

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00

Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B. A., Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. Sullivan, H. F. Mackintosh.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

A proved and recommended by Archbishops of Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and canvass for the CATHOLIC RECORD:

General agents: M. J. Hagarty, Vincent S. Cox, and Miss Helen O'Connor, Resident agents: George B. Hewatson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Bridie Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Heringer, Winnipeg; E. R. Costello, 2255-5th Ave. West, Vancouver, B. C.; Elias Johnson, 211 Rochester St., St. Paul; Miss Rose McKeaney, 149 D'Aiguillon street, Quebec, Mrs. George E. Smith, 2380 St. Ursula street, Montreal, M. J. Mervin, Montreal, B. F. O'Toole, 1947 Montague St., Regina, Sask., and E. J. Marbury, Box 122, Saskatoon.

Outgoing and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

In St. John N. B. single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 249 Main Street, John J. Mervin, Montreal, The O'Snell Co. Pharmacy, 109 Brussels street.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from J. Milloy, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1917

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION

The time if not past is passing when the diffusion of "education" was with unflinching faith advocated as the panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Thoughtful people are beginning to ask that the term "education" be defined. And in the attempted definition there is a confusion of tongues.

Nevertheless there is yet a pretty general disposition to assume that the proportion of "illiteracy" is an adequate test of the stage of civilization reached by a nation or a community.

And this in spite of the fact that few are found to deny that many "illiterate" people—we might even say peoples—show the most disappointing results of "education."

The ability to read and write is the test which divides the literate sheep from the illiterate goats. Yet we have had generation after generation leave school knowing how to read, but knowing neither what to read nor how to think; able to read but reading nothing, or reading what debases rather than that elevates; having neither the taste nor the habit of reading or having tastes and habits in this matter reflecting little credit on their "education."

Let it not be inferred that we do not value the general diffusion of education. We would rather increase it, and above all elevate and enlarge the conception of the meaning of the term.

Professor Arthur Keith, Curator of the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, gives in the New Statesman some concrete facts that compel reconsideration of long accepted educational theories:

"Scottish education is probably, as it has long been, the best in the world. Scotland is the only really educated part of the British Isles; one boy in four goes to a University. It is the only part of the British Isles, if not of the Empire, that really believes in education. From the days of John Knox and the village school, to the compulsory continuation schools north of the Tweed to-day, Scotland has always been a generation, or a century, in front of England in this respect. The consequences are to be observed in every part of the Empire, from London outwards, where there are places of responsibility and difficulty to fill. For the unshakable responsibilities and difficulties of the Imperial problem in the coming time we cannot have too much of such stuff, so nurtured."

It will be observed that Professor Keith is by no means an unfriendly critic of Scottish education, quite the contrary.

In passing, just to enable us to realize how completely Scotland has outdistanced the rest of the Empire, indeed the rest of the world in the matter of university education, it may be well to recall to mind that in Ontario—and we are rather proud of our record—only about one in ten receives any measure of secondary education, and of this number only a small fraction reaches the university. Scotland's one in four puts us several centuries behind in the race.

But educational values are not measured solely by the number of positions how important soever held by the beneficiaries of Scotland's—in many respects—admirable educational system.

Professor Keith merely mentions the importance to the Empire of educated Scotsmen in order to direct attention to Scotland's vital statistics which he claims precisely because of Scottish education "are the concern of every decent patriot."

"The recorded facts could not be more ominous."

SCOTLAND, FOR INSTANCE, FURNISHED last year with the worst vital statistics in her history, quite apart from our dreadful losses of Scottish and Scot-descended soldiers. The facts have already received much attention in Scotland. A distinguished Edinburgh minister wrote a remarkable article, entitled "Stand Up, Ye Dead" (Scotsman, April 19), and an article of mine, written in the summer, was reprinted and discussed widely throughout the Scottish press. The official report, now published, amply justifies both writers. The birth-rate in Scotland last year, 23.86 per thousand, was so much the lowest on record as actually to be 3.1 less than the mean of the birth-rates of the preceding ten years. The total number of births, 114,181, was the smallest in any year since 1869 and actually 12,303 less than the average of the preceding ten years—this in spite of the astonishing rise in the marriage-rate in the latter months of 1914, after the outbreak of war. Throughout the year the birth-rate fell steadily, being only 21.2 in the last quarter, 3.9 less than that of the last quarter of 1914.

