

The Catholic Record

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Advertisements for churches, societies, etc., are accepted on special terms. Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishop of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Quebec, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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descend the grace of Christmas, the peace of God.

To one and all we extend best wishes for a merry Christmas; may God add the graces of a holy Christmas. And God bless all the little lambs of the Good Shepherd's worldwide flock. Christmas is in a special sense the feast of Christian children. Let the children of a larger growth not allow that fact to escape their memory.

LIBERTY AND ITS EXERCISE

A noted Frenchwoman once remarked that there were crimes committed in the name of Liberty. The wisdom of her profound observation has greatly impressed some of her countrymen and others. For some it embodies the whole philosophy of history. This, in turn, has suggested a guess at the unsolved riddle of the Catholic Republic of France ruled by a clique of infidels who despoil with impunity French churches, religious orders and Catholic institutions. True, the ultra-orthodox French Catholics were not enthusiastic republicans. They were Royalists, Imperialists, Legitimists, etc., as a rule; on occasion, Boulangists, anti Semitists, and other things; but not Republicans. There was no open declaration of war on the Republic; and there was no open declaration of war on the Church. But there was practically a state of war. And the fortunes of war went against the reactionaries. Twenty-two years ago the great Pope Leo XIII., of undying memory, called a halt to French Catholic anti-republicanism. Four months after Leo's Letter a committee of eminent Frenchmen invited Archbishop Ireland to give an address in Paris. Amongst other things he said:

"As a citizen of a republic, I recognize this evening a special obligation to the country through which the approbation and benediction of the Head of the Church have come to the republican form of government—I must give expression to the gratitude which wells up in my heart to night for the great country which gave Leo XIII. the occasion to canonize the republic. Heretofore when I came to Europe, I heard it whispered about that I was a dangerous man, that I believed in democracy, that I loved republics. Indeed, it was darkly hinted that I was almost a heretic. All that even friends would say to me was: 'Your ideas may pass current in America where people are not yet fully civilized.'"

The bearing of these observations lies in their application; and their application is obvious and multiple. This article is not suggested by the snap vote of the small section of the York County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians for whom we entertain the kindest feelings. Even if the A. O. H. had not promptly rescinded that resolution and nobly vindicated the true principles of Hibernianism, we should find it easy to understand and sympathize with the point of view and limitations of the little faction of Irish enthusiasts; much easier, indeed, than we find it to understand and sympathize with other evidences of a similar spirit. These and certain ill-natured French comments, not the A. O. H. resolution, have suggested the reflections and observations contained in this article. However, before leaving this phase of the subject let us call attention to a rather strikingly parallel case.

The Protestant Bishop of Tuam, addressing his clergy and laity, said:

"My coming to the West of Ireland has made me more proud of the fact that I am an Irishman than ever I was, for here I have been brought into personal contact with one of the most prominent features, that characteristic mark of the true Ireland. Where in the whole world will you find such kindheartedness and such humanity? The generous welcome extended to me by the people of Connaught, Irish Churchmen and Catholics alike, has made a deep impression upon me. I think I see here in the West of Ireland the dawn of my most cherished hopes. Loving my Church as I do, and loving hardly less my country, I have often longed to see our Church taking a more prominent part in the moulding of our national life and national character. It is sad indeed to think how the past between our Church and the aspirations of the nation. And remember, in a very real sense Ireland is a nation—and there is nothing in the least inconsistent in being a Nationalist and patriot in the true sense of the word and being at the same time the staunchest loyalist."

These words were quoted by John Redmond in the great speech which we placed before our readers two weeks ago. They had already been cited in these columns several months previously. We are glad to quote them again before giving the following extract from an Ulster Unionist organ, the Belfast News Letter:

"Over a quarter of a century we have been sleeping while the enemy sowed the seeds which have now grown up a bitter crop. Even our friends told us the danger was over and that there was no need for Orangemen; that we should live in peace and amity with our Catholic and fellow-countrymen, and all that sickening rot. Live in peace and amity with all men certainly, but clip the wings of Rome. The Papists make good hewers of wood and drawers of water."

With an effort we can get a somewhat sympathetic understanding of the point of view that makes this Orange savagery seem to Orangemen the perfect law of liberty. We might even expect them, if they had the Bible knowledge of their forbears, to close with the text, "For you brethren, have been called unto liberty."

The Belfast News Letter represents the robust reactionary Protestant spirit which greets such utterances as that of the Protestant Bishop of Tuam. Comparisons are sometimes obvious and not always odious. And lest some of our loyal Protestant friends should be too much shocked at the spirit to which the rescinded A. O. H. resolution gave expression, we invite them to make the obvious comparison.

