

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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HIGH-HANDED ROBBERY.

As we go to press war seems inevitable. Catholic Sisters, against whom the preachers wage war, are hurrying to the front, and Catholic sailors and soldiers, many of them sons of Irishmen who received help from Spain in days of need, are baring their arms for the conflict. They are going to butcher and be butchered for the sake of an American holiday.

The spectacle of a great nation engaged with the selection of instruments that may cause the greatest possible destruction of human beings who have not been convicted of wrong, is a disgrace to civilization.

They call it war, but we call it murder and high-handed robbery, and a violation of justice such as the earth has seldom witnessed. We have little doubt as to the ultimate result, but still it is well to remember that God has something to do with the making of history.

REV. DR. PAQUET'S BOOK.

A short time ago three volumes of a work entitled "Commentary on the Summa of St. Thomas," from the pen of Dr. Paquet, of Laval University, were placed on our desk. Dr. Paquet, though young in years, is old in the science of Theology. He is one of the most distinguished professors of Laval University and a worthy exponent of the solid and accurate knowledge that has always characterized its theological department. A glance at the pages of his work is sufficient to convince one that he is a painstaking student. He verifies his references, and his theses in exposition and proof are clear and concise. One feature of the work is the method of dealing with the errors of the day. It happens sometimes that professorial statements amount to materialism, etc., are very crude, and give the student no accurate knowledge of their true bearing and significance. There is a species of partisanship about them that begets suspicion. Dr. Paquet, however, permits the spokesmen of error to plead their own case and against it opposes the principles of St. Thomas.

The work has been given a gracious welcome by Cardinal Satolli, who has declared it to be one of the very best theological statements that has come from the press for many a long day. Another tribute to its excellence is its adoption by the colleges of the ecclesiastical province of Quebec. This is certainly most gratifying to Laval University, for it was the Catholic educational institution of Canada that first recognized in a practical manner the fact that the "Summa" should be for the student not only a source of knowledge but a means also by which he might direct the intellectual aspirations of the age. Shortly after Leo XIII. placed schools under the patronage of the Angelical Doctor the University placed the "Summa" in the hands of the students. It was then that Dr. Paquet conceived the design of the present work, which is nearing completion. His competency is amply evidenced by the volumes before us, but the patience and labor in collating facts, in obtaining a knowledge of the crooked and crabbed theories of the German school, in giving the meaning of the "Summa" with accuracy which is the test of scholarship are known only to himself. He has, however, the consolation of knowing that his toil has been appreciated, and we cherish the hope that his work will be before many years the text-book for every Catholic college in Canada.

This work is also a sign that Laval professors are still in the front rank of Canadian scholars. It is not necessary to make any extended reference to this, for it is well known that in literature, science and theology, Laval men have always held their own. The names of Benjamin Paquet, Lafamme, Hamel, are household words in the Province of Quebec and are not unknown to intellectual Canada. We are, therefore, glad to learn that the glory of the University has not departed, and that the young professors, true to tradition, are walking in the path hallowed by the footprints of the ancients.

FATHER McCABE'S THEORY.

Father McCabe's theory regarding the destruction of the Maine is very plausible. He says that the primary cause was the defective building of the ship, and judging from the conduct of some of the American naval squadron we are inclined to believe that Father McCabe is right. A pamphlet embodying his views was forwarded to the fire-eaters of the Senate, but it failed to make them think and act like reasonable beings. They have lashed themselves and a certain section of the populace into frenzied hatred against Spain, and the voice of remonstrance and advice has been drowned by the screaming of barbaric childishness. Why? They have no grievance and not the shadow of an excuse for their conduct. They have been fighting only the phantoms of a diseased imagination, and exhausting against them the vocabulary of invective and misrepresentation. All this has pleased the throngs that crowded the galleries, but history will declare that by such men was degraded the dignity of office, and national honor sullied.

Some of our Catholic papers do not think so, but they are, on this question at least, as Catholic as the Sultan of Turkey. The Watchman has stood out nobly against the onslaught of bigotry and hatred, and we say that Father Phelan has earned the thanks of every just-loving individual, and we advise him to undertake the task of driving some common sense into the amateur theologians whose voices are for war. The Casket has buried one of them, but there are others.