In Edinburgh the birth-rate was less than 18, being the lowest ever recorded for any city anywhere. But the babies born were slaughtered as usual, and more so, though the birth-rate was only half as high as forty years ago.

What profiteth a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul. How does it benefit Scotland to lead the whole world in education if it treads the path that leads to destruction of the Scottish race?

And that is the awful truth that the plainspoken Scottish Professor emphasizes:

"There will always be plenty of Scotsmen," writes a distinguished Scot when I drew his attention to the facts.

"Will there always be plenty of Scotsmen," as things are going? The stock in fact, dying out. The stream that fertilised our Colonies has run dry. Last year the birth-rate of Edinburgh was lower than that of Paris, and the infant mortality higher. What Scotland has long asserted of France, with much raising of pious Presbyterian hands, is true of Scotland today. Here we need not pretend that the condition of the Scottish birth-rate offers obscure and esoteric physiological problems, such as that of a recurrent cycle of fertility and infertility, offered by two Scottish witnesses to the Birth-Rate Commission. The Scottish birth-rate is as the Scottish people now choose to have it."

The italics are Professor Keith's. Alcoholism and deliberate "birth control" are the chief immediate causes of the menacing condition which the professor deplures. Speaking of infant mortality he thus scathingly refers to the official concealment of the true causes:

"The official statements as to causes of death, attributing, for instance, 126 to syphilis, and over 3,000 to premature birth and congenital debility, and not mentioning alcohol at all, are just part of the system of lies which we call registration of death in this country."

After referring to the "unmentionable abominations of such slums as disgrace Dundee" the article continues:

"As for Edinburgh, with her glorious record as the modern Athens, and with graduates of her University leading the medical profession in every part of the Empire, surely the time has come for her to deal with her horrible slums and the deplorable record of her childhood. Nowhere in the Empire, surely, can the churches be more numerous or powerful."

In the last sentence we have an important admission though perhaps unconsciously made. Confronted with the all-important moral issues over which education divorced from religion exercises no control, the learned Professor rather savagely passes the question on to the "numerous and powerful churches."

He closes on this despairing note:

"That this city, of all cities, in a year of unprecedent prosperity, should have a birth rate of 17.9, and, though the summer was cool, an infant mortality of 132, is surely to have reached the nadir of her history."

Is it necessary to point the moral? What the answer of the powerful churches of Edinburgh may be to the Professor's implied charge we do not know. But the whole facts as set forth are an eloquent vindication of the position of the Catholic Church in the matter of education. Religion and religion alone furnishes the basis of morality; and education divorced from religion even where carried on to a degree that is the despair of the most sanguine advocates elsewhere, stands appalled and powerless before the moral condition of "modern Athens."

"Do not go into your house, shut the door, pull down the blinds and hug your religion to yourself. Open the doors and windows and let the light of faith shine out."—Mgr. Benson.

TWO PILGRIMS AND TWO PILGRIMAGES

Dr. R. J. Campbell, late of the City Temple, London, was for some years very much in the public eye as the foremost Nonconformist preacher in England. Without question honest he, after the manner of his kind, tried to find a firm footing in the quicksands of modern Protestantism by proclaiming a "New Theology." It has been the logical development of private judgment from Luther to President Elliot and Dr. Campbell as well as a host of lesser lights whose novelties have ceased to startle their blasé congregations.

Dr. Campbell two or three years ago abandoned his New Theology—if indeed that was necessary—for the conventional orthodoxy of the Established Church. He has been for some time at the front as army chaplain whence he has written his honest admiration of Catholic faith and practice.

