

The Catholic Record.

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

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REMARKABLE RETICENCE.

Our friends, the editors, who descend on the inhumanity of King Leopold's Congo officials, observe a deftly calculated reticence regarding Clemenceau and his allies. Sarcasm and denunciatory epithets are hurled at Leopold, but chaplets of adulatory rhetoric are placed on the brows of the "Christ-hunters." Attacks against Christianity are softened, and blasphemy, after being passed through the crucible of the editor, is but a "not very sensible remark." The African picture is splashed with blood: the French one is radiant with eye-satisfying color. The trouble with our friends is that their models are but figments of the imagination. If they would but destroy the caricatures which do duty as the Church and read the non-Catholic writers who state facts as they are, they might be able to inhale an atmosphere not so charged with the bitterness of the past. And this can be had by study and a modicum of courage.

TO BE IMITATED.

We mind us, we mention it for their encouragement, that the talented editor of the Toronto Globe was, in his guidance of the destinies of a non-Catholic weekly, ever careful not to violate the canons of social amenity and truth. He was a hard hitter, but he never forgot the courtesy due to an opponent. He believed that religious belief—at least when it seems heartfelt and well intentioned—is no subject for harsh or even irrelevant investigation. The purveyors of fairy stories got no quarter from him. He was earnest in advocacy of his own views, but always in a way befitting an editor who is conscious of his responsibility. We recommend him as a model to the non-Catholic editor. They are not his intellectual peers, but they can imitate his courtesy.

UNIFICATION AND THAT SORT OF THING.

The unification of Canada on lines traced by our friends is but a dream. It can be conjured by a certain type of mind, but it has no shape, no substance, and it never will come within the domain of reality. We, however, are contributing to the upbuilding of the national fabric every day of the year. Our schools and churches are bulwarks of citizenship. The influence of our religion makes for order, law and morality. Our people are on the level ground of charity and liberty: brethren to all Canadians, irrespective of race, politics or creed, and are taught insistently to scorn discord and strife. That they heed this teaching is borne out by facts which are known to our readers.

In some parts of Ontario the Orange men talk a patois unintelligible to freemen. They see things which come not within the range of normal vision and now and then disturb the atmosphere with ridiculous addresses. But they have been marooned on the island of intolerance. And they do not wish to be rescued. Some day they may become tired of their isolation and mingle with men of unwarped mind who prefer the language of Canada to that of the Lodge. The Canadian who respects the religious convictions of others, who frowns upon irrelevant follies and is more intent upon deeds than words, is our best asset. The man who gives a square deal to his fellow-citizen—who believes that the editors who sanction the publication of screeds, unfair to any denomination, are, however they talk, a menace to our civilization; and he who does not discriminate against another because of religion, is a unifier. He gives service. He abhors the politician who mistakes personalities for argument. Even as he wonders at the smug hypocrisy of the papers, which, while avowing hostility to the yellow press, allow the vulgar cartoon to appear in their columns.

COMMENCEMENT HUMOUR.

The joke-smiths was merry over the graduates. The buckling on of armour for the fight to come and the certainty of victory, provoke a few words which are meant to be humorous. True, indeed, that they who bid farewell to Alma Mater will not keep all their dreams, but if they conserve their enthusiasm and present fidelity to principle they will be happier and more useful than the many who have no

illusion and are cynics—the cheapest of all cheap things. The worst fate that can befall a young man is to fall into the hands of those whose talk is of sin, and whose eyes are so glued to the pavement as not to see the things that are above. Once let him consort with those who laugh at ideals and assert that money is the one thing to be sought and worked for, and his soul will lose its perfume and he will become one of a crowd, doing things because they all do it—vulgar, without an independent opinion, and judging success by the standard of the dollar.

HIS BEST COMPANIONS.

