

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1900.

NO. 1,129.

The Catholic Record

London, Saturday, June 9, 1900.

ANOTHER NOTORIETY-SEEKER.

The mantle of Leary, erstwhile potentate of Guam, has fallen on Major Bliss, the Collector of Customs at Havana. His ways and means for obtaining notoriety are a little different from those of his model, but they are just as original. The Major has not, according to all reports, the picturesque language of the illustrious Leary, but he atones for the deficiency by picturesqueness of action.

It appears that under the regulations of the War Department articles necessary for church equipment are free of duty. But the Major rules that Mass vestments are not necessary for religious purposes, and are consequently dutiable. We do not insinuate that he is, though everything seems to warrant it, a bigot or an idiot. He is a gentlemen we believe whose judicial faculty has been impaired by excessive application to his onerous duties and who needs a respite from the task of uplifting alien peoples.

HICKORY CATHOLICS.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart advises Catholic newspapers not to take things second hand, nor should they allow themselves to be overawed by secular newspapers and magazines which are manifestly hostile to the Church. The Church looks to its Bishops and not to editors to correct whatever is wrong. This advice may be taken to heart by those who are prone to be shocked at things ecclesiastical that do not accord with their peculiar views. They grumble about demands for money; they throw up their hands in horror when a militant organization is formed, and are forever making comparisons between their positions and that of those without the fold. Above all they are averse to new devotions and to enthusiastic piety, because, forsooth, such things tend to make us ridiculous in Protestant eyes. If they see an old woman in church going through her devotions in a manner they cannot appreciate they look around to see if anyone is looking. In many ways they give abundant proof of an anti-Catholic spirit. The new devotions or simple, even extravagant piety do not furnish an impossible barrier to Protestants. Hundreds have been drawn to us by St. Anthony and St. Francis, and many with souls burned black and dry by the fires of the world have been shown the way to life and peace by simple and earnest Catholic lives. Why be so quick to reecho the jeers of anti-Catholic writers who at heart despise our dogmas of faith: the dogma of the Real Presence for instance, and above all what we consider most sacred in our devotions, devotion to the Sacred Heart and to the Virgin Mother of God, quite as heartily as they despise the confidence of true Catholics in St. Joseph, St. Anthony, of Padua and St. Expeditus.

"CHRISTUS VICTOR."

"Christus Victor," by Henry N. Dodge, is a dainty little book that will bring joy to the heart of the book lover. It is not so artistic as the Roycroft books which aim at Venetian perfection, but it is not marred by the slovenliness in make-up and of letter press of the average publication. What it holds within its covers is of a nature far different from that which is usually doled out to us by the book-maker. It will not be heralded as a popular book, nor have, perchance, the honor of two impressions, but it will find its way to those who can distinguish between the production of a workman and that of an artist and be appreciated by all who believe in the ultimate triumph of justice over injustice and who are convinced that love will calm the passion-crested waves of human life. Above all, it is a tribute of a loving, reverent heart to Christ.

"World Saviour see me at Thy feet
One stricken: in my hands, for Thine unmet
My heart's best treasure, dearly bought
With tears and travail and with trembling brought
Here and there the blank verse is enlivened by brilliant lyrics. All through the book there are vivid,

forceful pictures of sin and oppression, of the forms of misery with which men and hell people the earth. The author tells us of the vampire greed that fattens on the poor and helpless, that buys and sells nations like cattle.

And he describes the action of Christ's love that shall break and banish oppression:

"Let this vision ever cheer thee,
Tell the nations, let them hear thee,
Every soul to me is dear.
Tell to all mankind the story
Wouldst thou haste the coming glory,
Bear good tidings far and near.
See the waiting hosts that need thee
Come, beloved, I will lead thee
Love is conquering the world:
Give thyself, thyself unbinding
For thy brother, toiling, bleeding
Where my banner is unfurled."

We have much pleasure in recommending the volume to the attention of our readers, for it is a valuable contribution to the poetical literature of the country. Some of the poems are to our minds somewhat vague in meaning; but there can be no doubt as to the sincerity and literary gifts of the writer. It is refreshing in an age of venality to come upon a production that exhales thought and that exists not for the whim and caprice of the multitude but as a Crusader against the phantoms of evil.

JUSTICE AND CHARITY NEEDED.

Anyone observing the trend of the times must be convinced that the question of adjusting equitable relations between labor and capital must be solved, and conclusively, at an early date.

