

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 WOMAN WHO DID."

The Christian Guardian in commenting on the passing of Grant Allen tells us that his work, "The Woman Who Did," published in 1895, excited much criticism at the time. Well—exceedingly diplomatic, but the editor should know that a work justifying marital infidelity met not much sharp criticism but with hearty condemnation.

People with any respect for themselves would not read anything that "illustrious" Canadian had written after he gave the world his recipe for the removal of morality. We were not a bit surprised at that effusion of Mr. Allen. When men are stumbling on without fixed principles and mistaking the phantoms of the overheated imagination for the beautiful form of truth we may expect anything, even "The Woman Who Did"—and individuals morbid and unclean-minded enough to read it. We agree with the editor, that Mr. Allen's writings have not been on Canadian subjects—and for this we are duly thankful.

THE FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A gentleman by the name of Captain Leary (without the O) is very much incensed at the friars of Guam who did not fall in with his plans for the amelioration of the condition of the Guamanites. Accordingly he sent them out of the colony (rather large word) and he is now going to put into operation his own peculiar scheme of civilization.

What is it, Captain? Sky scrapers, automobiles, bargain stores and free lunch counters? We are waiting. For we know when the treasures of western civilization have passed through the alembic of your extensive brain tissue we may gaze upon a new era.

Archbishop Chapelle denounces the action of Leary as an outrage. "For four hundred years," he says, "the friars have been fathers and mothers to the ignorant natives. They have taught them agricultural pursuits, built houses and schools for them, and by constant supervision over them have kept them at work and lifted them above the state of savagery and ignorance in which they found them. Without the friars the natives will not work, and are a lazy, shiftless set, living from hand to mouth, and would prefer to let their fields grow up in weeds rather than cultivate them."

Sergeant Peyton, who was commissioned by Bishop Dlane to report upon the condition of the Philippines, gave the Episcopal Bishops assembled at St. Louis an eloquent account of the energy and devotion of the Friars. "I do not know," he said, "that on earth there is a people so cleanly, so moral, so temperate and so devout as they are."

GENERAL FUNSTON AND THE PHILIPPINES.

The natatorial genius, General Funston, from Manila, in quest of Archbishop Ireland's scalp, must be, if one may judge from his public utterances, a man of a lofty order of intellect. 'Tis a pity that such an individual should be worn out in swimming creeks and sprinting with the Philippines. That might be entrusted to the athletes of N. Y. A. C., and then the doughty general could devote his attention to the concocting of war correspondence. He might from time to time allude to the creek, done in record time, and show how he with a statesmanlike grasp of the Eastern problem pointed out the solution, and the only way of giving the natives the O. is brand of civilization. His solution is simple—expel the Friars, and Aquinaldo and his dusky adherents will be as little children in the hands of their would-be stepfather, Uncle Sam.

Perhaps the "thin partitions" between madness and genius have collapsed in the soldier's brain or a can of embalmed beef may have upset his digestion. At all events he should take a long rest and abstain from festivities and natatorial exhibitions.

Archbishop Chapelle, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, in refusing to

accept the General's solution, remarks that if quoted correctly, he displays an astounding ignorance of what he is talking about. Kansas, however, that claims him as her hero son, may have no "little red school houses."

"The inhabitants of Luzon," says the General, "are completely under the Church." "Now, I would ask," replies the Delegate, "how can this be possible when nearly every priest in Luzon, outside of Manila, is a prisoner under the insurgents." The General forgot that fact as he forgot to put back the article that, according to Mr. Tnos Fox, he took from the Church of Calococan. Great men are subject to fits of abstraction and the general seems to be no exception to the rule.

He omitted also to refer to the work of the friars in the Philippines. That they have succeeded in educating and Christianizing the natives is attested to by unbiased authorities. He forgot many things when he spoke his little piece before the students of Stanford University, but the average individual will remember that the General is rapidly forging his way to a first class place in the region in which there are no creeds.

THE HARRISBURG MISSION.

Our ministerial brethren in Harrisburg are agitated over the success of the mission given there by the Passionists. They assembled in conclave and a preacher from the country suggested that Fulton, known as "Dirty Fulton," be engaged to give lectures on Catholicism. The confidence of that galaxy of ministerial talent in their own peculiar tenets must be weak indeed when they solicit the assistance of a discredited rafter whose only stock-in-trade is calumny of the fiftieth kind, for the purpose of "counteracting the influence of the recent Romanist mission."