After being graduated a man's best companions are his books. Having learned how to study, he should study. The ward heeler may solicit his services, and, if ignorant or vain enough, he will, if not ruined, find himself disabled at the inception of his career. Much utterance has blighted many a hope. He who knows how to wait—a difficult accomplishment—is never a failure. For, through toil and silence we get some knowledge of ourselves and acquire a clearness of vision that can see an opportunity and strength to seize it. There is room for the man who can do one thing well. The versatile are with the fighting, pushing mass at the bottom of the ladder: the specialist has elbow-room and to spare.

TO BE REGRETTED.

We may not shut our eyes to the fact that some of the household have done much to sorrow the hearts of our teachers. Instead of being leaders, they are losers. They boarded the saloon-train with the intention of alighting at a way station, but they found themselves at the terminal. Without hopes or illusions eating their hearts out, and racked by thoughts of what might have been, they stand as warnings to the young men of to-day. A warning, however, is a paltry role for a man to play. And to be called a "bum," a "soak"—to be aluded to as men who brought tears to a mother's eyes and set at naught an education purchased for them, betimes at the cost of self-sacrifice—this is a big price for admission to the society of "the boys." But they have paid it—have sacrificed the love of the friends and the esteem of worthy citizens to the bar-room and all its works. They have bartered their youth for shame and sin, and in middle age they are "has-beens" out of the race, fit only to garner the harvest of past follies. We can look about us and see them, and realize that every pleasure got otherwise than God meant it—got cheaply, thievingly and swiftly, when He has ordered that it should be got dearly, honestly and slowly—turns into a venomous burden, and the past, as a pleasure, remains as a load, increasing day by day its deadly odour of burning mail. The joys of hatred, of battle, of lust, of vain knowledge, of vile luxury, all pass into slow torture.

MORE PARTICULARS.

The Christian Guardian informs us that the United States Government has set aside \$100,000 for the erection of four buildings along the canal (Panama) which shall be devoted to Christian activities under the control of officers of the Y. M. C. A. The salaries of these Y. M. C. A. officers will also be paid by the Government. Our contemporary says that the Y. M. C. A. is the greatest moral force known to the United States Government. Comment will be made when we obtain more particulars of the action. As it is it wears an aspect of improbability, and we hazard the remark that Secretary Taft is too astute a politician to commit himself unreservedly to the championship of the Y. M. C. A.

This organization poses as being unsectarian and desirous of aiding young men of all creeds. But the other day, however, the Y. M. C. A. in Rome honored the memory of Giordano Bruno, an apostate pantheist who revelled in immorality. A testimony, indeed, to the Christian activities of a band of Christian workers! They could have chosen, this unsectarian organization, some other man worthy of respect as a fit model for their members. But to drag Bruno out of his grave to make a Y. M. C. A. holiday would seem to indicate that this Christian organization has no Christian heroes in stock. If the Panama tollers strive to imitate this man, whom our friends are pleased to honor, there will be busy days for the Panama police-officers.

WHAT FROUDE SAYS.

They seem to have lost the standard of Christian perfection. They turn aside from the heroes of Christianity, and, with some other non-Catholics, taunt us with crudelity for our reverence for them. But Froude says:

"An atheist could not wish us to say more. If we can really believe that the Christian Church was made over in its very cradle to lies and to the father of lies, and was allowed to remain in his keeping, so to say, till yesterday, he will not much trouble himself with any faith which, after such an admission, we may profess to entertain."

NEXT MOVE BY FRENCH INFIDELS.

SPECULATION AS TO WHAT GOVERNMENT WILL DO WHEN ITS HANDS ARE FREE.

ERNEST L. AVON'S Paris Correspondence in the Evening Mail, 21 June, 1907.

What will be the next great movement against religion in France? "That question forces itself upon the attention of every observer. In America the impression exists that, for good or evil, a stable settlement of the relations of Church and State has been attained. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Confiscation is an accomplished fact. No restitution of any sort can be hoped for. But the mere "tenancy at will" of the churches, the occupancy and control of buildings and other property actually used in religious exercises, without a vestige of legal title, cannot continue.

