

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1915

1910

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1915

THE MODERN WAY

Children of this generation live and have their being for the delectation of educators, eugenicists, of divers persons who believe that parents are, so far as rights and duties are concerned, negligible factors. And the explanation is easy if not satisfactory. The average father is, due to his limitations, to his ignorance of the laws of the child's mind, and of hygiene, not qualified to exercise a beneficial influence upon his children. He means well, but unconsciously with scientific methods, he may in his perverse blindness ruin, irreparably mayhap, the growing boy and girl. For instance, the method of exercising bad temper with salutary counsel and judicious use of a birch-rod is regarded nowadays as pernicious and incompatible with the latest findings of science. For bad temper in a child is merely the result of decayed teeth, defective eyesight or enlarged tonsils. Instead of the rod, we use the tooth-brush or the scalpel and forthwith we have the boy and girl radiant with health and models of amiability. Then the child, tonsillitis, bespectacled, perhaps, and 'pearly-white as to teeth, is handed over to the educator, who can talk endlessly about the child mind. His first principle is that the boy and girl are receptacles for all the dogmas. For them he builds up a school curriculum so extensive as to bewilder the average mortal. He casts them all in the same mould and turns them out, year after year, as the finest fruitage of his system. It matters not that this education is what A. Ward used to describe as many frills and little shirt. It matters not that pupils, filled with indigestible facts, fall victims to mental anemia. It is of little moment that the reasoning powers are not cultivated, and that his imaginative faculties, which to all seeming are not within the purview of some educators, are left in abeyance. The pupil may be ignorant of fundamental subjects, but he can dissect a flower, have a bowing acquaintance with scientific names, talk about stones and strata and nature lessons. In other words, he is, to use a military term, in the air. He has no foundation on which to build in after life. The teachers who are caught up in this whirlwind curriculum have our sincerest sympathy. They know that true education aims to develop the powers of the mind and not to stuff it with a meaningless profusion of subjects. But they cannot stem the tide of dogmas that sweeps away their time and prevents them from giving their pupils the influence of personality which is of far greater value than any amount of book learning. Some day a reformer may bring us back to saner methods, to a school curriculum which shall be simple and conducive to the cultivation of the reasoning powers and strengthening of the moral faculties.

ON ITS WAY

In these days of trial Russia's tremendous advance gives many of us anxious thought. Yet they who have studied the signs of the times, in that spacious and hitherto unmanageable territory, can see the rising dawn of an era which Russia's sages and prophets have long looked for. The Slavs are a fresh and unworn race, peasants who cling to ideals of mercy and brotherhood in an unique way. Tsarism has held them in leash for long: what if their fellowship in toil and suffering is to be the appointed path of their development. Suffering clears the vision, strips us of shame and brings us face to face with the source of joy and strength. Theory, speculation, conjecture, coddling of the senses may satisfy us when the sky is blue and the highway straight and smiling: but when the tempest hurries upon us, sweeping away our conceits, we bend the knee and recognize that God still rules the world. It is the same with nations as with individuals. The Russia of Tolstoy may well come down upon the Slavs like the New Jerusalem of their finest dreams. Let us hope so. At least they will

taste something of our Western breadth of view and share the glow of an enthusiasm for free institutions.

DARKNESS

The psychology of races is a mystery, but organized peoples have to be classified according to their accepted standards and ideals. Prussianism, as the dominant mould and type of German life, has commanded twentieth century civilization to bow to her claim. Her intellectual forces have helped to shape young Germany. Her spiritual leaders have not been able to resist the overwhelming tendencies of the times. There is no Richter to lighten the nation with generous sentiments, no Lessing to plead for charity for the weak, no Goethe to counsel when passion obscures the minor light. Doubtless there are millions of simple souls who pray and wait for a better day. Meanwhile the awful welter spreads, and judgment awaits the day and hour when the sword shall break in the hands of the spoiler—a day of disillusion indeed, but, as we humbly believe, a day of brightening hope for the millions who have lived and toiled amid the gloom of a privation which is always and everywhere the black shadow thrown by regnant injustice impudently adorning false gods under the style and title of the Only True whose service is perfect freedom.

