

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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The book, "Christus Victor," by Henry N. Dodge, to which we called attention in our review of the 9th instant, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 25 West 23rd street, New York City, U. S. Price, \$1.25—in white, black, or red leather.

THREE GOOD THINGS.

We once heard a man say that the three best things in the world were: the flowers, the laughter of children, and the lives of the poor. But he was a visionary—and a poor man which is a greater crime! Still there was truth in his words. Flowers, sunwashed, are pure: the laughter of children is the echo of angel voices: the life of the poor is a tragedy worked out on broad, heroic lines.

A NEW CREED MAKER.

A certain reverend gentleman of Manchester, England, named Dean McLure, has entered the creed-making competition. His formula of belief is at once simple and comprehensive, and will meet, doubtless, with considerable favor. Here it is: "I am a downright good High, Low, Broad, Evangelical, Catholic Churchman." This will commend itself to the exponents of the different shades of Anglicanism and will go far to allay discontent and disorder. When the irrepressible Kinsit makes his appearance the Dean can disport himself as a Low Churchman, and when the adherents of Ritualism, which has been described as a club with a spring-opening attachment, honor him with a visit, he may make merry with the toggery and phraseology of the High Churchmen. It is delightfully simple!

BOERS AT TAMMANY.

Some English editors waxed exceedingly wrathful over the reception accorded to the Boer delegates by Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker and the gentlemen who guide the destinies of that celebrated organization were held up to the scorn of a righteous public in a way that would do credit to the screamiest republican sheet.

We wonder why! Accepting the opinion that an Englishman's conscience is in his stomach, we can ascribe the lapse from his imperturbable stolidity to a fit of indigestion. They do not surely imagine they have the monopoly of the entertainment of interesting strangers, and again the Boers could not rely upon being dined and wined in London. Why be unduly jealous of Tammany? They who have feted Garibaldi and Mazzini and taken them to their liberty-living arms should not characterize the giving of unofficial refreshments to three Boers as an infamous crime.

THE PARISH CRITIC.

In every parish there is one spokesman at least of a species that croaks and grumbles and criticizes all persons and all things. It may be young or old, and it is always in evidence. It is pliously inclined and exercises a watchfulness over the pastor and his assistants. It expects an "epic poem" every Sunday and grumbles at a plain exposition of the Gospel. It is always on the move, buzzing here and there, giving information and detaching it. It may be very good, but it is an awful nuisance. Sometimes it is worse when it circulates reports that besmirch one's reputation.

What a blessed world it would be if all these pestering little-minded gossipers were banished for life to some distant land! We must, however, bear with them and hold to belief that they have immortal souls. But they are dirty little flies on life's wheels, and a fortune awaits the individual who invents a "Tanglefoot" for their benefit.

METHODISM DECLINING.

The Methodist Bishops assure us that Methodism confronts a serious situation: "Our statistics for the last year shows a decrease in the number of our members."

But what else can one expect from a sect that is based on fervor and not on doctrine. Methodism has been losing ground for several years. The gener-

ation that confronts the divine of today is far different from that ministered to by Wesley and the first Methodists. When the Wesleyans commenced their work in this country they had to do with a simple, ignorant people who knew nothing of Higher Criticism and who were carried away by sensational appeals and manifestations of miraculous conversions. They increased in numbers and became a powerful and influential sect that believed, despite sneer and taunt, they were guided and protected by a special providence. There were undoubtedly many hypocrites who could gush forth extempore prayers and give every sign that they belonged "to a goodly people with the seal and sign of salvation upon their souls," but in the main we believe they were honest in their peculiar views. Time, however, has diminished the influence of the Amen corner and of the sensational preacher: in a word, the theatrical properties of Methodism have ceased to be a drawing card. The fashionable congregation has no liking for the antics and outcries of former days, and would in all probability, if the pastor insisted too strongly on hell and repentance, give him a chance to seek new fields of labor.

Methodism may linger for some time on the religious stage but its exit as a sect cannot be prevented by proclamations. Born of overwrought sensibility, nursed by sensational preachers and fed on fervor, it can hardly be expected to have strength enough to withstand the attacks of skepticism and infidelity.

