark, cold chase with her again the honeybee over the heather, and to hear the quaint call of the curlew once more ringing in his ears. Aye, there she was,—tall, graceful, gentle; eyes like the stars, cheeks of rose, hair like the night when 'tis darkest! 'The very picture of her mother,' she was, as her father and other folks had often said, ere yet he had grown into a man.

"But times was flying very rapidly. Summer passed, then autumn, followed by winter. With it came the first remittance from America, and the heart of old Fintan O'Farrell was glad, as Nuala was, at the sight, after glancing at the date and address.

"Dearest Father!—After a great deal of delay, I am at last able to send you the few pounds enclosed. I do not know if it is better to do so, but I think it is. I have had to buy a new jacket and coat, the money will be well spent. Poor old Nuala must be nearly past his labor by this time. He drew home a lot of turf and brought in a great deal of money for the last ten years. It is almost time to give him a long rest now. Poor old Danny,—poor old gray-nosed, long-tailed, big-eared Danny! Won't you keep him till I come home, father, just to see if he'll know me?"

"Tell Nuala I had a beautiful dream of a few nights ago. I thought I was at home, counting out sovereigns into her bit until it was not able to hold a single one. I was so happy, and I thought: 'Don't you think it will come true? I always dream sharp. Next time I will send Nuala a letter, and something in it for herself.'"

"No, out as much turf this year as ever? Wasn't it the bad year you had? Which of the Ryans did you get to give a hand in the clamping? When you see Danny Doolen, tell him I was asking for him."

"Hoping you and Nuala are in the best of health, and a blessing I still enjoy—thanks be to the good God for all! Your loving boy, FINTAN."

"'May the Lord be good to you, Finty!' said the old man piously; 'for it's you that's the kind lad to your own put to the money, Nuala acher. When the fair comes we'll go and buy the best jacket in the town. We won't break his word for the world.'"

Nuala kissed the letter, and stowed it away in a safe hiding-place under the thatch. In her heart she felt she could never pray more than half enough for her father and her brother in the land of his sojourn.

"It was a wild evening in midwinter. For miles the wild swept unhindered till it reached the deserted dwelling, where in Nuala O'Farrell awaited her father's home-coming. He had gone that morning on his first trip to the town since purchasing his new jacket and coat. They had grown rich. Then they sent for their brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers and friends, and made them rich too. In the spring of the year, the Dempseys went out to 'the States.' Fintan would have gone with them, but for lack of money he had to remain behind for a year or thereabout, until Dan Dempsey lent him the 'passage money.'"

"This parting with his only boy was the saddest sorrow of this lowly household. The old man's heart was wrenched with grief when the train dashed into the wayside station. He threw his brawny arms once and last around his manly lad in a long and last embrace.

"'Childreen,' he sobbed in his sorrow, 'why are you leaving us at all? And your promise me that you'll come back when your money is made,—aye, for a thousand times before then, if you like?' And the boy promised.

"When Nuala hung around her brother's neck, she had no words to speak; her grief was too deep. And when at the last she was left alone, she felt faint, and she fell fainting into her father's arms.

"The train soon sped away, and young Fintan O'Farrell was gone from all he knew and loved. Slowly, an silently father and daughter returned to their bogland abode. There they could think over the boy and pity him. For the father, the pang of the parting was keen; for Nuala, it was such as she had never known before, and she felt that she should have left her. Why barter the peace and quiet even of the desert for the wild whirl of an American city, where life is ever at fever pitch? Was he not, at least, as well provided for as the birds of the air? He had enough to eat, enough to wear, and a place to rest when tired.

"Oh, yes! But, then, Fintan was no selfish fellow. He had gone not to improve his own position; he was to cheer her life too; for he was to send her back the bright gold of California in abundance. 'A yellow sovereign for every blossom on a furze bush,'—that was the emphatic way in which he put it.