Recently he described his religious migration in a volume entitled "A Spiritual Pilgrimage." The Nation reviewing the work says that it "shows no such sounding of the heights and depths of life, no such concern with such ultimate beliefs and denials as are shown in the confessions of a Newman or a Froude."

Remarking that passing from High Anglican to Roman Catholic belief seems to the outsider rather less than that from the Congregational to the High Anglican position, the reviewer adds:—

"But to the first, the journey is one of enormous and tragic issues, in which the very foundation of the man's being is shaken. To the other it is almost as the casual passing from one room to another (or even from one arm chair to another) in a warm and lighted house, in which preference for the furniture and ornament of the new apartment is almost justification enough for the change."

Indeed, Dr. Campbell confesses that but for the breakdown of his health, making it impossible to continue his work in the great preaching centre of London, he would never have undertaken his "pilgrimage."

Contrasting with this confession the tragic sacrifices of Newman the Nation quotes:

"There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there—so runs the well known conclusion of the 'Apologia' narrative—and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my university. On the morning of the 23rd I left the observatory. I have never seen Oxford since excepting its spires as they are seen from the railway."

It was another son of Oxford who accused him who had made such sacrifices for Truth of equivocation and hypocrisy and lying and—felix culpa—was the occasion of the immortal Apologia of one "who has given up much that he loved and prized and could have retained but that he loved honesty better than name, and Truth better than dear friends."

It was not easy for the great-souled Newman to write the Apologia; but it was, he conceived, the only adequate answer to the "unmanly attempt of my Accuser to cut the ground from under my feet; to poison by anticipation the public mind against me, John Henry Newman, and to infuse into the imaginations of my readers, suspicion and mistrust of everything that I may say in reply to him. This I call poisoning the wells."

A score of years before the hope, the inspiration, the very creed of all that was noblest in England's intellectual and spiritual life, Newman the Catholic, estranged from the old loved environment, faces the task of defending Truth by laying bare his whole life. That he shrinks from the ordeal he indicates in words which even the coarsest-fibered opponent must regard with sympathy and respect:

"It is not pleasant to reveal to high and low, young and old, what has gone on within me from my early years. It is not pleasant to be giving to every shallow or flippant disputant the advantage over me of knowing my most private thoughts, I might even say the intercourse between myself and my Maker. But I do not like to be called to my face a liar and a knave; nor should I be doing my duty to my faith or to my name, if I were to suffer it."

There is a profound truth, but dimly perceived perhaps by the reviewer of Dr. Campbell's volume of self-revelation when he contrasts this "arm-chair pilgrim" with the conversion of Newman where "the very foundation of the man's being is shaken." And that truth is that

THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST

like His sacred humanity suffers, and "in these very sufferings of hers, she is accomplishing and applying Divine Atonement for the sins of those who crucify her."

Participation in this suffering is the convert's, not a deterrent but a privilege and a consolation.

Newman's Apologia is an English classic and a masterpiece of Catholic apologetic. Are ordinarily well-read Catholics as familiar with it as they ought to be?

DR. AMYOT'S RAPID PROMOTION

The appointment of Dr. J. A. Amyot, of Toronto, as sanitary adviser in England to the Canadian forces is a case of promotion due solely to exceptional fitness for the position. Before going overseas Dr. Amyot was director of the Ontario Provincial Board of Health laboratories, and in England has been successively sanitary adviser to a section, a division, and an army corps. Later he was with the Second British Army.

Modest almost to the point of self-effacement, Dr. Amyot, by assiduous and enthusiastic devotion to study and experiment in his chosen field of work, achieved a distinction of which few of his own countrymen outside of studious members of the medical profession were even aware. It is now some years since the present writer was assured by a competent informant that Dr. Amyot as a bacteriologist and pathologist enjoyed an international reputation.

His contempt for self-advertisement is not more marked than his unquestioning loyalty to the Catholic Faith and his quiet but keenly intelligent interest in many phases of Catholic intellectual activity.

