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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1916

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA

In the June number of the Catholic World is a masterly article by Bishop Shanahan outlining the history of the Catholic University at Washington. In chaste and scholarly language he recounts without boasting the great work already accomplished; but the Right Reverend Rector is a man of faith and vision and he outlines, also, the needs of the future.

It is quite impossible to summarize the article must be read, re-read and studied by all who are interested in Catholic education. A few extracts, however, will enable our readers to glimpse the far-reaching influence that the Catholic University has already had on the whole system of Catholic education in the States.

"The express wish of the Holy See that religious should be admitted to all the advantages of the University was generously met on both sides from the earliest days. Apart from the Sulpicians, to whom was confided the administration of Divinity Hall and whose novitiate is now established here, the Paulists were the first to respond, and soon the Marists and the Fathers and Brothers of Holy Cross established themselves in close proximity.

"In due time came the Franciscans and the Dominicans, the Society of Divine Love, the Fathers and Brothers of Mary (Dayton), the Oblate Fathers and the Capuchins. The numerous students of these communities are a notable element of academic strength, while their regular, edifying lives contribute greatly to the general discipline.

"Many of our seminaries and colleges have to-day on their teaching staff a good number of scholarly professors educated in the Catholic University, and in this respect its influence has been most beneficial. In several dioceses the superintendents of schools are graduates of the University, and by their personal influence and their training affect favorably the growth of our educational system.

"The Catholic Sisters' College, formally established in 1914, gave definite shape to the teaching which had been carried on for three years previous under the guidance of the University for the better formation of our teaching Sisters in all that pertains to their scholastic duties. If the satisfaction of those immediately affected be a guarantee of its timeliness, the College may be said to have already justified itself.

The foregoing extracts indicate that the Catholic University of America has grasped the vital importance of a great educational truth. The Universities form the teachers of the High schools and these in turn prepare those who teach the elementary schools. If the Universities are irreverent, agnostic or anti-Catholic the very well-springs of the educational system are poisoned.

The Catholic University must be the source from which a Catholic educational system draws its inspiration and on which it must depend for any sort of strong and vigorous vitality.

The curious misinterpretation of the import of Bishop Shanahan's article called forth the subjoined correspondence which fully explains itself: London, Ont., July 6th, 1916. The Right Rev. T. J. Shanahan, D.D., Rector Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

My dear Bishop Shanahan.—A paragraph you have had with various persons are being used—in one instance in the public press and in several private ways—to discourage, retard and prevent the establishment of a National Catholic University in Canada.

May I ask if the Catholic University at Washington is a failure? Is it worth while? Has it accomplished results to justify its existence? Is its future uncertain? And may its past trials, its present condition, or its future prospects be fairly offered as an argument against the establishment of a Catholic University elsewhere?

And may I use any reply you may see fit to send to this letter? I remain, my dear Bishop Shanahan, Yours faithfully in Christ, M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London.

The Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. July 8th, 1916.

Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D., London: My dear Bishop Fallon.—Your letter of July 6th, just received, surprises me. In this country my Catholic World article on the Catholic University has been received with universal satisfaction. Its plain, unadorned statement of our progress during the last twenty-five years is so convincing that I wonder how anyone could torture out of it the pessimistic conclusions you tell me it has aroused in some parts of Canada.

I am sending you a copy of the article, which has been widely distributed, and I am sure that when you have read it you will find no paragraph that could at all justify any doubt as to the stability and future of the Catholic University. Since facts speak louder than words, I can say that in the last seven years the University staff has grown from 28 to 83 teachers; that the endowment has grown from \$700,000 to about \$2,000,000; that 4 large academic buildings have been erected at a cost of about \$700,000 and paid for; that the original site of the University has been increased by 75 acres; that 6 new religious communities have purchased land and have established themselves at the University; that the Library has grown from 50,000 to over 100,000 volumes; that the lay students have increased from about 50 to 410; that the Knights of Columbus have made an endowment of \$500,000 for 50 graduate students, whose benefits Canada shares, and another endowment has been established of at least equal value, for the education of ecclesiastical youth; that our reviews, publications and literary work have increased; that over 50 will have been closed in favor of the University; above all, that thorough harmony reigns in our counsels and our works, for which reason alone we rightly look forward to a progress proportionately great in the decades that lie before us.

Whoever knows me is aware that I have never spoken of the University except in terms of sincere optimism. I have given nearly thirty years of my sacerdotal life to the great and holy work, and I feel that God has amply rewarded me, even on this earth. I have been privileged to assist and have part in, the growth of the most promising educational centre which the Catholic Church possesses to-day in the entire world.