Tolerance will last only as long as the governmental assailants of religion are kept occupied by the problems of labor, taxation and such incidental diversions as the demonstrations by the wine-makers of the southern provinces. The truce will endure only while the hands of the ministers are tied by these entanglements.

CLEMENCEAU'S PURPOSE UNCHANGED.

Clemenceau has not changed his attitude since March 2, 1905, when he stated in the *Neue Freie Presse*, over his own signature, that the separation law was much too "debonair," and should be changed to greater thoroughness whenever possible; closing his article by declaring that "for every good republican the Church question must remain always the order of the day."

Where, then, will the next inevitable blow fall; how will it be planned; how delivered? The Catholics cannot tell, for they do not know. Their enemies profess indifference, and Clemenceau and his associates keep their counsel. The first clue to an intelligent forecast of the future I obtained from a wholly unexpected source—from "Archbishop" J. Rene Vilatte, the Paris-born, Belgian Canadian chief of *L'Eglise Catholique, Apostolique et Francaise*.

The career of Vilatte had been described in the American press. Scant attention was being paid to him here. He had been ousted from his tenancy of the old chapel of the Barnabites by the announcement of the receiver of the convent of the sale of the property at an upset price of \$70,000.

His congregation held their services in a rented hall, and seemed content to leave the Church property of the parishes of Paris untouched. The assurance that I received on all sides that the schismatic movement had failed seemed justified.

But when the newspapers announced that a special audience at the ministry of the Interior had been accorded by the Premier to the "national committee" for the defence of public worship associations and religious liberty, that the demand was made for information as to the date when the Government would transfer the possession of the property formerly held by the Church to the associations formed in accordance with the separation law in one hundred and seventy-five communes of France, and that M. Clemenceau had replied at that the earliest propitious moment the matter would be taken up by the Ministry, it seemed time to talk with "Monsieur" Vilatte Parisian opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

MEETING WITH "MONSIEUR" VILATTE.

He is a big man physically, and not a small man mentally. I met him in the apartments in the Rue de Richelieu of M. Henri des Houx, the active president of the organization which plans the capture of many millions under the separation law.

M. des Houx has unusual height and width, and so has his salon. But both seem dwarfed by the striking figure of his guest in black and red episcopal robes, with gold chain and cross massive enough to serve as a ledge anchor for a fair-sized schooner.

The photographs of the man do not do him justice. His bulk is somewhat impressive, because it is not mere fatness. His voice is agreeable and his manner is one of frankness, candor and smiling confidence. He has a bold eye that is not shifty—by an effort on his part.

It is only during the rare moments when his face is in repose that the lines make one wonder whether this big, pleasant-mannered man does not think everything a farce except the so-called "good things of life."

I had expected to meet a commonplace charlatan—one of the various varieties of fakirs which every American newspaper man has mentally classified and docketed. I was mistaken—almost as badly mistaken as the Parisian journalists who had told me that the "schismatic Church" had

collapsed so completely that it would be a waste of time to interview "Monsieur" Vilatte.

I professed complete ignorance of the French language, because I did not want him to talk in the tongue of verbal reversibility. He knows both languages well, but he is at ease only when he speaks French. In speaking English he uses the word that expresses his thought without ambiguity.

He started with the usual assortment of large, vague and more or less historical generalities which one learns to expect in France. An experimental interruption brought unexpected results. "All that you say is very interesting in a literary way or to instruct a foreigner who has not studied this question, but Americans are interested only in the practical side, if there is one."

ARROUSED TO EARNESTNESS.

Up to that moment he had been talking oratorically for the benefit of four or five of the presumably "faithful," who were eying him from distant corners and signs of magnificent distaste. Instantly the man's whole manner changed. He murmured that he had not noticed others present, and in a small breakfast room adjoining he settled himself to "straight talk."

"At times it was perhaps a little 'straighter' than he meant it to be. He is a shrewd man, and has had many experiences. He is prepared to meet assault, censure, criticism or ridicule. But he is unused to American interviewing methods. Agreement with his arguments, followed sharply by a jarring question, is apt to bring from him something more than he would say if he took second thought.