But inverted Orangism is not Irish patriotism. We invite all to make another fairly obvious comparison: consider for a moment with whole-hearted appreciation the manly and courageous Irish Protestant Bishop of Tuam, nationalist and patriot, yet none the less a loyalist in every true sense of that much abused word, yearning that the Church which he loves should enter more fully into the life and hopes and aspirations of the nation which he loves, that nation which treasures in her heart of hearts the memory of so many of his Irish fellow Protestant patriots.

Protestant or Catholic, Unionist or Home Ruler, yes, and Orange or Green, is there one true man amongst us all who does not in his heart admit that Bishop Plunkett, right or wrong in his political views, is not a truer man, and a braver man and a better British subject, when, basing his hopes on the future and forgetting all but the useful lessons of the past, he preaches the gospel of Irish national brotherhood regardless of religious differences, than is Carson K. C., who would perpetuate the feuds of the past and recruit his "army" by preaching the gospel of distrust and hate and religious intolerance?

Now nearer home let us consider the Irish Catholic Bishop of London, whose deep unwavering faith in the Church of all the ages and all the nations, impels him not to imitate the timid aloofness that has had so long nullified the influence of the Bishops on the national life of France and driven her priests to the refuge of the sacristy, or to hold that the highest conception of Catholic activity is to be anti-something; but rather to draw his inspiration from the Irelands and the Gibbsons who have entered so fully and unreservedly into the national life of America and have left their impress deep and permanent on American ideals, American sentiment and American character, to the great advantage of both Church and State.

But an Imperialist? Irish, Catholic, Bishop, and Imperialist? Yes, and the other of Tuam, Irish, Protestant, Bishop and Nationalist! Starting to some, shocking to others must be the attitude of both these worthy Irish prelates. Yet to not a few they point the way to a future enlightened but not embittered by the lessons of the past.

"We should live in our age, know it, be in touch with it. There are Catholics, more numerous, however, in Europe than in America, to whom the present will not be known until long after it will have become the past. Our work is in the present and not in the past. It will not do to understand the thirteenth century better than the nineteenth. . . . The world has entered upon an entirely new phase; the past will not return; reaction is the dream of men who see not and hear not; who, in utter oblivion of the living world behind them, sit at the gates of cemeteries weeping over tombs that shall not be reopened. We should speak to our age of things which it feels and in language it understands. We should be in it, and of it, if we would have it listen to us."

Archbishop Ireland was speaking to Americans of the duty of Catholics in America (U. S.) when, twenty-five years ago, he used these words. Have they no message for Canadians to-day? We are led to think so by letters from some readers whom we highly esteem.

"We shall not follow Bishop Fallon in his Imperialism," writes one. Follow him? We venture to assert that

the Bishop would be the first to say that he would prefer to move one to consider the question of Canada's future, to study it, to think it out for himself, and to form his own conclusions, than to attract a hundred to follow him and unthinkingly accept his solution. Just here the writer of this article wishes it to be understood that he does his own thinking, forms his own conclusions, and upholds his own views, political or otherwise; that he is not an Imperial Federationist; but, for the present at all events, a convinced opponent of that still remote alternative destiny of his native country. The Ten Commandments, the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and a few other things he accepts not on the authority of a bishop but on divine authority; on the wide field of liberty, within the broad lines of Catholic truth, he claims equal right with any other man living or dead. If he is ever converted to the idea of an Imperial Commonwealth, in which Canada will share the privileges and the responsibilities, the benefits and the burdens, he will not feel called upon to justify his right to hold and advocate such views, nor to apologise therefor to friend or foe, startled, shocked, pained, surprised, or merely contemptuous. Nor will he be troubled for a moment about consistency. Some one said that consistency is a pig; it is born a pig, lives a pig, and dies a pig. And we are disposed to believe, in spite of the slanders of evolutionists, that it has been true to its inherited opinions for countless generations past, and in all probability its descendants will be consistently porcine to the end of time.

The purpose of this article is not, therefore, to justify or propagate Bishop Fallon's views on Canada and the Empire; but to combat an attitude of mind inimical to a true conception of liberty and hostile to its exercise. Follow him? No; imitate him. Imitate the public spirit, that impels him to study questions of public interest, to think out a solution, to accept or reject intelligently the solutions of others; imitate the moral courage with which, regardless of the support or opposition of the moment, but confident that justice is the basis of peace he takes his well-considered stand on public questions.

Does a priest or bishop forfeit his citizenship by taking Holy Orders? Bishop Langton led the barons when they wrested the Magna Charta from John. And Bishop Langton is only one in a long procession of patriotic bishops who march across the pages of history.

