

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

NO. 1075.

The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, May 27, 1899.

THE REAL CAUSE.

Our readers will do well to remember the following points, which are taken from Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's letter to the London Truth:

I. The Samoan quarrel is due to the missionaries, who cannot tolerate the thought of a Roman Catholic king.

II. Chambers, representing the three powers as Chief Justice, is the tool of the London Missionary Society.

III. The spectacle of two powerful nations bombarding Samoan towns and massacring men, women and children may cause other nations to have their doubts as to the value of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

THE CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN'S INFLUENCE.

Rear Admiral Osborn, speaking before the Naval Cadets of New York, referred in very complimentary terms to the Catholic chaplains of the United States navy: "The best thing that ever happened to the American sailor was when Catholic priests were introduced in the navy. They are the most faithful men in the service. They watch over Jack; they live with him; and the upshot of their work is that the American sailor is a cleaner-hearted fellow than he ever was before the Catholic priest came. Christian organization on shore doesn't do Jack any good. Tracts are worthless—and Bibles and prayer books are as worthless as tracts. Hash is a good deal better than both. But one good, whole-souled, manly chaplain is a whole army in himself."

RUSKIN'S REBUKE APPLICABLE TO DAY.

Many of our readers will remember Ruskin's stern rebuke to the Englishmen who were continually boasting of their wealth and material progress. "You have," he says, "declared again and again, by vociferation of all your orators, that you have wealth so overflowing that you do not know what to do with it. These men who dug the wealth for you, now are starving at the mouth of the hell pits (the collieries) you made them dig: yea their bones lie scattered at the grave's mouth. Your boasted wealth, where is it? Is the war between them and you because you now mercilessly refuse them food, or because all your boasts of wealth were lies?"

The same words may be repeated today, despite all the vain-glorious speeches of the Anglo-Saxon orators. We remember his gruesome picture of the degradation of the children who worked in the coal mines. We would fain believe that such a state of things had passed away, but the recent utterances of Sir John Gorst compel us to admit that white slavery is still flourishing in England. Children of six and ten years of age may be seen at work in different sections of the country, knowing naught of the pleasures of childhood and learning the various forms of disease and iniquity, for, as Sir John Gorst remarks, "about one shilling per week."

DR. BRIGGS AND BISHOP POTTER.

We sincerely hope that Dr. Briggs will be challenged to produce the commendatory letters he has received from Roman Catholic theologians. Doubtless he imagined that such an assertion would give him a claim to those who do not believe that the Bible is merely something which "historical criticism may be able to dig from out the rubbish of ecclesiastical institutions, liturgical formulas, priestly ceremonies and casuistic practices." Our Ritualistic friends must have been startled when they saw the doctor, a ripe product of the class that assumes to measure the Infinite by a finite standard, presenting himself for an Anglican commission. But they need not be unduly excited: they have their pretty vestments and exquisite music, not to say anything of the sweet odours of incense and their kinship to that Church of long ago, which has an abiding place in the vivid imagination of our friends.

They may be startled perhaps when

the doctor becomes accustomed to his new ecclesiastical outfit. His "wild ambition," to which Doctor De Costa refers, may induce him to give us a brand new Bible. He does not like the present one because he did not write it.

With De Costa and his fulminations and the learned doctor and his theories, Bishop Potter will be a very expert diplomat if he can have peace in his household.

To the ordinary individual it seems strange that a Presbyterian "heretic," with miscellaneous opinions that have been denounced by Anglican divines, should be given such a gracious welcome by Bishop Potter: and to the initiated it is but a proof of that saying of Harold Frederic, that the Church of England drives with an exceeding loose rein: "You can do anything you like in it, provided you go about it decorously."

KIPLING.

Rudyard Kipling has come in for a goodly share of the "white man's burden." What he said and what he did in his teens are duly chronicled: his appetite and religion, and the affairs of his household are discussed for the delectation of the inquisitive multitude. The gentlemen also who have a luxuriant imagination and much leisure time are writing reams of sycophantic adulation of his genius. But genius is a gift but rarely entrusted to son of man. It is a gift that has brought to its possessor but misery, isolation and oft-time persecution: and only when he sleeps in death do men recognize its priceless value and give it a place amongst the intellectual factors of the world. It runs like living fire through the world book: it locks out from canvas and marble, and makes ceaseless melody in the works of the great composer, and speaks to us in words that have fallen from the fire-touched lips of the sage and orator: but we are not to be misled into holding it in everything even when it does come from the virile pen of Kipling.