You may say in my name, that the Catholic University at Washington is not a failure but a great success; that the efforts of thirty years of toil have been crowned with very satisfactory results; that its future is as certain as any of the great Catholic works in the United States; that its past history, considered as a whole, is an irrefutable argument in favor of the ultimate success of a National Catholic University wherever and whenever undertaken, under the auspices of the Holy See and with the aid of the Hierarchy. You may make any use of this letter you see fit.

With best wishes I remain, Fraternally yours in Christ, THOMAS J. SHANAHAN, Titular Bishop of Germanicopolis and Rector of The Catholic University of America.

VOTED FOR THE WRITTEN TEST

The boys of St. Patrick's School, Ottawa, unanimously refused to be "recommended," and to accept the usual written test for High school Entrance. The entire class of 36 wrote, 35 passed, 10 with honors.

Of the St. Patrick's girls 28 wrote, 23 passed, 7 with honors, one of them taking the First Honor Scholarship; 10 were recommended.

It is not boys and girls, thus prepared, who risk nervous prostration if they write on the Entrance examination. But then, "recommendations" obviates other risks. In our reference last week to the Entrance results in London, we were

mistaken in saying that the Separate school pupils led the city "for the fifth consecutive year." A Public school pupil led in 1915; the Separate schools had that honor in 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1916; and in 1913 a Separate school pupil headed the honor list for the province.

A NEW VOCATION FOR SUMMER HOLIDAYS

What can I do in the summer holidays? This question is put by many people in the sweltering season. Even those in a position to take a long holiday, without worry as to means, find the problem of summer tiring of their holiday after the first few days or weeks. Boating, shooting, fishing and other varieties of sport are given a turn and abandoned after awhile. Conversation is tried and proves a trial. What is to be done in the evenings? Is there any way of passing summer evenings with profitable results? Those who have tried it say with confidence: try the vocation of thanksgiving. It is a profession that is not overcrowded.

"It would not be easy," wrote Faber once, "to exaggerate the common neglect of this duty. There is still enough of prayer, but there is still less thanksgiving. For every million of Paters and Aves, which rise up from the earth to avert evils or to ask graces, how many do you suppose follow after in thanksgiving for the evils averted or the graces given? It is not hard to find the reason of this. Our own interests drive us obviously to prayer; but it is love alone which leads to thanksgiving."

THE MAN IN THE STREET AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Between the man in the street and the Catholic Church there are so many interests in common that each is persistently drawn towards the other. The man in the street is in search of truth and this truth the Catholic Church possesses. It is the nature of truth to be definite. Every page of the New Testament, from the account of the miraculous birth of Our Lord to that of His glorious Resurrection, shows it was the aim of the Gospel to inculcate definite truths. Christ invariably laid down His doctrine with calm authority, befitting the infallible knowledge of the Son of God.

The man in the street finds no lasting satisfaction till he reaches the Catholic Church. He is not impressed by tracts thrust into his hands, founded usually upon misinterpretations of the Bible. His common-sense rejects the views of persons who tell him that to be saved faith makes all the difference, while works matter not a jot. Yet while the man in the street is a reading man. In that case he soon finds out that the trouble with the tract-pusher is that neither they nor their tracts have any clear idea of accurate definitions, or of the meaning of words. It is only in Catholic theology, he finds, that a real logical system prevails, or that there's any real liberty to hold the truth.

Outside the Catholic Church, the man in the street finds himself expected to swallow all sorts of vague and contradictory opinions. He is told by the tract-pusher that he is to be justified by faith and faith only, while in the epistle of St. James he reads that "faith without works is dead." It is not until he reads the explanation of Catholic theologians that he finds that St. James does not contradict the teaching of St. Paul.

Where else is the man in the street to turn for religious truth except to the Catholic Church? The Anglican Church, with its solemn services and the beautiful English of the Book of Common Prayer, may hold him for a while, but if he be a reading and thinking man, his position in that body soon becomes impossible. He hears, for example, that the Anglican bishop of Oxford believes that the Mass is a sacrifice, while on the other hand, the Anglican bishop of Liverpool has no belief in sacrifice of any kind, save that of praise and thanksgiving. On one side of the street in which he lives, there is an Anglican "High" church in which preachers declare their belief that Our Lord is really present in the Holy Eucharist, while on the other

side of the street, not a quarter of a mile away, there is another Anglican Church, a "Low" church in which the pastor declares that the Real Presence is merely a doctrine of the "romanizing party," further along the street is another Anglican Church, in which a reverend gentleman of the "broad church school" states that differences of doctrine are merely different aspects of the same truth, though what that truth itself actually is he always neglects to say.