It has been said, and not without reason, that Methodism has been no inconsequential factor in the spread of indifference. It turned men's minds from historic religion to a creed of moods and sensations and from thence logically into infidelity. "Fervor," says Bp. Spalding, "is not at our command, and when possessed it is not easily retained: and when people persuade themselves that religion is not possible without this experience of God's miraculous workings in the soul they easily fall a prey to delusion or dependency or indifference or unbelief."

A WORD OF ADVICE.

Mr. Edwin Markham, of Hoe fame, has gone into the creed-making business. With "the immovable granite under his feet and the unwavering constellations over his head," he lets fall some precious words of Markhamian philosophy. He does not remember, he says, that Jesus exacted of His twelve apostles any statement of opinion. No, Edwin. Statements of opinion were reserved for you and other nineteenth century creed fashioners. The apostles were simply charged to bear a message of truth to the world—to guard and defend it against sentimentalism and frothy humanitarianism and to preach it with such authority that Christ told them that "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me." In days past men were quite content to accept in lowliest adoration the doctrines of the Master. And some of them were men of princely minds.

The Apostles, moreover, were commissioned to preach and to exact obedience, not only to the doctrine of brotherly love but to every iota of Christian doctrine.

When your fatiguing search for picturesque adjectives, Edwin, will permit you a few moments of leisure you may qualify yourself to remember some things that you omitted in your latest contribution to theological literature.

But you should restrain your fiery zeal or otherwise sensible wielders of the Hoe will have doubts as to your ability to play the self-imposed role of teacher of humanity. If you want notoriety, invent some means that will denote you have not parted with common sense. Jump off Brooklyn Bridge. Go into politics as Populist candidate for President. Do anything but formulate creeds.

If you want brotherly love as understood by Christ—and it is a far different thing from that preached by philanthropists—read the history of the Catholic Church. Watch her religious, who minister to the sick and outcast and wretched with an exquisite love and tenderness, for their spiritualized eyes see in everyone

confided to their care the person of Christ: her missionaries going their ceaseless rounds of mercy and heroism, the hundred things which are familiar to those who render allegiance to the creeds of Christ.

We fancy, however, that the talk of brotherly love by creedless individuals is the outcome of a very shallow sentiment. Like the German railroad train referred to by Mark Twain, it starts from nowhere and arrives at nowhere. It will last in all probability so long as the liver is in good order. Its genuineness is on a par with Mr. Carnegie's deliverances on the blessings of poverty. It affords oftentimes a little diversion to charitably disposed women. When the weather is unsuitable for golfing or when a tender pity for humanity's woes fills their bosoms they go "slumming"—that is, they make an onslaught on the poor, ask them all manner of impertinent questions, and return to well-appointed homes with the conviction that they are entitled to a good conduct certificate. But they don't leave any reminder of their visits save the echoes of loud voices and perchance the vulgar odor of perfume. At best they imagine that the giving of bread and butter—the most elementary mode of brotherly love—covers the whole ground.

TWO NOTEWORTHIES.

Ambassador Choate is winning golden opinions in England. His urbanity is of a high order and he is a very miracle of tactfulness. He reminds Englishmen that a death of loud professions of American friendship must not alarm them, and that mutual interests and aims bind them into a union stronger than death.

All this may be very diplomatic if not manly and dignified. He felt it his duty, we know, to allay any anxiety occasioned by the reception of the Boer envoys and to convince us that "the hands across the sea" is still an element in international politics.

Cecil Rhodes has, notwithstanding his opinion of the British flag as a commercial asset, fallen into disfavor. The men of state look at him askance and even that stalwart Imperialist Mr. Chamberlain has weakened in his attachment for his old friend. Now this is decidedly unfair to Mr. Rhodes. He prevented the Jameson investigation from giving a political coup de grace to Joseph and his friends. He might have been at that time the author of a very large sensation, but he wrapped himself in taciturnity and fled at the first opportunity to his mines.

He is, we are told, a great man—broad minded, energetic, a path-finder of civilization. He may have these many and diverse qualifications—and he has also a very comfortable bank account. How he acquired it matters not. Why he should then be under a cloud passes our comprehension. It is asserted for one reason that he is responsible for the present war, and that, consequently, his usefulness as advance agent of British interests will be a thing of the past when the flag waves over the republics. Meanwhile Cecil smiles and adds to his bank account.

