

The Catholic Record

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SOME GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR

The past year has seen the CATHOLIC RECORD and its readers undertake two important Catholic works. We have opened our columns to Catholic Church Extension; there every week the Very Reverend President brings before us the all-important work of assisting the struggling missions of the West, each one of which we have reason to hope will become the nucleus of a self-supporting parish some time in the future. Do we Canadians realize the vast possibilities of the Great Canadian West? A prominent Englishman who had just completed a tour through this country kept referring to Canada in a way that was a bit puzzling and none too flattering to the self-esteem of some Eastern Canadians who had never seen the West at the time, "Oh you mean the West?" remarked one of us. "Yes," he answered and added quite as a matter of course, "the West is Canada." Another stranger within our gates coming back from the Pacific Coast with enthusiastic conviction exclaimed: "It is an empire you are building up out there." Perhaps "empire" is not the most appropriate word; but it was what occurred to our visitor as the only one adequate to express the vast possibilities of the vast Canadian West. He could not think of it as only a part of one young country. We must get that vision of the future of the West if we would measure up to our responsibilities as Canadians and especially as Canadian Catholics. From the ends of the earth they were coming to Western Canada before the War. Whether this is going to retard immigration for a time or cause an even greater influx matters little except in so far as it may render present needs more pressing. For sooner or later the great spaces of the great West will be the home of tens of millions. If the Church can extend her activities so as to retain her own children, can strike her roots deep into the western soil and grow with its growth, then in sober outlook we can see for her a great and glorious future in that day when in very truth the West will be Canada and Canada the great country which she is destined to be. There are wonderful opportunities for Catholic Canadians now; it is neglect them it will take a century to recover lost ground.

It is precisely such considerations that impelled the foundation of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada. Incorporated civilly, erected canonically, it is a corporation which with changing personnel will go on continuously gathering in contributions from all Catholics; even those of little faith and restricted vision must feel that it is a duty to give something. This organization is in touch with the conditions and knows the needs of the Church in the West. Is there a better New Year's resolution than that of supporting it loyally in a spirit of faith and with a sense of duty as Canadians and as Catholics? Then there is that great work of Father Fraser's Chinese Mission. This is not new; it has struck its roots deep into our hearts and is of vigorous growth; but it has taken on a new phase. The work that appealed to our imagination and to our faith is to become something greater and deeper, something that will, please God, perpetuate itself forever. We have said it before, but in such matters we must repeat; for we reach some now, others in a month's time, and others again six months hence. And so we remind you again

that the Burses which are being established will not be used for the erection of churches, nor for the support of missionaries or catechists, nor for any other purpose however good and necessary to which your contributions were applied in the past; but will be a permanent investment the revenue alone of which will be spent. And the revenue of each Bourse will always go to educate a young Canadian or a young Chinese for the work of the Chinese Mission. Is it not an inspiring thought? Our modest contributions will create a Bourse which will go on forever providing priests, Canadian or Chinese, exclusively for the Chinese Missions. There the fields are white to the harvest, and the laborers are few. We can help. There millions are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death; we can be instrumental in dispelling that darkness by spreading the light of the Gospel of Christ; of bringing to countless starving souls the Bread of Life. We can provide missionary priests who will remember us when making that clean oblation which the prophet foretold would be offered from the rising of the sun to its going down. These priests, yellow or white, will always pray for us, living or dead, who made possible their education for the priesthood. It is a great reward for so little on our part. But that is God's way; He repays a hundredfold.

Here, then, is another New Year's resolution. Can't we make one to complete all the Burses this year? During the War we have learned to be generous in giving. Tens of thousands have given, and given again, sums that five years ago they would have thought themselves utterly unable to afford. And we are really no worse off; infinitely better off of all things considered. What we give to the Chinese Mission Burses we lend to the Lord. There can be no doubt about the repayment. There is no better investment for anyone who has even a modicum of faith.

We have four letters of Father Fraser's written while he was yet in China which for one reason or another were not published at the time of their receipt. Beginning next week we shall place them before our readers. These letters which we are now going to publish will have a value all their own at this time. They will recall to our minds and picture to our imaginations the work which has become very dear to us; and they will help us to visualize the great work of the Chinese Missions which we have now the opportunity of placing on a permanent basis so far as Canada's participation therein is concerned.

These are old letters; new ones, right up to date, will always be welcome from Father Fraser.