Why didn't they come out in many style and say something for their side of the question when the Passionists were at Harrisburg? They were assured of a respectful hearing considering that nearly all those who attended the mission were without the pale of Catholicity, and that the priests who presided eschewed abuse and personalities and contented themselves with a plain presentation of reasons for adhering to Catholicity. They had a splendid opportunity to refute the errors of Rome, but they failed to avail themselves of it.

WANTED: MORE DOM BOSCOS.

A certain gentleman of our acquaintance entered our sanctum a few days ago looking exceedingly hot and angry. He was in quite a volcanic state and we prepared for the eruption. We have seen him before in action, and to those who have reverence for dollars and cents he is a Vesuvius of wisdom, but to others who do not believe that money constitutes the aim and object of this complex existence he is an unmitigated nuisance. He has an assortment of brand new schemes for the uplifting of humanity, and as they cost nothing he hands them around with an excessive prodigality. We verily believe that if he wrote a novel with a motive and a few big words thrown in he would be looked upon as a prophet by the young people who cultivate a taste for literature whilst their mothers occupy themselves with household duties.

We ventured to say something about the weather—thinking it would serve as a conversational starter. He appeared not to notice it—due, doubtless, to the fact that the clicking of his mental apparatus drowned our voice. After a few moments he launched out into a philippic against the actions of certain boys who used to know him before he made his pile and moved to the other side of the town. His specialty is the children. He would have them grave and demure, and shouting and playing in the public highway would—because it is so disedifying to Protestants, you know—be visited with severe punishment.

We remarked innocently that if he would patent his ideas and have a bill put through the legislature forcing every household to be equipped with them, we should have a generation anemic doubtless, but possessed of all the good qualities credited to children in the ordinary Sunday school literature.

He frowned at our remark and considered it flippant and irrelevant and said that we should know better. Of course we should; but when all wisdom in sight is monopolized by a few favored individuals we must not be censured too severely.

Our friend went his way convinced he had done his whole duty. His children are well groomed and housed and are trained to observe at least all conventionalities; the other children to whom he gives advice are poor little urchins half nourished and half clad and who from the very dawn of reason are close friends with the misery of poverty. The overworked mother has oftentimes a wealth of love that shields them from danger and fashions them into something truer and manlier than the products that emanate from the houses occupied by the gentlemen with cheque books. A great many of them, however, are allowed to roam the streets and to become acquainted at a very early age with the varied forms of iniquity. No eloquence will abate the evil. They may call attention to it at the meetings of the societies, and even commission some good Samaritan to look into it and report—but the children will drift into Protestant organizations or into practical infidelity.

They should drop their blue-books and long winded speeches and get out and help the children. It will entail a little self sacrifice; but it will glorify their lives and prevent them being frittered away in Utopian schemes. "There is no true potency," says Rarkin, "but that of help: not true ambition but ambition to save."

When a man resolves to help others he becomes ennobled; and when he tears from off him the rags of self-sufficiency and selfishness and bends himself to the task of uplifting those around him he becomes a benefactor to his kind and remains henceforth an inspirer to noble deeds. Our utilitarian brethren may smile, but cold facts back up our statement. Take for example Dom Bosco: when he threw himself heart and soul into the work of reclaiming and educating the youth of Turin he was derided as a visionary by the good people who do not believe in an unusual mode of action except when they have the principal part in it, and who are quite content to let things flow in the groove traced out for them by the past. They thunder, of course, against the negligence of parents. The parents may not understand, so absorbed are they in earning bread and butter for their offspring; but it is a harmless way of working and superfluous energy, and that, so far as practical results are concerned, is the best that can be said about it.

Dom Bosco not only preached but he went out into the streets and gathered the children together and treated them with an infinite gentleness and patience and taught them to know and serve God. Dom Boscos are few in our time. We do not expect to find them in every community; but we have the right to expect men earnest enough to do something for the lads who are thrown upon the world and left to their own resources. There is no work more conducive to the well-being of society and more productive of good results than this, and we wish our brethren may see things as we see them and extend the hand of charity to the scores of youth who are uncared for, ignorant, and destined in many cases to be a reproach to the Church of which they claim to be the children.

A "RETURNED EMPTY."