No pettifogging legislation can subdue the ominous murmur or diminish the number of strikes. If capitalists will persist in looking upon the toilers as spokes on their business wheels, and in ignoring the fact that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men to make money by and to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power, and to disregard their rights as men and Christians, the industrial system must rest on a very unstable basis. If capitalists, again, would give more justice and charity and fewer free libraries there would be less discontent.

Reading the chronicles of pre-Reformation days one is struck by the spirit of concord that prevailed between employer and employee—between the poor and the rich. There was, of course, poverty—but not of the sordid, contemned species that is a stench in the nostrils of the wealthy denizens of our generation. The rich of those days believed it was their duty to provide for their indigent brethren. The golden chain of brotherly love brought the two classes together, for they knew that, whether robed in fine linen or clad in poverty's livery, they were members of one body and bound one to the other by the duties of a common brotherhood. The selfishness of individualism that seeks and hoards and uses money for its own interests was alien to the spirit of those ages. The workman was protected and was not, as now, regarded as a thing of flesh and blood, exuding gold for the benefit of corporations and syndicates. Under the fostering care of the Church the guilds sprang into being and became no unimportant factor in maintaining a good feeling between employer and employee.

Each trade had its own organization directed by rules that were written by these who believed that "God has not created us for the perishable and transitory things of earth but for things Heavenly and everlasting; and that in regard to money and the other things which men call good and desirable, the only thing that is important is to use them aright." Where these rules were in honor, rapacity or oppression could not exist. And whilst restraining the cupidity of the masters they were no less useful in promoting piety and honesty among the workmen. The employer was bound to provide for employees when they were in distress. According to Digby: If sick they were to be taken care of, if dead to be buried, if they left widows and orphans these were to be supported and educated, and portioned and enabled to marry. There were guardians to watch that the workmen took their rest, and did not labor on days of festival or during the hours of rest or too early or too late. Workmen convicted of crime were to be expelled the guild, losing all the

rights and privileges attached to it. There were no sweat shops, nor thousands of human beings harnessed like slaves to the car of labor. Manhood was respected. The toiler had time to improve his mind and to watch over his spiritual interests. The centralization of wealth that is a menace to national stability was unknown.

And yet there can be no doubt as to the fact that the commercial autocrat of to-day wields a tremendous influence. He holds sway virtually as unlimited and despotic as that which is exercised by the Czar over his subjects. He can make himself felt in Legislatures and prevent enactment of statutes inimical to his interests. He may be denounced by orators; but the man with the money is talked of at myriad firesides as an individual to be respected and if possible to be imitated. Labor troubles will continue so long as the spirit of Christianity does not prevail. Not legislation but justice and charity are needed.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

Sermon Preached in the Cathedral of St. Paul.

"In the epistle of the third Sunday after Easter, the apostle beseeches us to refrain from sin and to do good. And so throughout the entire Scripture we are requested, entreated, to practice righteousness, to save our souls. Is not this, we may ask, a mystery, that God the Almighty, and His ministers in His name, should condescend to ask us, to entreat us, to do what is right? What are we but frail creatures of a day, and what is He but the infinite, the omnipotent? Why does He not use His power, if He wishes us to practice righteousness; why does He not compel us to be righteous? Is it not, we may ask, beneath His dignity and grandeur to be requesting us, begging us to do our duty toward Him, toward our fellow beings, toward ourselves? There is here a mystery: there is here a most practical, significant lesson. It is a mystery that God has made us morally free—so free that we may, if we choose, set at defiance His own law, subvert His own counsel in our regard, be unrighteous when He commands us to be righteous, and lead our souls to perdition when He His supreme will that all men be saved.

"No wonder, we might say, that some, not guided by the teachings of the Holy Church, have been led to exaggerate the power and the dignity of God as to leave, so to speak, no room to man himself in the decision for his own salvation. There are creeds made by men which state that God in creating us does of His own choice, independently of anything that we would have to say or do, elect so many of us to eternal glory and sends so many others into perdition, asserting His own power and His own dignity whether in the election of some or the reprobation of others.

GOD'S LOVE SUPREME.

"The makers of such creeds forget the supreme love of God for men, and the supreme respect which God has for His own creatures. Through a mysterious dispensation, if you will, but as a fact, God created us free, and has made us the arbiters of our eternal destiny. We shall be judged one day by Him; and some will be called to heaven, others will be rejected, but in either case God will be rendering, as the apostle says, 'to every man according to his works.' This dignity of the human soul that it is free. And so when by its own choice it enters heaven it can say 'this great reward is mine.' It is victorious: a crown belongs to it as a reward to its triumph.

