

The Catholic Record.

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

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SEEING THINGS THAT AIN'T SO

Some time ago we read an address on the glories of modern civilization. The speaker handled his theme with deftness, and wove into it flowers of rhetoric and facts that looked unprosaic, so well did he overlay them with the gold of fancy. Under his spell we began to think we were no mean people. Enlightened, he called us, and forbearing, patient and gentle, and averse to the follies of past ages. We warmed ourselves at the fire of eulogy and then set to work. The first thing that claimed our attention, and incidentally put us on the level earth again was an article by one of those evangelists who wander among Catholics and write of things which they don't see. It boots little to protest against writers of this type. They seem to read neither their own nor our writers, and are, therefore, the prey of prejudice and terrible examples of what men can become if they live long with the hobgoblins of ignorance. In their desire to score against us they hesitate not to bear false witness and to palm off as facts the most grotesque misconceptions of Catholic doctrine. We do not believe they have any influence with the average non-Catholic. But we are of the opinion that one of the causes of the lessening of the power of the Protestant pulpit is the preacher who deals in assumption, and is so far forgetful of his duties as a citizen and Christian as to perpetuate hate and prejudice.

What we believe is not a mystery. One may reject or combat it, but one should not seek it in letters written by men, who, when descending on the Church know neither truth nor justice. If the preacher must run a course against us he should be sure that the men before him are neither men of straw nor phantoms that fit out of bigotry's cave for the occasion.

A CHAPERON WANTED.

We are willing to admit that a preacher of this description is, when left loose, for instance, in a city in South America, bewildered, and for many reasons. He finds evidences of civilization—great colleges, a splendidly equipped press, magnificent churches. At home he had had visions of lazy Spaniards who smoked cigarettes to the accompaniment of castanets and were very poor waiting for his ministrations. The cruel bull-fight shocked up: Mr. Jos. Hooking inspired him, and so one day he girded up his loins, pocketed a few tracts and a fountain pen and set out to board Rome in her lair. If on his arrival he were taken care of by sensible people, he might be able to do better work, or at least he would be careful not to mistake idiocy for orthodoxy. But he seems to happen upon either the Latin who allows himself to be converted for a modicum of coin, or the factious one who regales him with stories that fit in with his preconceived ideas. The stories are ancient fiction, but the good man accepts them at their face value and sends them to the *Tabetha Sewing Circle* which has forthwith a series of convulsions over the iniquity of Rome.

He lives in a world of his making. Not a pleasant world, surely, or else he would find something better to chronicle than *Mannhausen yarns*. And he is so certain of the gullibility of his public as to talk at nothing in the way of fairy tales.

PROVING HIS ORTHODOXY.

For instance, we know the missionary who visits the villagers who never had a Bible. He says things, then, anent his joy and the outpourings of the Spirit. After recovering from his amazement at their pitiable condition and giving them "The Book" he speaks his piece entitled: "The open Bible"—a stock recitation, and always in the repertoire of the roving evangelist. He has a few lines on penance, etc., and never fails to give an exhibition of rhetorical fireworks to the effect that the benighted Catholic is advancing towards the truth; and to make the advance certain, more money is needed. That he is a source of wonder to all who have not lost their reason never seems to dawn upon him. With a few exceptions, Rev. Dr. Starbuck, the Protestant theologian, who writes for the *Sacred Heart Review*, says that "Protestant missionaries from Mexico to Argentina almost universally display a greedy desire to turn every fact and

feature of Catholic doctrine, discipline and history to a malignant account and entire indifference, no matter how long may be their stay in these countries, to gaining even an elementary knowledge of the Roman Catholic system."

SCIENCE HAS NO ANSWER.

The scribes who write reams to say that science is the religion of this generation are as ignorant of the definition of science as they are of religion. In all ages the questions which ring out in myriad tones concern our origin and destiny. Since human reason does not suffice, the answer which must be in reach must be heard from something beyond the compass of reason. Science has no solution for these problems. Mr. Tyndall tells us that the question dies without an answer, without even an echo upon the infinite shores of the unknown. Religion, however, shows us the God Who said: "I am the Light of the world. He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of Life."