The more that the man in the street examines the claims of non-Catholic bodies, the more dissatisfied he becomes with the whole non-Catholic attitude. He hears so called "Evangelistic" sects declare that the Bible is the sole source of truth, but there comes the question: How is a man to know whether the Bible is God's word or not? A book, composed of leaves and letters, with no living voice of its own, cannot be its own interpreter. The interpretation of the Bible is the most important matter in the world. It concerns each man's life in this world, his interpretation of life's problems, and his life for all eternity. In such an important matter it is most rash to trust to any authority which by its own admission is liable to error and change.

All non-Catholic bodies by their own fundamental principles are liable to error and change. By their very nature, non-Catholic bodies can never satisfy the human mind or heart. The desire for truth and happiness can only be satisfied by a body which knows what truth is and what are the essential conditions for obtaining happiness. The man in the street, or any other seeker for truth, if he pursue his quest, finds his true home can never be anywhere else but in the Catholic Church.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

The Clergy and Religious who have been making their annual retreat or attending the midsummer course of lectures at our universities, and all others who have had to remain at their posts during the recent sweltering weather, can appreciate something of the sacrifice of those who labor under similar circumstances and in less congenial surroundings for the greater part of the year.

It was in the month of March in the city of Havana. We were discussing with the Superior of the College of San Augustino the places of interest in that "Paris of the Western Hemisphere." He said to us: "Have you visited the San Lazaro Hospital, the home of the leper colony?" The remark caused us an involuntary shudder, for we had read something that Stevenson had written of the unfortunates of Molokai. The kind Father informed us, however, that we would run no risk in visiting the place, so long as we kept at some little distance from the inmates. Armed with this assurance we sought admission. A bolt was drawn back and we entered the spacious court, which is common alike to private houses and public buildings in the South. It was the female ward, and the poor creatures were sitting or standing in little groups under the portico. Oh! what a contrast they presented to the gay multitude of pleasure seekers that thronged the Prado, only a few stone-throws distant! A Sister came forward and offered to show us through the institution. We thanked her kindly, but declined to go farther. Something about her accent and appearance aroused our curiosity; for she spoke in perfect English and her features seemed to indicate a different nationality from that of those about her. We made bold to enquire where she was born. "I'm from Ireland, Father," she replied. Even now those words still ring in our ears. The day before we had visited the convent school in the Vedado, the fashionable suburb of Havana. We had thought the lot of the Sisters there hard enough, teaching in a monotonous climate and far from their homes, for they were Americans. But what was their sacrifice to that of this Irish nun!

They enjoyed the society of those of their own home land, and their charges were interesting, bright-eyed Spanish girls of the wealthier class. Her society, however kindly disposed, was alien to her, and her charges the most abject of humanity. The nuns of the Vedado could look forward to a vacation and to a home journey after at most, three or four years; but this poor victim of charity would have no vacation, at least in the accepted meaning of the term, nor would she ever bid the top of her morning to her beloved Irish coast. She seemed to us the

very personification and epitome of that spirit of self-sacrifice that has moulded the lives of so many of her race.

But the Irish of the old land enjoy no monopoly of this spirit. We were aware of the record of the Diocese of Pembroke which had won for it the appellation of "Nursery of the sanctuary and of the cloister"; but did not expect to find its religious children in the land of the royal palm. Yet we encountered in a convent at Cienfuegos a young lady from the banks of the Mattawa. Again at Santiago, when we enquired if there were any English speaking ecclesiastics in the city, we were told that there was a Jesuit Father at the College who could speak English, and that there was a Canadian Christian Brother teaching in a community of French religious that had been recently exiled from their own land. We decided to meet the latter and enjoyed his company during the greater part of our sojourn in that oldest of new-world cities. He talked of his work, of the apparent fruitlessness of it, of the instability of the Cuban character, and of the great number of students that failed to persevere in the practice of their religion after leaving school. Yet he was content to labor and leave the rest to God. But the natural man in him longed for the day when he would be recalled to his northern home. He accompanied us to the ship, and talked of Canada and of his conferees there, till the last warning whistle blew.

As we sailed out of the harbor, past Morro Castle, whose grim walls had looked down more than two centuries and a half ago upon the galleons of Spain, many memories were awakened within us. We thought of Columbus, who landed here in 1492; of Valasquez, who founded here just four centuries ago the site of the first episcopal see in the western world; of Cortez, who sailed from here to conquer the Aztec empire. We remembered, too, but not with the same degree of interest, Cervera and San Juan. But these thoughts were merely superficial. Deep down we were meditating upon our own recent experience; and that night, when the Captain pointed out to us the constellation of stars, that is known as the Southern Cross, we were thinking of another cross that is borne by so many friends of His, all unknown to us, in every part of the world. THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN OUR reference two weeks ago to Father Gallitzin, pioneer missionary of the Alleghenies, the name of Bishop Flaget, first Bishop of Bardstown, now the Diocese of Louisville, Kentucky, was naturally recalled. They have just been celebrating the centennial of the old cathedral of Bardstown, and the character and work of its first episcopal occupant was the theme of Archbishop Glennon's sermon on that occasion.