QUESTION ONE OF BUSINESS.

Some of the things he did say were these:

"This whole question is one of business much more than of religion. Here are millions up in the air—not the confiscated property—of course, the State has that—but all the churches, the presbyteries for which leases have not been arranged, and everything else that the Romanists use without authority of the law which they disobey.

"Religion? Why, it is the 'debauche' of belief in France. I am an American, and I know you Americans like figures. So let us get down to facts. You hear about forty million Catholics in France. So there are, if you count every man who is baptized and calls himself a Catholic if the question is put to him. But the truth is that seven million is an over-liberal estimate of real Christians in France to-day. They call us schismatics. Bah! I tell you Rome is an American. France holds a thousand schisms."

SAYS OLD FAITH IS DEAD.

"What has killed faith in this country? Partly Romanism, partly the modern progress of economic thought. The one hope lies in a free, free, untrammelled national church. The old Catholicism is dead. The priests who tell you otherwise are trying to whistle breath into a corpse. I tell you this as an American.

"I came to Paris only with a satchel. I found a group of people eager and waiting to hold to their faith and still be free. That is why I am still here. The slanders tell you I am seeking selfish advantages and aggrandizement.

"I tell you that, holding the episcopal power through the ancient See of Antioch, I am here only long enough to transmit my powers to elected Bishops, and then I shall depart, taking up missionary work in the Canadian country that I love."

The "Monsieur" had ceased to be interesting when he drifted into preaching, canting and insincerity. A complimentary reference to Brian brought him up tant as by a larrikin.

CALLS BRIAN A JESUIT.

"Brian! Brian is a Jesuit. We did not know he was a fool of the Vatican till lately. In fact, we doubted Clemenceau. But now we know where we stand. You doubt that we can feel sure? Wait and see. We have Clemenceau's assurance—private, but sure. We must wait. But watch for the moment that matters quiet down."

"You think our movement in Paris is unpromising. You do not understand the situation. We do not wish to stir feeling in Paris. Our work must be done gradually—from the provinces. We have one hundred and seventy-six 'associations catholiques,' organized under the law and officially recognized by the Government. The Government does not turn over to us all the Church property in those communes because it has many outside embarrassments. But it must do so soon.

"And besides, we have other associations forming which bring the number up to two hundred, and we are in communication with dozens of mayors who write that legal associations will be organized whenever we notify them that the Government is ready to act."

Assuming the role of density, I put this final question to him: "Why should you not form an association, as prescribed by the law which the Catholics refuse to obey, every commune in France and say to the Government, 'We are Catholics, even though we have no link with Rome? We are obedient to the law. Give us the cathedrals and the churches, the presbyteries and the lands, the vestments and the holy vessels. How can you lawbreakers when loyal citizens are manding only the execution of the law which you have passed?'"

"Exactly! Exactly!" was the response. "I am sure you do. We want no trouble—no offense more than is necessary. We start in the provinces, but we shall move to Paris. They cannot deny the provisions of their own law. And we know that they will do their logical duty in good

time. Brian is a traitor, but Clemenceau we count upon."

My belief is that the "national church" and the society with the long name will be used as a weapon of coercion and not as a beneficiary by Clemenceau and his co-laborers in the work of eviction of religion by degrees.

But when the time is ripe, what better justification in the eyes of non-understanding America and England could these athletic champions have than the power to point to lawful associations for worship, formed by law-abiding citizens, as the Government's excuse for giving the Catholics of France the choice of revolting against the Pope and the hierarchy or forfeiting the right to worship even at such shrines as that of Notre Dame?

HOW BRIAN WAS "CONVERTED"

We are at a loss to know which is the greater, the stupidity of those who circulate silly stories about Catholics, or the astuteness of those who believe them.