WHAT A REAL SCIENTIST SAYS.

Sir Oliver Lodge is in no wise chary of unstinted admiration for the character and achievements of the late Lord Kelvin who felt compelled by his scientific researches to acknowledge the existence of a beneficent creator. Among other things Sir Oliver Lodge says that an extract from a speech he delivered at his jubilee celebration is of more than ordinary interest. "One word," he said, "characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts that I have made for the advancement of science during fifty-five years—that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force or of the relation between ether, electricity and ponderable matter or of chemical affinity than I knew and tried to teach my students of natural philosophy fifty years ago in my first session as professor."

THE UNIFICATION ORCHESTRA.

A few moons since a contemporary pleaded for more concord among Canadians. An orchestra was formed, and distinguished journalists engaged as soloists. For a time the dulcet strains of the peace anthem agitated the atmosphere, and just when we thought we could have the pleasure of hearing the editor of the *Christian Guardian* tell the truth about the Church without damaging his maxillary muscles, there appeared with musket on shoulder, the doughty Col. who made some remarks on battling. We remember not all the warrior said, but he was for war, bloody, if necessary, but preferably unbloody, because he is more accustomed to it. Then, accompanied by M. Emile Combe, came the editor of the *Christian Guardian* who adjured the audience to beware of clericalism. Stand up for your freedoms and your rights; if hard pressed borrow the Col.'s musket, claim everything in sight and ware clericalism. It was a magnificent exhibition of an intellect improperly exposed. Since then the *Christian Guardian* has been cheering on *Clarenceau* and the French Christians. Lately the editor of this Methodist publication, printed for the household, has been wearing a smile that is childlike and bland because a Jew and a Freemason has been elected Mayor of Rome. Are Methodists proud of a paper that seems to be in sympathy with the enemies of Christianity? Are they satisfied with a publication that refers to blistering blasphemy as not "very sensible remarks," and has never a word against those who revile all that should be cherished by Christians. The editor's tactics are of the days when so called "religious" champions were the most unscrupulously bitter and the most, conspicuously unfair.

THE FACTS.

We cannot give space to a communication in regard to the Y. M. C. A. for the reasons, first, that it is too lengthy, and secondly, it is not accurate in statement.

The Y. M. C. A. is a Protestant association. It excludes Catholics from holding office, and in aspiration and aim is not favorable to the Church. This being so, we do not see how any Catholic can approve an association that is Protestant enough to deny him a place among its officials. And the Catholics who subjects either himself or his children to the atmosphere of the Y. M. C. A. is sadly in need of instruction. Here and there Catholics do be-

long to this association, but these are self opinionated snobs, whining for a word of non-Catholic approval and whittling down the faith which they are afraid to profess before men. Our correspondent is, if we read him aright, of the opinion that a Catholic can, by membership in the Y. M. C. A., do something towards dissipating prejudice against the Church. But omitting comment on the obvious speciousness of this plea it is necessary to join this association to do this? The presumption is that the Catholic becomes a member of the Y. M. C. A., not to help the Church but to help himself, because he cherishes the delusion that the Protestant has ever a gladsome welcome for the back boneless biped.

OVERHEATED IMAGINATION.

Some of the temperance orators should allow the wind of reason to cool their over heated imaginations. We do not impugn their sincerity, but if they pruned their speeches of exaggeration and misstatements they would have more weight with the public. This subject can be spoken of with quiet reasonableness. Frothy declamation may please the hysterical, but not the average man. Temperance, we know, is a virtue, but it is not the only one, as the preacher who told us that but for liquor there would be no sin would have us believe. While battling against the saloon it is well to remember that charity is also a virtue. Strangely enough some of the divines forget this so far as we are concerned. They tell us that righteousness exalteth a nation and have no hesitancy in bearing false witness against the Church.