Still he is one of the greatest of present-day writers. Talent he has—great talent—with a gift of forceful expression and insight that gets at the very heart of his subject. Since the day that Edmund Yates, we believe, introduced him to the British public he has exercised a singular fascination over all classes. Mulvaney has more than a bowing acquaintance with a great many persons all over the world; and we venture to say his wondrous stories of Indian life have imparted more real information in regard to its inhabitants than many pretentious tomes.

His pages are redolent with the smell of the canteen and ringing with the noise of battle or some devilry gotten up by Mulvaney and his companions: but this, though it jars upon the nerves, is infinitely preferable to the suggestive and fallacious portrayals of so-called "physiological studies" of free love, and to the hysterical ravings of some novelists who have been capering around this country at so much per paper. Perhaps that was the reason why fame came to him at such an early age.

He left out of his literary kit the love sick maiden with a passion for attitudinizing and the individuals who either shoot partridges and take countless meals at countless country houses or become drawing idiots with a message of claptrap for Humanity: and into it put real men and women playing out their parts in a country "where you really see humanity—raw, brown, naked humanity—with nothing between it and the blazing sky, and only the used-up, ever handed earth underfoot."

Hazlitt and Jeffries might take him to task for his style; but big Christopher North would grip him to his heart and bid him talk and tell him the tales of the bazaar, of the barracks, of the time when they sat down by the low white parapet of the roof—overlooking the city and its lights. And yet it is not true to say that Kipling has no style.

Strength he has, and precision, and at times a graceful beauty, as evidenced by the following passage:

"Come back with me to the north and be among men once more. Come back when this matter is accomplished and I call for thee. The bloom of the

peach orchards is upon all the valley, and here is only dust and a great stink. There is a pleasant wind among the mulberry trees and the streams are bright with snow water and the caravans go up and the caravans go down and a hundred fires sparkle in the gut of the pass, and tent-peg answers hammer-nose, and pony squeals to pony across the drift smoke of the evening. It is good in the north now. Come back with me."

Kipling will not be disturbed by the individuals who are making the welkin ring with his praises. He is evidently sincere, and has, thank heaven, no home made medicine for the woes and ills of society. But he should say farewell to New York and London and go back to Mandalay, where there are not so many telegraph wires and telephones.

TALK WITH A PARSON.

Parson "You deny men the right of searching and interpreting the Scriptures in the light of every man's conscience."—forgetful that Paul praised Timothy, who knew the Scriptures from his youth. (Tim. iii., 15.)

You refer to Timothy for the purpose of leaving the impression that he searched the Scriptures and interpreted them by his private judgment. And to encourage this notion, you took the liberty to change St. Paul's words. St. Paul did not say that Timothy knew the Scriptures "from his youth." He said, "from a child thou hast known the Scriptures," as the King James Bible has it, or "from a babe," as the late revised version has it, or "from thy infancy," as the Catholic text has it.

Now, to know the Scriptures from his childhood or infancy Timothy must have learned them at that very early age. How did he learn it? Do you think you can make Father Nugent, or anybody but an infant, believe that little Timothy knew the Scriptures by reading them and interpreting them by his own childish private judgment? Ask yourself if you believe it. We pay your intelligence the compliment of believing that you do not believe that Timothy's infantile knowledge of the Scriptures was acquired in that way. What faculty, then, made you refer to him to prove the right of private judgment and interpretation of the Scriptures? You seem to have seen the nonsense of such an argument, and to cover it up somewhat you change the child Timothy into the youth Timothy, not hesitating to tamper with the sacred text.

The fact is, the words of St. Paul in (2 Tim. 3-14, 15.) Instead of being an argument in favor of private interpretation of the Scriptures, is a strong argument against that false doctrine; for it credits Timothy with a knowledge of the Scriptures at a time when his private judgment was not available; that is when he was a child. "From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures," are St. Paul's words. The child Timothy then, like other Jewish children, received his knowledge of the Scriptures from his parents—his mother, Ulce—who received hers from the teachers in the synagogue, just as the young Timothy of today acquires a knowledge of religion from their parents at home or from their teachers in church.