THE FARMERS' MOVEMENT

Nothing that has happened in Canadian politics for a long time approaches in importance and significance the present political movement of the farmers. It is not so much—indeed it is not at all—their political platform, its merits or demerits, to which we attribute this importance and significance. It is primarily and above all that the farmers, and especially the farmers of Ontario, are beginning to do their own political thinking and to discuss intelligently those matters of which, under responsible government, the people are the supreme judges and the final court of appeal. Fortunately our experience justifies our respect for the courts of justice. If a prejudiced ignoramus on the judge's bench were to give stupidly biased decisions dictated by racial or religious motives regardless of the merits of the cases submitted to his judgment we should not long tamely submit to such outrage on justice. But in the final court of appeal in political matters just such motives and just such decisions have become the rule rather than the exception.

The United Farmers of Ontario are now in favor of a sweeping measure of reciprocity with the United States. In 1911 that issue, in a more modest form, was before them. No doubt many voted for or against the measure from reasoned motives; but many opposed it by flag-waving appeals to a factitious patriotism and national prejudice. It is refreshing to read that a reminiscent farmer at their convention the other day expressed himself in these vigorous terms: "No traitor will ever dare again, nor that the blood of the two nations has been mingled in France, to say, 'No truck or trade with the Yankees.'" Such a measure of reci-

procity as the farmers now advocate may have implications and consequences not yet foreseen or considered by its advocates. It is a measure which has already been before the people, and one of Canada's greatest political leaders has left on record that he believed that one of the inevitable implications and consequences of such a policy was the political union of Canada and the United States. But that is a phase of the question which will receive due consideration in time; and whatever may be the decision of the farmers and the rest of the Canadian people it will be a nobler decision, one more worthy of a free and intelligent electorate than the vote against reciprocity because of the Ne Temere decree and the Montreal Eucharistic Congress.

It is quite safe to say that the electorate of Ontario and especially the farmers of Ontario hold the record for voting for just such reasons for or against most measures and men that come before them. By the way can any of these deluded farmers tell us what became of the promises made them about that same Ne Temere decree? It may surprise some of them to know that it is still in full force; but then they may have realized by this time that it is none of their business anyway. As an election issue it served its purpose. When a race or creed herring was drawn across the trail the farmers of Ontario could in the past be counted to show about as much political intelligence as a stampeding herd of steers on a western ranch.

And that is the reason why it is particularly refreshing to see that farmers are now discussing political questions on their political merits. They stand for reciprocity with the States and also for giving Great Britain free trade within five years. Then read this matter of fact declaration: "If we had to choose between free trade with England and free trade with the United States, free trade with the United States would be more beneficial to us." Such undiluted political common sense bodes ill to that species of politician, the flag-waving patriot, who has made the term "imperialism" a byword and a hissing in Canada; properly understood both term and thing may be quite respectable notwithstanding.

Again when some timid objector who recognized the real power behind the throne in Canadian politics suggested that it would be dangerous to "stir up the manufacturers" President Halber was greeted with a storm of cheers when snapping his fingers he replied "we don't give that for the manufacturers." If the farmers are really and intelligently behind their spokesmen it would not be surprising to see in the political readjustment that must come sometime the manufacturers' party line up with Quebec, that bogey that often stampeded Ontario farmers at election times. The isolation of the farmer's life is proverbial and the consequences one of the great problems of every country today. It militates against effective organization and against what must precede organization, adequate political education. But if these obstacles can be overcome the farmers' political movement, by affording a more enlightened class interest as well as a broader national vision and influence, may go far to solve the distressing problem of the urban drift from the farms. At any rate when the whole world is talking democracy it is an encouraging sign to see the most befuddled section of all self-governing peoples giving evidence of awakening to a sense of their dignity and responsibility as free and intelligent voters who are supposed to give their representatives in Parliament their mandate and to exact from them an account of their stewardship.

WHAT IS BOLSHEVISM?

The term has become so familiar that we have given it a significance which though it bids fair to survive is not only loose and indefinite but inaccurate. In an English Church paper is an article by a Russian clergyman which makes for clearer understanding of the word and incidentally throws some light on the obscurity of Russian conditions. We quote from the article as reproduced in the Toronto Churchman of November 21st; evidently it was written in that already dim past before the armistice was signed, and before the latest developments of Bolshivism. "The Russian word 'Bolshhevik' has been coined comparatively re-

cently to express the ideas conveyed to Socialists in Western Europe by the term 'Maximalist,' just as its counterpart 'Menshevik' is intended to be the equivalent of Minimalist in Socialist terminology. Needless to say, there is not only nothing definitely implied in these catch-words, but anyone at all familiar with the development of Socialism here and abroad knows that Maximalism and Minimalism have for a number of years been the main lines of division among the exponents of this movement, which seems to be destined to agitate deeply the whole of Europe when the present war is over. Russia has merely had the supreme misfortune of having had to lose on her by the guile and intrigues of Germany a whole swarm of fanatical champions of every variety of socialism and Anarchism, and the poor country became the happy hunting ground of visionary and vague alike."

