

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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RELIGION IN NEW ENGLAND.

The New York Observer has, after much painstaking research, pointed out the source of the evils that exist in the New England States. There is Sabbath desecration, etc., and for these and other grave transgressions the French Canadians are responsible! We were under the impression that the Sabbath did not vex the minds of a great many of our friends across the border, because our readers will remember that a prominent civil dignitary told us not long ago that in some districts there was never a sound of church bell from one end of the year to the other. The French-Canadians, however, with their fondness for amusement, are a menace to the religious well being of the New England States, and upon Presbyterianism devolves the duty of disciplining those wayward Christians!

We hope the pensive divines will not bring them to believe "they are pious when they are only bilious."

"THE SCARLET WOMAN."

The Rev. Mr. Hocking is once more to the fore with a novel entitled "The Scarlet Woman." The rev. gentleman can write readable English, but he should devote his talent to the portraying of things of which he has some knowledge.

The plot is on lines familiar to those who attend the lectures of the "escapes." It is just as vile as anything that ever emanated from the prurient imagination of Slatyer, and has nothing whatever by which it can claim the consideration of intelligent individuals. He steers wide of the vulgar phraseology of the "escapes," but his diction veils but thinly his envenomed ignorance. There is a Jesuit, crafty and unscrupulous of course, employing every manner of ingenuity to restrain an Englishman who from meddling with the concerns of a Jesuit novice.

Convent life, such as is imagined by the ordinary Protestant, is portrayed by the facile pen of Mr. Hocking. We can understand why the life led by members of the religious orders of the Catholic Church is inexplicable to Mr. Hocking, but we cannot comprehend why he should put all his wild and chimerical imaginings into book form and dub it a portraiture of convent life.

A non Catholic publication, the Spectator, has the following to say of the "Scarlet Woman:"

An illustration of a gentleman descending a ladder with a nun in his arms, combined with the title, "The Scarlet Woman," tells what to expect from Mr. Hocking's book. When nuns want to leave a nineteenth century convent in the British Isles, a far more convenient method is to walk out of the front door. Roman Catholics, to say nothing of worthier motives, are far too much afraid of public opinion to act in the way described in this book. Had Mr. Hocking confined himself to the moral persuasions exercised over Jack Gray and Gertrude Winthrop, his novel would have gained in subtlety as well as in perspicuity.

THE POPE AND DREYFUS.

The Christian Guardian accords a very gracious welcome to extracts from St. George Mirart's letter on the conduct of the Pope throughout the Dreyfus affair. The distinguished scientist is at perfect liberty to ventilate his opinions, but when he essays to force them on others he is either overestimating his persuasive liberty, or the gullibility of the general public.

The only excuse that we can assign for his extraordinary attitude is that illness may have dimmed the brightness of his powerful intellect. He knows "that civil society, even though every member of it be Catholic, is not subject to the Church, but plainly independent in temporal things which regard its temporal end," and we take it that the removal of traitors is distinctly a temporal end. We do not see how anyone would wish the Pope to interfere with France in the management of judicial business.

St. George Mirart assumes that gross injustice was meted out to the prisoner. We need not, however, the logical acumen of the scientist to see that his conclusion is not warranted by his premises. Even they who were inclined to give Dreyfus the benefit of every doubt, declared after the Rennes trial they did not know whether the prisoner was innocent or guilty.

And yet St. George Mirart's soul cried out for a letter from Rome! What its purport should be is not vouchsafed to us. It might be a disquisition or contain some complimentary allusion to his efforts in keeping French Catholics in order.

It looks as if the scientist seized upon the Dreyfus case as an opportunity to make an onslaught upon the Roman Congregations.

TRUE EDUCATION.

We should advise anyone in quest of intellectual refreshment and recreation to seek it in the chronicles of the Middle Ages. A few moments with the old writers tone up the mental system. They are so devoid of pretence and show, so solidly learned and gifted with a simplicity that is as charming as it is rare.

They had indeed no opportunity to hymn the praises of the marvels of our days; but they did show—and it is to be regretted that we oftentimes forget their teachings—how to make life more beautiful and how to develop and strengthen the powers that transcend mere matter. And yet they were not academicians with a view to tickle the ears of some favored ones with words tricked out in the graces of rhetoric. Some of them had, we know, an overweening vanity and an inordinate desire for unprofitable dispute; but they were in the main stern men, given much to patient labor, realizing that great deeds spring from great thoughts and scornful of the false and narrow notion of our day that "knowledge is valuable only when it can be made to serve some practical purposes."