WHAT BISHOP SPALDING SAYS.

The worst enemy of the country, says Bishop Spalding, is not the drunkard, but the buyer of votes, whether at the polls or in the council chambers or in legislative halls: not the petty thief, but the capitalist whose insatiable greed urges him on to crush all competitors; not the selfish man who cares not at all for the general good, but the politician who makes his patriotism a cloak to cover him, while he sneaks into public office which he prostitutes to private gain.

The saloon is bad: the worst evil, however, resulting from it is not drunkenness but political corruption; for, if just laws were rightly administered the saloon would cease to be a source of degradation and ruin.

THE DAILY PRESS AND THE CHURCH.

The present number (December 7) of the *Civiltà Cattolica* contains an article which may well be numbered among the most interesting and important of those that have appeared in the great Jesuit Review during the fifty-eight years of its existence. It is not a long article—it fills only sixteen pages of the *Civiltà*; it is not a profound article—any man or woman can read a newspaper and be able to understand every word of it; it is not an article that reveals any truth hitherto concealed from thinkers—when you have read it, you recognize that the sixteen pages of it hardly contain a fact that you did not already know; there is not (at least on the surface) any special brilliancy of style about it—in fact, it leaves on you the (mistaken) impression that you could write as good an article yourself. It is called "The Omnipotence of Journal" and it begins with the pregnant sentence: "The world is governed by public opinion, and this by journalism." Nine-tenths of those who read newspapers allow their editors to do their thinking for them, and, as the *Civiltà* writer concisely puts it, "in public life to-day there is no other criterion of truth, honesty, uprightness, justice, except that which is coined and administered by journalism."

In Catholic countries where Catholics have been alive to this truth the Church and the cause of religion more than holds its own. The German Catholics have used the press to such good purpose that they have been able to form the great Centre Party, to put an end to the *Kulturkampf*, to send Bismarck to Canossa, to organize the people politically, socially, economically. "German Catholics," said Dr. Barth at the Catholic Congress of Ratisbon, "had with them a great gift from heaven as a harbinger of better days of firm and faithful unity, of unwearied constancy in the struggle, of defence of the supreme interests of the people and of humanity. This gift is the Catholic press, robust, skillful, aggressive. Both as to quality and quantity it has developed until it has become a power in public life which cannot be ignored. In the course of fifty years the number of newspapers resolutely Catholic has increased from 5 or 6 to nearly 330 and the subscribers who after 1860 were not more than 50 or 60,000 divided among about a score of newspapers have since then increased to hundreds of thousands and millions."

The result is that the public opinion of German Catholics is respected in Germany.

In Belgium a Catholic Government has been in power for twenty-three years without a break. Why? In little Belgium, the most progressive country in the world and at the same time noted for its splendid Catholic spirit, the Catholic newspapers *National* and *Patriote* sell 17,000 copies every day between them, the *Nieuws van den Dag* sells 78,000 on week-days and 93,000 on Sunday, the *Gazet van Antwerpen* 70,000, the *Pays* 35,000 and the weekly *Vlaamig* 53,000.

