

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1914

1880

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914.

Dear Mr. Coffey, — When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper!

It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptised eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially.

J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged... \$4,406 93
E. A. Malloy, Toronto..... 1 00
A friend, Paris..... 5 00
Reader, Manion..... 1 00
Miss M. Hennessy, New-castle..... 5 00
A friend, Midland..... 1 00

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY OCTOBER 31, 1914

TIME FOR ACTION

The National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies has called the attention of Catholics to the tragedy of rapine and murder in Mexico. Unspeaking outrages are being perpetrated against inoffensive bishops, priests and religious men and women. Religious women, whose lives were consecrated to the practice of every form of Christian charity, have been turned over to what is worse than death—the vile and brutal lust of an inhuman soldiery. We thought that "broad minded" publicists would hold up to public scorn and execration those robbers, ravishers and murderers of Catholics. So far they have been dumb. Perhaps some of them have not yet been emancipated from the belief that Catholics are not entitled to liberty. And so they can be harried and outraged without disturbing the complacency of editors who, however, can get hot with indignation when a Protestant American falls under the displeasure of a bandit at the end of the world. It seems to us that the American Catholics can do something to blot out this horrible condition of affairs. They are surely out of the kindergarten stage. They are numerous and not without influence. They are neither stupid nor slothful. And we presume that they are not averse to extending the liberty of which they boast to their Catholic brethren across their border. They have, then, a magnificent opportunity to prove their worth and power as Catholic citizens. Action prompt, vigorous and persevering is needed. Now is the time to show that the weapons forged and fashioned in conventions can liberate Mexican Catholics and save themselves from shameful supineness.

THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

There is no doubt that the peculiar and paramount claim of the Belgians for help in their affliction is realized by many of our people, but it must be remembered that the terrible thing about Belgium is that practically the whole of the country has been ravaged or laid waste. It does not require a very graphic pen to establish that awful truth nor to picture the fearful desolation and ruin, the heart rending distress, the unspeakable agony of hundreds of thousands who a few weeks ago were dwellers in quiet and happy homes, and who are now wanderers on the face of the earth—fatherless, perhaps, or widowed; homeless and forlorn and well nigh hopeless. The mere extent of the misery defies realization: the individual horrors are too varied to permit of any attempt to grasp them; and over and above all these stand those effects of the paralysis of all the activities of the tiny country which we are not apt to think of but which weigh down the population with a steady pressure of misery. The Belgian Relief Fund has been growing rapidly—as such things are reckoned. This is due not only to the extraordinary extent of the suffering, but also to the sym-

pathy that is felt towards a peaceable, industrious, Christian people whose land has been devastated without any fault of theirs unless it be a fault for a people to defend their native soil from invasion. It has been pleasing to note that in a short time considerable money has been raised by scores of contributors. But this should be regarded only as a beginning. Let the Belgian Relief Committee organize a campaign aimed at the procuring of a sum large enough to make something of an impression upon the mass of misery it is designed to alleviate. Let the work be pushed in every town and city in Canada. Let the people of this great country have their imagination aroused to the appalling nature of the calamity that they are called upon in some small measure to mitigate. We feel confident that if this is brought home to them the country will respond in a manner worthy of its traditions of humanity and commensurate in some degree with its vast resources. Not to do this would be to fail to rise to the level of a high occasion and of a plain and pertinent duty.

TRUE PLEASURE

In this wonderful age of human history there is a very large number of people and of all ages who are cheating themselves of the genuine pleasures of life through their excesses in the pursuit of pleasure. It must never be the abuse of anything good in itself—the use of all natural gifts and powers but not the excessive use. True enjoyment lies always along that royal middle road but with the imperial hand of mastery over all. Otherwise there are always heavy penalties to pay. The sharp edge of appetite is always essential to true enjoyment: when jaded the keen sense of enjoyment is gone. Happiness is the natural and normal, and pleasure comes not by seeking for it directly and regularly, but is the outcome of a well regulated, an alert, unselfcentred and useful life.

FATHER EARL, S. J.

