

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### A MIXED BLESSING.

We often think that the invention of printing was a very mixed blessing. Before Faust and Gutenberg men used their brains; they depended more upon themselves than upon books and they were as a rule good students and able thinkers. They who sat upon heaps of straw in the ill-furnished rooms of the University of Paris listening to the eloquence of famous professors were better prepared for life than the modern graduate. When they stepped out the doors of their Alma Mater they were ready for work. Their intellectual equipment was not extensive, but it was sufficient for their needs. They were able to think for themselves, and were not, as many of our students, "stuffed with knowledge like a turkey is stuffed with chestnuts for a Xmas dinner."

### GOSSIP AND GOSSIPERS.

Kathleen O'Meara tells us that Madame Mohe had an abiding horror of praters about nothing. "Why don't they," she used to say, "talk about interesting things? Why don't they use their brains? Everybody but a born idiot has brains enough not to be a fool. Why don't they read? Everybody in this book-making age is given to reading, and yet there is no lack of vapid and useless conversation. The time-honored remarks about the weather and meteorological phenomena are the principal features of our conversational output; and he who would venture to introduce a topic demanding mental effort must have more than an ordinary amount of courage. It would be wearisome indeed, we confess, if men and women confined themselves to the discussion of serious subjects, but even that would be preferable to the inane gossiping that runs away with so much valuable time. Even they from whom we have a right to expect better things join the meddling, chattering band which deals with everything from the sermon on Sunday to the latest transaction of their neighbors. They mean no harm, of course, and have, moreover, a great love for literature. The female who dotes on Boothby or Merriman belongs to a Browning club and has a profound admiration for Dante. She may write about him and impress her sisters with the idea that her leisure hours are devoted to the study of the Florentines; but it is all a sham, a case of nerves and worked-up enthusiasm. Here and there you may find one who has an honest love for something better than the novelties of society; but they are like oases in a desert—jewels in a wilderness of worthless stones.

No constant reader of novels can understand a master of literature. One may talk about him, but to appreciate him, to divine the motive of his productions, to understand why they still make music in the heart of humanity, requires a study and concentration of attention which are beyond the powers of novel readers. They are content with evanescent heroes and heroines, and we have, as a result, an enormous amount of gabble.

### A "BENEFACITOR" OF OUR YOUTH.

A certain apoplectic old gentleman who has many schemes for the improvement of mankind is just now very wrathful with the boys.

One of them, it appears, "cheeked" him the other day and saluted him with a title that jarred somewhat on his super-sensitive organization. And here he is in our sanctum bemoaning the depravity of the young! They are savages, blots on our civilization—in fact he became so voluble and choleric that he ventured to remark that somebody might hear him. That served to quiet him, because he has a wholesome regard for the good opinion of the public.

Time was when he might have been seen behind the counter of a gaily-decorated saloon dealing out drinks to thirsty mortals—the proud proprietor of a hell that dispensed misery and poverty to hundreds of his fellow citizens. But that is all past history. His wife now refers to him as a retired merchant, and the reporter "as a very valuable member of the community." Strange

how gold can make an old saloon-keeper a thing of beauty!

We told him when he had concluded his oration that he might, in his desire to be philanthropic, devote some of his money to the establishment of night-schools for boys. They have had no opportunities to become inoculated with your own enlightened ideas. They have lived all their lives in wretched tenements, broad and butterless oftentimes; and have, through unrefined surroundings and example of drunken parents, whose hard-earned money went to fill the coffers of the rum-keeper, become habituated early in life to grossness and crime, and they are doomed to degradation if the task of rescuing them is not undertaken by gentlemen of education and means. But he will not do it, despite our eloquent appeal. His curse-ladened dollars will form the nucleus of the family fortune, and we may have in after time one of his descendants searching for a heraldic device to be placed on his brougham door.