France affords an example of the other side of the picture. France up to a couple of years ago was wonderfully rich in Catholic institutions of all kinds—except one. The whole country was covered with churches, schools, orphanages, hospitals, religious houses; French Catholics surpassed those of any other country (not excepting Germany) in the field of science and literature—indeed even now nearly all the best French writers and the most distinguished men of science in France are practicing Catholics. And yet we have seen with our own eyes a long series of hideous outrages, perpetrated by law on the Catholic Church in France, we have seen an over whelming majority of French Catholics going to the polls to vote the destruction of religion, and we are puzzled to account for this deplorable state of things. It is easy enough to account for it. Throughout the length and breadth of France there is only one great Catholic newspaper worthy of the name: *La Croix*. Seventy years ago the great Montalembert crowded 25,000 francs to save *L'Univers*, the only Catholic newspaper on the continent of Europe, from death. He did more; he subscribed 1,000 francs a month to the funds of the paper, he gave his splendid pen to its service, he got his friends to do the same, but after a while he was obliged to confess: "I could not get a sou for the work—everybody was ready to give me advice, but nobody would give me money." Forty years later M. Baudouin, President General of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, on December 11, 1877, wrote the following letter, which contained a terrible prophecy: "In my opinion the great importance of the press is not sufficiently understood by the faithful. We are thinking about building churches, founding congregations, multiplying asylums for the orphan and the poor—all of them necessary; but we forget that besides all these needs there is one which by the force of things surpasses all the rest, that is the diffusion of the Catholic press. If the Catholic press is not sufficiently supported, encouraged, raised to the position it ought to occupy, the churches, if they be not burned, will be deserted, the congregations will be multiplied only to be driven out, and the charitable institutions and the schools themselves will be taken away from the religion that founded them. . . . If the Catholics put at the head of all their works that of the press, as is being done in Germany, if they devoted 2,000,000 francs or 3,000,000 francs to it every year, it is safe to say that everything would change at once and that the faith would spring up again in hundreds of thousands of intelligences."

Alas! Alas! What has happened in Italy unless she has done this? The *Civiltà* of Italy of Rome, the *Momento* of Turin, the *Avvenire* of Bologna, are the only important Catholic newspapers in the whole of Italy. For every person that reads them there are fifty who are fed daily on the treacant anti-clericalism of papers like the *Messaggero* or who breathe the more subtle poison of organs like the *Stampa* and the *Giornale*. The Catholic world must have been shocked on learning a few weeks ago that Rome, the capital of the Christian universe, had fallen into the hands of anti clericals. Many explanations of this fact have been advanced—but there is one fact which of itself suffices to explain the ugly phenomenon. There is only one Catholic newspaper in Rome, while there are half a dozen organs that avow more or less openly their hostility to the Church and the Holy See. Treating of Italian journalism the writer in the *Civiltà* concludes: "If Catholic journalism is not developed, both in value and numbers, in such a way as to wrest from anti-clerical journalism the monopoly of public opinion, history will have to tell our grandchildren that in the twentieth century Italy was reduced so low as to become a mere tail-piece of Jacobin and despot France."

The article in the *Civiltà* makes no reference to the influence of journalism upon Catholicism in English-speaking countries. The English press is almost unanimously anti-Catholic—of malice prepense; the American press not infrequently shows a similar tendency—mainly through ignorance, and because its Catholic news from Europe comes to it mostly from tainted sources. In short, it may be affirmed that throughout the whole civilized world to-day the daily press which makes public opinion is useless, when it is not openly hostile to the Catholic religion. It would be absurd to put the blame of this on "the Church," but it would be idle to deny that wealthy and influential Catholics have not considered the matter sufficiently. It is not necessary, perhaps it is not even possible, to have great Catholic dailies in the United States or in England, but even short of this a great deal might be done to inform the tone of the press in a Catholic sense. Whenever possible there should be some Catholic share-

holders in great news papers, and in great news-agencies. Catholic readers should make themselves felt whenever their favorite newspaper shows a tendency to go wrong; Catholic advertisers should have nothing to do with journals that are ill disposed to the Church. A great many other things might be done, but first of all the importance of the subject should be brought home to those who are able to influence the situation.

In past times everything that could influence the human mind was employed in the service of the Church and of religion—painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, poetry, philosophy; even to-day we are making untold sacrifices to throw a religious influence around the education of the young. Is it not deplorable that we think so little of the perpetual, pervading, all embracing influence of the daily press? Louis Veuillot used to say: "If I knew that the world was to end to-morrow, I would think first of all of getting out my paper, with the certainty that this last effort would not be useless."—Rome.

THE HINDOO MIND.