"No doubt the soul left so itself could not, morally speaking, have overcome all the perils with which it was confronted. It could not without God's elevating grace have reached up into the supernatural regions to which we are called through the merits of Christ. Divine grace is needed. Without grace we do not save our souls; but when grace is given we are allowed to reject it or to correspond with it.

"There are two elements in Paul's moral triumph, God's grace and himself; and so it is with each and every one of us. On the last day it will be seen that two beings are at work, God and the individual soul. God, for His own mysterious purposes, distributes His graces here and there as He wills, giving, however, to all a sufficiency, for He wills all men to be saved. So that at the last day every soul will say if I am lost it is through my own fault.

THE SOUL IS FREE.

"But, whatever the measure of those graces, so much does God respect the individual will, the freedom of men, that the soul may still say of it I will not serve. God having made the soul free, if the soul enters a positive protest what can God do, unless He destroy His own work and enslave what He had declared to be free; but to retire, as it were, and abandon the soul to pursue its own course? This is a mystery

—this freedom of the soul in presence of God's bestowings and God's own graces. But this much is evident, the grandeur of the soul, the dignity of the human being, the sweetness of the reward when it does come. Great as is the reward of the high heavens, the soul crossing the threshold of paradise can say, it is my own individual work; I have earned it; God's grace aiding me, God's grace worked with me and I worked with God's grace.

This truth of the human freedom of the will and of the personal responsibility of the soul established, we understand how contrary to God's love and to God's justice are the statements of certain creeds, to which I have already alluded, that God elects of His own simple volition certain souls to glory and drives others back into perdition. There would be there no justice. Why should a soul be punished and punished during eternity unless the cause of punishment came from itself, unless the fault was the soul's own? And what would mean a reward that had been decreed before any thought of what the soul would be or would do in the use of its liberty? And where in such conditions would be that divine goodness, that sweetness of mercy of which the Scriptures so frequently assures us, in virtue of which God searches for the erring soul and tenderly invites it back to embrace of His eternal bosom? There were no goodness, no greatness if we were to imagine an infinite God above us distributing rewards and punishments as it might satisfy His own glory, without any consideration of the individual merit of each and every soul. No wonder is it that some who take such creeds as the creeds of the Christian Church, as the teachings of Christ, would be repelled from Christ's gospel.

THE INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBLE.

"No, such creeds are not creeds of God's Holy Church, and they are not the teachings of Christ's holy gospel. The teachings of the gospel and the creed of Christ's Church are this: that man is a free agent, and that while God gives him in profusion graces, the soul decides for itself what shall be the destiny—of glory or one of punishment and darkness. There is always the mystery that God from eternity knows what happens until the end of time, but in His provision the acts of the soul precede the decree of justice. In this mystery of God's omniscience, as the divine glance passes down ages, it sees the action of each soul, its cooperation with divine grace or its repulsion of that grace, and then as a consequence as man's merits or demerits it sees the decree of destination marking out the final destiny of each and every soul. Whatever the mystery of the divine providence may be this truth remains, that God's sentence follows man's personal actions, and whatever the mysteriousness of divine grace its truth remains that the ultimate responsibility of correspondence or of refusal of correspondence rests with the individual soul.

"This moral freedom of man understood, we see how evident is this other teaching of Christ's Church, that no one, whatever his sphere of work on earth, whatever his ignorance or the grievousness of his temptations, no one is lost except through his own fault, except through his disobedience to his own conscience. The problem is often put before us, what is to happen to such a man or to such another, to such a class of human beings or to such another class. It is not necessary that God reveal to us His detailed dealings with each and every soul. It is enough that He proclaim His justice and His love towards all men. The soul will see on the last day the portals of Heaven closed to it without being able to say 'It is my own fault.' You and I know that salvation comes to us through Christ, and if in disobedience to that heavenly light which God has spread over our souls we refuse to adore Christ as our God and Saviour, we should be guilty of rebellion against God.

DESTINY OF UNBAPTIZED.