"Poor Nuala O'Farrell! How many a lonely hour did she pass out there in the heart of the wild, waiting wearily for her father's return from Clondalkin, whether he were twice a week to the produce of his lowland farm, in the shape of the big sods of turf! Aye, and there was many a time when in spirit she traversed three thousand miles of wild ocean to have a chat with the brother she loved. Often did she watch the golden path traced by the setting sun on the surface of a bogland pool, and wonder if it were not a wizard's will to lure her, too, over the broad waters of the Atlantic.

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"The lad loved her with all the earnestness of his boyish heart. He saw her plainly in the daytime, when wide awake; he saw her ten times more plainly in his dreams when he sped back over the long, dark, cold chase with her again the honeybee over the heather, and to hear the quaint call of the curlew once more ringing in his ears. Aye, there she was,—tall, graceful, gentle; eyes like the stars, cheeks of rose, hair like the night when 'tis darkest! 'The very picture of her mother,' she was, as her father and other folks had often said, ere yet he had grown into a man.

"But times was flying very rapidly. Summer passed, then autumn, followed by winter. With it came the first remittance from America, and the heart of old Fintan O'Farrell was glad, as Nuala was, at the sight, after glancing at the date and address.

"Dearest Father!—After a great deal of delay, I am at last able to send you the few pounds enclosed. I do not know if it is better to do so, but I think it is. I have had to buy a new jacket and coat, the money will be well spent. Poor old Nuala must be nearly past his labor by this time. He drew home a lot of turf and brought in a great deal of money for the last ten years. It is almost time to give him a long rest now. Poor old Danny,—poor old gray-nosed, long-tailed, big-eared Danny! Won't you keep him till I come home, father, just to see if he'll know me?"

"Tell Nuala I had a beautiful dream of a few nights ago. I thought I was at home, counting out sovereigns into her bit until it was not able to hold a single one. I was so happy, and I thought: 'Don't you think it will come true? I always dream sharp. Next time I will send Nuala a letter, and something in it for herself.'"

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"Hoping you and Nuala are in the best of health, and a blessing I still enjoy—thanks be to the good God for all! Your loving boy, FINTAN."

"'May the Lord be good to you, Finty!' said the old man piously; 'for it's you that's the kind lad to your own put to the money, Nuala acher. When the fair comes we'll go and buy the best jacket in the town. We won't break his word for the world.'"

Nuala kissed the letter, and stowed it away in a safe hiding-place under the thatch. In her heart she felt she could never pray more than half enough for her father and her brother in the land of his sojourn.

"It was a wild evening in midwinter. For miles the wild swept unhindered till it reached the deserted dwelling, where in Nuala O'Farrell awaited her father's home-coming. He had gone that morning on his first trip to the town since purchasing his new jacket and coat. They had grown rich. Then they sent for their brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers and friends, and made them rich too. In the spring of the year, the Dempseys went out to 'the States.' Fintan would have gone with them, but for lack of money he had to remain behind for a year or thereabout, until Dan Dempsey lent him the 'passage money.'"

"This parting with his only boy was the saddest sorrow of this lowly household. The old man's heart was wrenched with grief when the train dashed into the wayside station. He threw his brawny arms once and last around his manly lad in a long and last embrace.

"'Childreen,' he sobbed in his sorrow, 'why are you leaving us at all? And your promise me that you'll come back when your money is made,—aye, for a thousand times before then, if you like?' And the boy promised.

"When Nuala hung around her brother's neck, she had no words to speak; her grief was too deep. And when at the last she was left alone, she felt faint, and she fell fainting into her father's arms.

"The train soon sped away, and young Fintan O'Farrell was gone from all he knew and loved. Slowly, an silently father and daughter returned to their bogland abode. There they could think over the boy and pity him. For the father, the pang of the parting was keen; for Nuala, it was such as she had never known before, and she felt that she should have left her. Why barter the peace and quiet even of the desert for the wild whirl of an American city, where life is ever at fever pitch? Was he not, at least, as well provided for as the birds of the air? He had enough to eat, enough to wear, and a place to rest when tired.

