

The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 2.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Current Topics.

The Boer

The past week has brought forth little of any practical account, and things seem to be pretty much at a standstill. Reading and skirmishing have been the order of the day. The Boers remain in their outposts and strongholds and show no disposition to advance, probably realizing that a waiting policy devoted to strengthening their own position and offering an impenetrable front to the British advance is about the best thing for them. It is for the British first to advance and drive them out of British territory, and second, and the far more difficult of the two, to carry the war into the Transvaal and the Orange River Free State.

In addition, however, to keeping back Britain's troops in the field, the Boers manage to keep a close watch on the beleaguered places, whose chances of holding out until relief can reach them becomes daily less. Indeed if it were not for the splendid defence made of Mafeking, Kimberley and Ladysmith, the British would have little to show beyond some very brilliant and costly losses. And now even the many sided and invincible Col. Baden-Powell is said to have been defeated in a sortie, and serious doubts are raised as to his ability to hold out much longer. Altogether the look out of the week for the British is gloomy and decidedly unpromising of anything like immediate success. The one redeeming feature of the situation seems to be the inability of the Boers to follow up their recent checks of the British advance. It becomes daily more and more evident that the undertaking entered upon by the British forces is one of gigantic magnitude and can only be accomplished at the expense of much blood and money. But there is not the slightest sign of yielding or compromise on either side, and there will be many a desolate hearth and smoking ruin throughout the United Kingdom, and over that possumy skin in Canada, before the Union Jack waves at Pretoria.

The most important happenings up-to-date are the determined but unsuccessful bombardment and attempted storming of Ladysmith. General White held on, though the Boers had to be driven out of British trenches at the point of the bayonets. The defeat of the Boers at Ladysmith proves conclusively again that they are not as good in attack, even when the conditions are in their favor, as they are in defence.

Any doubt as to the Canadians at destination and work the Front awarded to the Colonial troops in South Africa, was dissipated by the action at Sunnyside on New Year's Day. Both Canadians and Australians have been long to meet the Boers. The opportunity came at last, and the colonials scored a brilliant success. The Toronto company were the first of the Canadian contingent to receive their baptism of fire, and according to the very flattering accounts received, there was enough fire poured upon them to impress the ceremony. However, they behaved most gallantly and won the congratulations of Mr. Chamberlain, cabled to Lord Milne, and the enthusiastic admiration of their fellow-citizens of Toronto. Their gallantry and success at Sunnyside will most probably win for them a recognition that may dispatch them on more perilous undertakings than they have yet been entrusted with. None were killed—but Boer bullets are dangerous and—but we will pursue the subject no further, hoping for the best because they are Toronto lads.

There has been trouble and the at Pretoria over the United States appointment of the American Consul there to watch over the interests of Great Britain. At the outbreak of the Spanish War, the British representative at Madrid took charge of American interests. It was more on the principle, that one good turn deserves another, than from any genuine desire for the job that the U. S. government acceded to Britain's request. President Kruger refused to allow Consul Macrum to act for the British at Pretoria, claiming that the United States was too friendly and partial to Britain. The information comes now, that the refusal of the South African authorities is not based on unfriendliness to the Consul, but resting rather on the ground that the Boers wish to recognize no representative whatever of British affairs during hostilities. This

refusal is characterized, by those who know, as a rank violation of the commonest practice among civilized nations in time of war, and as a total disregard for international requirements. But Kruger commands the situation, and it will take a pretty strong army to enforce any distasteful regulations at Pretoria just at present. President Kruger knows full well that the United States will not take any great offence at this seeming act of discourtesy.

The death of Judge Ireland's William O'Brien was a Judicially evoked considerable comment on the personnel of the Irish Judiciary. It is pointed out that the Irish Judicial Bench (irrespective of the County Court Judgeships) numbers seventeen members, and only two of these are Catholics; that in view of the fact that three-fourths of the population of Ireland are Catholics the proportion, as existing before Judge O'Brien's death, of fourteen to three is simply out of all proportion. If there were any great dearth of Catholic talent there might be some excuse for this glaring injustice, but when it is known that there are over four hundred Catholics on the roll of Irish barristers it is hard to account for it except on the grounds of injustice and the rankest bigotry. This utter ignoring of the rights of Irish Catholics to just representation in the judicial government of their country is enough to make an honest man's blood boil. The plain and unmistakable policy of the British government is to hold Ireland for everybody except for the vast bulk of her population. On the other hand in the face of the record of the three Catholic Irish Judges who have dispensed justice to their fellow countrymen, it cannot be said, strictly speaking, that they were either ornaments to the Irish Bench or popular with their co-religionists.