There is much comparison just now between the respective merits of the Spanish and Anglo-Saxon races. The Spanish is, of course, degraded and ignorant, notwithstanding the fact of their chivalry, bravery, and conquests in the realms of art and literature as recorded on the pages of history! The Anglo-Saxons are enlightened and endowed with every quality that can ensure respect, but there is no illusion made to their method of exterminating the natives of any country they took possession of! The cruelties of the buccanniers of the Spanish main are depicted in prose and verse by individuals who regard Kingsley's "Westward Ho" as an historical work, and who do not know that Hawkins, Drake, Frobenius, and others, all of Anglo-Saxon stock, were as thorough-going and cold-blooded villains as ever put foot on a quarter deck.

And on dear old England falls the tear of maudlin friendship. Her hands are clean. She has never swerved from the path of justice, and Uncle Sam, heart touched by the little ditty of Alfred Austin, stretches out his hands towards the Motherland. What a grand theme for the orator of patriotic celebrations of the future! What a glorious sight to see our friends across the border marching cheek by jowl with the nation whose tyranny they have always detested!

A HEBREW AND THE SISTERS.

What Came of His Investigation of a Detroit Institution. There has just come to light a good story of how some six months ago a wealthy Hebrew of Detroit investigated the Home for Old People conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor. It seems that the gentleman had remarked that no one but Roman Catholics were admitted at the home, and that upon being informed that he was mistaken, determined to find out for himself. He, therefore, donned an old suit of clothes and made personal application for admittance. Upon being told that he could stop at the home, at least temporarily, he said to the kind-faced Sister:

"But I am not a Roman Catholic."
"That makes no difference," replied the Sister.
"But," he persisted, "I am nothing but a poor old Jew."
"No matter," was the answer.
"You are in need. That is sufficient."

The man entered and stayed a number of days in the shelter of the home, thus making a personal test of the institution. He saw the close and careful manner in which the Sisters were forced to live, the daily and hourly sacrifices they made and the constant good they were doing. Then he bade them good bye, thanking them for their kindness and went away.

A few days later the Sisters received a check for \$250. It was from the wealthy Hebrew.—Detroit News-Tribune.

THE TENDENCY OF PROTESTANTISM.

Is Church Membership a Mere Question of Taste?

The Rev. Dr. Shields, professor in Princeton University, has been confirmed as an Episcopalian by Bishop Potter after having been a Presbyterian from his youth, and he is now in his seventy-fourth year. He was not merely a Presbyterian, but also a Presbyterian minister, who had given formal allegiance to the Westminster Confession of Faith, with its distinctive Calvinism. Why, then, has Dr. Shields left the Church of his fathers, into whose ministry he was ordained so long ago as fifty years? This is his answer in his own words: "I left the Presbyterian Church on personal grounds in order to protect myself from detractors, as well as to protest against a fanatical form of false temperance which seems now to be terrorizing that communion." That is, he left because he had rendered himself liable to Presbyterian discipline by offending against a rule of its General Assembly requiring ministers to abstain from assisting the liquor traffic. Dr. Shields had signed the application for a license to the Princeton Inn to sell liquors, and accordingly he was called for trial before the New Brunswick Presbytery, to which he belonged.

As to the propriety of such a regulation of the conduct of Presbyterian ministers and of Dr. Shields' views as to the matter, we have nothing to say. He has a right to think as he pleases on that subject; but the pertinent question now is whether a minister who has pledged himself solemnly to be a teacher and defender of a certain Church can consistently turn away from it on "personal grounds" only without having undergone any change in his conviction as to its tenets. Dr. Shields makes no pretence that he left the Presbyterian Church and went over to the Episcopal Church for any other reason than his personal convenience.

He moves out of one ecclesiastical home and into another as a man might change his house, or simply to gratify his tastes. He likes better the surroundings of his new situation, but he does not move because of any change in his belief. Virtually he was as much of an Episcopalian before he was confirmed by Bishop Potter as he is now, and he is now no less a Presbyterian so far as his faith goes than when he remained in his Church organization. He left simply to "protest against a fanatical form of false temperance," not because he was impelled by any religious conviction.