### PROTESTANTISM vs. LIBERTY.

Hallam tells us that Persecution is the deadly original sin of the reformed Churches—that which cools every honest man's zeal for his cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive. It is to be regretted that this extensive reading which is calculated to destroy prejudice and to remove all tendencies to dishonest controversial antipathies is not indulged in by more of our separated brethren. A man may, of course, strive to write conscientiously, but conscience is, when under the sway of bigotry, apt to be a very misleading monitor. And this is all the more evident when we consider that while scientific views which received the allegiance of our ancestors have long since been discarded, and creeds held formerly in veneration have undergone revision, the old canons still strut the boards and have to all seeming lost neither their charm nor their influence. True they are not so potent as in days past, but they have still a vitality that passes comprehension. Historical investigation has cast them on the rubbish heap of fallacies, but they who are actuated by a hatred that seems to be incurable pluck them therefrom and exhibit them, as their fathers did, as arguments against Catholicism. One of the favorite themes is their love for liberty. They will draw glowing pictures of the noble Huguenots, of the fearless Covenanters, of the Edict of Nantes, and more, to prove that Protestantism has covered liberty with the aegis of its protection.

That these are facts garnished with creations of sensational novelist and partisan historian, interwoven with intrigues and politics, and discredited as of any force against Catholicism, does not interfere with their volubility.

It is very easy to show that the principles of the Reformers did not include an element that favored liberty; that a Guizot said the Reformation accepted, I shall not say servitude, but the absence of liberty. Prior to the sixteenth century the Catholic Church had safeguarded the liberties of the masses, and had done so despite the threats and opposition of the most powerful monarchs. It was through her exertions that Parliament sprang into being and that Republics such as Genoa and Pisa protected popular liberty. Hers also is the glory of the Magna Charta and trial by jury. The Reformation took no notice of the people. The king or prince was invested with absolute authority and the yearners after the liberty of the Gospel bowed at the knee before them and winked at their most libidinous excesses. The students of the Reformation know this and can call to mind many a quotation which perchance would be offensive to the ears of our separated brethren. We shall content ourselves with referring to a fact that should never be forgotten, namely, the settlement of Maryland by Lord Baltimore. The Catholics who went thither adopted as norm of their conduct the beautiful maxim of Fenelon, "Grant civil liberty to all, not in approving everything as good, not regarding everything as indifferent, but in tolerating with patience whatever God tolerates, and endeavoring to convert men by mild persuasion." Lord Baltimore promoted the interests of the colony by wise and just laws.

The bickerings and witch battling that were daily customs in other parts of the country peopled by Protestants were unknown. Nay, more, he opened his doors to Puritan and Episcopalian, harried by their own "liberty-loving" brethren, and gave them freeholds and electoral rights. This fact is vouchsafed for by Bancroft, who says that Maryland in that day was unsurpassed for happiness and liberty. Conscience was without restraint; a mild and liberal proprietary conceded every measure which the welfare of the colony required; domestic union, a happy concert between all the branches of government, an increasing emigration, a productive commerce, a fertile soil which Heaven had richly favored with rivers and deep bays, united to perfect the scene of colonial felicity and contentment. We shall not go into the details of the dark days that fell upon the erstwhile happy colony. How when Puritan and Episcopalian, having gained the ascendancy, enacted in requital for past favors and protection a series of statutes as base and inhuman as the most fiendish hatred could invent or hope for. Catholicism was prohibited: priests were hunted like wild beasts. The love of liberty, in a word, as understood by Protestants, was written in lurid colors in the pages of the history of the New World.

### LITERATURE.

The *literati* whose works are purchased by thousands have certainly no right to utter the time-honored doctrine that literature is a parsimonious mistress.

The critics also give courteous welcome to the historical novels that are scattered broadcast over the country, and to such an extent that we believe those worthy individuals have acquired the habit of praising everything that pleases the popular taste. Old Christopher North and Hazlitt and Jeffreys would rate a book on its merits, but they, unfortunately, have left no descendant, with the exception, perhaps, of Andrew Lang. In reading about the marvellous pecuniary success of such a novel we were reminded of the saying of Ruskin's, "that generally a good, useful work, whether of the hand or head, is either ill paid or not paid at all. None of the best head-work in art, literature or science is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his *Iliad*? or Dante for his *Paradise*? Only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down their people's stairs. Baruch, the scribe, did not get a penny a line for writing Jeremiah's second role *I fancy*; and St. Stephen did not get Bishop's pay for that long sermon of his to the Pharisees—nothing but stones."