It is stated that, never before in the history of the city of Toronto's history, has the interest in municipal politics been so keen as at present, and hence the rush of citizens on Monday the 8th inst., to hear Mayor Macdonald's inaugural address. From a report of that address published in another column of this paper, it may be seen that the regime now inaugurated promises to be one of practical and welcome civic reform. The Council cannot but fail to see that the people are in earnest concerning the various questions upon which they have so emphatically expressed themselves. There is a good business ring about the Mayor's opening address, and if the programme therein outlined is carried out faithfully, it should succeed in preventing or smothering rings of a character more dangerous to the city's treasury. The weak part of the performance was that in which Mayor Macdonald had recourse to threats and mild invective against those whom he pictured as the people's enemies. Such references impressed impartial people with the idea of personal animus. The best way to get after such gentlemen is to keep a quiet tongue, a dignified reserve, a determined will, and, to act, strong in the confidence of the support of the citizens of Toronto.

The recent seizures of German Steamers, Indignation. Bundeath and General, by British cruisers in the neighborhood of Delagoa Bay has aroused the ire of the German press. Although the British and German governments preserve correct official relations, still the outbreak of popular wrath in Germany against British methods proves how near the surface are the smouldering embers of national pride and feeling. The German Colonial Society numbering some 80,000 members of influential men drive the proceedings against German vessels an outrage. The further the war is prolonged the more will be the danger of rising foul of some power anxious to have a word in the settlement of the South Africa Question.

This much abused term, "Higher Criticism," seems to mean the right of every man who thinks he knows more about the Sacred Scriptures than his neighbor to put on them what interpretation he pleases. Some time ago it was thought that this "Higher Criticism" was a kind of Heaven-provided instrument to cut the authority of the Catholic Church in pieces; but it has proved a two-edged

sword whose sharper edge wounds now to be turned against those who erstwhile were so fond of wielding it. It is serving one great purpose, namely to render confusion worse confounded and to produce a state of spiritual unrest and conflict of opinion bordering on spiritual chaos. Whole libraries have been written on the subject, with the result that in the tangled mass of private judgment it is impossible to say positively that God's word has any definite meaning. Never in the long history of Christianity could it more truthfully be said that the Catholic Church is the one sure guardian of Biblical truth, and this fact is coming to be recognized more and more every day even by non-Catholic truth-seekers.

In St. Patrick's Church Montreal, a mission given by the Paullist Fathers of New York, is going on, for the first time in the history of Catholicism in that city, for people who are not of the Catholic faith. Archbishop Bruchési in inaugurating the mission alluded to the good terms upon which Catholics and Non-Catholics lived in Montreal, and expressed the opinion that good might accrue from the discussion of the important questions affecting the salvation of souls and of faith, as there existed in many minds outside of the Catholic Church incomplete, and sometimes false notions concerning its teachings. From which it may be inferred that the object of the mission is at her to break down the almost insuperable barriers which Protestants have built upon error relating to the Catholic Church, rather than to strive directly to win non-Catholics over to Catholicism. These missions to non-Catholics form work undertaken by the Paullist Fathers. Father Younan preached the first sermon, on the subject of faith, taking for his text our Lord's words to St. Thomas, "Thou hast believed because thou hast seen; blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

Not since Lord Macaulay's panegyric, which occurred in his review of "Raskin's History of the Pope," have such glowing tributes been paid to the genius, authority and living influence of the Catholic Church by non-Catholic writers, as during the past few weeks. They appear where least expected in the columns of the leading magazines, and from the pens of the foremost thinkers in the non-Catholic religious world. The Pope may be a prisoner in the Vatican, but the spirit of his Church is alive in every land. As an esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Standard and Times, boldly expresses it: "After eight thousand years of existence, under every variety of vicissitude, the Church stands to-day the eyes of all eyes, the hope of the one agonized, the despair of her enemies." One non-Catholic writer, Mr. H. D. Hedgwick, recently maintained in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly," that "to the Catholic religion belongs the future" (in America). And after a striking episode, ends by boldly asking the very pertinent question, "How shall we seek the Church that claims its authority from the Apostle Peter to humble itself before the Church which derives its independence from Henry VIII.?" How indeed?