"UNTO THIS LAST"

The world has seen with amazement the deliberate defense of the theory, that the power to do a vile deed is a sufficient justification for it. "We have the strength"—nothing more need be said, is the haughty pronouncement of the German rulers, and in that spirit they are prepared to "bestride the narrow world like a Colossus," as they have tramped with ruin and ravin across brave, innocent Belgium. Once admit this spirit into the world's affairs and there follows the ruthless barbarism that strews the seas with mines as deadly to friendly trading nations as to armed enemies. As a result, also, we have the adoption of a policy of wholesale assassination of innocent people to spread terror throughout every village and town where the modern Hun appears: the dull souled blindness to all that is beautiful and venerable, which as seen outside of Louvain made the rage of the Goths against ancient Rome appear by comparison respectable. Beginning with what has been well styled "cynical faithlessness" this arrogant nation has developed with a hideous deliberation, a ferocity beyond that of barbaric times. And to what end does this new incursion of barbarism tend? It means that its success would place all Europe at the mercy of a merciless autocracy that has already ground out of the German people any instinct for freedom that they once may have possessed. For it is futile to blame entirely the Kaiser and the military clan that have so long matured their plot against the free people of Europe. With them in pitiable subjection, not knowing what they do, are the German people a pathetic example of the snapping power of bad teaching long persisted in, jealousies long fostered, and greedy ambitions sedulously cultivated. That this people, drilled into a gospel of inhumanity, may vent its pride and covetousness upon the world, the sacredness of life is swept aside as a weakness, sentiment and savagery is exalted into a scientific system. The only way to stem the horror thus poured upon the world is by sacrifice from those who hold civilization and humanity and Christian virtue dear—personal sacrifice for all that is noble, glorious, sacred. This is no time for vain regrets and whinings and prophecies. We wish to save the individual life when danger threatens. Now it is the collective life that is at stake, the life of nations including our own, all the gains of human freedom, all that is best in social and political organization, all that is loftiest in man's conception of his duty to his fellowmen. To die in such a cause would be a glorious martyrdom: to shrink the danger and make no effort against this falsity, aggression, bitter wrong and inhuman hatred would be to live a recreant.

OTHER TIMES

Dunkirk and Calais around which the waves of conflict ebb and flow, have a place in many a storied page in history. They have seen armies come and go, have heard for years the tumult and battle cries of warring squadrons. Under Edward III., and until 1558, Calais was a stronghold of the sturdy bowmen and mailed knights who made history. Then after a period of French and Spanish rule, it became in Queen Elizabeth's time a part of the French dominions. Dunkirk also, on account of its strength, has been no stranger to war and adventure. It has been battled for by Spanish and French and it has been bought and sold like a piece of merchandise. Charles II., for instance, gave it back to France for a million dollars, which eased the burden of its indebtedness. These towns have been harried by war, but never in all their history have they seen war waged as it is today by those who, while proclaiming their right to be throned as the most civilized, know neither pity for the weak and defenceless, nor honour for womanhood, nor reverence for religion. The olden days of Dunkirk and Calais speak of courtesy to opponents, hard fighting, fair and soldier-like: they tell of sortie and ambush and encounter, of blood and wounds and death, but they knew nothing of the smug hypocrisy that kills by any means, in the name of God, and chants Te Deum over the massacre of the weak and helpless.

FATHER MATURIN A LUSITANIA VICTIM

Philadelphia Standard and Times

Among the passengers on the ill-fated Cunard liner Lusitania, which was torpedoed and sunk by a submarine off Kinsale Head, Ireland, on Friday, May 7, was the Rev. Basil William Maturin, of Holywell, Oxford, England, formerly rector of St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia. Father Maturin's name did not appear in the list of survivors, and on Wednesday the fears of his many friends in this city that he was one of the more than a thousand who perished were confirmed by the news of the recovery and identification of his body.

