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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1919

THE COW-PUNCHER

There is a war-pictorial by Lady Butler, already famous as painter of the Roll Call, which takes its inspiration from the present War. A group of wounded soldiers—walking cases—trudging their painful way along a road in France come to a way-side shrine where the life-size figure of the Christ on the Cross preaches with silent eloquence the old yet ever-new story of Calvary. "Eyes Right!" At the word of command each war-weary and war-stricken soldier turns reverent eyes toward the symbol of that divine love and divine sorrow which explains and illuminates and sanctifies human love and human suffering. There is here nothing of the pomp and circumstance of war; but there is something greater; the dignity and worth and personality and individuality of each nameless Tommy. Democracy may be a much-abused term; but we think amongst other and perhaps better things "Eyes Right" interprets the real progress of the human race in true democracy. And we feel that the age of chivalry is not dead; for in all the pictures of the past painted by brush or pen there is nothing of which the common every day man has not proved himself capable; nothing of knightly valor which the average man has not in these latter days achieved.

In literature, too, this truth is making its way. We may still need to meditate on Burns' emphatic assertion: "The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that," but it is coming to be accepted as a matter of course.

These reflections were suggested by a new Canadian novel, by Robert J. C. Stead, *The Cow Puncher*; for here again it is the common man who is the hero of the tale. Born on a run-down ranch, forty miles from school or church, his only companionship that of a father broken-spirited through drink, Dave Elden grew up to active and vigorous youth without education or religion; at least without either the one or the other in the ordinary acceptance of the terms. This fact affords the opportunity of considering, almost compels the consideration of what essentially constitutes these mighty forces which in other circumstances both author and readers might take for granted. Now we are not going to detail the plot nor summarize the history of David Elden. We shall dip here and there into the story and give a taste of its quality.

After his father dies the youth comes to the cow-town—soon with Western magic to be transformed into a modern city—and here while working as a coal-freighter comes under the influence of Mr. Duncan, an educated gentleman, who with the true Western spirit of hospitality and brotherhood, which one cannot help feeling is very closely akin to Christian charity rightly understood, undertakes to supply the deficiency of Dave's education.

His methods may be worth thinking about even in these days when methodology and pedagogy are reduced to exact sciences. "Reduced" is the word, for they often have less soul than mathematics.

"Mr. Duncan placed the first and greatest emphasis on learning to write, and to write well. They had many philosophic discussions, in which the elder man sought to lead the younger to the acceptance of truths that would not fall him in the strain of later life, and when a conclusion had been agreed upon, it was Mr. Duncan's habit to embody it in a copy for Dave's writing lesson. One evening they had a long talk on success, and Mr. Duncan had gradually stripped the glamour from wealth,

fame and social position. 'The only thing worth while,' he said, 'is to give happiness. . . . Every man who lives long enough and has brains enough comes to know this in time.'

To Dave's observation that money and position were necessary as a means to make people happy Mr. Duncan replies:

"That is a good thought but not a conclusive one. In reckoning the happiness a man gives we must subtract the unhappiness he occasions. . . . And I am disposed to think that many a philanthropist, if weighed in that balance, would be found to have a debit side bigger than his credit. No matter how much wealth a man may amass, or how wisely he may distribute it, we cannot credit him with success if he has oppressed the hiring or dealt unfairly with his competitors or with the public. Such a man is not a success; he is a failure. In his own soul he knows he is a failure, that is, provided he still has a soul, and if not, as I said before, he is a greater failure still."

"Out of this discussion Mr. Duncan evolved the copy line: 'The success of a life is in direct proportion to its net contribution to human happiness,' and Dave set writing it far into the night."