"But there have been millions, to whom through one reason or another knowledge of Christ was refused. What of them? St. Paul says: 'Those not having the law are a law to themselves, their consciences bearing witness to them.' In other words, man is not responsible for his surroundings over which he had no control. God is just and good. No soul is there without some light, no heart is there which does not throbb to some measure of goodness, no human being is there without a conscience. Now the human being obeying conscience obeys God so far as he can obey God, and God is just and merciful.

"You and I know that Christ established His own Church that the Church coming forth from Christ, going down through the ages is the Holy Catholic Church, and if we close our eyes to the truth of the divinity of that Church we are in rebellion against God, and against the knowledge which we have received from Him. But if there are those to whom the knowledge of Christ's Holy Church is impossible, they have their conscience, and if they are faithful to the light so far as given to them God judges them according to their light and according to their correspondence with it. You and I know that baptism is the gate to the heaven of supernatural life. But if

souls innocent from the stains of actual sin die without baptism while they are refused entrance into that supernatural region of special supernatural happiness which is given by Christ to His own heirs, we need not believe that they are condemned to positive punishment. The Church does not teach such doctrine. A natural happiness is their lot. Always and everywhere God is just and all-merciful, and all-loving to His creatures.

"Salvation is a personal matter for each one of us. Two beings are concerned when our salvation is mentioned—God and the individual soul. God created each soul to be the arbiter of its own destiny. It will be judged on its own individual record. Let us not then say, if there are others outside of God's Church, if others practice such manner of life, why cannot I be as they? We need not condemn others; we know not their conscience. There is but the Almighty God who can peer into the conscience of any one and say whether he is guilty or not. For us, let us lock into our own conscience, and ask what obligation does this conscience impose upon us. Others I leave to God. I busy myself with myself. I am not to sit one day in judgment upon all men, only the omniscient can be judge of all consciences; only God will judge all men.

GOING TO PERDITION WITH THE CROWD.

"Even if others were to close their eyes and go against their conscience, would there be much consolation for me to glide down to perdition with the crowd? They will say, I will go with the multitude. Thou wast not created to go with the multitude. Thou wast created to do what thy conscience impels thee to do. This is the misfortune, I may say, of innumerable men, to do what others are doing, whether others are right or wrong. The soul forgets its own dignity. It forgets that it was placed by Almighty God upon earth to do its duty to Him because it is duty, and not to do merely what others do.

"Let each of us look into his own conscience, and in the stillness of God's presence reflect upon the solemn meaning of his personal responsibility. Oh, the responsibility of my soul! Just as I decide so shall I be for eternity. Not my relatives, not my friends, not my neighbors, not the whole nation, not all humanity will be questioned on the last day as to whether I am to be with God in Heaven or with His enemies in hell. Only one will speak—I myself. Oh, my God, Thou hast made me great when Thou didst put into my hands my own destiny for eternity. But, my God, what fearful responsibility Thou didst lay upon me? I pray Thee, help me by Thy grace to understand this responsibility."

MOST HISTORIC CHURCH.

A Protestant's Views on the Great Cathedral of Mexico City.

Stanley E. Bowdler, a Protestant, in a letter from the City of Mexico, says: "Religion is the most important fact about a man or a nation of men." This was Carlyle's notion, and as strikingly true as its expression is characteristically awkward.

If it was spoken concerning the Mexicans its truth is demonstrable, for the religious spirit among them is as omnipresent as the Omnipotent. Every city and villa has its impressive churches, which show the lamp of sacrifice undimmed by the lapse of centuries.

"I will not give unto the Lord of that which cost me nothing," seems to have been the sentiment of these Mexicans as truly as it was David's. Every temple seems to say: "Our builders gave the best they had of thought, of toil, material and of wealth."

When Cortez reached the capital of Anahuac, the building that first arrested his attention was the Temple to the Sun—and well it might. There, at the city's centre, was an architectural enigma, that seemed to belong to the weird age of pyramid and hieroglyph, devoted to religious diabolism. Its top was the scene of Druidical rites, the bloodiest that wretched paganism could devise. More than 5,000 men were annually sacrificed there to appease the gods who sent the Montezumas mad and victory.

In this Rome of the Aztec world and in the court of this very temple the good Father Olmado celebrated the first Mass witnessed in Guatemala's capital. The God who delights not in burnt offerings and sacrifices, but in a contrite heart, stood in paganism's most holy place that November morning of 1518, while the last victims were being offered to the Aztec's non-resident gods.