"Oh, yes! But, then, Fintan was no selfish fellow. He had gone not to improve his own position; he was to cheer her life too; for he was to send her back the bright gold of California in abundance. 'A yellow sovereign for every blossom on a furze bush,'—that was the emphatic way in which he put it.

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The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00. THEO. COFFEY, LL. D., Editor and Publisher.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1911

THE DUTY OF ALMSGIVING

"And when the Son of Man shall sit in His Majesty, and all the angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the seat of His Majesty. And all nations shall be gathered together before Him, and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats."

The angelic doctor thus states his argument: "No one is condemned to eternal punishment for not following the Councils, but for failing to do what is commanded."

But it is evident from Matt. xxv. that some are punished eternally for the omission of almsgiving. Therefore, almsgiving is not a counsel but a commandment.

Abbot Gasquet, the great historical authority on pre-reformation conditions in England, shows how this duty to the poor was recognized and discharged in Catholic times.

"It must always be remembered that in the view of the Church, tithes other than first fruits, and tithes of increase, were destined not to provide a maintenance for the clergy, but for the relief and support of the poor; and the rector, whether of a religious house or parochial incumbent was supposed to administer them for these purposes, he being only a ruler or administrator of them."

"At and since the Reformation, custom has persistently regarded such ministrations as endowments of the parson, clerical or lay, not as gifts to the poor of which he is only the administrator."

Instead of "the least of these" being recognized as brethren in Christ, as they then were not merely in words, but in deed, and in the very organization of Catholic society, we have to-day the glaring inequality of wealth and the heartless State efforts at relief of poverty.

In the changed conditions of our time it is impossible to revive the ideal arrangements of Catholic ages; but the spirit of charity will always inspire the activity of God's church. Here and now, we have those who give the greatest of all great gifts to charity—theirself and the loving service of their consecrated lives; a gift that should shame the most indifferent, and inspire the fervent to give, at least, what is necessary to sustain and extend the good works that the Church maintains through the noble self-sacrifice of those who give their lives to Christian charity.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH Harry, pronounced 'Arry, is defined as a flashy, under-bred young person of keen animal spirits and small fastidiousness.

nessness of the county. From Leitrim, Tipperary, Limerick and Wexford we have like intelligence. In the County of Clare Lord Justice Cherry, in commenting on the fact that there were but seven bills to go before the grand jury, said that if that represented all the crime in the county since the last assizes he would have good reason to congratulate the people. In the County of Meath Mr. Justice Boyd took occasion to comment on the fewness of crimes of a serious character, while in Wicklow, Lord Chief Justice O'Brien joined in the general praise of the law abiding character of the people.

A. H. SILVA is the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association in Portugal. As might be expected, he has but words of praise for the infidel government of the Republic. "We have a great field of labor before us," he exclaimed. After the proclamation of the Republic Mr. Silva went to Lisbon and had an interview with Costa, the minister of justice, who told him not to grow weary of spreading the gospel among the people.

"THE SYSTEM"

We are indebted to Mr. S. H. Blake, K. C., of Toronto, for this phrase. He heartily dislikes the Roman Catholic "system." It is a sort of general observation, covering we know not what, but we suspect he has reference to church government. We cannot return the compliment by making any reference to the "system," or religious organization, to which Mr. Blake is attached, because there is to be found therein little or no system.

FATHER VAUGHAN AND HOME RULE

It is of importance that a feeling of friendliness should exist especially in all other English speaking countries in the empire of Great Britain. A hostile attitude is sure to work to its disadvantage in many ways. We think we are within the mark in stating that in the American republic there are at least twenty millions of people of Celtic blood, and amongst the vast majority of them prevails a deep-seated dislike of England because of the centuries of persecution and injustice, of misery and starvation inflicted upon Ireland by the confiscation of its land, foreigners becoming the proprietors thereof.