Now we submit that the teacher trained in the latest methods might get inspiration from this. The trouble with the ex-professors is that they lack inspiration—you can't see the woods for trees. We have talked "education" without having any clear conception of the term. The War has opened many eyes to this fact. A few years ago the world was conceding the "intellectual supremacy" of Germany, and not merely in words. The Germans were regarded as the most highly "educated" people in the civilized world; to them we had to look for leadership and guidance in this all-important matter. Now we are agreed that it was precisely his "education" that put the German beyond the pale of civilization. We have begun to realize that education is a mighty power for evil as well as for good. "We must no longer," said the Minister of Education for Ontario the other day, "interpret education in terms of knowledge, nor even of intellectual development, but rather in terms of character." If Dr. Cody can impress that ideal on all concerned it will mean an educational "revolution of values" devoutly to be wished.

"One thing I have been trying to drill into you," said Dave's tutor, "is that education is not a thing of books or studies or formulae of any kind. It is the whole world; particularly the world of thought, feeling and expression. It is not a flower in the garden of life; it is the garden itself, with its flowers, and its perfumes, and its sunshine and its rain. Yes, and its weeds, and droughts, and insects and worms."

This about reading we cannot refrain from quoting. Mr. Duncan took Dave one day to a public library where he was overcome with "a strange sense of inadequateness." "I can never read all those books," he said. "I suppose one must read them to be well-informed."

Mr. Duncan appeared to change the subject. "You like fruit?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. Why—"

"When you go into a fruit store do you stand and say, 'I can never eat all that fruit; crates and crates of it, and carloads more in the warehouses? Of course you don't. You eat enough for the good of your system and let it go at that. Now, just apply the same sense to your reading. Read enough to keep your mind fresh, and alert, and vigorous; give it one new thought to wrestle with every day, and let the rest go."

Ob, I know that there is a certain school which holds that unless you have read this author or that author, or this book or that book, you are hopelessly uninformed and behind the times. That's literary snobbery. Let them talk. A mind that consumes more than it can assimilate is morally on a par with a stomach that swallows more than it can digest. Gluttons, both of them. Read as much as you can think about, and no more. The trouble with many of our people is that they do not read to think, but to save themselves the trouble of thinking. The mind, left to itself, insists upon activity. So they chloroform it."

Such passages make us suspect that the proverbial breezy Western views are merely the letting in of a current of fresh air on ill-ventilated traditions and conventions.

And we might learn to readjust our view-point of the thousand and one things that go under the elastic term of Socialism.

"What about Socialism?" asked Dave, still unpolled by "education," fresh, eager, open-minded.

"Very good, insofar as it is constructive. But there is a destructive brand of Socialism which seizes the fancy of disappointed and disgruntled men and women, and bids them destroy. There is a basic quality in all human nature which

clamours for destruction. You see it in the child pulling his toy to pieces, or in a mob wrecking buildings. Destruction is easy and passionate, but construction demands skill and patience."

"I have been at some of their meetings," said Dave. "They lay great stress on the war between Labour and Capital."

"Between husband and wife in the family of production," interrupted Mr. Duncan. "Nothing is to be gained by that quarrel. I admit the husband has been overbearing, offensive, brutal, perhaps; but the wife has been slovenly, inefficient, shallow. Neither has yet learned how hopeless is the case of one without the other. Doctrines and policies are helpful to the extent to which they help men to think, either directly, or by creating environment conducive to thought; but they will never bring the golden age of happiness. That can come only through the destruction of selfishness, which can be destroyed only by the power of love."

In the matter of religion Dave's first experience in church was unfortunate. The preacher, unlike the Redeemer Himself, presented the doctrine of the Atonement in hard light of sheer justice; and rebelling at the thought of putting the innocent to death because of the sins of which others were guilty, the youth walked out of the church. He had been given the wrong key to the understanding of vicarious suffering and sacrifice; for that key is love; God is love, Infinite Love.

Years later dying on the field of Courcellette curious as to "what was on the other side" yet reverent, he speaks to the nurse, his old friend Edith Duncan, of religion:

"I never seemed to get the formula. What is the formula? I mean the key—the thing that gives it all in one word?"

