

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### A TRUE SAYING.

It has been well said that "creative epochs are invariably epochs in which men believe. Faith watches by the cradle of nations, and criticism argues and doubts over their graves."

### REASON.

"The farthest reach of reason," says Pascal, "is to recognize that there is an infinity of things above it. It must be weak indeed if it does not see thus far."

The wise man knows that he knows little, but the fool in his self-complacency has reached the *ultima thule* of knowledge.

### IMPERIALISM.

Lords Salisbury and Rosebery have ceased beating the war drum and Europe is resting quietly. Marchand has stepped out from Fashoda and Chamberlain is now at liberty to build the railway to connect Cape Colony with Egypt. And so the policy of Imperialism goes on—a policy which consists in robbing the natives of their own, and which, however glorified by the friends of "civilization," will have ever as accuser the saying: "Thou shalt not steal." But the tourist will wait for many a year yet before he will be able to run down by rail from Egypt to the Cape Colony Territory, for Abyssinia is in the way and Menelik may possibly object to the scheme of Mr. Chamberlain.

### THE CHAMPION ON THE REFORMATION.

The Catholic Champion, a High Church journal, does not believe in the spotless purity of either the lives or methods of the Reformers. It says that "the ruthless pillaging of sacred shrines and violation of vows on the part of women and men who undertook the work of purifying the Catholic Church have made the Reformation a stench in the nostrils of Christendom."

Their distinguishing characteristic was lack of principle. "Lecherous thieves and unprincipled intriguers set about the task of destroying the Catholic religion for which Christ died."

### THE ACCEPTABLE TIME.

We are told that the present season is a time set apart by the Church for a preparation for Christmas. And she tells us also that preparation means repentance—a cleansing of the soul from all defilement, from meanness and bitterness, from low ideals, from love of vanity, from all that mars the beauty of life. It means that the future must mark a strenuous upholding of the principles laid down by the God of Bethlehem. The man, therefore, who endeavors to prepare himself for a worthy celebration of Christmas will begin to understand the deep significance of the words, "tidings of great joy." They were a message of liberty to a world enslaved. To individuals bound down by vice and error they were laden with consolation and hope. The dark shadow was uplifted and the rays of glory fell down on the tear-stained face of men. The Son of man set up a school and taught His people, and His lessons have, like seed, fallen into human hearts and regenerated and influenced the generations of the world.

We too must need pause awhile and read them and understand them and we shall learn that all the noise and fulsome eulogy of what we have done and our pitiful strivings and bickerings and our success, which is often a disguised failure, can never find place in a heart dominated by the spirit of the Infallible God.

### OUR YOUNG MEN.

We heard recently an address to young men. It was compiled from Samuel Smiles' works and was given out in an unctuous manner and with accent peculiar to the denizens of garrison towns. We wondered why the gentleman unlocked his wisdom treasure for the gaze of the multitude. There was no election at hand and we suppose that the idea dawned upon him that he should try to do something for his less fortunate brethren. It was a beginning, and we hope that

the end may not be yet; but we suspect that we shall hear as much of him during the next twelve months as we do of Andre and his balloon.

What we want, however, for young men is work and not talk. If our gentlemen of leisure will frequent the club rooms and learn how to help them; if they will step over the caste lines and persuade themselves that the laborer and mechanic are individuals with souls, they will understand that they can perform incalculable good. We are not in carping mood, but we have no hesitation in saying that our separated brethren give us, in the line of work, an example that may well be imitated. They take a live interest in their societies. They know the members and are not afraid to speak to them even when some of the "aristocracy" are in sight. They encourage and assist them in the fight for bread: they smooth the way for the feet of the young and inexperienced and show in a practical way their sympathy and interest.