His part in the Transvaal business could easily be made manifest if that long expected dossier were brought down, but he knows that precious document will remain for many moons in the strong-box of the Government.

CATHOLIC CHICAGO.

As Chicago passes the 2,000,000 mark in population, the city comes to the front with the noteworthy showing in religious statistics. The total church membership foots up \$71,152, while the number of edifices or places of worship has increased to 789.

The magnitude of this showing may perhaps be better appreciated if the figures are compared with those recently published in New York showing the number of churches and church members in that city. New York, according to these statistics, has only 541 churches, with a combined membership of 729,172. The figures in detail show several differences between the two cities. While New York is far ahead of Chicago in Episcopal churches, having 121 to Chicago's 49, the difference is more than balanced in Catholic churches.

In Chicago there are 116 Catholic churches with a membership of 600,000, as against 108 Catholic churches in New York, with 543,168 members.

AS TO THE SOUL.

The Denver Catholic, on its page of miscellaneous matter, prints a short article on "The Soul," which, as it has an un-Catholic sound, must have escaped the vigilant eye of Mr. F. J. Kramer, the editor.

Says the article: "The soul is a certain spiritual substance, similar in nature to an angel, but infused into a material, organized body to which it communicates life."

Things can be said to be similar in nature only when they are of the same genus and species. Souls and angels, whether good or bad, are of the same genus, in that they are created intelligences; but St. Thomas (in question 75, art. 7, part 1) tells us that they are not of the same species. "Cum angelus forma sit separata, non existens in materia fieri non potest ut sit unius speciei cum anima."

It is, therefore, an error to say that "the soul is similar in nature to an angel." We cannot say that an eagle and a dove are similar in nature simply because they are of the same genus—bird. As they are not of the same species we must say they are dissimilar in nature. In the same way and for the same reason we must say that an angel and a soul are dissimilar in nature because they are not of the same species. It is of the nature of a soul to be united to a material body and to animate it; it is of the nature of an angel to exist separate from and independent of matter and not to animate it. An angel united to a body would not constitute a human being; nor is a soul disunited from its body an angel. The union of an angel with a material body would be an accidental, not a substantial, union. It would be an unnatural union because an angel by its nature is not destined for it. But such a union between a soul and a material body would be natural because it is called into being to be so united.

An angel in a body and actuating it would be like an engineer in a locomotive—an agent distinct from the machine he actuates, and having his own complete existence independent of it. He is not a part of the engine, nor is the engine a part of him. His presence does not constitute the machine an engine, nor does the engine's presence to him constitute him an engineer.

It is not thus with the soul and its body. They together in substantial union constitute one substantial whole—man. Each without the other subsists incompletely. The soul without its body is not a person, a man; nor is the body without the soul a person, a man. "Hominem," says St. Augustine, "nec animam solam, nec solum corpus, sed animam simul et corpus esse arbitrat." Man is not a rational soul or a material, animal body. He is the actual, substantial union of both. It is this union that constitutes him a human person. There is a good deal of philosophy in common modes of expression. We do not say, "Raphael's hand painted that Madonna, Apelles' hand made that statue, Homer's hand wrote the 'Iliad' and Pope's hand translated it;" but "Raphael made that Madonna, Apelles made that statue, Homer wrote the 'Iliad' and Pope translated it." In all these expressions the act is attributed, and rightly, to the indivisible, incommunicable person, and not to a part of him. It was not Raphael's hand or body that painted the Madonna, nor was it his soul; it was Raphael himself, all of him, as one single agent.

If an angel, assuming a body, painted a picture, we would have to say the angel painted it, using as an instrument the assumed body. In this case there would be two things distinct from each other, the agent and the instrument, for their union is accidental, not substantial, or of that kind which makes two things one thing. But the relation of a soul to its body is not that of an agent to its instrument. It is a union which makes two entities, a soul and a body, one, a third complete entity—man; a person that act as a whole or not act at all.