According to a cable despatch "eight additional militia regiments have been called out. Seven of these will serve in Ireland, replacing the regulars sent to South Africa." It is to be hoped that our loyalty will not be impugned if we express the regret that the British government feels itself in a position towards Ireland that necessitates keeping a garrison there. Had the policy of Gladstone towards Ireland been carried into effect years ago and had the Lords been taught the salutary and urgent lesson that they could no longer stand in the way of the expressed will of the British people, such a deplorable necessity would not have arisen.

A MAJOR PILL.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but which cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach arise from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Farnese's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

Catholic Literature.

The subject of the advance of Catholic Literature in the United States, is ably discussed in the Catholic Mirror, by the Rev. J. J. Malley. The writer says: "Has there been an advance in Catholic literature within recent years? In several respects, yes. It has, first, to come to the rescue of the masses of the main characters in nearly every work of Catholic fiction almost invariably were Irish. To day we find American people in the pages of our fictionists. This is well. The literature of our land ought to represent the people of that land, just as Greek literature shows us the Greek people, Roman literature the people of Rome, English literature the people of England. It is a mistake to suppose we have no Catholic life and landscape in this country worthy of reproduction and preservation.

Second, our literature has advanced in another respect. It has, without being any part of the Catholic dogma, become more controversial and more natural. Formerly it was full of controversy. The novelist believed it his chief mission to get several respectable people together, Catholic and Protestant, and put them arguing religious questions at one. They moved about like prize and they talked like catechists. Of course, there was some incident, perhaps a few hours for sleep; but the discussion was everything. In the end the Protestants (at least the bulk of them) were converted, and it was rare that the hero did not become a priest, the heroine a nun. Nowadays we have advanced beyond this. Our Catholic heroes and heroines better show by their daily lives of whose fold they are. They talk naturally and act naturally, and they teach more by example and less by word. Many still become priests or nuns, as is right; but a number marry and become the fathers or mothers of future priests or bishops. This is an advance in art, and although Mr. remains to be accomplished along this line, we have reason to feel encouraged by what has been done.

Within the last few years, also, we have made no small headway toward evolving a Catholic youth's literature. This is advance number three. Fiction, indeed, we had children's books, but they were modelled too closely after the Protestant Sunday-school order. "Sickled o'er with the pale cast" of unnatural goodness, they made real piety uninteresting. In no respect have we advanced so much in degree as in our own youth's fiction. To-day our leading writers have set themselves to producing it, nearly all our publishers are issuing it, and, strange to say, it is found to pay—not greatly but satisfactorily. That it does not pay, however, is not a disadvantage. Our own observation shows that our young people will read it when they can get it. Fiction of this character coming to the office of the Midland Review, (of which the writer is editor) for review, are read by at least twenty young people of the neighborhood, and discussed and criticized—sometimes after a fashion which would make their authors stare. Still, without reading there can be no criticism, and the discussions show the books have been read.

It is time to believe, rather a hopeful sign. The youth who to-day read youth's fiction, to-morrow grows up, will be buying and reading the best Catholic literature. The reading habit is one of the hardest to shake off. Many parents buy books for their children that never dream of buying them for themselves, or of reading them themselves. If they can only be persuaded to patronize Catholic publications, the advance will be still more marked. In the field of the essay, Bishop Spalding, Conde B. Feltus, Walter Mackenzie, Francis Egan, Humphrey Diamond and others have produced some really excellent work; but, probably since the essay appeals to older people, these have not been found in any strong demand. "Our people do not seem to care for essays or poetry," writes a well-known publisher to me, a few months ago, adding: "Indeed, it is hard telling which is in least demand. Neither is there much demand for history. Another publisher assured me that he found it difficult to dispose of a five-hundred copy edition of any volume of essays. Even novels for grown up people go off slowly. This is to be regretted, but the cause is not far to see. As to poetry, there does not appear much demand for it either in the Catholic or secular world. I know one Catholic publisher who has ordered two copies of Father Tabby's 'poems' three years ago. He has yet one copy— which he offers to sell at half price. A copy of Francis Thompson's 'New Poems,' ordered two years ago, yet remains unsold.