In the Church of England, if a High Church clergyman is sent to minister to a Low Church congregation, his life is full of thorns and sooner or later the pew holders will have none of him. If a Low Church clergyman is placed over a High Church congregation, he is made to feel very lonely, while a Broad Church clergyman may be able to adapt himself to either one. He is somewhat in the position of the Vicar of Bray, who was always ready to trim his sails to whatever government might be in power.

composers of an original character. If they deal with questions of the day, ignoring Scripture texts altogether, they will be appreciated all the more. There must be pre-conceived flights of oratory, which, in the mind of a cool-headed critic, contain little else than a bouquet of literary daisies, which fade as the daisies, and leave but ashes—nothing that goes to the hearts and the minds of the people concerning things divine.

WE ARE pleased to notice that our excellent contemporary, The Casinet of Antigonish, has been enlarged from forty to forty-eight columns. We trust abundant success will be its portion. Of all the Catholic exchanges that come to our office none is more welcome. It is always bright and reliable. In its day it has done a world of work for the Catholic faith in the Maritime provinces. The larger form will give it a still greater field of usefulness. We send heartiest congratulations to our contemporary.

"SATURDAY NIGHT"

For his work in the establishment of libraries the Toronto Saturday Night gives Mr. Andrew Carnegie high praise, and criticizes severely a Quebec paper which contends that the steel magnate's money devoted to this object may not be an unmixed good.

BAD COMPANY

In Rome, on the 20th Sept., the forty-first anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops was celebrated with great eclat by the irreligious populace. Most prominent in the procession, we are told, were delegations of Freemasons from all parts of Italy and abroad; and we are told, too, by the press despatch that with these people, who are avowed Christ-haters, the Methodists, who had been holding their European conference in Rome, marched shoulder to shoulder. "Show me your company and I will tell you who you are," is an old saying that is applicable here. While claiming to be Christians the Methodists gleefully engaged in festivities with men who despise the very name of Christ.

THE ELECTION

What was perhaps the warmest political contest in the history of Canada took place last Thursday. The platform utterances on both sides brought forth a degree of talent, vehemence, earnestness and eloquence fully equal to that which may be found in any other portion of the British Empire.

Table with 3 columns: Province, Con. and Nat., Liberal. Ontario 72 13, Quebec 25 38, Nova Scotia 8 10, New Brunswick 5 8, P. Edward Island 2 2, Manitoba 6 4, Saskatchewan 1 9, Alberta 1 6, British Columbia 6 1, Total 126 91, Con. and Nationalist majority—34.

THE WIZARD WITHOUT FAITH Thos. A. Edison, scientist, inventor and infidel, is making a tour of the continent. In Austria he finds ideal conditions. He stood regaling himself at the sight of some of the well kept farms which greet the tourist in that country.

It is not often that Father Bernard Vaughan expresses an opinion on purely political questions. He has consented, however, to give public expression to his views upon at least one important aspect of the Home Rule controversy.

irritation with England among Ireland's supporters and sympathisers all over the world. That, at least, is my experience.

A "MODERN" CHURCH

The Rev. Sylvester Horne, M. P., who is, we are told, the clerical member of the British House of Commons, recently paid a visit to Montreal. In a short speech delivered at the Presbyterian College he explained that the reason he had stepped into political life was because he wished to have laws enacted with a view to improving the condition of the common people.

Our Lady of October Ave! It was our greeting sweet, In joyous month of May, And though the summer time be fled, The prayer we make to-day, To her we loud proclaim our Queen, Is still the sweet Ave.

THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY

October is with us once again, and as the shadows lengthen we gather round Our Lady's Altar to pay homage to October's Queen, "Our Lady of the Rosary." Ah, the beauty of the Catholic Church! Passing day by day from one feast to another, does the thought ever occur to us that herein, as in everything the Church does, is manifested the guiding hand of its Divine Founder? For who else but the Spirit of God could have so arranged it?