As we have repeatedly used the words "substantial union" it may be well to give a clear idea of their meaning in philosophy. And we cannot do better than to give it in the words of the late Mgr. De Concilio, in his "Elements of Intellectual Philosophy, Chapter on Anthropology." After having stated that man "is an individuality resulting from two substances, a body and a soul, and that the union between them is intrinsic and substantial, he asks: "What do you mean by substantial union?"

And answers: "To explain this we must recall some points of ontology. 1 Substance is that last complement of a substance by which it obtains the mastery over itself and its own acts becomes responsible for its acts and is incommunicable to all others. This is called a complete substance or suppositum. 2 Every substance existing in nature is a suppositum. 3 The substance of a created substance is necessary only in this sense: that no substance can possibly exist without a substance. But it is not necessary in the sense that every substance should have a substance of its own nature and species, because it may happen to subsist of the substance of another. 4 This happens when a

substance is intended to form such an intimate union with another substance of a superior nature, as both to form a complete subject and individual. Because in this case, as nature intends to form of two substances one complete individual, it is evident that both substances cannot be each one an entity, perfectly complete, having the mastery and attribution of its own acts, and exclusive and incommunicable; because in that case there would be two perfect individuals, which is against the supposition, as we are speaking of a case where nature intends to form one individual of two substances.

5 We understand also in this case which of the two substances would have to yield its own subsistence. It must be the substance of the inferior nature—that is, the inferior nature must have no last complement of its own, but must be completed by the last complement of the superior nature; so that the superior nature's subsistence that which completes both and forms the individual. This is called substantial union, which may be defined: The union of two substances both made to subsist by a single subsistence, that of one of the substances united. The substantial union of the body and the soul in man means that so long as the body is actually united to the soul, it has no subsistence of its own, but subsists on the substance of the soul; that the soul gives its own complement to the body, and has the ownership of both; and of the acts of both is responsible for them, and is exclusive and incommunicable to all others."

In view of this kind of union, and of the fact that man is to exist in the future as man, the necessity of the resurrection of the body becomes apparent.

The Denver Catholic article calls the soul a simple, immaterial essence. It would have been better to have called it a simple, immaterial entity or substance. The essence of a thing is that which constitutes a thing what it is; and it is always the essence of the thing, whether the thing exists actually or only potentially. Essence, therefore, does not imply actual existence. If you say the soul is an essence, we ask: The essence of what? If you say the essence of man, we demur, for neither the soul nor the body is the essence of man, but is the substantial union of both. The soul is a substance, not an essence. The essence of a thing is found in the correct answer to the question: What is it? And the answer is called a definition. Ontological or logical essence must not be confounded with chemical essence. Because spirits are used to extract essences—such as that of peppermint, for instance—it does not follow that all spirits, those of men included, are essences.

Here is another extract from the article with which we cannot agree: "It (the soul) has two principal actions, one internal, and the other external, in both of which it represents the divine essence, of which it is an emanation." To make the soul an emanation of the divine essence is to deny the creative act by which the soul comes into being; which is Pantheism pure and simple. The soul comes from God's act, not from His essence.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE CONVERSION OF AN ENGLISH LORD.

Part Played in it by a Famous Wit Named McClusky and a Barefooted Boy.

The chief figure in the Queen's visit to Ireland after Her Majesty herself, was unquestionably, the Earl of Denbigh. To him is attributed the special favor shown by the Queen to the Catholic charitable institutions, and the consequent success of the visit. The impression certainly prevailed in Ireland that His Lordship was of an old English Catholic family. That impression is corrected by a letter in the Freeman's Journal setting out what purports to be the details of his father's conversion while visiting Ireland.