We have been asked by a subscriber whether it is true as one of our daily papers states that the highest order of human intellect is that possessed by the Hindoos. Really, now, we are not sufficiently acquainted with the Hindoo intellect to decide the matter, and we have serious doubts whether the writer who made the statement knows much about its truth or falsity.

During the last few years many supposedly learned Hindoos have come to this country and elicited the wonder and admiration of the devotees of mystery and all that passes for "occult science," and "new thought." The "mahatmas" were fakirs pure and simple, but they were more clever than those they deceived. A great deal of the nonsense that enters into the new religions that are springing up around us is of Hindoo origin. Theosophy is of Hindoo origin, and Madam Blavatsky the cleverest fakir that lived in the last century learned much of her cleverness from Hindoo teachers. Eddyism and modern Spiritism have drawn upon the same source for more or less of their religious ideas. This, however, is no proof of the superiority of the Hindoo intellect. It only shows that Hindoo fakirs are clever and American fakirs are not above learning from them.

There is, however, another side to the Hindoo—the Americans know little about. The fake "mahatma" no more represents Hindoo thought than do the silly ladies who take him up in this country and enthuse over his utterances—which neither he nor they understand—represent the highest type of American thought. Hindoo philosophy goes back for centuries beyond the Christian era. But it has undergone little change in all that time. Like the Hindoo religion it ceased to grow shortly after its birth and to day it presents unchanged the thoughts of men who lived thirty centuries ago. The Hindoo ideal is "Nirvana" or annihilation, a condition to be reached through absolute inactivity. Hence the true Hindoo is essentially a dreamer—one given to philosophic speculation, if you will, but it is philosophy hardly worthy of the name. The transmigration of souls and the consequent sacredness of all animals—for they may be tenanted by human souls—are some of the absurdities that Hindoo dreamers fall into.

No doubt the Hindoo believes he has the highest philosophy and the highest religion. Contrast its teachings with those of Christianity, measure the results achieved under its sway with those wrought under Christian philosophy and ideals, and we can best arrive at their worth. We would not be surprised to find a Hindoo claiming superiority for his philosophy and his intellect. But we are surprised that one who is supposed to know something of Christianity should make the claim for him. But one may expect surprises in these days when will, but it is philosophy hardly worthy of the name. The transmigration of souls and the consequent sacredness of all animals—for they may be tenanted by human souls—are some of the absurdities that Hindoo dreamers fall into.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH.

We received a few days since a letter, the writer of which professed his inability to understand why socialism should be so repugnant to the Catholic Church. He advanced the time-worn platitude that socialism really deserved sympathy and support, inasmuch as its mission, like that of the Church, was amongst the poor and the lowly. A striking and a comprehensive answer to this question is quoted by one of our exchanges from the *London Catholic Times*. It is in the form of a letter which an English priest wrote in answer to an invitation to attend a social meeting on the occasion of an address on "A Churchman's Brief for Socialism," delivered by a local Protestant minister. The following excerpts will go far to show to certain "liberal minded" Catholics the impassable breach that separates revealed religion from the principles of socialism:

"Although I am altogether opposed to socialism, I shall never knowingly go to gain a point at the expense of truth, by uttering the garbled nonsense and platitudes of some of your enemies. When I want a pair of boots I do not ask a baker to make them; and when I want to know what is socialism I look for it from recognized authorities. Marx, Aveling, Lassalle, Engels, Morris, Hyndman, Bax, Herron, Wilhelm Liebknecht, Ferri, and not your enemies. They are the recognized thinkers and authoritative exponents of socialism and from their works I am perfectly

convinced that socialism and Christianity are mutually destructive.

"Of the above-mentioned names, Ernest Belfort Bax, who is the philistine reasoner and exponent of socialism, declares in 'The Ethics of Socialism,' that 'the association of Christianity with any form of socialism is a mystery, rivaling the mysterious combination of ethical and other contradictions in the Christian divinity himself.' I could quote worse from the other recognized authorities, but will agree that I have some real grounds for affirming that socialism is opposed essentially to Christianity.