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN WRITING last week of the Irish Cardinals special reference was necessarily made to Cardinal Cullen, the first Irish prelate in modern times to be admitted to the Sacred College. Since then we have looked up some interesting references to His Eminence in a privately printed and hence little known book by Cardinal Newman, entitled "My Campaign in Ireland."

DR. NEWMAN became formally Rector of the University by act of the Committee of the Synod on November 12th, 1851, and on the 14th he wrote from Birmingham accepting the office. A little later Cardinal Franzoni, Prefect of Propaganda, wrote to Dr. Cullen congratulating him upon the appointment, and the Holy Father, Pius IX., while approving this act of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, made Dr. Newman's appointment, over and above their act, an act of his own.

DR. NEWMAN was very largely instrumental in bringing the University of 1851 into being so was he as Apostolic Delegate its firm friend throughout. His relationship to the Rector was of the most intimate and affectionate character and is reflected in the reply which Cardinal Newman made to the address of congratulation by the then Rector and Senate of the University on the occasion of his elevation to the Cardinalate in 1879.

GIVE a calm, quiet, attention to those things assigned to your care by Providence, and be sure that you can accomplish a great deal more by quiet, thoughtful work, done as in God's sight, than by all the busy eagerness and over activity of your restless nature.—Fenelon.

opposed to any kind of worship save the worship of the things of this world, for Thomas A. Edison is an infidel. When he is placed away in the silent tomb he believes that will be the end of him. Does he ever ask who gave him those great gifts which he possesses? In Mr. Edison we have another example of the Christian turned out by the little red school house, where a knowledge of God, and the things belonging to God, count for nothing, and are never mentioned.

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Though faded now the blooms of spring, And hushed the song of birds, Yet tribute pay we still to her, The Mother of the Word, The same that first from angel lips Her virgin bosom stirred.

Ave! October's Queen we hail, As summer's glory dies, For well we know the setting sun On other Mays will rise, When we shall keep our Lady's feast With her beyond the skies.—REV. D. A. CASEY ("COLUMBA")

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A CHEERFUL HEART

The cheerful man not only has sunshine in his own heart, but he diffuses it around him. When he enters a room, the company feel the warmth of his presence, and their hearts expand with pleasure.

What should be the basis of our joy? The foundation of our gladness of heart should not rest on our temporal possessions. I am far, indeed, from deprecating the legitimate acquisition of wealth.

Our health or our happiness rest on the power we may exert, not on the exalted place we may fill, nor on the honors conferred upon us, no matter how well merited they may be.

Do not make the pleasures of life the subject of your delight, for some of those pleasures are base and shameful, and they are all of brief duration.

We should rejoice that we are heirs prospective of the Kingdom of Heaven, and that the eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for them that love Him.

Another feature of this alacrity of soul is that it is not reserved for a few or for a particular class of persons, but you all may participate in it, no matter what may be your condition of life.

If we study the life of St. Paul we will find that the dominant note in his character was joy amid suffering. His apostolic ministry was a continuous scene of privations and hardships.

Let me urge in conclusion a few practical suggestions. First of all, endeavor to establish the reign of joy and sunshine in your own heart.

Once you have planted the blessings of joy within you, let its beams radiate throughout your household. Let the husband be a source of joy to his wife, and the wife to her husband.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND. MADE IN CANADA. CONTAINS NO ALUM.

gloomy temper produces dyspepsia. imitate the primitive Christian: "Who took their meat with gladness and simplicity of heart."

most noted artists in the country were sent for to teach the little lad, and instead of carving better he cut and shaped marble and became one of the greatest sculptors in the world.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LITTLE SCULPTOR

Long ago there lived in Italy a little boy named Antonio Canova. His home was with his grandfather, who was a stone-cutter by trade, but very poor.

Antonio wasn't a strong little boy. He couldn't romp and jump and run with the other boys in the village, but he loved to go with his grandfather to the stoneryard.