"In one word—sacrifice."

"I walked out of church once because of some doctrine about sacrifice," he continued. "I couldn't go it. And yet—there may be something in it. It's sacrifice here, Edith. War is sacrifice. Sacrifice for other people. It's not all on the surface. There's something deeper than we know."

He had begun to see as through a glass darkly what he was on the verge of seeing face to face.

Before he had left home while in the throes of a great temptation to kill a despicable enemy who had done him grievous wrong, Edith had persuaded him to forgive. It is a passage that tempts one to quote; but we yield only to the extent of a pregnant sentence or two:

"Nothing it seems to me is so much misunderstood as forgiveness. The popular idea is that the whole benefit of forgiveness is to the person who is forgiven. Really there is a very much greater benefit to the person who forgives."

"Is that Christianity," Dave ventured?

"It is one side of Christianity. The other is service. . . . Creeds after all, are not expressed in words, but in lives."

Which by the way is but a paraphrase of what every child learns in Butler's Catechism in answer to the question "Are we justified by faith alone?" The answer is taken from St. James' epistle: "No; as the body without the spirit is dead so also faith without good works is dead."

The correlative and complementary truth that "good works must be enlivened by faith that worketh by charity" if not so fully grasped is more than half understood.

If we have dwelt, for reasons which will be, perhaps, obvious, on its moral tone, we would not have it understood that the book is pedantically didactic; it is a stirring story of deep human interest, clean, wholesome and well told. This is true even of the love-interest of perennial and universal appeal, which is not given undue prominence; but like the occasional charming and artistic pen-pictures of the Great West, affords a pleasing and effective background for the story.

There is another reason why we extend a hearty welcome to the *Cow-Puncher*. Over fifty years ago in prophetic vision D'Arcy McGee saw the marvellous Canada which is now actually before our eyes; if they are seeing eyes. The marvels of D'Arcy McGee's vision may otherwise become matter of course common-places, unappreciated and uninspiring.

In one of his eloquent addresses this Irish Father of Canadian Confederation gave wise counsel which is yet sound. Amongst other things he said: "We must treasure up every gleam of Canadian literature." Were he living to day he would see in Mr. Stead's Canadian novel a new realization of one of his ardently patriotic hopes and aspirations.

It is not a Catholic story; but the Catholic painter of the famous war picture to which we referred

had probably no idea of making the heroic Tommies all Catholics. The novel for the majority is one of the greatest mediums of education good or bad. From the religious point of view the Canadian novel and the English painting point the same moral: "Eyes Right!" in reverent salutation to the great symbol of love and sacrifice.

FATHER FRASER'S LETTER

We gladly give editorial prominence to this letter from Father Fraser which needs no comment of ours to help it carry its vital message to earnest souls:

Almonte, Ont., Canada,

Feast of the Epiphany, 1919.

Fellow Catholics,—The feast we celebrate today reminds us of the first tidings of the light of the Redeemer's coming to our forefathers while they were still worshippers of idols. The three kings from the east represent at the Crib of Christ the gentile races, who have since that time been so highly favored by God in sharing the inheritance of His chosen people, and even in supplanting them. We have, however, still many millions of gentiles, who have not yet shared in the privileges we enjoy, the highest privileges that God can bestow upon man, and surely this is an opportune season of the sad spiritual plight of those multitudes of our brethren of the gentile races. We may also add that of those who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death, none are more important as to vastness of numbers, and as a keystone to the whole deplorable situation than are the great uncounted multitudes who inhabit the present Chinese Republic.

However, a brighter day seems to be dawning for China. In Ireland the Irish Mission to China is making giant strides; in the United States the Foreign Mission Society of America has chosen China for the scene of its first missionary labors, and here in our own dear Canada the work of organizing a China Mission College to train missionaries for China is making favorable progress. Letters of sympathy and approval are coming in from all sides.