The final aim of both Maximalists and Minimalists, the writer goes on to say, is, of course, the abolition of private property and the socialization of all means of production. The Minimalists are what we would term moderate Socialists who would proceed gradually and by evolutionary process to attain without radical disturbance their socialistic aims.

The Maximalists would destroy everything in order to build anew. Again to quote the Russian writer: "Society in their opinion is utterly rotten, and mankind has for many generations been developing along false lines. Not only are the ideas concerning property and physical well-being wrong, but our whole conception of morality is decried as twisted, artificial, and contrary to the dictates of Nature, which pursues but one aim, and that the perfection of the species by the elimination of the weak members and the survival of the fittest. This is the only morality that matters. The Maximalists demand, accordingly, with Nietzsche, to whose revolutionary philosophy they readily subscribe, the revaluation of all values—in other words, a clean sweep of our antiquated, old-world notions of God, faith and morals, conception of right and wrong, conjugal and family relationships, as well as the position of the individual in the State."

While all will agree with the Russian clergyman that "it is one of the most ambitious and thorough-going schemes for breaking with the world's past and rebuilding society on its own ruins that have ever stirred the diseased fancy of irreligious day-dreamers," it is an egregious and may be a fatal mistake to assume that Bolshivism is synonymous with mere anarchy. The world has been taught that God is unknowable, that Christian dogmas are to be despised, that men differ from brutes only in degree, that "self-expression" is the highest duty; and all this in the name of "Science" exalted to the position of supreme and infallible teacher of mankind. Add to this the persistent and ever increasing propaganda of Socialism amongst the working classes laboring under grievances so real and injustice so glaring that Leo XIII. described their condition as "little better than slavery itself." The way is thus prepared for a social upheaval compared with which the French Revolution is child's play.

Then when we consider the Bolshivist movement as mere anarchy we regard it naturally as aimless and unorganized and therefore necessarily ephemeral. Walter Duranty in the New York Times quotes a French business man just returned from Moscow after three months' imprisonment by the Bolshheviks: "You people are living in a Fool's Paradise. You rejoice about peace, and there is no peace. You talk of a Society of Nations and universal brotherhood, but fail to realize that just across the eastern horizon there is gathering a storm cloud that may sweep away all your rejoicing and your theories in a brotherhood of ruin."

He emphasizes the fact that it is not anarchy but on the "idea of supremacy of the under dog" that the movement is based. "By this idea Bolshivism has a powerful appeal to the masses, to the shiftless and ignorant, to the exploited section of humanity."

A Danish diplomat, just returned from Russia, in an interview with a Paris newspaper, l'Heure, on Christmas Day asserted that "Lenine was a man of great and unsuspected ability who had pursued from the beginning a carefully planned course of which present events were but the logical development." And he continues:

"To the bourgeois and intellectual elements who had at first resisted him he gave the choice: 'Obey or starve.' And now those who had not starved were obeying and training soldiers or emissaries for abroad. To believe that Bolshivism meant nothing but disorganization, he

added, was to make a mistake for which the world might pay dearly in the near future."

From all of which it may be gathered that, instead of absolute anarchy, mere disorganization, Bolshivism is an organized movement based on an idea for the acceptance of which the masses in every country have been prepared both by positive teaching and the removal or weakening of those Christian conceptions of life and society which would naturally be a powerfully restraining influence. Observers have long predicted a class war; do they recognize the fulfilment of their prophecy in present conditions? Will this war also spread, as did the one just concluded, until practically the whole world is involved?

SOLVING AN ENIGMA

At a political meeting, when the watchword of the campaign was "No truck or trade with the Yankees" a speaker stepped upon the platform holding in one hand the Union Jack and in the other the Stars and Stripes, and exclaimed in stentorian voice "Which flag?" Immediately the crowd went into hysterics. Again, we were present at a concert. Several good numbers were offered and received with moderate applause. Then there appeared upon the stage a buffoon, wrapped in the Union Jack; whereupon the audience clapped and cheered till the noise was deafening. To account for the mentality that is revealed by these and similar incidents has long been for us a conundrum; but we believe that we have at least partially solved it.