That is, Dr. Shields practically tells all Presbyterians that there is nothing of any essential doctrinal consequence, no vital variation in faith, to prevent their going over to the Episcopal Church, if it happens to suit better their personal comfort and convenience. If they prefer the liturgy of the society of the Episcopal Church, he makes that justification enough. If they chafe under the more ascetic regulations of their present communion and want greater freedom for the gratification of their inclinations, they will only follow the example of this venerable Presbyterian if they move over to the Episcopal Church. Will recruits thus obtained add real strength to the Episcopal Church? With what feelings will accessions to its ministry or "priesthood" be received by the great party in that Church which rejects Protestantism as unscriptural and altogether without divine authority, if the newcomers are men who declare with Dr. Shields that "the historic Churches of the Reformation, such as the Lutheran, the Reformed, and the Protestant Episcopal are generally more or less normal portions of the Catholic and Apostolic Church?" This view of the Church conflicts radically with the Anglo-Catholic doctrine that the Episcopal Church is no part of Protestantism, and that "the historic Churches of the Reformation" are no churches at all, but mere schismatical sects, standing wholly outside of Catholicism and in wicked rebellion against it.

Moreover, if a Protestant's Church relationship can be determined properly by considerations of his mere personal comfort and convenience, with out regard to any question of belief, what respectable justification is there for the divisions of Protestantism? If they rest on no vital principle, but exist merely as a difference of taste, are they any more than voluntary clubs? If there is no reason except passing fancy why a Presbyterian should not be an Episcopalian, is there any more religious obligation upon the Episcopalian to prevent his going over to a Presbyterian Church, for instance, he prefers the upholstery of its pews, the looks of its pastor, or the character of its music?

In other words, is not the explanation by Dr. Briggs and Dr. Shields of their motives in going over to the Episcopal Church simply another indication of the decay of religious conviction? They have changed their ecclesiastical relations, not because of any change in their religious belief, but simply to get more social comfort. It is as if a Republican should go over to the Democratic party for no other reason than that his personal friends were Democrats and some people

objectionable to him were Republicans. Such a man might be an amiable enough person, but he would hardly be accredited with political conviction.—N. Y. Sun.

THEY CAME "HOME" AND ARE HAPPY.

The Missionary. In view of the common opinion of Protestants, that one of their number who becomes a Catholic does so under a delusion which in a few weeks or months will pass away, and that, especially, the contact with the Catholic Church and its people will do most of all to dispel his ideal but misplaced hopes, the following extract from a letter of a convert of two years to a Protestant friend—in response to a query, if he and his wife still found happiness in his new faith—may be interesting to those who linger at the door of the Church, hesitating to enter:

"One question you ask in your letter makes me wish for an angel's tongue to tell you how much we love our new faith, as you call it—new to us, but as you know, the oldest of Christian faiths, the only steadfast one; new only when the Cross was new, but old as the Coliseum in which its martyrs died—when the darkened counsels of the Reformation shrivelled the modern world, confused the souls of men, destroyed the unity of faith and, as it appears to-day, all faith itself. To say that we love the Catholic Church is to say only a part truth: for while the love is constantly growing and consuming all other loves, it only feels the passion which the heart of God, revealed in His Church, excites the soul to express. We say we love the Church, but at the same time we feel a sense of shame to think that our love is not greater when we see the magnitude of the love of God which the Church is able to hold before the wondering eyes. If the soul should once give way to the intense attractions of a religious life as portrayed by the saints of the Church, it might be necessary to enter a religious order to realize it; but there is set before the soul such visions of union with God and foretastes of heaven as make the best enjoyments of earth seem like a fading spark. Only the Catholic faith has cleared the air of my daily life so that I can see the true relation of things temporal and eternal. Only the Catholic faith has given me a knowledge of God which harmonizes both my reason and my heart. Only the Catholic faith can absorb the soul with divinest delight, while it leaves it free to enjoy the innocent pleasures of the world in calmness and repose. Only the Catholic faith presents God and heaven so as to fascinate the eye of the soul—to increase the longing for detachment from earthly affections in order to foster the ever-growing love for the occupations of heaven. Heaven is no longer a vague place—a spiritual condition—but peopled with angels and saints that are your friends. They watch you day by day and work and pray to help you win your battle for salvation. The devout Catholic moves along the highway of life as a crowded thoroughfare; his companions are saints, his comrades are angels who aid his every stroke to win the prize of heaven. My pen could run without ceasing on this subject, yet when all was finished it would be using only a black crayon to paint a many-hued sunset. Who could describe the soul's delight in the Holy Eucharist? Saints have exerted their impassioned ardor to express it; but as God is Infinite, so is the joy of the Holy Eucharist Infinite. And so I can say, if the soul gained alone this Bread of Angels in embracing the Catholic Faith, it would outmeasure every sacrifice that was made and reduce them to nothing."