Rev. D. J. Scollard, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, writes: "I have heard about the Mission College which is started at Almonte. I hope it may be a success. The harvest is great in many countries but especially in China and the laborers are so few."

Very Rev. H. Carr, C. S. B., Superior of St. Michael's College, Toronto, says: "You are quite right that the need of such an institution is very great. You have the prayers and good wishes of the college staff, and the students."

Very Rev. H. P. MacPherson, D.D., President of the University of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, writes: "I was very glad to learn that your China Mission College is now a reality. Congratulations. You deserve infinite praise for your faith and energy. I hope you will meet with great success. . . . We shall be very glad to see you any time you come. I hope you will get some support from this quarter. We shall have your prayer recited by the boys."

Father McPhail, the famous Redemptorist missionary, writes from Montreal to the parish priest of Almonte: "I just read you are to have a college to form missionaries for China. I was always expecting some extraordinary work like this would yet fall to you some time or other."

"The idea is grand and the location should be ideal. It may take a little time but all great works began on very small lines. However, I wish and pray that God may bless the undertaking."

In fact it would be hard to imagine a person with a Catholic mind who would not approve of sending missionaries to China, and do all in his power by prayer and alms to train men for that work. As the Bishop of Peterboro remarked to me: "I do not see how a person could be a Catholic, and not sympathize with the work."

Let us then all pull together, and as in our battle with the enemies of our country we strained every nerve to win, so now in the more important battle with the powers of darkness in that great nation, where Satan rules supreme and is adored by hundreds of millions, let us leave nothing undone until we see Catholic missionaries going forth in a continuous stream to preach the Gospel to these poor creatures, who still sit in darkness and the shadow of

death," and help to bring low and crush forever the empire of the Evil One.

The Protestants are wide awake to the opportunity of making proselytes in China, and send many missionaries and much money there for that purpose. We read in the daily papers under the conspicuous headline: "Methodists Set Big Objective"—Will raise quarter million in Toronto for Chinese Missions. Toronto, Jan. 4.—A quarter of a million dollars is the objective of Toronto Methodists for 1919, adopted by an enthusiastic standing vote at a meeting of the representatives of the missionary committees of the churches in the city, held at Sherbourne Street Church last night. The reason for this great advance in aim, which is more than double the objective of 1918, when \$114,000 was the mark set, is that exchange has fallen so low in China that a dollar is not worth there now more than half what it was worth before the War. The intention was to raise the aim of the Methodists of the whole Dominion next year from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000, but Toronto has decided not to wait till next year to double up, so it has set for 1919 as the aim for this city's churches one-quarter of what is being asked this year from the whole of Canadian Methodists. This objective of \$250,000 for one city is much more than was given for missions by all Canadian Methodists twenty years ago.

The example of non-Catholics ought to spur us on to do as much and more for the spread of true religion. And here is our opportunity—let us make the China Mission College a great success by endeavoring to complete all the Burses this year, and thus enable a number of students to prosecute their studies for the Chinese missions. Thanking you for your continued generosity, I remain,

Yours gratefully in the Babe of Bethlehem.

J. M. FRASER.

THE CRINGING SPIRIT OF CANADA

The thing that strikes most forcibly an intelligent visitor to our country is the little pride that Canadians take in the land of their birth. There are few if any countries in the world that can compare with Canada in natural beauty, in the variety and extent of her resources and in the romantic charm of her history. Notwithstanding this, Canadians will grow enthusiastic over the green fields that are far away, will lament the lack of business opportunities at home, will ape the manners, customs and speech of their less favored neighbors, and will bask in the borrowed glory of a nation one thousand leagues of ocean removed from them.