The "Ballads of Childhood," by the Rev. Michael Earl, S. J., from the laudatory reviews that welcome it, bids fair to be one of the popular books for children. It will be remembered that of a former group of children's poems published by Father Earl in The Literary Digest put the author next to Robert Louis Stevenson in the department of exquisite poetry about the young. Father Earl's last novel, "The Wedding Bells of Glendalough," was accorded the generous praise of eminent critics and is at present a first-seller among Catholic books. Though pre-eminently a story of intense Catholic conditions the secular proclaimed its "literary value" and "high moral tone."

REVERSING THE BEATITUDES

German "culture," as represented in the principles and practices of those who, in these war days, proclaim and defend it, whatever else it may be, is not Christianity. Its ideals are not Christian ideals. Its motives are not Christian motives. Its spirit is not the Christian spirit. Indeed its ideals, its motives, and its spirit, when you probe below the surface to the roots and bases of its life, are in absolute and irreconcilable antagonism to the ideals and motives and spirit of the life of Jesus as presented in the Christian Evangel and interpreted in distinctively Christian lives. It takes the great words of the Christian faith—Valor, Power, Heroism—copies them of their Christian content, and crams them with the brute force of Odin, the war god, not the Love-service of Jesus the Christ. It reverses the Beatitudes, and it glorifies in the Gentilism of which Christianity is the historic denial. In his University sermon a fortnight ago President Falconer quoted from the late Professor Cramb the new Beatitudes, which more exactly express the gospel of Teutonism renaissance and its Religion of Valor:

"Ye have heard how in old times it was said, Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth; but I say unto you, Blessed are the valiant; for they shall make the earth their throne. And ye have heard me say, Blessed are the poor in spirit; but I say unto you, Blessed are the great in soul and the free in spirit, for they shall enter into Valhalla. And ye have heard me say, Blessed are the peacemakers; but I say unto you, Blessed are the warmakers, for they

shall be called, if not the children of Jahva, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jahva."

And this is what certain German professors of theology and ethics, like Harnack and Eucken, call "German culture." It is in defence of this that certain religious leaders of Germany have published in the United States their protest against Britain's interference in the great Germanic war; they base their protest on religious grounds, even on Christian grounds. But almost every scholar in Britain and in America, whose firsthand study gives the right to an opinion, will tell you that this brand of German culture is distinctly anti-Christian; that it is a reversal to the old Teutonism of thirteen hundred years ago: that its "culture" is the war-like culture of Odin and his son Thor; and that its Religion of Valor is the blank negation alike of the religious life and of the democratic civilization of both Britain and America.

Professor Cramb, who was a sympathetic and penetrating student of German history and life, is justified by the facts, and is sustained by the judgment of most of the American exchange professors who have been in German universities during recent years when he says that the religion of this new German movement is "against Christianity itself," that "it is in politics and ethics Napoleonism," and that in its admiration "Corsica has conquered Galilee." Is it any wonder then that in German hospitals the poor and the weak and the undefended are of less importance than some scientific experiment, that in German diplomacy all regard for the obligations of international treaties is "hypocrisy," and that what the Christian conscience calls "vandalism" at Louvain and Rheims, and in the towns and villages of Belgium and France calls "brutalities," is lightly justified on the grounds of political and military "necessity."

Napoleon is not Christianity. The "culture" of Odin is not the faith of Jesus. The morality of pagan Teutonism is not the creed of either British or American democracy. If the alternatives are "World-dominion or Downfall" Germany and the Allies cannot both emerge alive.—The Toronto Globe.

TEUTONIC INTUITION AND "TEUTONISM"