BISHOP FLAGET'S is distinctly one of the great names in the annals of the American church. Driven from France by the Revolution he found a field of labor white for the harvest in the new American Republic, and turning his back upon the comforts and consolations of the older-settled communities, he struck out what were then the frontier wilds of Kentucky. There he began to build from the ground upward a spiritual fabric which bears the impress of his devotion and sanctity to this day.

No man ever entered upon his chosen field of labor with an eye more single to the welfare of his brethren than the first Bishop of Bardstown, and no one could have followed the furrow to the end more faithfully or perseveringly. He not only recalled neglected and forgotten Catholics to their duty, and brought many outsiders into the Fold, but he laid broad and deep the foundation of the many flourishing parishes with which the Diocese of Louisville abounds today, and of the collegiate institutions which are an honor to his name. No church could be called poor which can claim Benedict Joseph Flaget as its founder.

THE UNDERLYING motive of church union as recently decided upon by the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches, is seen in the comment of the Presbyterian Advance of Nashville, Tennessee. "In Canada," it says, "we will soon have a great Protestant church to stand for the principles of the Reformation over against the united Roman Catholics."

Better a negative virtue, perhaps, than none at all! But when the world is assured with one breath that union is desired as a step towards mending the rent in the seamless garment of Christ, and with the other that the prime object is to intensify antagonism against the one Church which through all ages has striven to heal the wounds of humanity and to bring all men into One Fold, we may be pardoned any enthusiasm over its pending accomplishment. The dissenting Presbyterian minority would seem after all to have a truer appreciation of "unity" than the more demonstrative majority.

THERE IS AN institution in New York called the Union Theological Seminary, which has been the vehicle through which a large per centage of the Protestant clergy of the United States has received its training. It is not, apparently, under the aegis of any particular denomination, but has rather been a forerunner of the sort of union just referred to—a union distinguished by the elimination not only of sectarian restrictions but of definite dogmatic teaching as well.

THIS INSTITUTION has been the object lately of some scathing remarks at the hands of a Rev. G. W. McPherson, superintendent of the "Tent Evangel" (whatever that may be) at 124th Street and Manhattan Avenue, New York. The "new theology," as taught there and in other seminaries, is, he affirms, based primarily on the old Pagan philosophy. "As a result of our educational methods, and philosophy," he continued, "the devil has captured our institutions of learning as he has done in Germany. No man who is true to the church and the Bible can hold his peace when we see the religious wrecks that this and similar institutions are making. It is clear that this institution has become an arch-enemy of the evangelical church of Christ."

THIS IS A severe indictment, but it would seem to have been well-earned. If the purpose of union among the sects is but to make a stronger showing against the Catholic Church, the way is certainly being paved in every direction, for the evils which Reverend McPherson deprecates having already eaten into the vitals of the leading Protestant theological institution in the United States.

THE CARE WHICH the Catholic Church has for the welfare of the native races of the American Continent is exemplified by the issue quite recently of the Catechism in Choctaw language. The translator of this interesting and important production is Rev. William H. Ketchum, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions at Washington, and it carries the imprimatur of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, whose love for the Red Man and zeal for the propagation of the Faith are well known.

THE INDIAN title of this little book is "Kiahlilik Ikka Nana-Aiyimmika I Katiikisma," or, in English, "A Catechism of the Catholic religion translated into the Choctaw language." It is profusely illustrated and furnished with a vocabulary of the words used, contains all the most necessary prayers, some hymns, and simple instructions on the fundamental teachings of our Faith. The Choctaw chief, Victor Murat Locke, has expressed the opinion that it is the most correct translation of English into Choctaw that has thus far appeared.

WHAT ADDS to the interest and importance of the Catechism is that the Chickasaw (the Choctaw is the written language of the Chickasaws) is not a Catholic tribe, the great bulk of its people being Protestant. But the Church has a mission to all men, and in her care for the souls of the heathen knows no boundary of tribe or family. It has been well said that of all those who seek to carry the knowledge of Christianity to the heathen, the Catholic missionary alone is able to do it with understanding and sympathy, and this no doubt is due to his Church's twenty-century long experience as well as to the Divine authority which is behind him.

THE CATECHISM is printed in alternate pages of English and Choctaw and in its appeal to the conscience of the non-Catholic supports the doctrinal points of each chapter with copious citations from the Scriptures.