St. Paul simply reminded his beloved disciple that from his infancy he had been instructed in the Scriptures that is, the Old Law—and that he, Paul himself, had instructed him in the New Law. (verse 14.)

If St. Paul had said that Timothy had acquired his knowledge of the Scriptures by searching them and judging for himself, it would have been something to your purpose, Parson. But he wrote nothing of that kind, although it is evident that your purpose was to leave the impression on your readers that he did.

How do little Methodist Timothies of today learn the Scriptures? Is it by reading the Bible and judging for themselves? You know it is not, for you know that children receive their knowledge by being taught. Your young Timothies acquire their knowledge of religion—such as it is—from their parents and Sunday school teachers, and these get theirs from the preachers, and the preachers in turn get theirs from the "Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church," which Doctrines and Discipline are claimed by Methodists to be found in the Scriptures. That is the way it goes; and, *mutatis mutandis*, that is the way it went with the Hebrew children in the time of Timothy's childhood. His case, then, instead of proving anything in favor of private interpretation proves the opposite, namely, that the Jewish people learned their religion by way of authority from the priesthood. They were taught it from their childhood. It was to this fact that St. Paul refers in his letter to Timothy.

Parson—You exalt tradition to the same authority as the Scriptures.

The Catholic Church teaches that the word of God, as delivered by the Apostles, whether in writing or by word of mouth, is of equal authority. St. Paul was of the same mind. Writing to the Thessalonians he said: "Brethren,

stand firm, and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by epistle." (2 Thess., 2:14.) In his first epistle to the Corinthians he said: "Now I praise you brethren that ye remember me and hold fast the traditions, even as I delivered them to you" (Verse 2, Revised Protestant version)

From these texts of St. Paul you will see that he exalted tradition to the same authority as the Scriptures, that is, that the spoken word was of the same authority as the written word. That is why he wrote Timothy, "The things which thou hast heard from me before many witnesses the same command to faithful men who shall be fit to teach others" (2 Tim., 2:2.) Timothy did not commit these things to writing, they are still tradition.

Now, Parson, in finding fault with the Catholic Church for putting the written and the unwritten word on the same level, you must blame and condemn St. Paul for doing the same thing. That will be hard on St. Paul. But after all, you must admit that he knew what he was talking about as well as you do, if not better. In fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, as Mr. Snagby would say, we prefer his judgment to yours.

Parson. You forbid the people the reading of the Scriptures. (Admonition to Douay version)

We have looked into the Douay version, and we find a letter written by Pope Pius VI. to the Most Rev. Anthony Martini on his translation of the Bible into Italian, dated April, 1778. In this letter the Pope says: "At a time that a vast number of bad books, which grossly attack the Catholic religion, are circulated even among the unlearned, to the great destruction of souls, you judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, for these are the most abundant sources, which ought to be left open to every one, to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times."

These words of Pope Pius VI. do not look much like forbidding the people to read the Scriptures, do they, Parson?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CURE AND PARSON.

Contrast Between Their Respective Positions.

As the work of a Protestant pen, the following article possesses peculiar interest. It is as follows:

That Monsieur le Cure is to Jacques Bonhomme a very great deal more than is "Parson" to English Hodge can not fail to strike forcibly every Englishman who travels in rural France. The reason is not far to seek. "Parson" is nothing more to his flock than what he chooses to be. M. le Cure is one of and is everything to his flock. "Parson" no matter how broad-minded he be, no matter how thoroughly and conscientiously he sets to work to identify himself with his village in general and with the individual interests of his villagers in particular, no matter how he may try to be one of them, can never forget that he is not one of them, and this conviction will make it manifest at times in spite of himself. The cure can never forget that in almost every sense he is one of the community. Opportunity, talent or industry may have raised him intellectually or socially above the hewers of wood and drawers of water around him, but as often as not he was born among them. Their traditions, their customs, their prejudices, even their language are his, and so when he is appointed cure, after having passed through the usual preparatory curriculum, he returns to them as a son returns to his family. "Parson" buried away in a remote parish, far from all touch from the refinements of his youth, severed from his old friends and acquaintances, may drift almost to the level of the peasant in appearance and even in manners, dress and language, but he can never entirely cast off the polish which his early life and university gave him, and he always draws a line in his intercourse with his parishioners.