In the high post which he now occupies he will doubtless be thrown into contact with many able to appreciate his attainments, and we may feel assured that in his own sphere Dr. Amyot will do his bit to uphold the reputation of Canada.

A DIAGNOSIS

Among Canadian Catholics there is a feeling of complacency at the progress the Church is making in this country. It is true that a good deal is being accomplished. New dioceses have been recently established, a goodly number of converts are coming into the fold, the number and efficiency of our schools is being increased, and a laudable effort is being made to aid the poorer missions and to safeguard the faith of emigrants. Everyone, however, who is cognizant of conditions as they exist, must know that only a small part of the spiritual, intellectual, and physical energy at our disposal is being utilized. The Church is making progress because she is a divine institution, because she is such a powerful dynamo that a minimum of cooperation on the part of the human element is productive of great results. What has been accomplished, therefore, furnishes no motive for self-complacency, but should rather be a cause of humiliation for us who have done so little when we might have done so much. It might serve a good purpose to examine some of the reasons for our failure. Let us diagnose the malady.

A gentleman recently pictured to us in eloquent terms his conception of what a Catholic paper should be. "Why don't you put your shoulder to the wheel?" we said; for we knew that he had aptitude and ability for the work. He replied that he did not do so because he realized that his best efforts would fall far short of his ideal. This response reveals the reason why this special department, and no doubt many other departments of Catholic activity, are deprived of valuable assistance. The Standard dictionary gives two definitions of the word "ideal." One definition is "a standard of excellence or the ultimate object of attainment." The other meaning attributed to it is "a conception beyond realization." Evidently the gentleman used the word in the former sense; for he cited examples in the past history of Catholic journalism that he considered standards of excellence. But an ideal is not intended to be immediately realized. It is, as the definition states, "the ultimate object of attainment." A man cannot have too high ideals, provided that they are not mere dreams or visions but practical standards of excellence that daily call forth his best efforts in order to arrive at their attainment. If our ideals, in the ordinary sphere of human activity in which

our lot is cast, are "conceptions beyond realization, they exercise no propelling influence upon our endeavors, but on the contrary may prove a source of discouragement. The same is true if their immediate accomplishment is considered necessary. It is a striking paradox that many, in the various walks of life, who are not bothering themselves much about ideals, are, by persevering efforts, accomplishing much good; while others, with the loftiest conceptions of what ought to be, are losing precious time and neutralizing valuable forces by vain repining. In the spiritual life St. Francis and St. Charles may be our models. Would it not be foolish to cease striving to imitate their virtues simply because our efforts leave us so far removed from these standards of sanctity. Why, therefore, should men who have more than ordinary qualifications, say for the apostolic work referred to of disseminating Catholic truth, close their note books, put their fountain pens in their vest pockets and mutter between cigar puffs "Cui bono?" because they do not rise immediately to the stature of a Dana or a Lambert?

Another thing that puts a damper on enthusiasm is the fear of criticism. We once asked a prominent citizen why he did not accept a position on the Town Council. "Why should I," he replied, "expend my time and energy for the benefit of the community in return for ridicule and abuse?" The same attitude, unfortunately, is found among Catholics in regard to those who are laboring for their welfare. Strange it is that the men and women who are receiving the least recompense for their labor, or who have voluntarily devoted their lives to works of zeal, are the chief objects of criticism. If our motives are merely altruistic, they will scarcely be proof against this chilling ingratitude. But if the charity of Christ urges us, as it does the great army of our holy Religion; then neither lack of appreciation nor arm chair criticism nor even persecution itself will deter us from striving to accomplish our noble aims, but will rather strengthen our armor for renewed efforts.