They had ideas about education which might with great advantage to systems now in vogue be adopted by educationists. We have undoubtedly done much, but still our educational history has no pages respecting anything like the scenes that stand out on the chronicles of the middle ages—the concourse of students from every clime, the intellectual prowess of the great professors and the extraordinary interest taken by all classes in the pursuit of learning.

And they were not contented with superficiality. Thoroughness and accuracy and skill for abstract speculation were aimed at and obtained through a patient and unflagging toil that would affright the average modern student. Philology was studied for fifteen and twenty years at Paris, and men of advanced age were not ashamed to sit by striplings in the halls that ring with the eloquence of masters such as Albert the Great and St. Thomas Aquinas. Some of them were told were miserably poor, but they had a deeper insight into life, and with truth making sweet music in their souls were happier doubtless than they who had gold and broad acres.

We do not mean to say they were without exception models of every virtue. A few were idle and dissipated, caring more for the smile of a damsel than the sentences of the Lombard; and others, with nature as yet unalleviated thoroughly with the spirit of Christianity, took more kindly to a street brawl than to intellectual reunions.

Still there were myriads who were true students in every sense of the word. They had of course a great many advantages. Men of acknowledged superiority guided their feet in the highway of learning and taught them to appreciate the truth of the following words: "Blessed is the man, not who hath heard Master Anselm, or who hath studied at Paris, but to whom Thou, O Lord, dost teach Thy law." Robert of Sorben tells the student what he must do to profit by his studies. He should give a certain hour every day to some specified reading; to concentrate his attention upon what he is going to read, to write a resume of it, and above all to pray.

In these days scholars used their brains more than books and bent themselves to the grasping of principle and cause. From what we know it may be assumed that the student was of true and tried scholarship before he was invested with the insignia of any academic dignity. A great university was no respecter of persons, and we read that Paris in 1476 refused to give the degree of doctor to a man for whom the kings of France and Spain had requested it.

The product of cram and lopsided education was destined to be fashioned by future generations. The old masters would have been bewildered had it been given them to glance over modern programmes of studies with their "ologies" for all things knowable except God. The Creator, so far as practical results go, counts for little in some halls of learning, except of course as something to be used in the opening prayer on the Convocation day for the purpose of reassuring the public. The schoolmasters of the old days labored to make their pupils understand that education meant not merely the development of the body or the ability to prate the secrets of nature or the strength and suppleness of the intellect; but the knowledge also of God and the power to love and serve Him so as to be united to Him in the land beyond the grave. That is the destiny of man, and the education which does not reckon with it is as false as it is subversive of the rights of man.

Let it not be thought for an instant that the contemplation of the end of man weakened their intellectual powers. We might show how it gave them a largeness and breadth of mind, because the eye of the man of faith sees further and more clearly than the vision that does not reach beyond the horizon of this world. In speaking of the glories of scholastic Oxford Professor Brewer does not hesitate to say that no other nation in Christendom can show a succession of names at all comparable to the English schoolmen in originality and sublimity, in the breadth and variety of their attainments. They believed, as Guizot so well said of his day, that religion was not a study to be restricted to a certain place and a certain hour; it is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere; that it should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere. It is the absence of this religious atmosphere, if we may so speak, that gives us the barbarian of our time. He may have a veneering to cover his original deformity, but in heart and soul he is a more or less cultivated savage.

If the necessity of religion in education was insisted on so strongly by men of the middle ages, we must not now lose sight of its importance. We have abundant need of it at the present day. There are dangers for the impressionable minds of youth on every side—dangers from the naturalism that lurks in the current novel, from the assertions "that the world has outgrown dogma," and from the liberality that affects indifference to all creeds.

Upon parents rests the responsibility of providing their offspring with true education, and that in the highest sense of the term can be supplied only by institutions under Catholic auspices.

It is vain for them to advance as excuse for sending their children elsewhere that our colleges are not up to the requirements of the times. That idea may linger in the minds of "Catholics" who yearn for style, refinement, latest accent and the most correct way of shaking hands, but it is not entertained by those parents who, having their eyes open, are able to see that our graduates can hold their own and succeed despite the fact of practical Catholicity.

MASS ON THE OLYMPIA.