What, we may ask, is the cause of this unpatriotic spirit? The cause is not far to seek. It is the training that generations of Canadians have received in our Public and High Schools. Those of us who have passed through those institutions will remember the hours we spent in learning all about the character and the genealogy of the many disreputable vikings that have disgraced the throne of England. We knew by heart the date of every domestic skirmish and border foray from Stamford Bridge and Chevy Chase to Marston Moor and the Pass of Killiecrankie. We were fed up on the glorious deeds of Britain's fleet and the prowess of her armed men; but we learned very little about the country of our birth. To all intents and purposes the history of Canada began for us when:

"In days of yore from Britain's shores, Wolfe the dauntless hero came And planted firm old England's flag on Canada's fair domain."

As well may we learn the history of civilization without any reference to the Martyrs of the Colliseum and the Monks of the West, as the history of Canada, in which a few begrudging paragraphs are devoted to the labors and the sufferings of the early missionaries, the zeal and the wisdom of her pioneer bishops, the foundations of her institutions of learning and charity, and the intrepid valor of her colonizers, who planted the lilies of France beside the symbol of redemption everywhere throughout a land that extended from Acadia in the east to the Rocky Mountains in the west, and from the Hudson Bay in the north to the Rio Grande in the south.

Every impartial historian must concede that as far as England is concerned the history of Canada since the Treaty of Paris does not evoke undiluted sentiments of filial

gratitude. There are some bright spots in that period of our nation's growth, but they have been contributed largely by Canadians whose loyalty, as it should, began at home, and by English statesmen like Carleton, Durham and Elgin who were worthy exponents of a sane view of colonial politics. What is the record of England and her satellites' dealings with Canada since 1759? For fifty years, that is until the War of 1812, there was a determined effort to impose the penal laws upon the new British subjects and to make religion a department of the State. Then there was the Family Compact that ruled Canada from Downing Street in return for its own aggrandizement. Then came the burning of the Parliament Buildings at Montreal by an ultra loyal mob and the threat, a la Carson, to cast their lot with the new Republic to the south. England's solicitude for Canadian interests has been manifested in the Ashburton Treaty, the Alaska Boundary Award and the perpetuation of a trade policy that is in direct contravention to the laws of nature. And now we have the apotheosis, the Premier of a nation that has contributed billions of golden treasure and nearly half a million men to the cause of world freedom, sitting, as Dooley would say, on three inches of a stool in one of the outer halls of the peace palace at Versailles.

As we listened recently to an address by the new Minister of Education on the occasion of a High School commencement exercise, all the impressions hidden in our memory of early school days and of the old time teacher were revived again. One would naturally expect, at such a time and from such a dignitary, to hear something enlightening in regard to educational matters. But we were disappointed. The only reference to his policy was the declaration that returned soldiers would be given the preference in the selection of teachers, because they were best qualified to inculcate the virtue of patriotism. The whole burden of his speech was "Be British." He dwelt upon the paltry sacrifices that Canada had made in comparison with those borne by the Motherland during the War, and reminded his youthful hearers that they were not so much prospective Canadian citizens as units in a greater entity that in some mysterious manner was to secure the peace of the world and safeguard their liberties. Is this man, we asked ourselves, the victim of a policy that has so long dwarfed the national ideals of our people, and that would perpetuate that cringing attitude that has belittled us in the eyes of the world?

It is surely high time that Canada, following in the wake of other nations, declared for self-determination, so that the words of our national anthem might find a responsive echo in the hearts of the rising generation: "O Canada land of our forefathers! thy brow is crowned with glorious wreaths, for thine arm knows how to wield the sword and to carry the Cross. Thy history is an epopee of the most brilliant exploits, and thy valor, steeped in faith, will protect our hearths and our rights."

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE PRINTING of the new Canon Law in America, which marked a new departure in the issuance of Pontifical publications, may be regarded as a direct result of the Great War. Owing to the disturbed state of Europe and the enforced inactivity of ecclesiastical publishing houses in France, Belgium and Italy, it was deemed expedient and desirable to entrust the work to publishers on this side. The departure has already been amply justified: The volume issued by Messrs. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, for example, is in every respect up to the traditional standard.