Everything went well until it came time to set the table for dinner. There suddenly came a crash from the great banquet hall and a man rushed into the kitchen, very pale and trembling with fright.

"What shall we do?" cried all the servants. Little Antonio left his pans and kettles and went up to the frightened man.

"How beautiful!" he cried. And the lion was carried in and put in the center of the banquet table.

MEANING OF NAMES OF STATES

What's in a name? asked the poet, yet many names are full of meaning, and contain historical associations well worth remembering.

Maine takes its name from the province of Maine, in France, and was so called as a compliment to Henrietta, the queen of Charles I, who was its owner.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de la Ware. Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Mary, queen of Charles I.

Ohio has several meanings fitted to it. Some say that it is a Swahili word, meaning "the beautiful river."

Wisconsin is an Indian word, meaning "wild, rushing waters." Indiana means "land of Indians."

Zealous Managers

Theatrical managers are becoming overzealous in entering to or in trying to attract the patronage of Catholic theatregoers.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS

Almost every day a curious scene is enacted at the end of our street. A staid, elderly gentleman walks slowly down it a short distance, and stands in the middle of the road.

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COULD NOT HELP LAUGHING A PRIEST'S AMUSING EXPERIENCE WITH AN EDUCATED PROTESTANT LADY

A priest in the column known as "The Curate's Window" in the Catholic Transcript tells of some meetings with educated Protestants in which he was somewhat surprised at their ideas of the Catholic Church.

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MIRACLES AND SCIENCE

SCIENTIFIC INEXACITITUDES, NEW NAMES FOR OLD TRUTHS, POSSESSION AND EXORCISM, FACTS, NOT FANCIES

Up to fifty years ago it was commonly asserted by thinkers who were at that particular date "modern," that the phenomena alleged by Catholics to have been manifested as certain holy places, or in the lives of holy people, simply did not take place and never had taken place because miracles were obviously impossible. It was a magnificent and beautiful act of faith to make an act of faith which rested upon an unproved negative principle, and a universal principle at that—but it was not science.

For within the last fifty years it has gradually been discovered that the events did take place, and still take place, in every corner of the world. For example, the Church has observed for about two thousand years that every now and then a certain human being manifested every sign of being two persons in two characters within one organism; further she observed that the use of very forcible and dramatic language administered by authority, if persevered in long enough frequently, but not infallibly, had the effect of banishing one of these apparent personalities. She called the first phenomenon "Possession," and the second "Exorcism." I suppose that there was no detail of the Church's belief more uniformly mocked than this was. Yet at present there is hardly a single modern psychologist of repute who is not familiar with these phenomena, and who does not fully acknowledge the facts. It is true that "modern thinkers" give other names to the phenomena—"alternating personalities" to the one, and "suggestion" to the other, but at least the facts are acknowledged.

It would be possible to multiply parallels almost indefinitely. Communications made at a distance by other than physical means; phantasms of the living (called by the Church "hallucinations"), and of the dead; faith-healing; the physical effect of monotonous repetition; the value of what the church calls "sacraments"; that is, of suggestive articles (such as water in which there is no intrinsic spiritual virtue); the levitation of heavy bodies; even the capacity of inanimate objects to retain a kind of emotional or spiritual aura of the person who was once in close relations to them (as in the case of relics)—all these things, or most of them are allowed to-day, by the most materialistic of modern thinkers, if not actually to be established facts, at least to be worthy of very serious and reverent consideration. When men like Sir Oliver Lodge, Professors Richet, Sidgwick and Lombroso are willing to devote the chief energies of their lives to the investigation of these things, it is hardly possible even for other scientists to dismiss them as nonsense.