Two other causes of failure may be mentioned. The first of these suggests too vast a subject to be even briefly set forth in this article. It is the lack of organization, the absence of concerted action. We need scarcely dwell upon the other cause of our inertia as none of us will admit that it is applicable in his case. It is the inclination, so inherent in our nature, to follow the lines of least resistance. A less euphemistic but more accurate definition is found in a little Anglo Saxon word of five letters.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE EXTENT to which the Reformation in Scotland, which we have been discussing in recent issues, was built upon a foundation of fraud, deceit and wholesale defamation, can be adequately realized only by those who have given the matter mature study. The subject is too vast for lengthy treatment in these columns, but to conclude our necessarily brief survey, we propose, in this issue, to illustrate the methods of the Reforming zealots in their attitude to adherents of the ancient Faith, by two incidents not to be found in the histories of their school. If a tree is judged by its fruit, the Reformation, in the light of these events, even if they were exceptional cases (which they are not) stands unequivocally condemned in the judgment of all honest men.

THE FEROCIOUS and vindictive hatred which Knox and the Lords of the Congregation bore to Mary of Guise, Regent of Scotland, during the minority of Queen Mary is known to all students of the period. The Regent stood out valiantly against the encroachments of Protestantism in Scotland, and, though "a foreigner," rallied to her side all the better elements in the country. The increasing power of the Congregation, however, rendered her position anything but an easy or pleasant one. The forces she had to contend with were neither scrupulous or considerate, and in order to avert bloodshed, she found it necessary to conciliate them as far as she could do so without betrayal of her sacred trust.

Two of the grievances which the "reformers" had against her were, that she maintained a body of French troops in Edinburgh, which they con-

sidered as a menace to national independence, and that she was inclined to molest the new preachers, and, through them, the reformed religion. To them, therefore, as they mendaciously pleaded, there was no hope except in aid from England, and the result was that long succession of intrigues with Elizabeth and her ministers, for practically the sale of Scotland to the English Crown, which forever stains their memory with infamy. Knox, in his "History," boasts of his own initiation of this appeal.

MEANWHILE, to promote pacification, an agreement or treaty was entered upon between the Regent and the Congregation covering the points of dispute. "It is not wonderful," says one historian, "that the brethren made terms, for the 'Historic' (Knox's History) states that their force numbered but 1,500 men, whereas d'Oysel led twice that number." The Regent, for her part, though her French troops alone should have been able to rout the depleted ranks of the Congregation, did not want war. She desired to avoid bloodshed, in the first place, and, besides, had not the money to carry on the protracted hostilities which an open rupture with the Lords would entail.

THIS AGREEMENT, or treaty, has long been one of the knotty points in Scottish history, and the question still is, What were its terms? We are not concerned to go into the subject here, save to exhibit the flagrant dishonesty of Knox and the Lords. The treaty, if such it was, was soon broken, and in his "History," Knox was at much pains to show that the Regent was the breaker thereof. He accuses the Regent of having tampered with the document, omitting certain clauses and substituting others. "This alteration in words and order," he says, "was made without the knowledge and consent of those whose counsel we had used in all cases before"—clearly meaning the preachers—and also implying that the consent of the noble negotiators for the Congregation was obtained to the French articles. Let Andrew Lang tell us the facts:

"THE CONGREGATION left Edinburgh after making solemn proclamation of the conditions of the truce, in which they omitted all the terms of the French version, except those in their own favor, and stated (in Knox's version) that all of their own terms, except the most important, namely, the removal of the French, had been granted. . . . Of the terms really settled, except as regards the immunity of their own party, the Lords told the public not one word: they suppressed what was true, and added what was false." Against this formal, public, and impudent piece of mendacity," continues Lang, "we might expect Knox to protest in his 'History'; to denounce it as a cause of God's wrath. On the other hand, he states, with no disapproval, the childish quibbles by which his party defended their action." It is in this connection that Lang says of Knox that "he uses ink like the cuttle-fish, to conceal the facts."

THE FALSE terms were not only publicly proclaimed by the Congregation with sound of trumpets, but they were actually sent, by Knox or Kircaldy, or both, to Croft at Berwick, for English reading. The "own writings" of the Regent's party it may be added, are extant, and do not contain the terms proclaimed by the Congregation. "The sending of this false intelligence to England," adds the writer quoted, "was not the result of a misunderstanding. The French terms were perfectly well understood, and were observed, except Article 6, on which the Regent made a concession. How then could men, professionally godly, venture to misreport the terms, and so make them at once seem more favorable to themselves and less discouraging to Cecil than they really were, while at the same time (as the Regent could not keep terms which she had never granted) they were used as a ground of accusation against her?" How, save that by such trickery and deceit the whole cause of the Reformation was built, and its end could not be furthered by honest means.