The works that are red with the life-blood of a master spirit live always; while the books of the hour give up their quota for our amusement and then pass into oblivion. The world's books are the sceptred kings of thought and art: they are wise counsellors and true friends with sweet voices that bring a wealth of gladness to our leisure hours and consolation and strength when our cheeks are smitten with the driving rain of sorrow. The desultory reader who depends solely on magazines and novels for mental pabulum will never understand them, because his taste has been vitiated and mind undisciplined. He may patronize Shakespeare, but wonder in heart of hearts why he is so esteemed; he may glance at Wordsworth's *Odes* without realizing their truth and beauty, and read Newman without being thrilled by the rhythm and dignity of his classical eloquence. Amusement is undoubtedly laudable and reasonable, but the troubles that it has, judging from the enormous quantity of light literature now in vogue, become an altogether too absorbing pursuit.

Still, if the people must be amused the historical novel serves the purpose better than any other means. It contains some historical facts which may impress themselves upon the minds of the readers. But the most of them, we fear, are interested in the hero who has always vigilant eyes and a wrist of steel and a sharp sword that cuts its way through a score of doublets; who is always base; by enemies but never vanquished; and comes in on the end with his lady-love on his arm to bow a graceful farewell to his admirers.

### CATHOLICISM THE ONLY REFUGE.

B. F. De Costa in the New York Journal Religionists in America are now divided into two great camps, the Catholic and non-Catholic. One camp is held by a disciplined arm, the other by discordant cohorts resembling a mob. The situation daily grows in gravity. Few seem to realize the fact, yet we view a situation that never before was witnessed in the history of the world. When too late non-Catholics may realize the solemnity of the present times.

In the meanwhile the example of men like Prof. Giffert and Dr. Hillis in abandoning false associations is significant. It proves that all are not lost to moral considerations; for it is notorious that the honesty that would not do duty in a corrupt political party is ample for membership in not a few sects wherein men remain false to conscience for leaves and fishes. Every departure of men like those mentioned is morally encouraging; but may any other significance be attached to such cases? Is there any sign of a general movement for a revised creed to meet, on a low plane, a falling faith? Yes, says the preacher of Madison square, let us have a new creed composed of a few of the "essentials." A "few" will answer; but on this advice non-Catholics will find the descent to Avernus easy. There is a wild unrest, but a revised creed does not mean unity and peace.

Thus far every attempt at unity has signally failed, notably the Episcopalian Chicago Lambeth plan, rudely repelled by the recognition of the fact that the Episcopal body was simply a part of a house divided against itself and without the right to suggest, much less dictate terms. There are those among non-Catholics who hold that any plan not including Catholics would fail, yet of corporate union there is no hope, since Catholics could offer no compromise, being irrevocably bound by the terms imposed upon them by Christ and the Apostles.

What is the outlook? Will it be guerrilla tactics against an organized army, ambush against an open field? How can divided non-Catholics meet and conquer an undivided Catholic host? The Catholic Church was never so strong, united and well equipped as to day. It is perfectly loyal to its head. But, recognizing his lack of organization, the non-Catholic often claims and frequently undertakes to say that this is "a conflict between Rome and reason," and that reason must prevail. That is what the infidel tells the non-Catholic. This play on "Rome and Reason" is only fit to go with the campaign lie, which declares that "Rome is opposed to the Bible." The truth is that Rome is pre-eminently the Church of Reason. Aquinas and all school men and doctors prove that reason is the handmaid of religion. Whereas Luther, the founder of Protestantism, who arrayed religion against reason, bitterly reproached the Catholics for their defense of reason, saying that the Catholic "parsons measure the will and work of God by reason," which can do nothing else than "blaspheme," as "reason is the devil's prostitute."

To day, therefore, as in Luther's time and in the age of Aquinas, Rome is the Church of reason, and with the Church of reason non-Catholics, who intellectually are bankrupt, cannot reckon, being wholly wanting in those mental resources which alone secure the favor of mankind. Non-Catholics simply pamper the pride of men by offering a choice of one hundred and thirty-two creeds while living, and brutally leaving the bulk of mankind to shift for themselves when dead, while the Catholic Church follows them in faith and prayer into the great beyond.

On the other hand, the Catholic Church is steadily growing in favor. As Mr. Mallock and Lord Macaulay show, it is the one permanent thing on this earth.