Of course there are cures and cures just as there are parsons and parsons. There are many cures in rural France who very strongly recall the familiar portraits of the English parsons of a century and a half ago, so far as their position in life is concerned. There are humble-minded scholars of low origin who are not externally to be distinguished from the other sons of the soil save by their costume, men who mix freely with the gossips at the village inn, who drive to market regularly, who toll on their scanty acres and who are not above selling their dairy and garden produce, who are ruddy-faced and muddy and coarse-handed, who can argue about stock and crops with any farmer, but who—and the saving clause is important—occupy an unique position in the community as being spiritual pastors and masters. The parson of Fielding and Sterne was not only a mere peasant in appearance and manner, but was regarded with something akin to contempt by the peasant. The very qualification which recommends the similar type of French cure to distinction and respect made the old-fashioned English parson a fair target for satire, ridicule and abuse.

He was hardly the equal of the upper servants at the hall, and certainly not of the yeoman and petty farmer. Not a hat was doffed or a courtesy dropped to him, and most generally he was regarded as an idle loafer who consumed the produce of other men's labor. But the humblest of French cures is more than respected. He is loved.

To this personal love of the cure in rural France we have no parallel in rural England. Many an English country parson is respected and admired; but it can hardly be said that much personal affection of the kind that makes men weep and rejoice in heartfelt sympathy exists. One of the most prominent characteristics of the English peasant is suspicion—suspicion of strangers, suspicion even of his own friends and acquaintances who may be more fortunate or more enterprising than he is, and especially suspicion both of those put in authority over them or who assume such authority. Any country parson will tell us that he can combat and overcome most forms of vice, but that he can never conquer suspicion, that the warmest hearted of his parishioners will make a friend of him up to a certain point, but no further. Probably Canon Jessop knows as much about the English peasant as most men, and nobody can read his "Arcady for Better for Worse," without being struck by the key note resounding throughout it. The French peasant is suspicious in his way, especially with regard to anything that touches his pocket; but of his cure, never.

The position of the French rural cure is almost idyllic. Not only is he the fountain-head of comfort and consolation and advice in his capacity as spiritual master, but he is the fountain of learning and of justice. Monsieur le Maire, with his tri-colored scarf, is all very well. He is a great man, and a proper object of awe and reverence as representing the majesty of the law and of civil power; but even in a matter of law and justice Jacques Bonhomme will go to the cure before he goes to the Maire, while he would as soon think of pouring out his heart to his cow as of approaching Monsieur le Maire with such an object. So Monsieur le Cure becomes the depository of a tremendous power—the hearts and the confidences and the secrets and the love of the entire community; and he is said to his credit, instances of the abuse of the trust on his part are exceedingly rare. Nor, as is often supposed, is his possession of the tremendous spiritual thunder of the Roman Catholic religion the origin of this power. Apparently the feeling is one of genuine personal affection on the part of the peasants not merely as an embodiment of the Christian hero.

"Parson" rules by the influence of position. The cure rules by love, which is the influence of personality. When the parson comes down the street hats are touched to him as parson, as the learned gentlemen, as the corrector of public morals and the dissector of private frailties, as the owner of the church, and it may the occupant of a pleasant house. When Monsieur le Cure, with his old stained cassock and his thick, muddy shoes passes along, children run out from the cottages and take his hand and climb to his coat and call him "Father," the old people smile and mutter blessings, the young people greet him with affectionate respect. Why the difference? Because the one is not of the people and the other is. Because the one is very often a complete stranger, having nothing in common with those among whom his lot has been cast, while the other is more often than not a son of the soil. Because the one does not really know a single man in the parish, and the other is the nearest and dearest friend to many of his flock.