But Imperialism? We admit the term connotes some disagreeable things. The illegitimate offering of political exigencies has claimed to be the lawful heir to the title. It has served the sordid purposes of selfish politics. It has been used in many senses and its significance has been degraded, almost obliterated. What of that? Can the same not be said of Liberty? of Loyalty? of Patriotism? Shall we deny the existence of all these things because the terms have been abused? May not an honest and true conception of Imperialism lead honest men to different conclusions as to the best way of perpetuating the British Empire, thereby perpetuating the best and broadest ideals of liberty, individual, civil and religious that the world holds in our day?

Is that Imperialism? Yes; is the subject not worthy of your best thought?

An Irish Imperialist, in the best sense of the word, is not going to be a *rara avis* in the years to come. Listen to John Redmond:

"It is said that we are asking for the exclusion of some Irishmen from their British citizenship. That is ridiculously untrue. (Cheers.) We do not desire the exclusion of any Irishmen from British citizenship. On the contrary, what we are demanding is admission for ourselves to the British Constitution. (Cheers.) We have never during the last century lived under the blessings and the safeguards of that Constitution which has been the palladium of your liberties. We Irish Nationalists stand to-day at the door of the Empire, and we ask for admission. We pledge you our fealty as a nation and our loyalty as men." (Cheers.)

Dear! Dear! Where was Joseph Devlin, M. P., National President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Ireland? Why Joseph Devlin actually follows this man!

Again listen to Redmond the Imperialist:

"We seek to blot out even the memory of ancient wrongs and ancient miseries and ancient causes of heartburnings and discontent. We ask to-day to be allowed to cross the threshold into an Empire, ours, re-

member, by right of service as much as yours—(cheers)—where the genius of our people, the valor of our soldiers, and the fidelity of our race might possibly prove to be one of your greatest assets in the vicissitudes and the dangers of an unknown future. (Cheers.)"

Yes, John Redmond, Irishman, Catholic, Imperialist and Home Ruler, you are right. The Empire is ours by right of the ancient miseries we are willing to forget, as well as by right of service and achievement never to be forgotten. The comprehensive term, British Institutions, includes few things of value that are not rooted deeply in the Catholic ages of English history. The Union Jack is not the flag of England; it is the flag of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the flag of the British Empire. Spread to the breeze it displays the Cross of St. Patrick as well as those of St. George and St. Andrew. If it floats over a quarter of the human race to-day it is largely due to Irish Catholic blood shed on the battlefield in its defence, and to Irish and Catholic genius spent in its service. The Empire is ours and we shall not barter our heritage for a mess of speltic potage. We are at home in any part of it. It is not only the right of an Irish Catholic to "think imperially"; if education has given him the trained mind and God the natural gifts, it is his duty. Especially is this true of the Irish Catholic bishop. That we lost our language is the petty and short sighted reproach cast up to us; yes, but we acquired another that we have made our own. That was necessary to fulfil the mission imposed by Divine Providence; the Irish, in the words of Cardinal Manning, are the missionaries, the good cross-bearers and the church-builders of the English-speaking world. In the British Empire we are at home; for the very reason of its material prowess and prosperity it needs Irish spirituality and Irish Catholicity; every consideration, natural and supernatural, impels us to loyal and fearless service. There is room for difference of opinion as to the best course to pursue in various contingencies; there is no room in the Empire—outside of Ulster—for narrow intolerance of honest conviction.

CREEDULITY OR WHAT?

The following item from London Truth, Dec. 3, 1913, is not without interest here:

"No matter how disreputable a character, a no Popery lecturer is pretty certain of finding admirers and financial support in Scotland. The case of Widdows supplied proof of that, and it was demonstrated again at the Hamilton Sheriff Court last week, where a man named Macdonald was charged with failing to maintain his wife and family. Macdonald is known as the 'Kilwilling Martyr,' and he poses as an expert priest though there is only his own word for it. He started last spring a Protestant propaganda at Hawick, where he lived in comfort, while his wife and three children were left to fend for themselves at Motherwell, 30 shillings being the total contribution to their support from March to November. He got off lightly with a fine of £5, and sooner or later, I presume, his prosecution will figure as back with interest from the simple Protestants of Scotland."