Rome is the Bible Church and the Church of Reason. Theological Rip Van Winkles must wake up and discover the situation. The "Reformation" is dead, and Henry VIII and Cranmer live only in the three hundred thousand divorces given to America in the last twenty years. In the meanwhile the Catholic Church is the Church of the family and of sacramental marriage. People who want to protect their daughters are educating them under the care of the Blessed Virgin, and thus they will have daughters who will not be married by one judge and unmarried by another.

To day one of the largest and most respectable denominations is wrangling and distressing itself about the eternal perdition of infants and heathens. On the other hand, the Catholic Church stands as ever the Church of Eternal Hope, calmly looking for the largest results from the pain of salvation, in accordance with Aquinas, who holds that every soul born into the world receives grace sufficiently for salvation if not frustrated by opposition to light.

This is the Church that non-Catholics propose to dissipate by grouping together "a few of the essentials" and shooting them up, so much vague sentiment,

in the air. They would win America by divorcing theology from religion, after the manner of the reformed scientist who proposes to cast mathematics out of astronomy and bones out of the human body. But this is of no avail. The melancholy empty benches on Sunday show that non-Catholic thought cannot satisfy minds reaching out after God. At last the people will discover that if they want a religion they must find it in the Catholic. There is no conflict between "Rome and Reason;" it is between the Catholic Church and agnosticism. Non-Catholicism is an anachronism without insight, authority or head. For the noblest purposes of religion it no longer exists. Like the angler's worm chopped in pieces, it can simply wriggle.

### WORK FOR ENGLISH-SPEAKING CATHOLICS.

Sacred Heart Review. The letter which Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul recently wrote to the Duke of Norfolk, president of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, urging a united propaganda on the part of English-speaking Catholics, is well worthy of the earnest attention of the faithful in this country. The communication deals at length with the opportunity presented to the Catholic Church in English speaking countries, and it lays special stress upon the way in which the English language is diffused throughout the world. Speaking of the mission of English-speaking Catholics he says:

"That mission is to attain anew the English language to the harmony of Catholic truth which was its charm before the days of the schism of the sixteenth century—the most woful disaster that ever befell Christianity; to make the English language the bearer of Catholic verities to the hundreds of millions who will speak and read it; to build up for the Catholic Church public and social influence in English speaking lands, so that their power, instead of being against her, be for her; to so establish her in those lands that she be seen to be, as in fact she is, thoroughly in unison with the political institutions and the social aspirations that dominate these lands; so that the argument for such institutions be an argument, too, for the Church herself—in fine, to so place the Church as to enable her to win over to herself the great English speaking world and turn to her own profit and the profit of Christian civilization the wondrous potencies of that world.

"How Catholics are to do all this, circumstances, as Providence unfolds them, will give indication. Catholics in English speaking countries may be tempted to faint-heartedness by the recollection of their paucity of numbers and their weakness of resources when they compare themselves to the legions of non-Catholics around them. But they should yield to no fear, for the truth and divine power are with them, and in such association they are neither few nor weak."

### SHALLOW CATHOLICS.

Intermountain Catholic.

There are certain Catholics who are forever getting worked up and flurried over anything derogatory to the Church. They are so afraid lest the allegation may be true, and want the thing explained, and then grow skeptical over the explanation. Somebody says that this Pope did so and so, and that Pope did something else, and if this be true, why then the Church is all wrong, and my goodness! what will we do?

First of all, the kind of Catholic who gets agitated over these matters is generally one whose faith is shallow and superficial, and who cherishes a great deal of human respect with a perpetual apology to their non-Catholic friends for being Catholic! Secondly, they are ignorant, about as ignorant as their non-Catholic friends, of the Church, its constitution and its history.

Now, Catholics should at the outset understand that the Church is a divine institution, infallibly guided in its teachings, impregnable by divine promise against the gates of hell. She is therefore indefectible. When, then, anything is alleged against her which would violate her infallibility or indefectibility, Catholics may put it down as a calumny without further concern. But a distinction is to be drawn: in matters not concerning her infallibility or indefectibility, the men charged with her guidance may err, and many times no doubt have erred, as in matters of mere discipline or temporary regulation.

When, then, something is asserted in derogation to the Church, distinguish, if the matter be not of faith and morals or of her prerogative of indefectibility, a mistake is possible. At the same time, it remains to be proved; nine times out of ten critical investigation will show it to be a calumny, for we must not forget that calumny has been the stock in trade of Protestant peoples for three hundred years, with the result that the lie is a thousand times more likely to be alleged against her than the truth to be told.