### "IF."

Anglicans tell us that the vagaries of "High Church and Low Church" do not concern doctrinal pronouncements, and thereby affect not unity. If Bishop Colenso, in confessing, says Rev. Henry Gauss, "that he could believe and receive the miracles of Scripture heartily, if only they were authenticated by a veracious history; if Matthew Arnold is singled out as a champion to whom churchmen above all should not be willing to ignore their debt of gratitude, and yet the most frenetic infidel never uttered more blistering blasphemies; if the Rev. G. Gorham in denying baptismal regeneration and the highest ecclesiastical tribunal of the Church sustaining him; if Fred. Denison Maurice in accepting a public expression of thanks for questioning and denying eternal punishment; if Archbishop Hampden in being publicly branded by his Church organs as being as well known a heretic as Arius; if Dr. Littledale in calling the Reformers "utterly unredeemed villains;" if Charles Kingsley in extolling them as providential factors and divinely potential figures in the Church; if the Church in setting the seal of public condemnation on the writers of essays and reviews, as being saturated with deadly heresy, afterward honored its leading contributor as Primate of England; if Queen Victoria, supreme head of the Church, during her visit to Scotland, with unfailing courtesy attends the Kirk and receives the Lord's Supper from the hands of a dissenting minister—if all these mutually destructive, hopelessly irreconcilable, eternally incompatible opinions and teachings are mere emotional vagaries, sentimental differences in which fundamental truths are not sacrificed, and identity of principles still preserved, then we are confronted by one of the most stupendous and inscrutable enigmas that ever baffled human reason, enough to make the head reel, the mind grow dizzy, the heart faint.

### GOOD LITERATURE.

We have repeatedly called attention to the responsibility which rests upon parents of protecting their households from the influence of pernicious literature. Not only should the book and newspaper which are openly immoral be banished, but everything that tends to it or suggests it.

The criminal negligence with regard to this important matter is incomprehensible.

We know of Catholic households into which a Catholic book or newspaper rarely enters. Cheap editions of novels and the Sunday newspaper with its garbage heap of world tattle and its lascivious illustrations are there to be read and wondered at by the boy and girl, but the book of instruction or the Catholic weekly, which if not always brilliant is at least clean in tone, are debarred admittance. It is no wonder that the children become old too soon, and when in their teens have a knowledge of the varied forms of iniquity and a hankering after the things that obtain the commendation of the secular press.

Children, of course, need not confine themselves to religious books—and it would be unwise to compel them to do so. But we should like to ask why the boy and girl should not be encouraged

and advised to read now and then a book dealing with the teachings of their holy religion. If this were done, we would have more filial reverence, better sons and daughters, in a word, Catholics who are proud of their faith and able and ready to explain and to defend it.

Some Catholics have a habit of regarding a Catholic newspaper or book as something unworthy of notice. The veriest rot from another source will, if heralded by the critics, receive a generous welcome, but a Catholic production will be met with pitying condescension. We are unable to ascertain the reason. Their intellectual standard may be very high, or delving perchance into abstruse problems they may have little time to devote to anything that does not bear the mark of genius! Perhaps, also, they regard things Catholic as unrefined, rough, utterly unfit to merit any degree of patronage! But whatever the reason may be, we say that the parents who neglect to provide suitable reading for their children are blind to their duty and are unconsciously moulding them for the service of the world.

### HELBECK OF BANNISDALE.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest novel has been so widely discussed and so ably reviewed on both sides of the water that any further criticism on our part would seem almost superfluous.

To our idea, it is a book full of contradictions and inconsistencies, as must ever be the case when a portrayal of the Catholic faith is attempted by one who is herself without the fold. In Laura we do not need much penetration to detect an embodiment of the author's own thoughts and opinions regarding the spiritual world; and in the realistic picture given us of the frank and lovely, but youthful agnostic we find a second edition of Robert Elsmere's sophistry.

Helbeck "the Catholic" and son of one of the oldest ancestral families in England, is the leading character. Around him and Laura the interest of the reader concentrates itself. The impression which Mrs. Ward intends to convey by the manner in which she depicts Helbeck, his household, and his environment, we would infer to be, that—considering all beliefs as open to objection—the Catholic faith compels most admiration; but it is so obscured by superstition, and its members so trammelled by priestcraft, that its fundamental principles are buried almost out of sight.

Again, some of the characters are hardly consistent. Take for instance Helbeck's sister, Augustina. We are first introduced to her as she alights from the carriage that has brought her to Bannisdale—a dignified and elegant woman—such as we should expect to find one whose earlier years had been passed amid such surroundings, and in whom we at once perceive the reflection of her grand and stately brother. They may be poor, these Helbecks, we say to ourselves, as together they enter the old mansion which has been inhabited—as the author tells us—by Helbecks for generations; but let poverty bereave them of all worldly possessions, it can never divest them of the mantle of a distinctive personality. We watch with interest this "lady of high degree" ascend the old oaken staircase, and, as she closes the door upon us at the landing, we await with impatience the period at which we shall again meet her. It never comes.