Father Maturin was an Irishman, born in Dublin in 1847. The Maturins, a Huguenot family, have been settled in Ireland for over two centuries, and it is somewhat remarkable that in almost every generation the representatives of the name were Protestant clergymen. The late Rev. William Maturin, D.D., who died about twenty years ago, was the father of Father Maturin. He was many years rector of Grangeorgan, in Dublin, and was no less distinguished for power as a preacher than for his lifelong advocacy of what are known as High Church views. The grandfather of Father Maturin was even more widely celebrated. He was the famous Charles Robert Maturin, also a clergyman and one of the most renowned preachers of his day, but known wherever English literature is known as the author of the powerful tragedy of "Bertram" and of the enthralling romance of "Melmoth the Wanderer" and other works of fiction admired by some of the greatest writers of an age of great writers.

Father Maturin graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and, leaving Ireland, became curate at Peterborough, England. Three years later, in 1873, he went to Cowley St. John. When a branch of the order was founded in this country under the name of the Society of Mission Priests of St. John the Evangelist, with headquarters in Boston, Father Maturin was sent to America. He remained with other members of the community in Boston until the society secured control of St. Clement's Church, in this city, when he became rector of that parish.

The young minister created a sensation in the Philadelphia mission by reason of his outspoken defense of Catholic doctrine. "He was so daring in teaching Catholic truth," writes a lady who with nine of her family was converted by him, "that he was silenced by the Protestant Episcopal Bishop almost as soon as he began his work. Ritualism was not then so fashionable in that church as at present. In two years he was allowed to preach again, and no words can adequately describe the enthusiasm aroused by Father Maturin's thrilling eloquence. The church was not only densely filled whenever he spoke, but I have often seen the crowd overflowing through the corridor and into the street beyond. He taught Catholic truth pure and simple, and it was life indeed to many of the souls hanging upon his words. Not long since I counted with a friend about fifty who entered the Church through him in a comparatively short time, although he himself was held back for years by his immense humility and his 'vow' as a member of the Society of St. John the Evangelist."

Father Maturin's reception into the Catholic Church took place at Beaumont, England, in 1897. In 1898 he was ordained to the priesthood by the late Cardinal Vaughan.

His power as an orator was recognized on both sides of the Atlantic. Priests sought him out to give missions in their parishes and religious engaged him for retreats, and as a Catholic priest he was better known and better appreciated than in the old Anglican days, when as a Cowley Father he thrilled the hearts of the people of St. Clement's.

Father Maturin's name must always be associated with that of the late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, not only because they were both noted Anglicans, but because of the pro-Catholic influence Father Maturin exerted upon Father Benson before either of them was finally converted.

In "Confessions of a Convert" Mgr. Benson tells frankly of this influence. A month after his ordination as an Anglican minister Father Benson received an invitation to be present at a retreat at Keming, near Sevenoaks, to be given by one of the Cowley Fathers. He relates his experience in his pleasantly intimate style as follows:

"I went, in high collar and a white tie, and was completely taken by storm. For the first time Christian doctrine, as Father Maturin preached it, displayed itself to me as an orderly scheme. I saw how things fitted on one to the other. How the sacraments followed inevitably from the Incarnation; how body and spirit were alike met in the mercy of God. The preacher was extraordinarily eloquent and deep; he preached hour after hour; he caught up my fragments of thought, my glimpses of spiritual experience, my gropings in the twilight, and showed me the whole, glowing and transfigured, in an immense scheme whose existence I had not suspected. He touched my heart also, profoundly, as well as my head, revealing to me the springs and motives of my own nature in a completely new manner. Especially he preached confession, showing its place in the divine economy; but this, very naturally, I strenuously resisted. It was not a strict retreat, and I talked freely in the afternoon with two friends, endeavoring to persuade myself that confession was no more than an occasional medicine for those who felt they needed it. But the work was done, though I did not know it until a year later. This, however, I took away, explicit, from the retreat—a desire to make my own that religion which I had heard preached."

Father Maturin published, during one experience or the other, "Discourses on the Parables of Our Lord," "Practices of the Spiritual Life," "Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline," and "Laws of the Spiritual Life."

MGR. BENSON AND PRIVATE JUDGMENT

I turned first to Scripture, and tried to read it without prejudice, as if it were a direct message from God to me, writes Mgr. Benson in "Beyond the Road to Rome." I knew it was much more than this; but at least it was this. I had already read all the controversialists I could find on either side; but like the woman in the Gospel who had spent all her substance upon physicians, I grew worse. I tried, therefore, to set all these aside, and to come to Christ so far as He showed Himself to me in the garments of Scripture.