And Scotland is not so bad; it harbors no doubt some rare survivals of the covenanting spirit, but the "Ulster Covenant" does not appeal to it very effectively. Witness Windermere's cable:

London, Dec. 10.—Eloquent Ulster divines did their best in the Wick (Scotland) bye-election. Tariff reform speakers were officially excluded to give them a free field, yet the Government won easily. The result seems to indicate that the "No Popery" cry has lost its old electoral power, even in an aggressive Protestant division. "Ulster divines" whose clerical authority, such as it is, was unquestioned, failed to rouse Scotsmen with the "No Popery" cry. Would accredited Ulster divines fall so signally in Canada at election times? London Truth may reproach Scotland, but in Canada too many live in glass houses to throw stones. If "Father" Macdonald ever hears about "Patrick" Morgan, ex-Capuchin and ex-priest, Canada will certainly have an opportunity of hearing and seeing the "Kilwilling Martyr." For such artists this is a great country in which to turn an honest penny. If the martyr's wife would consent to pose as an ex-nun, and is not too squeamish about lascivious conversation, the martyr-ex priest would surely be relieved of the distasteful duty of maintaining her, by pious Canadian readers of Maria Monk. The children could be used by the Rev. Mr. Fish as exhib-

bits of little Protestants rescued, after Sherlock Holmes searches, from Catholic institutions.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

Mr. Wilfred Ward, known throughout the world for his services to literature and for his life of Cardinal Newman, which takes its place among the great biographies of literature, lectured in New York recently on Cardinal Newman and the critics.

Because of the unwillingness of the critics to be patient and impartial Mr. Ward said there had been created a false figure of Newman, pleasing and persuasive, poetic and mystic, yet lacking the strength and power and the vigor, majesty and commanding scope of the real Newman. This Newman, he said, had been built up out of fragments of his works, out of his religious poetry and the Apologia.

Mr. Ward vigorously defended Newman from the charge of dilettantism made against him by certain critics. He said that this charge was based on the multiplicity of detail with which Newman enhanced every subject with which he dealt, and by the tendency of his orderly mind to consider every subject he touched in connection with the search for support for what he considered religious truth.

Cardinal Newman's researches in philosophy anticipated many modern philosophical tendencies. Mr. Ward, called the intellectual heir of Cardinal Newman, will induce many to read again the works of the great oratorian who made Protestants respect the church, and whose integrity, candour and manliness enshrined him in the hearts of even those who disliked his teaching. When he came into the fold of Peter he undid, intellectually speaking, the mischief of three centuries. In 1850 he said to his Anglican friends: "We must either give up belief in the Church as a divine institution, or we must recognize it in the communion of which the Pope is the head; for, he added, the question lies between the Church and no divine messenger at all. There is no revelation given us unless she is the organ of it, for where else is there a prophet to be found?"

As time goes on men will realize more and more the magnitude and significance of his work. That voice of which Froude spoke, "so keen, so preternaturally sweet," still speaks in the works, which in lucidity, depth, color and majesty are of a master who stands pre eminent in the realms of thought.

OURSELVES

We have no sympathy with lists of grievances. Our pen is ever ready to denounce any violation of our rights and any attempt that would fain prevent us from enjoying the fruits of national prosperity. But we are not inclined to listen to tales of woe, however artistically they may be recounted. If, perchance, we have little influence in some sections of the Dominion; if we sit not in the seats of the mighty; if our contributions to the moulding of public opinion are of a negligible quantity, we should seek the cause. And perhaps we may find it in our own supineness, indifference and apathy. We should cast away all sentimentalism and understand that if we wish to be competitor's with others we must have weapons of offence and defence, be equipped morally and intellectually. It entails self sacrifice; it means work and an invincible determination. It means enthusiasm that will keep us keyed up, pulsating with the blood of resolute action. With our ideals, our Catholic principles and philosophy, we can do our part toward shaping the destinies of Canada. We need not be suppliants standing cap in hand before the politician.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

Speaking on the Catholic Press Bishop Hedley said some years ago that all the authorities from Matthew Arnold to Bishop Creighton keep preaching that education in the true sense of the word is getting rare and more rare in the country. People are amused, informed and interested, but not educated. Reflection, principle, character—you have to search very closely to find them; but what you do find is superficial smartness, the exchange of phrases, a mob like unanimity in taking a thing up and dropping it again, fits of excitement, insular prejudice and an almost complete ignorance of the venerable past. Here we have our chance. For a piece of strong and unchangeable truth will always go through this flabby modern growth like the thrust

of a knife. We have our truth, which can never decay nor be out of date. We have not only our creeds but our Catholic philosophy, our noble and wide theology and clear and strong ethics. There is not and there never can be a day or an hour in the cause of the development of human thought when these undying verities, this inalienable treasure will be powerless to generate light and energy in the confusion and doubt of a world which after all is intended by its Creator to know and to believe. Some of our young men will doubtless play an important part in the development of the Catholic press. The real university will give us first-class men, able to compete in intelligence, breath and force with their rivals.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

Since that first Christmas, when Jesus Christ gave Himself to us, Christmas has always been associated with the giving of gifts. Our friends are remembered in various ways, and as far as our means allow we make some provision for the poor and needy, but there is one that is in danger of being forgotten, and that the One Who should be first remembered—the Babe of Bethlehem. Have we His Name on our list?