The contrast stirred Cortez, and he vowed a vow that of that temple not one stone should remain upon another which should not be pulled down, and he would rear upon its foundations a temple worthy the God who, for a little time, deigns to dwell in temples made with hands. Cortez obliterated the Aztec's temple to the sun and commenced to build the cathedral, to be finished by his successors, and of which we now speak briefly.

The cathedral of Mexico City is unquestionably the most historic ecclesiastical structure of the western world. In age, in momentousness of events happening in and about it, in the terrible temple that it supplanted, in the sacrifice of wealth it represents —stupendous for the generation that

built it—this cathedral is the most venerable, historic and storied edifice of this hemisphere. In the aristocracy of churches it is without a peer. Every stone invites reflection and every chapel within its walls solemnity. From the moment of entrance a hush is upon you, and you find yourself unconsciously listening. A century and more before the American revolution its bells chimed the Vesper hour; its walls saw the investment of Spain's avaricious viceroys; the crowning of the valiant, misguided Turbide, Mexico's first Emperor; and heard the welcoming Te Deum to Maximilian, its welcoming, majestic towers looked down upon the bloodiest revolutionary events that have occurred in this or any other world, and saw Mexico's last convulsion and humiliation, when 10,000 victorious Americans under General Scott were drawn up in the "Zocalo," which the cathedral fronts, terminating an unjust war criminally leveled against an almost defenceless people. In all the pomp and circumstance of historic ecclesiastical greatness this church is first among the churches of the two Americas. Centuries have added to its dignity; age has brought power and not debility; and its solemn, prayer-inspiring spires seem to point with almost youthful vigor to the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

I attended Mass there Easter morning, 1899. As I approached the cathedral court the rays of the always welcome Mexican sun were stealing between the snowy tops of the two great volcanoes, whose old time-fires are as dead as the Aztec's gods. The conspicuous places of the court were already filled with a great number of piteable, chilly, aim-praying invalids. It was a duplicate of the court of the Temple called Beautiful, lacking Peter and John only.

At least three thousand Mexicans were kneeling within the cathedral—an impressive sight anywhere, but in this setting of majesty, solemnity and historic association a picture of touching eloquence. And they knelt throughout the service, for Mexican churches are without seats. Their somnolence were carefully placed in an angle made by their kneeling limbs and their serapes folded over their shoulders.

I stood in the shadow of a pillar to render my Protestantism less conspicuous, yet I fancy I could not have been seen had I stood beside the main altar, for there was a stolid fixity about these people, a singleness of religious purpose that makes intruding Protestants irrelevant and that made this temple possible.

There was no rustle of skirts, no vain, studied stride, no looking about to see the milliner's creation worn by neighbors. There were no unctuous ushers to escort thoughtfully-belated parishioners to high seats. It was the one tremendous democracy of Mexican sinners—the rich, the poor kneeling side by side, each class oblivious to the other's presence and each face showing an intensity of purpose that seemed to say: "Lord be merciful to me, a sinner."

To these kneeling worshippers dyed with sin, which only the hyssop of God's grace could cleanse, the service was as impressive as the first vision of the pillar of fire by night to the Israelites. The thousand Masses that they had attended had brought no callousness. Time had intensified the august mystery of the Mass. To them it was a veritable mount of transfiguration, for they seemed to see no one save Jesus only.

I left the church with this pentecostal crowd, over whose faces a happy change had come because of the deposit of their sins with the sleepless savior. The morning chill had gone, and the capital of the Montezumas was again bathed in dazzling sunlight.

The power of the cross impressed us as we turned for a last look—the grandest cathedral of the western hemisphere standing on the foundations of the greatest and most terrible temple of paganism.

A COMPARISON.

Archbishop Kain, the energetic Metropolitan of St. Louis, knows how to tell a good story. In introducing Archbishop Keane to a St. Louis audience recently he related how he and the former rector of the Catholic University, while in college together, had been named the two canes, and how their fellow students had resolved this title into "the two sticks." Carrying this simile further he remarked that he had heard himself compared to a hickory cane, while His Grace of Damascus had at the same time been likened to a sugar cane.

TWO-FOR-A-CENT CATHOLICS

From the Catholic Columbian.

There is general complaint of a growing indifference among young men to financial needs of their parishes, observes the "Ave Maria." Many of them do not rent a pew, or contribute in any way to the support of the church. The penny collection is the only one which seems to appeal to them. It is probably for their benefit that the Treasury Department contemplates the coinage of half cents.