"The Catholic faith is an ocean of refreshment. As stars fill the darkened heavens with light, so this shadowed life of sin is filled with heavenly light in the ministrations of the Catholic Church. Its altars are shrines of ecstasy, its sacraments festivals of sweetness, its services exalt the heart above the earth, and refresh it with the breath of heaven. The whole world of the Catholic religion is a world of delight, and I can say that our happiness ever increases and will ever increase until, as we hope, it shall lose itself in the sight of Him whom now we see by faith as through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

Why We Honor Mary. Prof. Carroll D. Wright, the United States Commissioner of Labor, writing for Munsey's Magazine, says: "I used to feel that it was mere idolatry or absence of refined feeling that led the Spanish and Italian peasants to kneel before the image of the Virgin Mother. A deeper appreciation of the inspirations of the human soul removed that feeling from my mind. . . . The peasant can realize and bring into his own heart in this way the whole idea of the Mother, when he could not, even with the aestheticism of religious devotion, reach the God of the theologians. It has been through the innumerable representations of the Madonna that religion has received in many lands its most stimulating influence. The same love for the Mother of

Christ, the same confidence in her for the souls to save for which her Divine Son suffered, the same assurance that she is influential with Him, makes all Catholics, princes or peasants, educated or simple, European or American, seek the intercession of the holiest, fairest and tenderest of women.—Mirror.

A PRIEST'S TRIBUTE TO THE PROTESTANTS OF '98.

The Rev. P. F. Kavanaugh, O. S. F., of Cork, the well-known author of a valuable history of '98, in a lecture on that great struggle, said: "Let us remember that we are all children of the same land—that our real interests are in reality one—that if Ireland prospers she prospers for all—that if she decays she decays for all—and that we cannot separate our interests from hers without being traitors to her cause. Yes, standing upon Wexford soil, consecrated to the genius of patriotism by the blood of its martyrs, and to religious freedom by that of its defenders, over the honored ashes of our dead patriots, let the Protestant clasp the hand of his Catholic brother, and agree to bury the remembrance of the senseless feuds of the past in their hallowed graves. I ask my Protestant brethren what was Baginbagen Harvey; what was the venerable Grogan; what was Anthony Perry, of Inch; what was the noble Geraldine, the gallant, the generous-hearted Lord Edward—the darling of the Irish race? Were not these gentlemen Protestants? What was the high-minded Munro and the devoted McCracken? Were not the Protestants? Did not these gentlemen give their lives for Ireland? Oh, why should we hate one another because we differ in religious beliefs? If savage and cruel deeds were done in these dark days, lay the blame of those deeds at the door of the real culprit—England, who, by lies, by calumnies, by every crafty device, inflamed the passions of Irishmen and set one part of our population against the other that she might deprive both of liberty."

"It is true that in '98 the great majority of Protestants in this country ranged themselves on the side of the foreign oppressor, but on the other hand from their ranks have come forth the most eloquent advocates and the most strenuous asserters of Irish liberty. Swift, Molyneux, Burke, Grattan, Curran, Wolfe Tone, Emmet—what a succession of inspiring and glorious memories!"

"And here may I mention one who shone in our horizon but a brief space, passing like a brilliant meteor across the stormy sky of Irish politics; who, though his light was so soon and so sadly eclipsed, yet in Irish hearts has left a warm glow of gratitude which shall last till our race perishes, and our history is forgotten—the unfortunate but gifted benefactor of the Irish race, Charles Stewart Parnell. If that great man erred he suffered the penalty of his error. His error a grateful nation will forget, remembering only his splendid services."

"The Insurrection of '98 may be said to have been confined to five or six counties of the thirty-two into which Ireland is divided. In Down and Antrim it was suppressed after a short but gallant struggle. In Kildare it was also soon put down, not, however, before the men of that county showed that they could fight well if properly led and armed; but the rising which took place in Wexford was much more vigorously conducted, and with great difficulty suppressed. It was indeed during the struggle in Wexford county that the really great events of the Insurrection of '98 took place. I do not purpose now to enter into a lengthened account of the war which England waged against the men of Wexford and their Wicklow associates in 1798. I shall only observe that the great English Empire had to put forth its whole strength to subdue them; that British generals at the head of large bodies of trained troops were often defeated during six weeks of incessant and desperate fighting; that it required 70,000 trained soldiers, led by experienced generals, to subdue some 35,000 Wexford insurgents armed, for the part, only with pikes, without sufficient ammunition, in fire, destitute of almost everything necessary for the successful carrying on of warfare—destitute of all save a noble courage worthy of the heroic age of the world, which urged them to face the most fearful odds in the sacred cause of liberty. Yet with all the disadvantages I have named on the side of the patriots, we have the acknowledgment of an English Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, that it cost England the lives of 10,000 of her veteran troops to overcome the heroic resistance made by the men of '98."