But all cures are not of this simple, bucolic mould, although in general characteristics the common resemblance is remarkable. In many a quiet Norman fishing village, in many a remote hamlet of Savoy Provence, amid the mountains of the South, there are cures whose lives are full of romance and diversity, men who have mixed in the greater world of cities or who have roamed over the greater world beyond the seas, men of science and men of letters, men who have faced death in many shapes, and yet the visitor will generally find them simple, unpretending, humble-minded and always ready to welcome warmly a stranger. To our mind the French rural cure is one of the pleasantest figures in the world of Arcady, which in France and England has its taints and blotches and foul spots. In plain language, there is no humbug about him; he does not pose before the eyes of the simple as anything better than they are, much less as superior to common humanity. The joys, the troubles, the cares, the excitements of the people are his. He lives often more frugally than the meanest and poorest of a pre-eminently frugal peasantry. He works as hard as they do and yet, as a servant of the Church, he has to keep up a sort of position. We are not astonished, therefore, when we are told that it is from the ranks of the French rural clergy that the noblest and hardest and most conscientious toilers in the vast fields of missionary labor are recruited. Finally, from the stranger's point of view the cure is the best of comrades. No trouble is too

great for him to take, no time is so valuable but that he can afford to spend some of it in the guidance, the instruction and the amusement of the visitor. His humble table has always a vacant chair, and, somehow or other, no matter how tiny his establishment, he can always create a spare bed.—London Globe.

"THOU ART PETER."

An Unpublished Gem of Cardinal Newman.

The following paper on "The Living Power of the Papacy" is from the pen of Cardinal Newman, but not to be found in any of his published works. It was written many years ago, and forwarded to Rome, and we are sure it will be lovingly received and treasured by all of our readers:

Deeply do I feel, ever will I protest, for I can appeal to the ample testimony of history to bear me out, that in questions of right and wrong there is nothing really strong in the whole world, nothing decisive and operative, but the voice of him to whom has been committed the keys of the Kingdom and the oversight of Christ's flock.

The voice of Peter is now, as it ever has been, a real authority, infallible when it teaches, prosperous when it commands, ever taking the lead wisely and distinctly in its own province, adding certainty to what is certain. Before it speaks the most saintly may mistake, and after it has spoken the most gifted must obey.

Peter is no recluse, no abstracted student, no dreamer about the past, no doctor upon the dead and gone, no protector of the visionary. Peter for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world, and he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If there was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been deeds and whose commands prophecies—such is he in history of the ages, who sits from generation to generation in the chair of the Apostles, as the vicar of Christ and Doctor of His Church. It was said by an old philosopher who declined to reply to an imperious argument: "It was not safe contending with the master of twenty legions." What Augustus had in the material order, that, and much more, has Peter in the spiritual. When was he ever unequal to the occasion? When has he not risen with the crisis? What danger ever daunted him? What sophistry foiled him? What uncertainties misled him? When did ever any power go to war with Peter, material or mortal, civilized or savage, and get the better? When did the whole world ever band together against him, so-called, and not find him too many for it?

All who take part with Peter are on the winning side. The Apostle of Christ says not in order to unsay; for he has inherited that word which is with power. From the first he has looked through the wide world, of which he has the burden; and according to the need of the day and the inspiration of his Lord, he has set himself now to one thing, now to another, but all in reason, and to nothing in vain. He came first upon an age of refinement and luxury like our own, and in spite of the persecution, fertile in the resources of cruelty, he soon gathered, out of all classes of society, the slave, the soldier, the high born lady and sophist, to form a people for his Master's honor.

The savage hordes came down in torrents from the North, hideous to look upon, and Peter went out, with holy water and with benison, and by his very eye he sobered them and backed them in full career. They turned aside and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilized by him, and to be made ten times more his children even than the older population they had overwhelmed. Lawless kings arose, sagacious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him they found their match and were shattered, and he lived on. The gates of earth were opened to the east and west, and men poured out to take possession, and he and his went with them, swept along with zeal and charity as far as they by enterprise, covetousness or ambition. Has he failed in his enterprise up to this hour? Did he, in our father's day, fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates?—with Napoleon a greater name, and his dependent kings?—that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours. What gray hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like an eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the everlasting arms?

"Thou saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and formed thee, O Israel: Fear not, for I have redeemed thee and called thee by thy name! Thou art mine."

"When thou shalt pass through the waters I will be with thee and the river shall not cover thee."

"Every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or beauty, has this being done for him constantly—the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not too bright nor good for human nature's daily food."—Ruskin.