Now my Private Judgment upon Scripture told me that the simplest interpretation of Christ's words, as regarded the authority by which Christianity must be interpreted, was that He appointed Peter to be the Head of His Church and that He intended the office of Peter to be the permanent foundation of that Church. The "Good Shepherd" bade Peter feed His sheep; the "One Foundation" named Cephas as the Rock on which the Church should be built; the "Door" gave Peter the Keys. These, and twenty-six other less significant texts, appeared to my Private Judgment, therefore, to support the Catholic claims.

But how was I to test the soundness of my view? The only other history I had was, as has been said, History. So I turned to History in its broadest aspect; and there I became aware of a startling corroboration of my view. For I found, roughly speaking, that those Christians, who based their religion upon that view, were remarkable throughout the whole world, and through the whole course of it, for complete unanimity upon all other points of doctrine; that they professed Saints such as no other body professed; and that these signs and marvels accompanied them which Christ said should accompany His disciples.

And, on the other side, I found that those who rejected the Petrine claims were notoriously disunited on points of doctrine, that they were beginning to give up even a belief in that kind of supernatural intervention which is called miraculous.

History, then, seemed to me to corroborate that which appeared to be the evident meaning of Scripture, and the record of God in His dealings

with men in general. It ratified the record of that particular and unique dealing of God with men which we call Revelation.

THE PRESIDENT TO NATURALIZED CITIZENS

The papers were eagerly scanned recently for the report of the speech which the President was announced to deliver in Philadelphia before a gathering of naturalized American citizens, as it was felt that there would be some expression therein bearing on the Government's course of action with regard to the sinking of the "Lusitania." Introduced by Mayor Blankenburg, who in distinctly German accent spoke a welcome and an appeal for a single allegiance to the United States, the President carried forward the idea of the welding of foreign blood in the make up of America by pointing out the true goal of right American citizenship to be loyalty, not to the country of one's birth, but to the land of one's adoption. "While you bring," he said, "all countries with you, you come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you—bringing what is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulder or seeking to perpetuate what you leave in them. I would not certainly be one who would suggest that a man cease to love the place of his origin. It is one thing to love the place where you were born, another thing to dedicate yourself to the place where you go. You can't be an American if you think of yourselves in groups. America does not consist of groups. A man who considers himself as belonging to a national group is not yet an American."

AMERICA'S EXAMPLE OF PEACE
"See, my friends, what that means," said the President in another part of his speech. "It means that Americans must have a consciousness different from the consciousness of any other nation in the world. It is not merely of peace because it will not fight but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right."
—Sacred Heart Review.

POPE BENEDICT XV.

AND THE CATHOLIC PAPER
Among the subjects of which we read much and hear more, that of the loyalty of Catholic Americans to the Holy See is one holding a most prominent place. Yet when we calmly and honestly measure practice against profession in regard to the matter, we must admit there exists a deplorable discrepancy between the two.

Nothing so clearly points the truth of the fact as Catholic journalism. Who knows, for instance, anything of the pontificate of Leo XIII. and Pius X. knows their ardent interest in this subject. Both committed themselves to repeated and forceful admonitions concerning it, yet the fact is undisputed that results have been vastly disproportioned to efforts. Surely, no one will contend that this reflects Catholic American loyalty to the Holy See.

And now the reigning Pontiff, Benedict XV., indirectly at least, puts another test. This comes in the project he has fathered for the promotion of Catholic journalism in Italy.

The Papal Secretary of State, in a letter to Cardinal Maffi, explains the views of the Holy Father, saying that the purpose of the movement is "the progressive and energetic diffusion of Catholic thought and sentiment, so that by regular unity of strength and purpose a barrier may be set up against the extension of the anti-religious press."

Convinced that Catholic journalism is the natural and necessary means to accomplish the desired result, the Supreme Pontiff also makes it very plain that Catholics must do it in this regard.