Now, I am not concerned here with the discussion of the two main explanations given to these facts by Catholics on the one side, and "modern thinkers" on the other; for each explanation rests on a theory of the entire cosmos. The Catholic who is quite certain that a supernatural world, peopled by personalities, lies in the closest possible relation with this, is perfectly reasonable in attributing phenomena of this kind to those relations. The "modern thinker" who either does not believe in the supernatural world, or who thinks it indefinitely distant (whether in time or space), is simultaneously absolutely certain that all the phenomena of this world arise from the powers of his own superb act of faith. But it is surely very significant and suggestive to find that whatever the theories in time or space, is simultaneously absolutely certain that all the phenomena of this world arise from the powers of his own superb act of faith.

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of that "law" and the consequent cures? It is surely very remarkable that in this instance, as in so many other things hidden from the "wise and prudent" are revealed to "babes"; and that the rulers and representatives of the "dark ages" managed, and manage, somehow or another, to control and use forces of which the present century of light and learning has only just discovered the existence.

Now, the facts mentioned are surely suggestive, not necessarily of the truth of the Catholic religion, but of the extreme likelihood that that religion, and not a benevolent Pantheism or Immanentism, is to form the faith of the future. Here is a religious society which is not only up to the present the one advanced religious force that can really control and unite the masses, but also the one single religious body with clear dogmatic principles which can attract at any rate a considerable selection of the most advanced and cultivated thinkers of the age. It is the easiest thing in the world to become an individualist; it is always easy to believe in the practical infallibility of one's self; one only requires the simple equipment of a sufficiently resolute contempt of one's neighbor; but it is not very easy to believe in the infallibility of someone else. That requires humility, at least intellectual. The craving for an external authority is not, in spite of a popular and shallow opinion to the contrary, nearly so natural to man as a firm reliance upon his own. Yet here the fact remains of this continuous stream of converts who through their education and attainments surely should be tempted, if any were tempted, to remain in the pleasant Paradise of Individualism and Personal Popery.

Next, there is the consideration of the undoubted tendency of academic minds to be blind to all data except those which fall under the particular science to which they have devoted themselves; faced by the very sensible and Catholic way of treating man as a feeling as well as a thinking animal, and of taking into account in the study of truth, not only matters of dry intellect, but those departments of knowledge to which access can only be gained by the heart. Thirdly, we glanced at the extraordinary vindication that Catholicism has received, at least with regard to facts, from the most modern of all modern sciences.—Mgr. H. Benson in Atlantic Monthly.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PRESS

Unfortunately, the daily press is fast acquiring the habit of describing violations of the moral law with a crudity that is simply revolting. But when we are presented with whole columns of reports of the erotic slubberings of an avowed and unblushing adulterer, who talks about her emotions, her ambition to solve the "sex problem," her associations with every chameleoneer, her future prospects of livelihood, etc., we ask in amazement whether the reporters

who gathered this vile stuff, and the editors who sent it to the printer, have wives and mothers and sisters and daughters? Will they be gratified when they see them absorbing this deadly poison? The papers that contain this horrible interview are piled up on every breakfast-table in the land and are devoured on the cars by old men and old women and by girls and boys, with an avidity which, for any one who gives it a thought, is full of menace for all the deceencies of life.

We try to stop the cholera at Swinburne Island; we spend millions on sweeping and flushing the streets to keep off disease; we have gone stark mad about disinfectants in everything we use, but here we are bringing into the sacred precincts of every home in the land, or rather into every heart of the land, the most deadly kind of moral infection. There are crowds of decent, upright young fellows who are earning their living reporting for the press, there are editors in every department of the great journals whose lives are pure and whose first instincts are for what is right and proper. Why can they not come together to protest against and to prevent this criminal misuse of the great powers of the press, the most deadly kind of moral infection, and preserve the people, and not to drag them down into a condition of mind and heart which must inevitably bring disaster on the nation?—America.

There can be no gaudy saying the statement that Christ is the greatest and most successful teacher the world has ever seen. His success has not been by any means complete; but this is not due to any deficiency in His principles or vagueness in His outlook upon life, but to the defection of His followers, or their half-hearted adoption of the fundamental maxims He has laid down for our guidance.