In brief, since my space is limited, I give it as my deliberate opinion that, while Catholic literature, in many respects, has advanced within recent years, our people seem doing little to justify the advance that has come. They do not buy Catholic books as they ought, and often they do not read them when they borrow them. They do, however, at least many of them, buy "David Harum" and "Richard Carvel" and dozens similar. This is the way they treat the Catholic newspapers, also. They will not read them, they "haven't time to read it." They will, however, take and find time to read the secular daily, although the latter frequently offers insults to their faith. One reason for this may be attributed to our Catholic colleges and academies, which, in some instances, are at least, only too seldom impress upon

their young people that Catholic literature and journalism ought to be supported. Another reason exists with those Catholic lecturers who enduce their young people to read beauties in "Cromwell, Browning, Longfellow and other English authors," while Catholic writers are ignored. It is largely for this fact, it is no wonder that many of our people come to think that "Catholic literature is not much." A more potent reason still may be charged to the secular spirit which at present seems everywhere prevalent.

Catholics in the Transvaal.

A considerable amount of comment has appeared in the press about the position of Catholics in the Boer Republic—more than the steady recognition of our co-religionists there seems to warrant. The effort made to demonstrate that the Boer Government has had nothing but the kindest and most tolerant feelings towards them has in our opinion not been over successful. It is tedious and absurd to close one's eyes to facts.

The Globe deals with the question as follows:—

Dr. Leyds, in a letter to the Tablet, denies some statements made in its columns with reference to the position of Roman Catholics in the Transvaal. Dr. Leyds states, that by the law of 1898, no Roman Catholic Churches were allowed to be erected in the Transvaal, but he claims that this attitude was abandoned in 1870. He also admits that Roman Catholics were excluded from holding any public office by a resolution passed in 1894, but that this resolution was cancelled two years subsequently. "In case of a vacancy in the Government service," he says, in conclusion, "a notice is inserted in the Government Gazette for that purpose, in which applicants are also requested to state to which religion they belong, but the assertion that in such a notice, it is stated that applicants must be of the Protestant religion, is untrue." The Tablet, from the evidence which it prints, wishes to accept this disclaimer of Dr. Leyds. It shows that several times during August last the Board considered the question of removing the religious disabilities of Roman Catholics and Jews. President Kruger was in favor of the policy, and issued a decree in which Catholics and Jews were allowed to state to which religion they belong, but the assertion that in such a notice, it is stated that applicants must be of the Protestant religion, is untrue.

The Tablet, from the evidence which it prints, wishes to accept this disclaimer of Dr. Leyds. It shows that several times during August last the Board considered the question of removing the religious disabilities of Roman Catholics and Jews. President Kruger was in favor of the policy, and issued a decree in which Catholics and Jews were allowed to state to which religion they belong, but the assertion that in such a notice, it is stated that applicants must be of the Protestant religion, is untrue.

The Tablet wrote to Mr. Fitzpatrick, author of "The Transvaal from Within," and in reply he says that he repeatedly re-examined the laws of the Boer Government about the injuries of the regulations affecting Catholics, and only a few months ago was told by the present State Attorney, Mr. J. S. Smuts, that it was impossible to give any relief to Catholics without at the same time extending it to the Jews, and that they are not prepared to do so. Mr. Fitzpatrick further says:—

"About three months ago my attention was drawn to the case of a young South African-born Roman Catholic (I fancy he was a Transvaaler), son of Irish settlers, who got a letter and was removed when it became known what his religion was. Dr. Leyds' own notice inviting applications for billets in the Education Department always stipulated that the applicants must be a Protestant, and the law so-day stipulates that all Unkirked members must be Protestants."

In the face of these statements, says the Tablet, and of the fact that, in spite of President Kruger's support, the Tablet only last August refused to emancipate either Catholics or Jews, we are content to leave our readers to form their own estimate of Dr. Leyds.