Rev. William Bart is a Methodist preacher, who has been "evangelizing" in Italy for some years. He recently arrived in this country and gave a lecture in Brooklyn, in which there was more than the usual amount of claptrap and fad-talk about the Romish Church and the Latin races, and so forth and so on; from all of which we infer that the Rev. William Bart is on a collecting tour. To show that he has earned his wages he tells his hearers what a degraded, ignorant people he has had to live among, and that all their degradation and ignorance was caused by the Romish Church. This, of course, is the harp of a thousand strings for the returned missionary to Catholic countries.

After having resung the old corruption and degradation story, Rev. Bart says: "But one-half of it was never told in the public press, for I allowed to say, in nearly all the editorial offices there is a Romanist, sent there as a censor for the interests of the Church, and we over in Italy have all ways thought that if one got up quite near to some of the editors of our religious papers, that organ gave an uncertain sound."

By "our religious papers" Rev. Bart means the Methodist and other Protestant papers, and insinuates that their editors are bribed not to emit a certain, that is, an anti-Catholic sound

and that even the anti-Catholic, infidel, and secret Society press editors of Italy are under the influence of the Church and priesthood which they attack so savagely.

Now, if these Methodist and other anti-Catholic editors are bribed by the Romish Church to suppress accounts of the awful things Rev. Bart knows, may we not suspect that Rev. Bart himself is bribed by the cunning Jesuits not to tell half he knows, or to tell just enough to create a reaction in favor of Rome? As he hints that Protestant editors may be bought, he gives cause for the suspicion that he is a Jesuit, or a Jesuit employe to disguise, for what could more assist Rome than the discrediting of her opponents?

What strengthens this suspicion is Rev. Bart's familiarity with the financial affairs of the Jesuits. He says— "which is injudicious on his part if he is a Jesuit secret agent."—"The Jesuits have control of five of the leading banks in Rome. They control many of the municipal plants, such as gas and water; also restaurants and other concerns all over the country." Now, how could any one not in on the ground floor with the Jesuits know all this? Has not the Rev. Bart inadvertently let the cat out?

With such a large amount of funds in the five leading banks in Rome at hand and their control of the gas plants, why could they not employ secret agents to go about in the disguise of Methodist ministers, supplying them with funds from the five leading banks, and oratorical ammunition from the gas plants? There is something amusing in this superb cunning of the Jesuits, in having their disguised agents taking up collections from the pious Methodists, thus making them pay the piper, and at the same time getting back into their five leading banks more than they expended.

But the Rev. Bart does not suspect Protestant editors alone. His opinion of the novelists and artists are equally dishonest. He says:

"Have you thought or noticed in any of the recent published novels that Roman Catholic persons and customs have been favorably presented to the public? How shrewd they are! As they once made use of the artists and the sculptors for the promotion of their cause, they are now subsidizing and manipulating the press."

With all these elements of strength in the hands of the Catholics how hard are the lines of a poor Methodist preacher in Italy. Brethren, he must have money. Deacon Littlehead will hand around the collection box.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

REV. DR. DE COSTA.

A Letter to a Layman.

My Dear Brother—As you already know, I have resigned the office of Presbyter in your communion, and my resignation has been accepted. This left me in the position of a lay member, like yourself. That relation I now sever. Of course, you will say that you regret the step, but certainly one cannot remain in an anomalous position, and I must now give additional reasons, explaining this concluding action, especially since my letter to the Bishop embraced only "a few points." My lay friends expect something more, though what I may now say will not, probably, cover the whole ground.

I shall, however, be obliged to repeat some observations which pained you when uttered viva voce. I am sure that they give me pain, likewise, since my experience in the Episcopal body has ended with a keen disappointment. However disagreeable, I must, nevertheless, express my convictions.

I have laid many difficulties connected with the subject before Bishops, clergy and laity all over the country, in privately printed papers, but without any of the hoped-for results. All acknowledge the seriousness of the situation, but fall to point out any remedy. The situation has now become unendurable. Do not fancy, however, that I have any fears about the Bible or Christianity. I have always welcomed genuine criticism and historical inquiry. But criticism has come to be uncritical. It forms, largely, a case of Tom Paine masquerading in the garb of the rabbi. I shall, however, speak only in general terms now, illustrating the fact that the gross purposes in the Episcopal body go so deep as to render its future hopeless. I could not remain in what is called "good faith." I hope that all my old friends who can stand by in good faith may do so until they can find something better. I could not consent to its abandonment without first having a prospect of something better. One of the most eminent and best balanced of your Bishops says that the situation fills him with "alarm," while another, sadly recognizing the truth, says despairingly, "There will be no improvement in your day or mine."