"The failure of the Insurrection in Wexford in gaining final and complete success was, I believe, owing to the following circumstances: The want of officers skilled in the art of war, deficiency of firearms, especially of artillery and the lack of sufficient ammunition, and I must say also that curse of Ireland and of Irishmen, intemperance, to which the loss of the Battle of New Ross must be mainly attributed—and lastly, to the disgraceful apathy of the rest of Ireland. The truth is that the

200,000 or 300,000 men said, and I believe truly, to have been organized and in great part armed, stood by with folded arms while Wexford was crushed by the powerful army of England."

LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees.
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and
bees;
I knew what thrived in yonder garden,
What plants would flourish in a
drained
lot—
Oh, I was very learned then—
But that was very long ago.
I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found—
I knew the rushes near the mill.
Where I picked my first wild rose—
I knew the wood—the very tree
Where lived the peaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.
And pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am I forgot.
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know.
To think I once was wise as he!
But that was very long ago.
I know it's folly to complain
Of what's done or the fates decreed,
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you that my wish would be:
I'd wish to be a boy again.
Back with the friends I used to know.
For I was, oh, so happy then—
But that was very long ago.
—Eugene Field.

THE PONTIFF'S SORROW.

After service in the Sistine chapel the Pope turned to those near him and said: "I have prayed God with the whole force of my being and with the deepest fervor to avert this sad war and not to allow my pontificate to end in the smoke of battle, otherwise I have implored the Almighty to take me to Himself that I might not witness such a sight." Whether these were his exact words or not, there can be no doubt that this was his thought.

If the part which he has taken in the dispute in the interest of peace has been resented, it has been by those who have not done him the justice to recognize the truth that upon him rested a responsibility not of his choosing. He is the agency of a great moral force which existed before he was born and will exist long after he is dead. He was impelled by the weightiest considerations to do what he did, and that he did it with the simplicity and sincerity of age no candid person will hesitate to believe. His days are few at most, and on the verge of the grave the affections are supreme. He was perfectly true to human nature in shuddering at the prospect that his pontificate would end amid the miseries of war. He would be more or less than man not to feel a burden of sorrow at what he beholds.

However much one may differ from him on doctrinal grounds, every one must admit that his course in civil affairs, and which he was bound to take by the necessity of his character as the agency of great moral force, has been that of an enlightened and farseeing man. His qualities as a statesman are acknowledged by none more heartily than by statesmen. He has done the best he could in this crisis, has done it for the sake of humanity, and as both man and priest he has reason to grieve that his efforts were for naught.—Pittsburg Daily News.

CONVERSIONS.

Rev. B. W. Maturin, formerly one of the Cowley fathers of the Anglican Church, was ordained to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church in the Carmelite convent in London on Wednesday last.

Father Maturin was one of the clergy sent to the United States by the Cowley Fathers as a missionary to extend the "High Church" movement in the Episcopal Church in that country. He was stationed for a time in Philadelphia where his work attracted considerable attention. His conversion to Roman Catholicism was announced some time ago, and his ordination to the Roman priesthood has been expected to follow.

At Denver, Col., on April 6, Mrs. H. A. Wimbush was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. B. A. Schifflin, S. J. Her husband had, some years ago, entered the true fold. "This conversion," says the Colorado Catholic, "is remarkable from the fact that this lady is a member of a strictly Protestant family. Mrs. Wimbush is the daughter of Mrs. J. Rowland Hill of Birmingham, England. She comes of a prominent English Church (Episcopal) family. Her mother was a Miss Selwyn, cousin of Bishop Selwyn of Litchfield, and many noted clergy in the Protestant Church are connections."

Wearing of the Green.

From London Truth of the 24th of March we extract the following: "Lord Roberts, on his white Arab of Jubilee fame, presided at the grand mounting and troop of colors in the castle yard, Dublin, on St. Patrick's day. Lord and Lady Cadogan, and all the vice-regal party, profusely decorated with shamrock—a fact which may be of interest to commanding officers who avail at the harmless fancy of their Irish subordinates for wearing the green—were present on the balcony in front of the throne room. After the ceremony their Excellencies and most of the vice-regal party drove to the race meeting at Baldoyle."