The Mule's Delusion.—The pack mule is quite as much an institution as the team or the horse, and is equally indispensable in the mountains. Mule packing is a fine art, and with a well-trained animal and skilful packer you can safely transport anything from a piano to a bag of oats. When the packer has finished his job in an artistic manner the animal goes on or back or over or under, but he cannot rid himself of his burden, and he finally gives it up in despair. After two or three experiences he will submit to his destiny and fall into line with the rest of the train every morning to be loaded from the packer. A well-trained pack mule is a thing of pride of his load, and if by any means it gets loose he will step quickly out of the line and wait till the pack-master comes along to tighten it. The most serious objection to the mule, which you sometimes find in human beings also, is the delusion that he can swing. One who has never heard a mule solo cannot appreciate the extent of his mistake; but, like everything else about a mule, his song is entirely original. It belongs to no other animal. No one can describe and no one can imitate it.

Fact or Fancy.

Young Men and Young Women.

There is a class of young men—a very wide and common class too—who although they have no prospects of being able to keep a wife respectably for years to come, act as if they were in the greatest hurry to get married. They make warm love to the object of their fancy or affection, compromise her in the eyes of eligible young men and perhaps entangle her in a rash engagement which may have to extend over years, until the bloom of early love has faded or died, or until some other object has displaced her in her lover's affections. "What is a young fellow to do then?" some amorous swain asks. Do? Wait, like a man, and as many a better man has done before. Exercise your soul in patience, my boy, and you will make the better man, who shall gladden the heart of some fair girl, when your first fancy is the happy wife of another who was prepared to give her a home when you had none to offer her. That would be the manly thing to do. And remember, moreover, it is bad enough in all conscience to trifles with a girl's affections; a female flirt is not a particularly pleasant personage, but a male who had ought to be "cut" dead by his lady acquaintances and thrashed by one of their male friends.

It seems to me that the "stern parent" is sadly lacking in these advanced social days. The time was when a young fellow's matrimony intent had to face the ordeal of a mother's watchful eye and a father's sound judgment; it was considered an ungentlemanly thing to win a girl's heart or even to make love to her before having ascertained her natural or appointed protectors' opinion in the matter. Now the young man and woman alone are allowed to settle the matter themselves. And so it happens that many an honest merchant is forced to give the brightest and most cherished darling of his home so a wastrel whom he would not on any account let his own children marry, and who has at least incurred a debt in his office. Young men and women should be trained to the observance of all the little courtesies and amenities of society more than they are. Children should be taught to love, respect and obey their parents; parents should insist more than they do upon their authority being recognized in this all important matter of the marriage and settlement in life of their children.

As long as man is what he is, a pretty face and a handsome figure will weigh more with him than a well-balanced mind or a loving heart. Fortunately, however, all men have not the same ideas of beauty or wisdomness; consequently, there is hope for all—all girls, of course. So long as a girl of different looks, let us say, judged by the cold canons of artistic taste, is truly beautiful in the eyes of the one man who desires her for his wife, she is to be envied, and can hold her head up with the best. And it should be remembered that there are few more beautiful things in a married woman than a placid temper, a little usefulness and a personal and domestic tidiness—none that wear so well in the long run. If it is true that a wife should be the complement of her husband, it would be well for the man to be a placid temper, a constant study each to the other and the monotony of life be broken up by an ever pleasing variety of wonder, that two beings can so nicely conform to the principle of beauty announced in the entertaining definition of "harmony in diversity." I. O. C.

An advertisement in an Eastern paper reads: "Wanted, a small boy to deliver oysters that can ride a bicycle."

"I'm puzzled," said the man, "to know what to do with my son. 'Tis ought to be a difficult problem. 'Tis that it is. You see, he has just graduated from a college."

Poor Consolation.—"Ston e walls do not a prison make," quoted the prison visitor. "Maybe not," said the convict but they make it darned hard for a fellow to get out."

New Woman: Simply because a woman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name. Old Bachelor: "That's so. The poor fellow ought to keep something he could call his own."

Professor: "This eccentricity you speak of in your daughter isn't after all a matter of heredity." The Mother (severely): "No, sir; I'd like you to know sir, there never was any heredity in our family."