Thomas J. Feeney in November Donahoe's. It was my privilege to attend Mass on the Olympia during the voyage from New York to Boston and I shall never forget the emotions it excited. The little portable altar, formed of sections of gas pipe, was set up on the starboard side of the gun deck, almost amidship. It was draped with the Stars and Stripes and covered with linen and lace. Over the tabernacle hung a crucifix, and on either side was a single lighted candle. One side of the altar was flanked by the frowning breach of a gun. On the other side, and only a few feet away, was the galley, where the cooks were busy preparing dinner. Behind the altar was located an orchestra composed of members of the ship's band. The devotion followed the Mass was something remarkable to behold. Father Reaney's little discourse was an instruction based on the devotions of the month of October. He referred to the power of the Blessed Virgin as a mediator, and how, as the Star of the Sea, she had a special oversight of those who went down to the sea in ships. Then there was a deft touch in referring to the earthly mothers, and the sermon was ended.

On Calvary the gentle John was braver than all his co-Apostles.—Father Ryan.

CARICATURES OF THE CHURCH.

Her Picture as it Appears in Some non-Catholic Mirrors—a Mirth-Provoking Discourse.

At Birmingham, England, recently Rev. J. McIntyre, D. D. of Osgott College, delivered an address which is well worth quoting. At the outset the speaker announced that his subject would be "Looking Glasses." He said in part:

"Now, looking glasses are of various kinds and qualities. Some looking glasses give back a reflection clear and precise and definite, and a man can know what he is like. Ladies never look at one, of course. (Laughter and applause.) But there are some other looking glasses which distort the figure they are supposed to reflect, and instead of a portrait give simply a caricature. Everybody knows what he looks like when he tries to see himself in a spoon.

"Now the Catholic Church is a great factor in the public life of the world. The Catholic Church has her own features, and her own figure, but those features and that figure vary upon mirrors of different kinds, and we know how distorted is the picture which is painted of the Catholic Church when she is supposed to be reflected from minds that are not Catholic. When we read the public press, when we read the periodicals that are poured out in countless numbers, what grotesque caricatures do we find of that great, that noble, that divine institution which we know the Catholic Church to be. To-night I propose to set before you some half dozen of the caricatures of the Catholic Church, which in the world outside sometimes stand for true authentic portraits. I am going to look at a number of mirrors—non-Catholic mirrors—and see what picture of the Catholic Church is drawn on them.

THE BENEVOLENT OLD LADY.

"The first I think will be that of the benevolent old lady. She is brought up in the old orthodox school. She reads no book that was not a hundred years of age when she was a child. Her thoughts live in the distant past. She scarcely knows anything of Catholic Emancipation, and perhaps has never even heard of Home Rule. She lives in a little world of her own, and she is large-hearted, very sympathetic. She subscribes generously to those numberless institutions that are formed in this practical country of England, to send out to the blacks of Africa or the Equator trousers which they do not want and moral pocket handkerchiefs which they cannot read. She subscribes, I say, generously to all these things, but what she delights in most is in tract distributing. She is a thorough believer in tracts. She thinks those poor benighted Papists only want a little of the illumination of divine truth in order to be converted in shoals, and she lays in a large supply of tracts. They have wonderful titles these tracts if you have ever seen any of them. There is 'The Wooden-legged Sailor' (laughter) or 'Virtue Triumphant.' Another will be 'The Pious Washerwoman of Finchley Common.' (Renewed laughter.) Well, the old lady is fond of going about and leaving these tracts in the waiting rooms at railway stations, in omnibuses, and anywhere, where she hopes some casual passer-by—a Catholic—will take it up and be enlightened. On foggy nights, perhaps, she may be observed stealing along some quiet Catholic street pushing a tract under the door, and her face beams even through the fog with a glow of heavenly delight as if one who has been performing a most apostolic action. Well, the old lady's face beams because she thinks that every tract is like a pinch of salt which she has cleverly put on the tail of the simple Catholic bird. (Laughter.)

THE MORAL DON QUIXOTE.