I could easily fill columns with extracts from letters, and conversations held on the subject with all classes of men, bishops, clergy and laity.

It is impossible to reconcile the present condition with any claim to Catholicity. The situation is thus portrayed by a writer who is looking on, studying the condition of the Church:

"One clergyman may teach the doctrine of the Real Presence or

assure his flock that he possesses the power of priestly absolution. But in the next parish—if in a large city—only a block or two distant, perhaps—the clergyman in charge will deny both of these doctrines and teach his people that they are false and unscriptural. Yet both these men are authorized teachers of religion in the Protestant Episcopal Church, with equal official authority. The Bishop may happen to agree with one or the other. He can do as he likes in the matter."

The situation cannot be made good with whitewash or juggled away. It should rather, if you are able, be met honestly, and dealt with. To put on rich robes, assume an air of authority, and advocate the change of our name to that of "the Catholic Church in America" forms simply a ghastly farce. Multitudes of clergy, after persevering for awhile, and preaching strongly about our "Catholic heritage," have rendered their obedience to Rome. A Catholic heritage forms a Catholic faith, not a collection of discordant and heretical opinions.

Today Protestantism is riven by sects. The Church of England, as the result of the "Blessed Reformation," has given to the world about one hundred and thirty seats, nearly all of which have been reproduced in this country. All are at war with one another, and inside the Episcopal denomination a hot fight goes on, the Bishops having no recognized authority for regulating matters which distinctly belong to an Episcopate. In fact, there is no Episcopate any more than a standard of doctrine.

Under the circumstances, does it appear at all strange that multitudes should be asking if this body really forms a branch of the Catholic Church? At the same time Cranmer and Ridley clubs have done their best to empty Anglican orders of all suspicion of "Sacrosotalism," and to purge the sacraments of the spiritual value and significance claimed for them; denying that the Reformers held or made any sacerdotal claims in connection with their "Blessed Reformation," and declaring that we have no Episcopal line in accordance with the ideas of the pre-reformation period. All this is clinched by the consecration of men to the American Episcopate, like the late Dr. Brooks, who deny the sacerdotal claim, teaching that the office of a Congregational minister is quite as authoritative.

Under the circumstances, my dear brother, I would like to know what you and men similarly circumstanced propose to do? To-day are you not tamely accepting the situation, saying with the leaves-and-fishes brigade, "After us the deluge?" You understand perfectly well the nature of that wide gulf now existing between different portions of the Church and the gross folly and infatuation of the popular verse, "We are not divided." You and I know those of the clergy and laity who frankly say that they will not quibble about mere words, and that they accept the Real Presence. Now, if this doctrine be true, it must follow that the Mass is the greatest of all truths, apart from the Divine Immanence. Indeed the Mass must form the corporate expression of that Immanence. If true, to deny it is profane. It constitutes a sacrilegious affront to the glorified body of the Eternal Son of God. Please notice that this is the language of your school and observe that it is a stab at the heart of Christ. So keenly is this felt that, as you know, guilds have been formed, one of whose objects is to offer reparation to Almighty God for indignities done in the whole Anglican body to your sacrament.

I do not affirm that Anglicans have what they claim upon their altar; but they make the claim for themselves, and if they claim that Christ is there, they must recognize that God cannot look with any favor upon a body tolerating the denial; yet the Protestant Episcopal body all over the land flames with the denial. It has proved a great part of Anglican history during the last two centuries. On the other hand, the clubs I have referred to always took delight in exploiting this denial. In fact, it is asserted that the Episcopal Church makes no pretensions to sacerdotal claims.

Ritualists feel the ignominy and shame of the situation, and ought to appreciate the guilt they incur on their own principles. In contrast with ritualism, rationalism is strongly entrenched and is very bold. It has well nigh destroyed the value of the Bible as a textbook in Sunday schools and as an authority in sermons. The Bible of our forefathers has departed, and the men who impeach it hold places of influence and power. Skeptics of various grades, and discontented men, are now being welcomed into the Church, which promises to become, in due time, a veritable Cave of Adullam.