This puzzle is suggested by the letter of an intelligent and scholarly correspondent in Southern Illinois, who is relieved by his letter to us, some Protestant tracts which he tells us, were sent to him with a view of liberating him from "superstitions and errors of Rome." They amused him, but made him sad to think of the stupidity of the poor man who wasted a two-cent postage stamp in sending the tracts to him. He did not consider it a compliment to his intelligence that any one should think such stuff would have any influence on his mind. So he sent them to us as a curiosity, and with the idea that we might comment on them.

We will give in short the contents of one of these tracts as a specimen of the kind of reading the average non-Catholic is fed on, and which is pliously believed by many credulous folk in the country districts.

It is entitled, Brian, the Irish Cowherd, and goes on to tell how said Brian was "converted." It begins thus: "In a distant part of Ireland there lived a farmer."

Here we must pause to admire—if we can—the artistic indefiniteness of "a distant part of Ireland." Distant from where? The skill of the artist is shown here. Even the genius of Sherlock Holmes could not find the interesting place referred to, if called upon to investigate and verify the story; so carefully has the pious story teller left in reserve an alibi. Why did he not give the name of the place, or the name of the farmer, or the full name of Brian that he might be identified? Surely such a "brand plucked from the burning" ought to be identified—unless the story teller was, for some reason, ashamed of him. But dates and names are too prosaic for Romanists.

So we must be satisfied with "In a distant part of Ireland there lived a farmer." As farmers in Ireland and elsewhere, have a stubborn habit of living at a distance from those who persist in living at a distance from them, we may let the story-teller's statement pass.

On a certain—or uncertain—occasion the prosaer visited him (the farmer) and "requested" the privilege of preaching in the neighborhood. This was granted. A very accommodating farmer indeed, to grant the privilege of preaching in the neighborhood. But why ask for such a privilege? If the request had been for the privilege of eating a dinner of yellow-legged chicken there would have been some sense, some verisimilitude in it, but for a prosaer to preach in the neighborhood, fudge.

The story goes on: "The Lord opened the farmer's heart." As was evident to the preacher from the fact that the farmer opened his parlor as a preaching place, and the process of enlightening the natives began.

Now Brian, the supposed hero of the story, makes his appearance on the stage. "A Cowherd, a Roman Catholic, hearing of what was going on, was greatly alarmed."

Poor fellow, he must have been of a very nervous diathesis. But according to the story-teller's report "the spirit was silently working in him." He grew sad and dispirited, went about with a dejected countenance, unfit for work, and his wife said to him one day: "Brian what ails you? You are good for nothing."

"Molly, my dear, I'm afraid I will lose my soul."

"Lose your soul, man! how's that? Why Brian, what makes you think that?"

"Because I'm all dirty within." Then the wife, instead of telling him to take a chalogogue cathartic to relieve his congested liver, told him to go to the priest and tell him all about it.

He went to the priest and told him how he "was all dirty within." The priest gave him some good advice and sent him home.

But Brian was not content. The story-teller had him in leading strings and was determined to make a Protestant of him before he finished. So he made Brian feel "dirtier and dirtier" until he finally led him to the prosaer who, after some talk, gave him a Bible, and Brian sat down comforted. But he soon jumped up, and seizing the prosaer, said: "What ails me sir? I don't feel bad any more at all, at all; I'm clean within."

"...are converted," said the prosaer. "We must repeat our question: Who are the stupider, the concoctors of such silly stories, or those who believe them?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

According to a news agency dispatch from Rome the Pope adopted vegetarianism in January, hoping to defeat his perpetual enemy, the gout. He has not suffered since, and he attributes his condition entirely to his diet.

Cardinal Gibbons is, in the order of creation, one of the oldest of the Sacred College of Cardinals. He is the fourth oldest of the Cardinal-priests. In less than two months he will have completed his twenty-first year in the Cardinalate.

At the Alumni dinner of the Boston Jesuit College, the president, Rev. Thomas L. Gasson, S. J., asked the co-operation of the members in the raising of a \$10,000,000 fund, to provide new buildings, and in various ways increase the facilities of this institution.