In 1848-49 the late Lord Denbigh, then Lord Fielding, having gone over to Ireland after completing his university education, was travelling in the West. He was then a staunch if not a bigoted Protestant, and full of all the English prejudices regarding the "Papist priest-ridden" people of Ireland. There was then in Ireland at that time a man named McClusky, who, in reputation, was second only to Dan O'Connell. His official position was a guard on the coaches that plied on the western roads. But his wit and humor and genial intelligence made him famous from one end of the country to another. A seat beside McClusky on the coach was regarded as an intellectual privilege that Viscount Fielding was fortunate enough to secure. They talked of religion and of politics, and the guard's knowledge, readiness and intelligence amazed the nobleman. Still, he was not quite satisfied. He dilated on the cramping effect of the Catholic religion on the minds of the young. McClusky proposed a simple test. They picked at random a barefooted boy of twelve or thirteen years from a crowd that swarmed out of the school with their books under their arms. The Viscount was more amazed

by the intelligence of the boy than he had been by the intelligence of the guard. He was specially impressed with the child's devotion to his religion and practical knowledge of its teaching. At parting he offered him a sovereign, which the bare legged boy refused suspecting that His Lordship was one of the proselytizers who then infested the country, and which McClusky accepted for the boy's use.

In parting with the guard at the end of their journey in Mullingar, His Lordship told him that he had learned more from the little boy than he had done from all his reading. A year later McClusky received from Lord Fielding a handsome silver mounted meerschaum pipe in remembrance of the day and drive, to which he said he owed, under God, his conversion to the Catholic religion.

AN ANGLICAN MONK.

One of the Few Protestant Brothers in America Received into the Church—Others to Follow Him.

Brother Augustine, of the Order of the Brothers of Nazareth, a little band of religious workers in New York, unique in being the only monks of the Protestant faith in America, has made his submission to the Catholic Church, and has been received by the Rev. Father Hughes, of the Paulist Fathers. Brother Anthony, also a member of the Order of the Brothers of Nazareth, is now said to be under instruction and will soon be received into the Church. Two other members, it is rumored, are leaning toward Rome.

During the celebration, last February, of the fiftieth anniversary of St. Brigid's Church, at East Eighth Street and Avenue B, Dr. Patrick F. Sweney, the rector, saw in the congregation a man clad like a Franciscan monk. He wore a simple brown habit with Capuchin hood and wide sleeves, girded at the waist by a twisted and knotted leather belt, from which hung a crucifix. Wishing to extend the full hospitalities of the occasion to the visiting monastic of his creed, as he supposed him to be, Dr. McSweeney invited the stranger into the sanctuary.

The object of the venerable rector's solicitude appeared deeply affected by the attention paid to him. He declined the invitation, however, saying that he wished to be excused from changing his seat. Dr. McSweeney did not again see the man, but not until recently did he learn that the stranger was Brother Augustine, a member of the lay Order of the Brothers of Nazareth, affiliated with the High Church party in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The former Anglican Brother is now making his home with the Franciscan Brothers, at their house, in Butler street, Brooklyn. He will probably become a permanent member of the community.

There were only six Brothers of the Order of Nazareth in their religious community at Verbank, N. Y., before the defection of Brothers Augustine and Anthony. When the Order of the Holy Cross developed into an American order of mission priests, the lay Brothers were formed into the first distinctive lay order of monks in the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, under the name of Brothers of Nazareth. Brother Gilbert is the present superior. The order conducts a home for convalescents for men and boys, a home for consumptives and an industrial training school for boys at Verbank, N. Y. A fresh air home is also conducted at Farmingdale, L. I.

WHEN IS A PRIEST TOO OLD?

Some time ago one of the secular magazines had an article on the Protestant ministerial profession, in which the writer, among other things, showed what little regard the average congregation had for a minister who was no longer youthful. The Rosary Magazine in a comment says:

"This speaks very bad for Protestantism. It is one of those evident marks of decay which for decades past have been appearing on its face, presaging approaching utter dissolution. What a contrast does not the lot of a Catholic priest oppose to this sad picture! As his years increase, respect and love for him grow apace, until old age finds him at the zenith of his power over the hearts and esteem of the faithful. Catholics love their priests not for the young face, the erect figure, the spirited delivery and the vivacious thought of a boy; but simply because he is Christ's legal representative, Christ's ambassador. His are the words of wisdom and truth, which grow sweeter and more valuable as they are tempered by years and experience. His services and his position in the Church are appreciated accordingly. With him the 'material dead line' is the grave."

ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN CONVERTED.

The Westminster Gazette hears that Rev. Edward Henry Bryan, late vicar of Hensall, Yorkshire, who resigned his living rather than discontinue the use of income at the Archbishop of York's desire, has been received into the Catholic Church.