Death has nothing terrible in it but what life has made so.—Anon.

### PROTESTANT FATHER, CATHOLIC SON.

Missionaries in the Same Territory in South Africa.

The death of the Rev. Mr. Frederick Kolbe of South Africa, says the Ave Maria, affords the unique spectacle of a Catholic missionary paying a loving and well-deserved tribute to his father, a Protestant missionary laboring in the same territory as himself. In the South Africa Catholic Magazine, which he edits with singular ability, Father Kolbe describes the gentle and pious life led by his father, for fifty-six years a member of the British Missionary Society in Africa, and a student whose researches in the African dialects have been cordially praised by Max Muller and Prof. Sayce. Out of much that is edifying and enjoyable in Father Kolbe's sketch we choose these lines for quotation:

"No greater proof of his gentleness could be given than the fact that his library contained not a single book of controversy. When I became a Catholic there was, of course, remonstrance and argument; and there was further protest against my becoming a priest—nothing less was to be expected. But once this was over we never clashed. Argument was to him merely the means of shaping the outline of a *modus vivendi*. When one of my sisters became a Catholic, the *modus vivendi* being already reached, there was no argument at all—merely a fatherly warning that she should be very sure of her steps before moving, and never a word after that. To the vulgar forms of Protestant abuse of Catholic life he was an absolute stranger. He was firm on his own ground, but he thought and spoke no evil of others.

When Father Kolbe dies—long life to him! the Ave Maria will have a story to tell about him stranger than any fiction.

### A COMPARISON.

Protestants go to church to hear a sermon and incidentally say a few prayers. The preacher occupies the foreground in the services in the churches of the various Protestant sects. His personal qualities generally determine the size of the congregation. If eloquent, he will have a much larger audience than a minister less gifted with the power of oratory.

How different is it in the Catholic Church! The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass fills Catholic churches, and not mere eloquence. The Church does not under-estimate the value of eloquence as a means for winning souls to God, and has always encouraged it, with the result that the greatest pulpit orators in the world have been Catholic priests. But in the Catholic Church the pulpit has never held and can never hold the position that the altar does.

As strictly speaking, there is no altar in the Protestant churches, since there is no sacrifice, the pulpit overshadows everything else. It is just possible that it itself will lose its pre-eminence by being supplanted by the electrophone and the gramophone. Indeed, an experiment has already been made in London in this direction. In one of our exchanges we find the following description of this new experiment:

"The rector of St. Mary-at-Hill Church, London, Rev. W. Carlisle, who first introduced the electrophone at the public Sunday service in his charge, has now installed a large gramophone to be used at all daily functions in the church. By means of the gramophone the congregation will hear brief addresses from the leading dignitaries of the Church and from a number of prominent laymen. Through the medium of the electrophone, which is attached to the pulpit, the rector's topical Sunday evening discourses can be listened to by all telephone subscribers, who can quietly smoke their pipe, sip their tea or quaff other liquors *ad libitum* without giving offense to either shepherd or fold."

If this method of preaching at long range becomes general a time may come when Protestant churches will be completely emptied, the congregations preferring to listen to sermons at home.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

St. Francis of Assisi used to say, "A bare altar will be more agreeable to the Blessed Virgin, if we observe the Gospel, than one enriched with ornaments, if we neglect her Divine Son."

How kind the Blessed Virgin was at the marriage-feast of Cana! She was anxious to help the hosts even in a matter of slight moment. Surely, as Queen of Heaven, she will not refuse to help in graver matters those who turn to her with loving confidence.—Ellis Schreiber.

THE EARTH IS FULL OF HER PRAISE.—During this month of flowers, Mary's praises will be proclaimed throughout the entire Christian world, and in almost every language, so that it may be truly said of her: *Laudis ejus plena est terra*. "The earth is full of her praise."—American Herald.

The Italians have supreme devotion to the Eternal Father, the Divine Creator, who gives the bountiful harvest and the handsome and strong bambinos. In singular evidence of this devotion, you see the traditional artistic representation of God the Father, the Provider, as the emblem on the doorways of life insurance companies.—"New Footstep."