"With many things you plead for I am in complete sympathy—a living wage, better a justing of the relations of labor to capital, pension housing of the poor, old age pensions, etc.; but he is indeed a singularly 'green' socialist who foolishly imagines such things to be socialism.

"One word to conclude. The 'green' whose enthusiasm is greater than his knowledge foolishly believes that socialism considers religion 'a private matter,' and that the ethics of socialism and Christianity are identical. The real socialist knows that such a definition. I am aware that at the Socialist Congress at Erfurt in 1891, religion was declared to be a private affair. This is necessary tactics. An authoritative American socialist journal, the *Comrade* (New York, May, 1903) stated: 'Socialism needs no religion to support it, and if it did it could not receive support from out-world dogmatic Christianity. When we have the courage to take hold of it, socialism will become for each of us religion immeasurably grander and truer than what we call religion to-day.'

"Many are led to the door of socialism in the hope of finding that elixir to cure the sufferings of the race. It cannot succeed because it rests on a materialistic basis and ignores God in His own creation."—New World.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The convent of St. Anne and St. Remi, near Montreal, was completely destroyed by fire a few weeks ago. The loss is \$50,000.

Francois Marie Benjamin Richard, Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, died in that city on Jan. 23 of congestion of the lungs, after a short illness. Cardinal Richard was born at Nantes, March 1, 1819, and he was made Cardinal in 1889.

The venerable Archdeacon Jones, P. P. Fethard, County Tipperary, died in Dublin the other day, after a long and painful illness. The Archdeacon took an active and practical part in the work of the National organization. His sympathies were strongly with the Gaelic League movement.

On January 29, the pallium will be conferred upon the Most Rev. Archbishop O'Connell. The ceremony will be performed by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in the Boston Cathedral. Archbishop O'Connell was an altar boy and was present when the pallium was conferred on the late Archbishop Williams, about thirty-three years ago.

Another remarkable cure is reported from Lourdes, the invalid being an American, Miss Daisy Ginet of New York. For nine years Miss Ginet has suffered from paralysis, the physicians pronouncing her case incurable. Recently she visited the shrine of Lourdes, and in a letter to friends in New York, her father states that she was completely cured.

Brother James of Mary (Peter Donnelly), died at Ulia last Thursday night. He was born in 1829 at Carnally, Ireland, and became a Christian brother in 1863 at Montreal. Once he was director of St. Vincent Orphan Asylum in Baltimore and also sub-director of the Catholic Protector in New York. He founded St. Vincent Orphan Asylum in Ulia in the early days of the Civil War.

One priest was injured and another overcome by smoke in a fire which caused \$10,000 damage to St. Mary's Church at Evanston, Ill., on Jan. 19. Rev. Thomas Egan a hand was severely burned when he tried to remove a chalice from the altar. Rev. Patrick Hennessy was twice overcome while endeavoring to carry to safety vestments and other valuables. The fire started near the altar, supposedly from a candle.

It is announced that Rev. Father Maria Bernado of the Capuchin order, who was sent by the Pope in July last to Addis Ababa with a decoration for King Menelik, is returning here with an autograph letter from Menelik and two lions as a present for the Pontiff. Father Bernado will bring with him to Rome an Abyssinian Catholic priest who suffered persecutions and imprisonment at the hands of the Coptic priests and whose liberation was secured through King Menelik.

Another of the missionary sons of St. Ignatius answered the last call, when the Rev. John B. Gaffney, S. J., departed this life at St. Andrew-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., Jan. 14, aged eighty-one years. Father Gaffney was born in Ireland, but came to this country when quite young. For forty years he was engaged in missionary work in Maryland, where he built several churches and rode thousands of miles in the saddle to reach his scattered people. He was the first Catholic chaplain appointed to Randall's Island, after the passage of the Freedom of Worship bill in New York State.