"It is the desire of the August Pontiff," writes the Papal Secretary of State, "that all Catholics, especially individual priests and individual religious, as well as convents, colleges, sodalities, parishes, and all pious institutes, should deem it their duty to help develop the work and add to its solidity, whether by availing of every opportunity of recommending it or by securing for it, together with the esteem due to it by persons of sound understanding, an ever-increasing popularity."

The action of the Holy Father and his admonitions here outlined make quite plain the duties of Catholics not only in Italy, but in the United States as well. In fact, they apply with equal force everywhere that moral principles and Catholic teaching are secretly subverted or openly assailed. The Supreme Pontiff points to the Catholic paper as the protection against the dangers and imposes the obligation of doing everything possible for their success.

Pope Benedict XV., therefore, like his predecessors, Pius X. and Leo XIII., in his movement for the good press, proclaims himself an earnest advocate of Catholic journalism. That declaration is another test of Catholic loyalty to the Holy See. Will the test be met, or will it be declined by Catholic Americans?—Church Progress.

U. S. LOSES TWO MORE BISHOPS

Two more American Sees were vacated on May 10 by the death of the Right Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, Bishop of Salt Lake City, and of the Right Rev. Camillus Paul Maes, Bishop of Covington. Bishop Scanlan was born in Ireland in 1843, and studied at All Hallows College, where he was ordained priest in 1868. In 1870 he was made pastor of the Cathedral in San Francisco, but left three years later for Utah, the entire Territory being his parish. In 1887, he was consecrated Bishop of Laranda in Asia Minor and Vicar-Apostolic of Utah, and when the diocese was created in 1891, became first Bishop of Salt Lake City. Bishop Maes had borne the episcopal dignity for thirty years. Born in Courtrai, Belgium, in 1846, he was educated at the College of Courtrai and at the University of Louvain. Here he was ordained priest in 1868. Coming to the United States in 1869, he was attached to the diocese of Detroit until 1885, when he was consecrated Bishop of Covington. Bishop Maes was a member of the Board of Directors of the Catholic University and of the Catholic Extension Society, permanent president of the American Eucharistic Congress and founder of *Evangelical*, the monthly organ of the Eucharistic League. Besides the "Life of Father Nerinx," Bishop Maes was the author of a number of articles on history and philosophy contributed to the "Catholic Encyclopedia" and to learned journals in America and in Europe. A man of the most winning personality, and a true priest of God, Bishop Maes will long be remembered with deep affection by his people. A third death is that of Very Reverend F. M. L. Dumont, S.S., S. T. D., president of St. Austin's College, Catholic University, Washington. The venerable Subprior, who was a native of Lyons, France, had labored for more than forty years in the United States, endeavoring himself to hundreds of priests by his sanctity and strenuous work in the vineyard of the Lord.—America.

NEGLECT OF THANKSGIVING

If we had to name one thing which seems unaccountably to have fallen out of men's practical religion altogether it would be the duty of thanksgiving. It is not easy to exaggerate the common neglect of this duty. There is little enough of prayer; but there is still less thanksgiving. For every million of Paters and Aves which rise up from the earth to avert evils or to ask graces, how many do you suppose follow after in thanksgiving for the evils averted or the graces given? Alas, it is not hard to find the reason of this. Our own interests drive us obviously to prayer; but it is love alone which leads to thanksgiving. A man who only loves himself, knows that he must pray for his own good, but his instinct impelling him to thanksgiving, it is the old story. Never did prayer come more from the heart than the piteous cry of those ten lepers who beheld Jesus entering a town. Their desire to be heard made them courteous and considerate. They stood afar off lest He should be angry if they with their foul diseases came too near Him. Alas! they did not know that dear Lord, nor how He had lowered Himself to be counted as a leper for the sake of men. They lifted up their voices saying: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." When the miracle was wrought, the nine went on in selfish joy to show themselves to the priest; but one, only one, and he an outcast Samaritan, when he saw that he was made clean, went back, with a loud voice glorifying God, and he fell on his face before Our Saviour's feet, giving thanks. Even the Sacred Heart of Jesus was distressed, and, as it were, astonished, and He said: "Were not ten made clean? And where are the nine? There is no one where are return and give glory to God but this stranger!" How many a time have not we caused the same sad surprise to the Sacred Heart?—Father Faber.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Spanish King, Alfonso, has conferred the Grand Cross of Alfonso XII. on the Jesuit Father Cires, director of the Sun Observatory. During the seven months' Pontificate of Benedict XV., 5 Cardinals have died. In the Sacred College of Cardinals, which is the Senate of the Church, there are now 12 vacant seats.