Most Rev. Patrick Vincent Flood, O. P. Archbishop of Port of Spain, Trinidad, died on May 17. The beloved prelate had been in failing health for some time, necessitating a visit to Europe every year to recruit his strength, which was being slowly undermined by a deadly malady.

According to the Catholic Herald of London, the Archbishop of Glasgow, who is in Rome, brought to the attention of the Pope the denunciation of the New Theology and its apostle, the Rev. Dr. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, London, by Canon Mackintosh. The Pope directed that his congratulations should be conveyed to Canon Mackintosh.

After a lapse of three hundred and sixty-seven years the Franciscans, the ruins of whose monasteries, so touching and lovely even in their desolation, are features of the Irish landscape, have returned to Oxford. The friars were driven out in the reign of Henry VIII. The order has now opened a new training college at Cowley within two hundred yards of the city of Oxford.

The Pope has directed, on behalf of the Order of Augustine Fathers, that the honorary degree of LL.D., be conferred upon Edward Bok, of Philadelphia, for signal services in journalism and moral studies at the College of Villanova. Mr. Bok is editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia. Villanova college is located just outside of Philadelphia. The college conferred a similar honor upon ex-President Cleveland two years ago.

The new St. Louis Cathedral will be larger than the new Westminster, London, Cathedral. The greatest length of Westminster is 330 feet; the greatest length of the St. Louis Cathedral will be 380 feet. The greatest width of Westminster is 117 feet; of St. Louis 212 feet. The clear open auditorium of Westminster is 12,000 feet; of St. Louis 13,500 feet. The dome, interior, of Westminster is 112 feet; of St. Louis 175 feet.

A fact which is not commonly known is that Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., is the only English priest who has ever numbered King Edward VII. among his congregation. And the prosaer abated none of his vigor on that notable occasion, giving, indeed, a good many hard knocks to people not far removed from courtly circles. As one would expect, the king has a sincere regard for such an outspoken priest, who has had the honor—almost unique among priests, again—of dining with His Majesty.

After Francis Coppes, Ferdinand Brunetiere, and J. K. Huysmans, now Adolphe Rette has abjured the error of his ways in France. Rette's conversion is quite remarkable in its way as was that of Huysmans and much more abrupt. Huysmans required three volumes to tell how he had trod forth from the black mass to a monastery. Rette is going to describe in one how from an atheist who reviled the Catholic Church he became a fervent Christian who is going to a monastery.

St. Augustine's Colored Church, in Washington, D. C., has one of the most notable congregations in the country. Last Sunday night it was the scene of a most impressive service. There were sixty converts lined up in two rows at the altar rail, each with a candle in his hand and reciting, in a loud voice, the profession of faith, while Father Doyle, from the Apostolic Mission House, led in the recitation of the same profession from the pulpit. These converts were all colored people, and had been received into the Church within a few months.

Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the New York traction millionaire, has so much charity work in hand that she has a private office and staff of clerks and stenographers. Here she spends every morning attending to the business which she has made her own. No charitable institutions are better managed than those that she has endowed, for she requires of them regular reports and she watches them closely. She has given away about \$4,000,000 in building hospitals, convents, schools and churches. Mrs. Ryan not only gives money, but her time and counsel also.

Mr. Cyril Martindale, of Pope's Hall, Oxford, has just crowned an academic career of almost unexampled brilliance by carrying off the Ellerton theological scholarship. Mr. Martindale is a member of the Society of Jesus, which established a hall at Oxford, as the Benedictines also have done, a few years ago. The Ellerton prize was founded by a clergyman of extreme Evangelical views, who wrote a famous, but now forgotten, "tractate against Tractarianism" in 1845. It is a curious sign of the times that a young Jesuit should now win a prize which was founded by an essay on some such subject as "the difference between the Protestant and Romish Churches."

Philosophy is show, not in our talk, but in our conduct.—Bonaini.