An altogether different personage is presented to us a few pages further on; who from that point until the end of the volume weared us rather with her senseless chatter and unpardonable ignorance, in regard of the pertinent questions on simplest truths put to her by her step-daughter—in fine, the act of her, who sprang from a race remarkable for their steadfast adherence to the Faith in time of direst persecution, renouncing it now for a husband, will be received by every Catholic reader as absurd.

Williams is a wispy washy, hackneyed character fast becoming obsolete even among the proverbial Protestant Sunday school writers.

Mrs. Ward, occasionally, in her interpretation of indulgences, the lives of the saints, etc., leans rather heavily—let us suppose she does it unconsciously—on the side of exaggeration;

but, as we remarked on commencing our article, Mrs. Ward is without the fold; not having reached the light herself, she fails to comprehend what strikes every convert as something so sweetly receivable, namely, the Doctrine of the Communion of Saints.

Regarding it from an artistic standpoint, the book is a work of genius. It is all so very real. Bannisdale, its woods and fells, and the old tangled garden rise up before us as distinctly as if we too had walked there in company with the wayward Laura. In the distance we can hear quite plainly "the tumbling greet with its flood-voice." When Mrs. Ward describes she takes the reader with her to the very spot; and, as she speaks, we see the subject in all its beauty with his own eyes. Can anything be more vivid than the picture she paints for us of the little pilgrimage chapel, so haunted by Laura? We can almost fancy ourselves standing with her, gazing up at the wonderful window, that "breathed the very 'secreta' of the old faith."

The characters, too, speak for themselves; though we sometimes must apologize for smiling rather broadly at some of the doctrine to which they give utterance; but we know their good points quite well, from Helbeck down to old Daffody, whose characteristic definition of Purgatory speaks for itself—"Heaven and hell are verra well for foak as are over good, or over bad—but 'i most o' foak are just 'a mish mash.'"

And Laura—what of her? Poor, poor Laura! We can still hear her passionate appeal to Helbeck—"Father Leadham can persuade me—he must." And Father Leadham, Helbeck and the rest, what have they done to persuade her? Their method was surely not the manner of the Catholic Church in making converts.

Laura's tragic death—the intense hopelessness breathed in the concluding words of her farewell letter to her father's old friend—"death ends all"—the utter desolation which seems to brood about and around Bannisdale from that period—illustrate the author's great dramatic power.

Bright—obstinate—kind-hearted—unhappy Laura—"this blind witness to august things." After all, does Mrs. Ward believe to be true the things she has here set down of the Catholic faith? Is she sincere? If so, we would gently remind her, in the words of old Daffody, that she has yet "a deal to learn from Romanists' soom ways."

### PRIVATE CHRISTIAN ART.

The art of a people is the visible expression of its ideals and aspirations. Christian art is the corporeal manifestation of the supernatural life. The absence of religious art, when it is not explicable by fanatical errors, is a sign of a deficient spiritual life.

The Catholic Church always and everywhere keeps alive the holy flame of religious art, but where faith is unfruitful, where devotion is cold, where the spirit of anarchy has dethroned the masters of taste, that flame may die down into a feeble spark. Factory-made statues and pictures, however excellent they may be, cannot take the place of the creations of the private artist inspired by faith and charity. A religious art that is confined to the church and bedroom indicate the absence of the robust and living piety that characterizes a truly Christian people.

No dwelling-house or edifice of any kind should be considered acceptable and satisfactory for the use of a Catholic Christian unless bearing the imprint of faith. Niches for sacred effigies, ornaments vocal with Christian symbolism, a Scripture story, a Gospel Mystery, a holy legend, portrayed in bas-relief, or, at least, a cross, a mystic monogram, or a sculptured angel above the door, should mark the dwelling and the office or workshop of every true Catholic; and wayside shrines, calvaries, and stations of the cross should be found in every rural neighborhood where Catholics abound.