Now let us make a present of something to Jesus this Christmas. Let us not "go over to Bethlehem" with empty hands. The Wise Men and the shepherds brought their gifts. Shall we be less generous?

Suppose we make Him a present of our hearts? They have been long enough barred against Him, even as the inns of Bethlehem on that first Christmas. It may be we have admitted Him to the vestibule, but the key of the inner chamber we have kept in our pockets. Let us hand it over to Him this Christmas. Let us hold nothing back. He emptied Himself for us, taking the form of a servant. And He bade us follow Him.

How few there are who really follow Jesus? How few empty themselves in His service? We imagine we can follow Him in certain things whilst refusing to do so in other things. We are willing enough to walk a certain distance with Him. We hold the plough straight enough in the morning, but the evening's sun looks upon a crooked furrow because we grow tired and look back.

The young man in the Gospel is a type. From his youth up he had kept all the commandments. But there was something wanting. "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor." There was only one sacrifice needed to make him a true disciple. But this sacrifice was too great for him. The love of his "great possessions" had wrapt itself round his heart. He hesitates, wavers, then turns sadly away with the invitation of Jesus ringing in his ears, "Come, follow Me." He refused to empty himself. He wanted to hold something back.

Let us find out, each for himself, what it is we have been holding back, and let us make that our Christmas present to Jesus. This way happiness lies. If we have found His yoke has in it something of bitterness it is because we have held something back. Those who lose all find all. A hundred fold is the Promise. We must empty ourselves if we "would taste and see that the Lord is sweet."

COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ACCORDING to the daily papers, a Rev. Mr. McEwen, formerly a Congregationalist pastor in Ontario, but for the past twelve years a "missionary" in Brazil, has returned to his native shores, and has been giving the reporters his impressions of that country. During the next generation, he told them, a development which will mark the foundation of a world-wide empire, will take place in that vast region of South America, a forward movement, almost without precedence in modern times, being already under way. Immigrants from Italy, France, Germany and Great Britain are pouring into Brazil at the rate of 300,000 every year, and the New York liners are crowded to excess on every voyage.

ALL THIS is of course not news. The world has not been kept in the dark as to the wonderful development in all the South American republics, particularly in those on the Atlantic seaboard, and the enlightened and comprehensive way in which their citizens have grappled with latter-day problems is well known to publicists every-

where.

of a knife. We have our truth, which can never decay nor be out of date. We have not only our creeds but our Catholic philosophy, our noble and wide theology and clear and strong ethics. There is not and there never can be a day or an hour in the cause of the development of human thought when these undying verities, this inalienable treasure will be powerless to generate light and energy in the confusion and doubt of a world which after all is intended by its Creator to know and to believe. Some of our young men will doubtless play an important part in the development of the Catholic press. The real university will give us first-class men, able to compete in intelligence, breath and force with their rivals.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

Since that first Christmas, when Jesus Christ gave Himself to us, Christmas has always been associated with the giving of gifts. Our friends are remembered in various ways, and as far as our means allow we make some provision for the poor and needy, but there is one that is in danger of being forgotten, and that the One Who should be first remembered—the Babe of Bethlehem. Have we His Name on our list?

Now let us make a present of something to Jesus this Christmas. Let us not "go over to Bethlehem" with empty hands. The Wise Men and the shepherds brought their gifts. Shall we be less generous?

Suppose we make Him a present of our hearts? They have been long enough barred against Him, even as the inns of Bethlehem on that first Christmas. It may be we have admitted Him to the vestibule, but the key of the inner chamber we have kept in our pockets. Let us hand it over to Him this Christmas. Let us hold nothing back. He emptied Himself for us, taking the form of a servant. And He bade us follow Him.

How few there are who really follow Jesus? How few empty themselves in His service? We imagine we can follow Him in certain things whilst refusing to do so in other things. We are willing enough to walk a certain distance with Him. We hold the plough straight enough in the morning, but the evening's sun looks upon a crooked furrow because we grow tired and look back.

The young man in the Gospel is a type. From his youth up he had kept all the commandments. But there was something wanting. "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor." There was only one sacrifice needed to make him a true disciple. But this sacrifice was too great for him. The love of his "great possessions" had wrapt itself round his heart. He hesitates, wavers, then turns sadly away with the invitation of Jesus ringing in his ears, "Come, follow Me."