MISTAKEN IN GAUGING THE PRESENT AND ACTUAL GERMAN PROBABLY NOT INFALLIBLE IN HYPOTHETICAL RECONSTRUCTION OF THE PAST

G. K. Chesterton in Illustrated London News

Professor Harnack, a Higher Critic, and a very worthy old gentleman no doubt, has been expressing a pained astonishment at England's armed intervention on the side of France and Belgium, instead of that of his own country; for Professor Harnack appears to hang out in the peaceful village of Berlin. I have always had my suspicions that the Higher Criticism was a good deal above itself, and that most of its reputation in scholarship was due to the rich and vast field of the things it hadn't found out. I have no high opinion of the logical methods by which men prove that Jericho could not have been utterly destroyed, because there is none of it left. I am not enraptured with the reasoning which says that Elijah could not have taken a chariot up to heaven, because there is no trace of it on earth. But these things do not greatly affect such religious convictions as I possess. For all they matter to the central truths of Christianity, they may be as they choose: Elijah may go to heaven, and Jericho may go to Jericho. And I willingly admit that I have not a hundredth part of the scholarship necessary to dispute with men like Professor Harnack about texts and documents, especially about the texts and documents which aren't there. I have not even enough learning to discover that a Higher Critic hasn't got any. I will therefore suppose Professor Harnack to be as deep in detailed knowledge as his admirers say he is. But I should still decline to accept his conclusions if his judgment on things that happened long ago is anything like his judgment on the things that are happening before his eyes.

By an extra stretch of that comprehensive breadth of mind which his friends admire, Professor Harnack seems to have said that he could in a subtle sort of way, understand that a Frenchman would probably fight for France rather than Fiji. And (without another onward stride of thought) he found himself forced to contemplate the possibility of a Russian fighting for Russia. But with England his imaginative universality failed altogether; and he said in effect that it was impossible to imagine any reason or excuse for our interference. This is what we may call not knowing the world; and it is one of the most damning defects a historian can have. Any one who knew the world instead of the "Un-verse" (a place where dons live) could have told him that, over and above the promise to France and the crime of the frontiers, the general sentiment that the Prussian is a bully has been common among

educated English people ever since 1870 and before; not so common of course, as it is among Frenchmen; but more common than it is among Russians. And there is something very queer and laughable, by the way, about the German Emperor reproaching us with supporting a backward and barbarous power like the Tsar; when he himself strenuously supported the Tsar in all the proceedings that could possibly be called backward or barbarous. I do not think it lies in the mouth of William Holenzollern to reproach us for alliance with a despotism which he did his best to keep despot.

But the spirit of which Professor Harnack is typical is, even more than that of any War-Lord or Jingo, the intellectual weakness of Prussia. For whether she succeeds or not in war it is certain that she failed utterly in her diplomacy for safeguarding the war. She failed, that is, in every single guess about the human materials involved. She thought Belgium would not resist; and Belgium did resist. She thought she could persuade England not to fight; and her own persuasion was the principal reason why England did fight. She evidently exaggerated both the smallness of Serbia and the slowness of Russia. And all this kind of preliminary mistake works back to the same kind of philosophy, mild and well-meaning as it is, that gives so large an intellectual halo to men like Harnack. It is the same sort of miscalculation about how men behave that can be found in the academic cloisters where such men prove in various ways that the Gospel was not so much good news as gossip. It is the same mistake that is at the bottom of innumerable suggestions that St. Peter's was founded not upon a rock but a cloud. In the same spirit of non-understanding the more peaceful Prussians prove that a "Platonist" Gospel must be far too late because Plato was much too early. In the same spirit they prove that Mithras and Jesus were very much alike, especially Mithras.

That mistake is the habit of depending on something that does not exist. Thus, I see that many of Mr. Harnack's friends are reproaching England in the German Press for having "betrayed the cause of Teutonism." You or I could not betray the cause of Teutonism, any more than we could murder a Snark, or clope with a Boojum. There is no such thing as the cause of Teutonism: there never has been any such thing, even in our own minds. We have had many reasons for liking Germans and many reasons for disliking them. Many of us could hardly live in a world without their music. Many of us could not live in the same house with their metaphysics. I know more than one Englishman, Mr. Titterton for instance, who would rather live in Munich than in heaven, but who would live in hell than Berlin. I can imagine a Bavarian fighting for Germany against France; I can imagine a Bavarian fighting for Bavaria against Prussia; but I cannot imagine any Bavarian fighting for Teutonism, for the simple reason that there is no such thing. The English, unlike the Prussians, probably have some Teutonic blood. So have hundreds of people in North Italy and Spain, to say nothing of France and Belgium. There may be something in the old semi-scientific business about long heads and round heads; but something more than difference is needed before a man will have bullets in his head like plums in a plum pudding. There are, indeed, racial differences which are realities, at least in the sense that they are realities to the eye. In dealing with the definite things, the English, unlike the Prussians, probably have some Teutonic blood. So have hundreds of people in North Italy and Spain, to say nothing of France and Belgium. 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