Canadian Catholics honor and respect the Union Jack as the flag of the Empire under whose protection they enjoy a fair measure of civil and religious liberty. From religious motives they reverence it as the symbol of that civil authority that their faith teaches them they must honor and obey. But the light of faith enables them to allocate to the flag its rightful place in the economy of that material and spiritual world in which they move and have their being. There are other objects that demand of their greater respect and that elicit from them a more enthusiastic devotion, because they belong to a higher order. The Eucharistic presence of God in our midst, the crucifix, the symbol of redemption, the painted or sculptured representations of the God-Man, of His Blessed Mother and of the Saints, the great heroes and heroines in the army of Christ—all these things are uppermost in the affections of a true Catholic. We cannot understand the abnormal enthusiasm that the sight of the flag evokes among our intelligent non-Catholic fellow citizens. They are an enigma to us, and we perhaps are just as much of an enigma to them. Their enthusiastic display of loyalty, even on occasions when it is patent that the actors, who are appealing to their emotions, are protesting that ennobling sentiment to private gain or to the advantage of a party, seems to us puerile and even idiotic. This is because we do not realize that there is nothing that holds a higher place in the affections of the majority of our non-Catholic Britisheers than the flag. Those of them who witnessed the great procession in Montreal on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress had, no doubt, similar thoughts about us. That magnificent demonstration was without meaning to them because, not understanding the Incarnation they did not realize what the Host meant to us. In a word, their mentality is different from ours because, if we may use the expression, our household gods are not theirs.

Go into a Catholic household, the faith of whose members has not been apathy by the poison of worldliness, and what will you find? You will find the crucifix, pictures of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, and possibly the bishop of the diocese or some venerated pastor. This is the environment in which we have grown up to manhood and womanhood. These are the things that have most influenced our lives. Contrast this with the atmosphere which surrounds our non-Catholic neighbors in their homes. Their eyes daily rest upon highly colored representations of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII., the present King and Queen inset on a background of the Union Jack, Wellington shaking hands with Blucher on the field of Waterloo, the Death of Nelson and perhaps King Billie crossing the Boyne. There may be there some Scripture texts, some pious mottoes,

or the Lord's Prayer embroidered on canvas, but these are the only evidences of the supernatural in the home. Rarely will you see there a picture even of Our Saviour. In the school the surroundings are the same. The songs that the children sing refer mostly to Britain's naval and military heroes. Never is there a reference to the trinity of Nazareth. In their churches it is the same. Emmanuel, our God with us, is rarely mentioned, for the New Testament, bristling as it is with condemnations of their heresy, is sedulously avoided. The God that is spoken of carries no image to the child's mind, is a vague ethereal concept that arouses no enthusiasm in the human heart. Thus it is that, like the Israelites of old who made for themselves a golden calf because God in His inaccessible heaven was so far removed from them and they wished to behold with their eyes the object of their worship, so our non-Catholic friends, ignorant of the fact that God is bodily present in their midst, have sought a visible, tangible thing to satisfy that desire to worship that is instinctive in humanity—and they have found it in the Flag of the Empire.

When we have looked upon the faces of bright intelligent boys and girls, the future hope of our fair Dominion, and have heard their young voices ringing out, not in hymns of gratitude to the Prince of Peace, as would be appropriate in these days of national thanksgiving, but in vainglorious, boastful, vengeful, untruthful militant ballads, we have thought to ourselves what a thousand pities that those children, so dear to the heart of our Saviour, do not know that an object more worthy of the enthusiasm of their young hearts than even the flag of their country dwells in their very midst. If they could be brought to kneel at the Crib and to realize its significance they would learn something of their dignity, they would learn that "God hath sent His Son that we might receive the adoption of sons." At the same time they would learn the lesson of true patriotism, of devotion to the flag; for it was due to obeying the command of Caesar that Christ was born not in His home at Nazareth but in a stable at Bethlehem.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

TORONTO'S CATHOLIC Mayoralty candidate has gone down to defeat by a margin of ten thousand votes. This notwithstanding that he had the solid interests of the city, as represented by the business community behind him. But the leopard does not change his spots in this any more than in other ages. Toronto's subjection to an ignorant and intolerant group is inalienable. If anyone could have overcome it it was John O'Neill. But the edict having gone forth from the lodges the result could be none other than it was.