"The next mirror that would come before us might be described as the mirror of the moral Don Quixote. The moral Don Quixote is generally a half penny officer who has come back from abroad with a shattered liver, and in consequence he is very fiery, very ill-tempered and exceedingly peevy. (Laughter and applause.) Shattered in health, all his vices have left him, and he is under the impression that he has left his vices, and in consequence he suffers from a deal of moral exultation. He is a great hero for 'the pure Word of God.' He may be found very frequently at Bible meetings, thundering out the terrors of the prophets against the 'Scarlet Woman of Rome.' (Laughter.) He is terrific on enlightenment, on the open Bible, on freedom and liberty. He can describe as no one else can describe all the dread horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. 'You get the dark dungeons and the clanking chains, but he will stand forward as the modern hero in defense of freedom of religion and of the Church as by law established. (Laughter.) To him the Inquisition had a branch establishment just round the corner, but that he has got his eye on it. (Laughter.) He talks so familiarly of the Scarlet Woman, of her thoughts and of her doings, that sometimes I have suspected she was once an old flame of his—(loud laughter)—and that now he is so fiercely talking against her because she jilted him. (Laughter.) For such an one we can only

pray that the Scarlet Woman may not catch hold of him at last. (Laughter.)

THE HARMLESS LUNATIC.

"The next portrait—I have taken them up casually without very much thought—that comes before us is that very common specimen which I may call the harmless lunatic. (Laughter.) He is generally created by the fiery denunciations of the half-pay officer. He has heard this respectable member of society thundering so much about the horrors of the Church of Rome that it has seized the poor man's brain and nerves, and he goes about in a constant state of fancies, fears and alarms. Before he goes to bed at night he is half afraid that he will find the Pope lurking in some dark corner waiting to throttle him when he is asleep. (Laughter.) If he sees a priest coming along the road he slips round a corner immediately for fear of being bewitched. Every morning he is half afraid that some secret hand has been pouring holy water into his coffee. (Laughter.) Not only is he full of alarms himself, but he tries to fill everybody else with the same fears that he has taken possession of him. The image of 'Popish ascendancy' is always hovering round him, and he is half afraid that any morning he may awake to find that his hair has been cropped close, and that for the rest of his days he must go about in wide trousers and wooden shoes. (Laughter.) If we could get really at the back of his brain I think we should find a constant impression there is a modern Guy Fawkes with a barrel of gunpowder, and that every policeman—the harmless necessary policeman—is a Jesuit in disguise. (Laughter.) He is very fond of asking darkly significant, blood-curdling questions. 'What does it all mean? I am told,' he says, 'that the Queen goes to France every year. What does she do for? Why does she go to France? Is it to make her annual confession and to perform her Easter duty?' (Laughter.) He is quite convinced that Her Majesty has been converted, and sneaks off to France for fear the British public should notice what she is doing. This man is quite persuaded that a good majority of the House of Commons is in the pay of the Vatican, and he tells how 'Home Rule means Home Rule,' and that the Home Rule members were bought with Vatican gold. (Laughter.) He knows—he has been told on the most respectable authority—that at the present moment a Roman Cardinal in disguise is acting as cook to Lord Salisbury (laughter) and that they are arranging the terms and the price for which Lord Salisbury is going to sell England to Rome. (Loud laughter.)

THE MAN WHO "KNOWS A THING OR TWO."

"The next specimen of the non-Catholic looking glass or mirror is the man who knows a thing or two. (Laughter.) He has read a six-penny book on science or a six-penny book on history. To him the creation of the universe is as plain and simple as the making of an apple dumpling. (Laughter.) You cannot 'take him in.' He knows what is what, and when his gigantic intellect has been well fed with its six-penny stock of scientific oil it throws out that vast, that piercing, that overwhelming electric light on the Romish system, and you see all its errors melting away. He is the man who talks very largely about infidelity superstitions. He talks very loudly about the progress of science, and he talks about clearing people out of the way, and not standing in the way of progress, but has his advice to offer us, and it is thus that we were convinced that we were completely played out, and he thinks we ought to turn our attention seriously to how to die decently. (Laughter.)

THE PAID ROGUE.

"The fifth specimen is a sad one. He is what I may call 'the paid rogue.' He is the man who drops letters from a balloon down the chimney of a convent (laughter), and some poor unhappy nun inside finds it and reads it, and by some way not explained or accounted for, she manages to send him a letter back in reply. And then there comes the glorious scene of the rescuer. All the penny dreadfuls rolled into one are plain prose compared with the deeds that he has performed as he rescues some unhappy girl. He rushes through fire with her hanging over his arm. (Laughter.) He bursts through iron doors. He pulls down stone walls, and with a sword he terrifies some Mother Superior. (Laughter.) These things happen in places never named. The geography is most indefinite, but occasionally awkward questions are asked, and he is asked to specify the country, the village and the convent. If ever he specifies any place he is gone before the refutation can come—indeed, he always takes good care to be a couple of days in advance of the refutation. (Laughter.) We bear such a man no malice. The money he earns he earns well, and he gets the money of none but of those who richly deserve to lose it. (Loud applause.) To such a man, really, I almost wish success. (Laughter and applause.)