WE NOW learn that the same house has been authorized to publish the newly revised "Missale Romanum," the type matter of which is in course of preparation by the Vatican Press. Immediately on arrival of this from Rome Messrs. Kennedy will commence work upon it, so that this monumental work will appear in exact duplicate in New York simultaneously with the Roman edition. This event signifies a new epoch in the matter of Catholic publishing in America.

THE LAUNCHING by the newly established Canadian Province of the Congregation of Our Most Holy Redeemer of a campaign for funds for

ecclesiastical education will meet with hearty sympathy wherever the apostolic work of the Redeemtorists is known—and where in Canada is it not known? For over thirty years these zealous Fathers have gone up and down the country preaching penance and the remission of sin. The importance of that work and its rich results cannot be overestimated. There are thousands of people in every part of Canada who owe their conversion or spiritual rejuvenation to Redeemtorist missions, and who, now that an appeal is made to place the Canadian Province of the Order upon a substantial, self-sustaining basis, will as some sort of return, however inadequate, give it their enthusiastic countenance and support.

THE TRAINING of Redeemtorist priests in Canada is a new departure. Hitherto all their Canadian subjects have had to depend upon colleges of the Order in the United States. Canada until recently having been included in the American Province. This, unavoidable as it was under the circumstances, had in many ways its disadvantages, which recent developments have been intended to obviate. The widening of their sphere of labor in Canada, the prospects of still further extension, and the increase in the number of Canadian recruits to the Order have rendered it necessary that such subjects should be trained in Canada. This of course involves the purchase of properties, the erection of suitable buildings and their endowment, and it is to make provision for this that an appeal is to be made to the Catholics of Canada. That such appeal will meet with the response it merits is devoutly to be wished by all who have at heart the interests of the Church and of humanity.

WHILE the work of the Redeemtorist Order has largely lain in settled communities it has an honorable share also in the foreign mission work of the Church. Since the taking over of the Philippine Islands by the United States the sons of St. Alphonsus have carried on very successful work among the native tribes there. This began with the foundation of a mission at Opong in the Island of Mactan in 1906. This town, which is separated from Cebu by a narrow canal, forms part of the diocese of that name. Their second establishment was made at Malata, near Manila, on the Island of Luzon, in 1913, and, as we learn from the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, from these two bases of operation the influence and activity of the Fathers has extended throughout the whole Archipelago through the missions which they preach with unwearying zeal.

THE PROMINENCE given by a Toronto daily paper to certain alleged spiritualistic manifestations in that city and to a book embodying some account of them, is at once significant of the chaotic state of religion in non-Catholic communities, and a real menace to the very foundations of religion and morality among a class of people whose hold on revelation is tenuous in the extreme. The immediate effect of the free advertising which the book has had is, we are informed, an immense sale, and an appalling increase in the sale of "ouija boards,"—that monstrous invention, we might almost say, of the Evil One himself. The result upon the community cannot but be disastrous to its spiritual well being, and to the mental balance of a large circle of credulous and weak-minded people.

CATHOLICS, TOO, sad to say, need to be reminded of the warnings of their Church in regard to this unholy thing. According to theologians of authority, spiritualism, faked or real, is quite the most dangerous thing for anybody to trifle with, and should be shunned by all who value their immortal souls. As to the Toronto sensation, the shocking association of the Name of the Redeemer of mankind with blasphemous unbelievers and scoffers of the Voltaire and Ingersoll types, should be sufficient to condemn the whole affair in the minds of decent people.

Knowing human frailty, Jesus did not hesitate to teach us to walk warily. His own prayer in Gethsemane is the exact counterpart of this petition. He shrank from the trial whose shadow was deepening over His life yet He did not decline to meet it. The bravest are not those who know no fear. He who alone of all men was never found wanting, taught that the only way to be safe was never to be over confident.