Such is, and has always been, the case in all truly Catholic places and times since the Church first came out of the catacombs and arrayed herself in the garments of beauty. Beauty is the splendor of truth; and hence it is that Catholic lands are recognized by all persons of culture, however hostile to the Church, as the most "picturesque" and "romantic." We do not aim at "picturesqueness"; but this is one of the innumerable illustrations of the law that they who seek first the Kingdom of God shall have "all things added unto them."

The absence of an impulse to give outward expression to one's faith is a sign that it is sadly deficient in vitality. "Out of the heart the mouth

speaketh," and our dress and our dwelling places, like our actions, speak louder and more truly than our words.—Church Progress.

### "THE RELATION BETWEEN RELIGION AND NATIONAL SUCCESS."

London, England, Tablet.

The Spectator, in stopping the controversy on this subject from which we have reprinted some letters, delivers its own opinion on the matter in a leading article, from which we take the following:

We cannot allow the discussion to pass, however, into the limbo of forgotten controversy without a statement of our own view, which is not in entire accordance with that of either Dr. Weidson or his hard hitting opponent, Mgr.—not Cardinal—Vaughan. We entirely admit, almost as a self-evident truth, that religion—dogmatic religion as well as emotional religion—is one great element in the formation of character, and that character is a main element in the strength of States; but we are wholly unable to believe that the character which Christianity was intended to produce is directly favorable to the development of either personal or national prosperity. We cannot see, for example, how Christianity can tend to produce the conquering warrior, can conceive, rather, of a State occupied solely by men who because they were sincerely Christians would refuse to kill other Christians, or would, at all events, confine such killing to the strictest self-defence. That it is possible to be a Christian and yet a conqueror we do not deny, have, indeed, repeatedly affirmed; but that Christianity makes of that composite character an ideal one, and, therefore, helps to create it, is an assertion which seems to us directly contrary to the essence of the Christian creed. That Christianity is unfavorable to absorption in the accumulation of wealth hardly needs argument, and is, in fact, an idea maintained by Christians of every shade of opinion. They all declare that saintliness and wealth can hardly go together, and all dislike the notion that the teachers of religion, though their occupation is the highest and should be the most saintly, can rightly be seriously intent upon the acquisition of gain. Nor, though we shall grievously offend many English minds by saying so, can we accept the dogma that Christianity is specially favorable to the virtue of industry. We doubt if it teaches productive work as a duty, except to the limited extent required by the maintenance of the man himself and his household. If that duty can be performed without labor, or by spasmodic labor, or by the labor of a hour a day, there is nothing whatever in Christianity to prevent the remaining time being devoted to anything in itself good, including the cultivation of personal holiness through study, or meditation, or intercourse with other minds. The resigned races—such as Bengales, if converted, would be—the races which accept poverty as indifferent, as the Indian and Russian peasantry do, and the races which deliberately prefer suffering to steady work may all of them, if they become genuinely Christians, be Christians of the highest type. As a matter of historical fact, Christianity was one of the three terrible influences which destroyed the terrible prosperity of the Roman Empire, and many nations—e. g., the Spaniards under Charles V., and the French under Napoleon—have achieved empire while their Christianity was either of a low type, or temporarily in suspense. The Quakers, who are among the best of the Moravians, who are equally good, have remained poor. The French, who are the least Christian of Christian peoples, are splendidly prosperous, while the Armenians, who at least believe to the extent of martyrdom, are the most oppressed of all the races within the Turkish Empire. We can, in fact, see little or no connection between national success and Christianity.

Nor can we, if we narrow the controversy to Catholic and Protestant, agree with Macaulay and Dr. Weidson. It is not even true that in all cases Protestantism has secured earthly prosperity, and Catholicism the reverse. If they had, that would be no proof of anything except that Protestantism had attracted the strong races, and Catholicism the feeble ones, just as Stoicism in the Roman period attracted the proud, and Christianity the wretched; but they have not. Compare Belgium, with its devotedly Catholic population, with Sweden, which is entirely Protestant, or with Switzerland, in which the religions are almost equally divided. Or compare the Rhenish provinces of Prussia and their Catholic population with the strictly Protestant population of the two Mecklenburgs, or even the Protestant cultivators of Brandenburg and Pomerania. It seems to us that if we accept prosperity or power as tests of religious truth—and we accept neither, holding that a single man under sentence to torture might be fuller of true religion than his judges—we ignore causes at least as powerful, namely, race, the tendency to multiply, and the habit, which has palpably nothing to do with religion, of continuous industry. The North of Ireland is more prosperous than the