The office of carrying on the social work initiated by Christ fell by Divine appointment to the Church; and from the earliest times even during the anxious years of persecution, the social regeneration planned by Christ was progressing. From the first the poor, the sick, the children, the slave, were the objects of tender and loving care. Personal service was gladly rendered to all in need as to a renewed embodiment of the person of Christ. The entire ground plan of the social changes which are demanded in our time was already traced in lines of light by enthusiastic disciples and their immediate followers. Men were brothers (even more than "comrades"); men were "other Christs," not merely "citizens" or men. Aid was systematized. It dealt with groups, and to-day we have come to describe as social work—the name being now indeed, but the thing denoted as old as Christianity. Nay, Christianity is not

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merely a social power—it is the creator of all that is best in society, of its forms, its ideals, its language, its traditions, its names.—Magr. Parkinson, D. D.

GERMAN EMPEROR RECOGNIZES THE HOLY FATHER AS A SOVEREIGN

APROPOS OF THE RECENT DECISION OF THE FRENCH COURT OF CASSATION THAT IT IS A CRIME TO DISPLAY THE PAPAL BANNER AS THE FLAG OF A SOVEREIGN, THE FOLLOWING NOTE IS INTERESTING: "On the occasion of the jubilee of the Pope the Emperor of Germany sent to Rome as Ambassador Extraordinary the General Baron Leo, who, addressing His Holiness, said: 'I pray your Holiness to accept these gifts as proof of friendship from sovereign to sovereign.' Some Italian newspapers tried to minimize the act and the words of the Ambassador as devoid of political significance, whereupon the German Government issued the following official note: 'Germany approached the Pope principally because he is King, recognized as such by the Prussian Government, which has accredited an Ambassador near his sacred person. The Emperor approached the Pope as a sovereign, a dignity that history and the laws of nations recognize in him for centuries.'"

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How to Treat a Catholic Paper

"Treat your Catholic paper consistently and courteously," says the Catholic Citizen. "Treat it as a good friend whom you would favor if you could; and whose good opinion you wish to retain. If there is ever a doubt in your mind, give your friend the benefit of the doubt. "Regard your Catholic paper as a co-worker in the cause. It holds up the flag of the faith. See that the standard bearer is supported. "When you do business with the Catholic paper, try to do it pleasantly, cheerfully and with kind words. "Above all—and this is the best courtesy—do business according to the business rules which the Catholic paper requests you to follow. Be sure that, if you comply there will never be any misunderstanding."—New World.

LORD HALSBURY.—Another subscriber sends us further intelligence regarding Lord Halsbury, of unenviable ancestry. John Gifford, Lord Halsbury's grandfather, contended that Henry Grattan was not competent to vote at an election in 1802. This brought the following reference to Gifford's character from the great Irish Tribune: "The objection comes from the hired traducer of his country, the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens, the unprincipled ruffian, the bigoted agitator, the regal rebel; in the city a fire-brand in the court a liar, in the street a bully, and in the field a coward."

READER.—We do not undertake the responsibility of guaranteeing the soundness of all business propositions which we advertise. We take care, however, not to publish anything in our advertising columns of a suspicious character. We would recommend Reader to send for the advertising matter of the concern to which he refers and judge for himself.

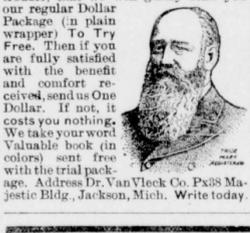
DIED Goodrow.—At Hamilton, Ont., on Sept. 18, 1911, Mrs. Goodrow, beloved wife of Geo. Goodrow, insurance agent, aged forty-four years. May her soul rest in peace!

There are many roads through life; there is only one road that the wise person will take and keep. That one is the road to righteousness. And righteousness, in terms of man's existence in this world, is right living, right thinking, right doing.

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By Order of the Board, JAMES MASON, General Manager, Toronto, July 19th, 1911

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