THE GEM OF THE COLLECTION.

"The sixth and the last is rather the plum of the whole collection. He is the choice gem of all. One hardly

knows what name to give him, but perhaps the best would be 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainer.' (Applause.) He is exceedingly moral. He always bears about him a sort of religious halo—the sort of glow that you find on a bad oyster in the dark. (Laughter.) He is the man who converted a whole village—in Spain. He was traveling in Spain, and he happened to meet a poor carpenter, and he spoke to the carpenter and said 'Do you know Christ?' The carpenter, being a Catholic of course, had never heard who Christ was 'Oh! and laughter) so he takes good care to instruct him. The tears of gratitude flow down the cheeks of that enlightened carpenter, so he presents him with a New Testament. (Laughter.) Of course the carpenter cannot read it (laughter) but he generally takes it to the village schoolmaster, and when the village schoolmaster has read a page or two he says: 'This is a dangerous book; we must take it to the priest.' So after the village schoolmaster takes the New Testament to the priest then comes the tragic touch. (Laughter.) The priest, instead of being furiously indignant at the schoolmaster—with a view to a continuance in office expected—instead of being furiously indignant, the priest is melted straight away and, carried along in a stream of religious ecstacy, 'I did not know,' he says, 'that such a book existed.' (Loud laughter.) Of course, then there is the embrace between the moral character and the priest, and the priest undertakes to read a bit of the New Testament to his congregation every Sunday. (Laughter.) The story finishes with the hope that the poor man will not fall into the hands of the Inquisition. It is the same man who describes with carefulness of detail his interview with Her Majesty the Queen. He is the man upon whose head Her Majesty laid her hands and said, 'Yes, I know the greatness of England depends on the fact that my subjects read the Bible (laughter) and this I know and this I feel that my throne and the British Empire are safe so long as there is only one moral man like you in my dominions.' (Laughter and applause.)

THE "SEES" THE POPE.

"Go the Arabian Nights' Entertainer goes on to speak further. Sometimes he had an interview with our Holy Father the Pope. How the interview came about we do not know, but he knows everything that passes between the Pope and the Cardinals, as though himself had been born and bred in the Vatican. What the Cardinal whispered to the Pope and what the Pope whispered back to the Cardinal he knows perfectly well, but one day he got a chance of saying a few serious words to the Pope about the state of his soul. (Loud and continued laughter.) He said to the Holy Father, 'Do you feel that everything is right between you and God?' and he describes how the Holy Father called him his benefactor, his savior, his eye-opener. The pure morality of the Gospel had been a sealed book, and we get that last petition of the Holy Father to this man, 'Pray for me. I know you are right, but what can I do? If I venture to call myself a Christian the Cardinals would poison me (laughter), but you, when you go back to England, tell all my friends that I am right at heart. Ask them, too, to pray that I may have courage to declare myself.' And the man firmly believes that before the Pope dies he will 'declare' himself and repentant. (Laughter.)

"Well, these are just some half dozen specimens taken haphazard of those mirrors that any one can find in any large English town. You can take up these mirrors and see what the Catholic Church is like—but we have been Catholics all our lives and some times we scarcely recognize our portrait. (Laughter.) But there is one great consolation in it. I often amuse myself by jutting down things of this kind, and there is one great consolation, which is that as long as the Catholic Church is opposed by forces like that the world may just as well think of lifting the sun out of the heavens as lifting the Catholic Church from the face of the earth.' (Loud and continued applause.)

A CREATION OF MERCY.

Purgatory is a creation of mercy. Much as some desire to exclude it from the scheme of redemption, reason and faith demand its existence to reconcile human experience with the mission of the Saviour of the world. The day of man's probation could be confined strictly to his life on earth. His eternal condition could be determined by the state of his soul at the moment of death, but with God's sanctity and justice to be satisfied as a *sine qua non* for divine inheritance, where would we find the innocence alone worthy of it? Even human judgment, poorly as it measures the requirements of strict justice, would find few to dwell in the house of God, because there are few who live and die without something due to the justice of God—few who do not welcome a chance to blot out their minor faults even when they have avoided great ones. Purgatory is a creation of mercy.—Cleveland Universe.