South of Ireland because the North of Ireland is occupied, or at all events directed, by men of the Scotch English breed, who are restless in poverty, who love order, and who are nearly as industrious as the Chinese. Fill Ireland with ultra Catholic Flemings, and Ireland would be filled with a people making money every day, using her streams, her meadows, her fish, and, above all, her many facilities for manufactures. England is great because of the blood of her people, their energy, their freedom, and their industry, not because of their creed. Fill her with Celtic Huguenots, and she would be a little land, very happy, very contented, very good, and with an entire incapacity for the empire of the seas, which is the source and guarantee of British prosperity. It is true that the magnificent tolerance of Englishmen has enabled England to rule dark races, far exceeding her sons in number, without popular rebellions; but does that tolerance proceed from her creed or from her superb pride, the pride of Roman patricians mingled with a respect for the results of personal liberty, which she derives from her race and her historic development? Pagans steeped to the lips in evil doctrines grow as rich under British protection as Englishmen themselves. Is it the truth of their faith that makes the Parsees one of the most prosperous of communities, or is it their own energy, and industry, and love of acquiring cash? It seems to us that religion is degraded, not elevated, when we try it by a test, the logical conclusion of which is that the Apostles ought to have developed into Ministers of State, and the Disciples into the Barings of the ancient world. There is fatness and the pride of fatness in such a view of truth and its results.

We have no proof that the submissiveness of the character of Catholics is anti-Christian, or that if the non-Teutonic white races had adopted the doctrines of Luther they would have developed the qualities which make for earthly success. That the Latin races are dying we think probable though not certain, as they have died before and risen again; but, granting the theory, is it certain that they are dying of Catholicism? Those who know them best, their own priests, say they are perishing of the want of it, that Italians have never lost their paganism, that Frenchmen have become Agnostics of a defiant type, and that Spaniards have relapsed into the hopeless materialism which was so strong a feature in their characters when they conquered the New World and desolated the Netherlands. To say in the breath that they have abandoned Catholicism, and that Catholicism is the cause of their decay, is palpably unfair. If all Catholics were decaying alike there would be some reason in the argument, but who makes the assertion about the Prussians of the Rhine, or who doubts that the Russians, Catholics in doctrine though not Papists in discipline, may yet dispute with the Protestant Teutons the sovereignty of the World? We dislike the spiritual pride which dictates Macaulay's opinions almost as much as that pride of purse which believes that a creed could be set on earth by God in order that it votaries might have extra skill in the accumulation of wealth. Does the Protestant accumulate faster than the Jew, or conquer more rapidly than Alexander, Napoleon, or Pizarro?

### AN INFIDEL REBUKED.

An Incident in Santiago of Moral Courage Rewarded.

Santiago, Nov 8.—A young infidel in Santiago, named Pietardo, stood up to make a speech at a public assembly, but counting too much upon the non-religious principles of his audience, he began to speak in the most disrespectful and audacious manner of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, when one of the first gentlemen of Santiago (Don Macario Ossa) rose from his seat and made an indignant protest against the insult. He then knelt down on the platform in presence of all. So eloquent and soul stirring were his words that all present were struck with awe and reverence and listened with bowed heads, while the young atheist slunk away and has not been heard of since. For several days the house of Don Macario Ossa was besieged with visitors—ladies, gentlemen, priests—all coming to congratulate him upon his courage in braving human respect, for his audience was by no means composed of the most practical Christians.

The Archbishop sent him a heart of gold and the Catholic journals were full of his praises. When asked how he came to speak with so much eloquence, he answered, "I do not know, I do not even remember what I said." He exposed himself to mockery and insult, but in reality received only praise for his conduct. Needless to tell the immense amount of good his example has done. It will be a long time before another will dare to offer public insult to our Lord in Santiago. The sequel proved that it was not for want of faith, but through lack of moral courage that there were not more to protest against it. His Holiness Leo XIII., "Motu proprio," names Don Macario Ossa knight of the Order Pa, in recognition of his noble conduct.