The only relic of St. George in England, (according to the University of London) is in the possession of Southwark cathedral, having been given to the late Bishop Danell by the prior of the Carthusians when the monks came to England forty years ago. It is a piece of an arm bone.

Extraordinary interest was taken this year in the biennial liquefaction of the blood of the martyred St. Januarius in the cathedral of Santa Chiara, Naples. An enormous crowd went in procession to the sacred edifice, where the miracle was wrought after sixteen minutes of prayer.

The name of Second-Lieutenant Harold Marion Crawford is on the list of officers who fell in action. He was a son of Marion Crawford, the novelist, and went to England from Sorrento, Italy, at the outbreak of the war. He was commissioned in the Irish Guards. His father was a convert to the Church as is also his aunt, Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

Three hundred refugees from Poperinghe, eight miles west of Ypres, which has come under the fire of German artillery, arrived in Paris recently on special trains. Most of them are inmates of an orphanage and a home for the aged conducted by Franciscan Sisters. Three nuns were killed while superintending the removal of their charges, and several of the inmates were wounded.

Although Benedict Arnold was so notoriously inimical to Catholicism that he won the censure of the leaders in the American revolution, a nun who died in Boston recently is a direct descendant of him, Sister Mary Pis, who for forty three years was a member of the Poor Clares, died at the monastery of the order at Bennet street. She had been active in the monastery since it was founded nine years ago. Sister Mary Pis was born in Maryland years ago and in lay life was Miss Mary A. Arnold. She was a direct descendant of Benedict Arnold.

When the Belgian refugees fled to Holland, a country, in the main non-Catholic, it became evident to Cardinal Mercier that Catholic priests must be sent to Holland to look after the spiritual and temporal interests of the refugees. The Primate of Belgium designated, among others, Father Verdoodt for this work, and after some months in Holland he has written to the Official Belgian Committee in England describing his experiences. The Belgians he has to deal with are the poorer classes from Antwerp and the surrounding towns.

The unusual circumstance of the selling at auction of a large painting by Peter Paul Rubens, one of the world's greatest masters, could not prevail against the tendency toward sluggish prices at the sale of the Blakelee collection recently at the American Art Association in the ballroom of the Plaza, New York. The picture, "The Adoration of the Magi," painted for an altar in a church at Bergues, French Flanders, sold to a buyer represented by Otto Bernot for \$18,000. Mr. Blakelee paid \$22,000 for it. It was said that without a doubt the picture would now be returned to Europe.

Gerard De Bruyn, late of Antwerp, Belgium, died in London recently at the age of ninety-two. He was one of the best known and most respected Catholics of Antwerp. He was one of the gentlemen of the famous Chapelle du Tres Saint Sacrament in the Cathedral, and for sixty-two years without a break took part in the annual procession of the Blessed Sacrament in that city. As a reward for his faithful services to the Church and to commemorate the golden jubilee of his connection with the confraternity Pope Leo XIII. decorated him with the Order of St. Gregory the Great, and the late Holy Father, Pius X. raised him to the rank of Commander in the same Order.

The will of the great Irish soldier, General Sir Luke O'Connor, has been probated. It will be remembered that he rose from the ranks to command his old regiment and died last February full of years and honors, aged eighty-two. His estate is valued at \$51,700 and the majority of it is left to Catholic charities. The General bequeathed \$7,500 to the Crusade of Rescue for Catholic children, \$5,000 of which is to provide additional emigration fares to Canada for Catholic boys and girls. He leaves 6 bequests of \$2,500 each to 6 Irish and British Catholic charities, and 9 bequests of \$1,500 each to certain convents, societies and institutions carrying on the work in which he took an interest during his lifetime. To the Catholic Soldiers' Association, a new society doing a great work, he leaves a sum of \$1,000.