THE PRESENCE of ex-Empress Eugenie at a Mass of Thanksgiving for the victory of the Allies celebrated at the Benedictine Abbey Church at Farnborough, was in itself an interesting historical circumstance. Fifty years ago she sat upon the throne as Consort of Napoleon III, and Empress of the French. As such she was not only arbiter of fashions and recognized queen of society, but was one of the world's dominant figures. Today she is over ninety years old, lives in strict retirement at Farnborough, and is practically forgotten by the great world which once acknowledged her sway. The throne she once occupied is gone, probably for ever, and her husband, who once aspired to imperishable greatness, is himself little more than a memory. Sic transit gloria mundi.

WHILE, HOWEVER, it is not given to Eugenie to celebrate, as some other queens have celebrated, a "restoration," it is her privilege at least to have witnessed the downfall of her own Power which brought about her own ruin. When the War broke out four years ago, the one-time Empress emerged so far from her retirement as to let it be known that she looked forward to the issue of the conflict with hope and confidence as to the liberation of her country from the long menace of Prussian domination to which the defeat of 1870 had exposed her, and to the restored integrity of France by the redemption of her lost Provinces. It was the glory of France herself, not the mere tenure by her house of earthly sovereignty, that the exiled

Empress had at heart, and in anticipation of this happy outcome hers was almost the first voice to acclaim the armies of the Republic and to salute the tricolor.

IT MIGHT almost seem, therefore, as if the Empress Eugenie had been providentially preserved in the flesh to have a part in the poem of rejoicing over the victory of the Allies and to sing a Te Deum for the redemption of her country. Her long exile of nearly fifty years has brought her many sorrows. The death of the Emperor was the first, but that perhaps which most tried her Christian fortitude was the death, in the Zulu War of 1879, of her only son, the Prince Imperial, with whose passing went out not only the one prospect of the restoration of the crown (had she cherished such ambition) but the joy and consolation of motherhood. Since then, Eugenie has lived in almost the seclusion of the cloister, and given herself to the companionship of the Unseen.

BEFORE RETURNING after the Mass to Farnborough House, where she has long resided, the Empress descended to the Abbey crypt, where repose the mortal remains of Napoleon III, and the Prince Imperial. Only a few members of the congregation, we are told, were privileged to witness the impressive scene of this aged Empress offering silent prayers by the side of her beloved dead. With those who were so privileged it will doubtless ever remain as a precious memory. It marked probably the last appearance in public of this memorable woman, who, though born to fleeting glory followed by almost perpetual earthly sorrow, has ever borne the character of a valiant, yet humble Christian, a faithful wife and mother, and a friend to the poor and the distressed.

ATTENTION has been called to the great work of the Trappists in South Africa, where within little more than a generation 40,000 Kaffirs have been redeemed from barbarism and idolatry and transformed into good Catholics by the zeal and devotion of the monks. As stated in the RECORD last week, there are now 72 fathers, and 188 brothers of the Trappist Order, engaged in th's work in South Africa with such results; both present and future, as have always followed the work of these devoted men. Although primarily contemplatives the Trappists have ever risen to their opportunities, and where the need arose have become the most practical and effective of missionaries. South Africa, therefore, and its native races are singularly blessed in the presence among them of the monks.

THE REAL pioneer of the South African mission was Father Augustus Law, of the Society of Jesus. A convert in his youth while a midshipman in the British Navy, Augustus Law entered the Society, and soon after his ordination was sent to Cape Colony whence he made his way into the Zambesi country. There he gave himself with all his heart to the conversion of the natives and laid the foundation for those who were to follow. Falling ill from heat and exposure he died alone in a native kraal, offering his life for the work he had begun. "Had I had proper care," he wrote on a scrap of paper, "I might easily have got well, but God's will is sweetest." His father, Hon. William Towry Law, was one of the Oxford convert clergy of 1851. Commander F. C. Law, of Toronto, is, we think, the only surviving member of his family.

PURITY OF THE IRISH

The people of Ireland have always taken a holy pride in the established fact that their country is the purest spot on this corrupt and festering earth. Impurity is one of the sins that are practically unknown in certain parts of that fair island. The rose that blooms so red on Irish cheeks is the rose of purity, and it is fed and watered there by the life-giving sacraments of the Catholic Church. Commenting on the chastity of the daughters of Erin, the Ave Maria quotes the testimony of an English officer to prove that the men of Ireland also are distinguished by that attractive virtue. "That the daughters of Erin are noted among women everywhere for their chastity is a commonplace of past and present history; that their fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons are also exceptionally clean in their language and lives is not perhaps as well known or at least so often adverted to. The author of a recent war book, however, pays tribute to the decency of the Irish soldiers in a regiment on duty