THE SECOND instance, which we record concerns more particularly the person of Mary Stuart, the martyred Scottish Queen. Upon Queen Mary, after "the murder of Cardinal Beaton, the whole Catholic cause in Scotland, humanly speaking, depended, and to effect her

ruin became, therefore, the one aim of the Reformers. That they stopped at nothing to blacken her name and to poison the wells of history against her scarcely needs stating. It is the one outstanding fact in the history of the Reformation in Scotland. Let those who doubt it read carefully what follows.

THE GREAT, the capital crime imputed to the Queen, and which has been used to justify all the subsequent proceedings against her, is that of complicity in, or at least of guilty knowledge of the murder of her husband, Lord Darnley. This charge has been based solely upon the celebrated series of documents known as the "Casket Letters," the spurious character of which, from internal evidence alone, would have long since been universally admitted had not sectarian hate blinded the eyes of those who have made such free use of them to discredit Mary's memory. With the question of the evidence generally on this point we have not here to do, but with one incident only which, given due consideration, cuts the ground completely from under the feet of those who have argued for their genuineness.

MR. JOHN Hosack, a Protestant barrister, the celebrated author of "Mary Queen of Scots and Her Accusers," became interested in the subject in a legal way, and approached it after the manner of a carefully trained lawyer. He had no sympathies, it is said, one way or the other, and dealt with the facts as he would have done with the dullest piece of legal business with which he might have been entrusted. The result, in his great work, is the complete vindication of the Queen as regards the "Casket Letters," and every other serious imputation made against her. He died in 1887, leaving in an unfinished state, the manuscript of another book in which he was reviewing the case and presenting it in a popular form. This has since, incomplete as it is, been published, and it is in this unpretentious but important volume that the following incident is recorded. The author shall be quoted in his own words.

"ON HIS return to Scotland," wrote Mr. Hosack, "Murray was appointed Regent, and the first judicial account of the evidence against the Queen is contained in a pretended copy of an Act of the Privy Council of Scotland dated December 4th, 1567. It is printed by Haynes (p. 453) from the collections at Hatfield, and was no doubt sent to Cecil by Murray to justify the deposition and imprisonment of the Queen. This paper states, among other matters, that 'by divers her privy letters written and subscribed with her own hand, it is most certain that the Queen was privy to the murder of the King.' . . . This pretended Act in Council is signed by Murray, Morton, Glencairn, and twenty-five other members of the Council."

IT HAS always been contended by those eager to incriminate Mary, that the Council must have had very strong evidence of her guilt before them. There were two ways out of the difficulty. The documents might be forgeries (as, in fact, they are), or the Council might have affixed a wrong meaning to them. But Hosack, true lawyer as he was, was content to take nothing for granted. What then took place he tells himself. "There has been a vast amount of discussion about this pretended Act of Council, for it states that the Queen's letters were not only written but signed by her, whereas her alleged letters produced at York and Westminster bore no signature. Hume attempts to get over the difficulty by saying it was a mere blunder of the clerk, and Malcolm Laing denounces the objection as a despicable quibble. But it is truly surprising that not one of the many eminent persons who have discussed the point, has taken the trouble to examine for himself the Book of the Privy Council, which is still to be found in the Register House at Edinburgh, and is in perfect preservation."

THE "BOOK in question," proceeds Hosack, "contains no such Act as that printed by Haynes, and stated to be a true copy of the original. No original exists, and no original ever existed; there is not the remotest reference to be found in the Register Book relating to the alleged letters of the Queen, and the inevitable conclusion is that no such letters ever were produced in Scotland at all. The imposition thus practised by