Do you or did you not sell your heritage at the time of the "Blessed Reformation" for a mess of pottage? The semi Arian and Pantheist explain away what are claimed as "Catholic virtues" unmolested, and "advanced" men tacitly recognize that the bulk of the clergy cannot be trusted to stand at their altars. So, likewise, "Higher Criticism" will not tolerate "superstition" either in pulpit or chancel.

Between the various schools there is

a recognized incompatibility, an "irrepressible conflict." It is theology against theology. As stated in a recent sermon by the leading rector in this city, Dr. Dix, it is a case of the real Christ against the invented Christ—a Christ that Paul never preached, that the Twelve never heard of; a Christ not found in the Word of God; a Christ not able to save mankind.

Yes, I know what you will say: "Let us be patient," and sing, "Lead, Kindly Light." But what can be the use of calling upon the Light to lead when you do not mean to follow?

I have not attempted to argue either for the Sacramentarian or the Skeptic, whether their views are right or wrong. I am pointing out a situation, a state of things that seems to have resulted from the disruption of foundations at the "Blessed Reformation." I point out these antagonisms, and ask you if a branch of the Catholic Church can tolerate them and remain Catholic? If a bank allows the hypothecation of its assets, what becomes of the bank? If a Church is the Defender of the Faith, and the Faith is not defended, of what is the Church the defender? How long can a Church neglect her occupation before finding that the occupation is gone? Is a Church less responsible than the secular corporation? Will God tolerate unfaithfulness in a Church that men will not condone in a human trust? In such a failure will a bold front and brazen denial carry men through? Can the laity themselves be deceived all the time?

Carlyle has written on the subject of clothes, and we have among us, on the one hand, a body of men in Catholic garb, with holy water, confessional, penances and genuflections, offering Rome the flattery of imitation, while withholding obedience; on the other hand, the whitest Calvinist, now shorn of his "decees," with a dress shading off into business suits, or pearl-colored trousers, expansive shirt fronts and smart cravats—the symbols of a flashy Protestantism—carping at Bible, faith, discipline, orders, sacraments.

The cow does not make the monk, but clothes form an index to mental and moral conditions; while a thousand altars and chancels, strewn with saleratus bread crumbs, cast a Zwinglian protest at the Sacramentarian. Can these things co-exist in a branch of the Catholic Church? As a matter of history, the structure is crumbling about you. Many all over the land are deserting the Church; missionary societies are toppling.

Is a place in such a body a place fit for you or me? With my views of the situation, to remain would at least be immoral. One would need a conscience lined with fire brick. We are indeed told that similar conditions exist among all Protestant bodies, which is quite true, and, practically, you have put yourself on their level. Episcopalians have lived with them in catering to the skepticism of the day. The Church is even a safe harbor for men whom they will not tolerate. The confidence of a large portion of the people has been shaken by their religious teachers, and far and wide we see men and women once zealous for religion who can not now be persuaded to enter a Church. The babel of tongues has confused them. An enormous proportion of the names in parish registers represent non-attendants, who say that they have "no use for the Church." Discipline is dead. Ecclesiastical police protection shelters the preacher of untruth.

"Patience," you say again, "time will work wonders." But what wonders? History shows that evils have been overcome, but not by sitting still and crying "Patience." You yourself very well know that in past crisis the Church has never been saved by either patience or silence; and silence in the present case is simply criminal. It is the silence of surrender. The Episcopal body is afflicted not only with a case of simple blood poisoning, but ineradicable leprosy. The situation can never be recovered by the grieving of the "wise" or the "ventral grumbling" of the "judicious." So, my brother, if you will, keep your pious in your boat, stinging "Lead, Kindly Light," until it rots and sends you to the bottom. It would be better, however, to steer now for some good port.

You may say that I am prejudiced against Protestantism. It is true that I see the wreck it has wrought. Nevertheless, I was reared with intense prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church, even though the convert of my near kinsman was burned over her head at Mount Benedict by a mob of Boston Protestants. It was a prejudice that long did duty and which stood me in good stead during several seasons as I lingered in Rome and strolled innumerable times through St. Peter's and the Vatican. Yet perhaps I have never passed from under the hallowed spell woven around me by Pio Nono, when he stood in his audience chamber—gentle, benignant, holy—and gave me his blessing. If I am prejudiced I can only hope that it is in favor of truth and righteousness. But I will close. With unabated love for all my old friends, whether they think as I do or not, I am very faithfully your brother,

B. F. De Costa.

New York, St. Luke's Day, 1899.