

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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THE FRUITS OF "MORALITY" WITHOUT GOD.

They who approve the French atheist's policy and rhapsodize over a Government that has deposed God, should not lose sight of the present chronicles of crime of Paris and other cities. Morality independent of religion is an exhibition. And this morality merely consists in evading the police. We read fine words about being true to nature. But what is this nature? Remove God and we have nothing that commands or holds out to us either reward or punishment. So long as atheistic rulers keep the masses amused and prosperous, they may tickle their ears with rhetoric or with the thoughts of Epictetus. When the play, however, is over, and hunger gnaws, there may be a barricade or so in Parisian streets and arguments in the shape of rifle balls to prove that morality fashioned by civil law is not of value when skies are gray. The bayonet may keep them in order, but the human beast has, when strong enough, the habit of breaking loose. It has done this ere now: it may do it again, to the dismay of nun-baiters and blasphemers. And yet the French official who banished God from France is pleased by the Christian Guardian among the individuals who make "not very sensible remarks." Only this and a word or two informing us that the French Protestants did not complain of the law affecting religious liberty. This editor must keep his diction in cold storage.

THE HOUR OF THE ATHEIST.

Clemenceau smiles when he counts the votes. Nero smiled and added when he saw Rome in flames. Another Frenchman smiled when he said that in France adultery is almost an institution. We smile when atheists cry out for obedience to duty and respect for the will of the nation. But some of those days a real man will throw Clemenceau and his friends out of Parliament and put the keys into his pocket. "Do you know," said Napoleon to Fontanes, "what I admire the most in the world? It is the inability of force to found anything. There are two powers in the world—the sword and the spirit. In time the sword is always conquered by the spirit." Clemenceau and his friends are preparing their political funeral.

A GREAT CATHOLIC.

On the 12th of last December all that Paris counts famous in the world of religion and zealous in the field of religion, conducted was to his last resting place. He was one of the Frenchmen of our time who have contributed much to the advancement of human thought and who have given generous testimony for Christ. Thus Abbe Felix Klein refers, to Mr. Ferdinand Brunetiere, the bete noir of the atheist, as he is in France. Deftly the Abbe limns the portrait of a man who championed truth for truth's sake, and who, as a professor, a literary critic, and a writer distinguished for vivid presentation of thought and feeling, occupied for years a prominent place in the world of letters.

At first Brunetiere entertained the prejudices then current against the Church. In 1894 he visited Leo XIII., much to the dismay of the anti-clericalists. On his return from Rome he published in the Revue des Deux Mondes, an article, "After a visit to the Vatican." In it he demonstrated the impotence of science in regard to the origin and destiny of man: that morality is nothing if not religious, and that it would be but folly to reject the assistance which the Church furnished for the maintenance of the successful application of those principles without which no society could live. The article caused much commotion in the anti-Christian camp. In 1900 he announced to a Catholic assembly at Lille the happy conclusion of his personal researches in these terms: "As to what I believe—ask Rome."

From that moment Brunetiere showed himself a resolute Catholic in all his writings and discourses. Again and again he proclaimed that human society cannot exist without morality, nor morality without belief in God, nor belief in God without a positive religion, nor positive religion for intelligent people without dogmatic Christianity.

In an address delivered at Florence, in 1900, he said:

"To attack Christianity after the manner of the Freemasons and Free-thinkers is to attack the principles, not only of our moral life, but also of the progress of civilization. Without these principles atheistic or non-Christian society must fall not only into corruption and decadence, but into what seems worse to us, stagnation." In the preface to his last book, "Present Questions," he predicts an inevitable disappearance of the misunderstandings that have done so much harm, and adds, "that if political ends are mixed with the religion of some Catholics, such Catholics are a small minority and will constantly diminish in number. After one or two generations we will meet them no more. Then, I trust, will the teachings of Catholicism be seen in their true value. . . . and that then Catholicism will be recognized, as it should be recognized, as the most efficacious instrument of progress that the world knows."

ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD

From The Lamp, an organ of the "Catholic Party" among American Episcopalians, we call the following words: "The real and true struggle for freedom now going on in the Anglican body is deliverance from Protestantism in all its varied hues and forms. The freedom promised the Church of England in the sixteenth century was a lie emanating from the mouth of Satan. When we are prepared to understand the first article of Magna Charta as Stephen Langton understood it, we shall learn true wisdom from our English forefathers and like them place ourselves in loyal submission under the protection of the Holy See, in communion with which alone the Catholic Church has the divine guarantee of standing fast in that liberty where-with Christ her Master hath made her free."

Bosnot opined that the study of the Fathers would bring England back to the faith. The Anglo-Saxon is found in every part of the world. Gradually the poison of the "Reformation" is leaving his body, and the beauty of the Church extorting his admiration. It seems to us that he is preparing himself to resume the role, which from the sixth to the sixteenth century he played successfully, viz., that of propagator of the doctrines of the Church.

THE THIRD ACT.

We are witnessing to-day the third act of the tragedy which began in the sixteenth century. The first act was played by Luther and the Princes and Princes of the world. The warring sects perpetuate its memory. The second act was an affair of blasphemy and blood in the eighteenth century. The third act is on, with the stage crowded by the "Democrats" who speak the language of hate and impley and the Agnostic and Positivist. Mere opinions cannot save the world from paganism. The Church alone, which teaches with divine authority and incessantly proclaims the truth of the Incarnation—God made man and dwelling amongst us—is the only barrier to infidelity.

THE PRESBYTERIAN AS UNIFIER

As a novel, Joseph Hooking's book, "The Woman of Babylon," is not worthy of notice: as Sunday school literature it may please some non-Catholics. It seems to please The Presbyterian's editor, who in the editorial column waxes eloquent on God; and on the pages devoted to the family circle allows Mr. Hooking to run counter to God's commandments. It must be a case of moral strabismus. To a person of normal vision the sight of Mr. Hooking using up picturesque adjectives and pelting us with archaic missiles is extremely ludicrous. If he would but leave all these things in their forgotten graves and see us as we are—if instead of haunting cemeteries and chasing phantoms and talking about his ridiculous dreams, he would consult a non-Catholic historian like Dr. Gairdner—we might be spared some melodramatic rubbish. But what astonishes us is its approval by the editors of the Presbyterian. We do not entertain the notion that he wished to perpetuate prejudice and hatred. For he has exhorted us to be lovers of peace and to cherish his dogma of the unification of Canada. But why does he permit Mr. Hooking to defile the minds and hearts of Presbyterian children and to teach them the gospel of hatred? Is this not a crime against the children? Is it consistent with his responsibility as an editor and a Christian to sully his paper with state-

ments that are not made save by either the ignorant or the bigoted? We think not, and we venture to say that any Canadian averse to stirring up the cesspool of calumny agrees with us. We trust the editor will convince us that he is not among the theological partisans who are less truthful, less high-minded, less honorable than the partisans of political and social causes who make no profession as to the duty of love.

"A HUMAN HEAVEN"

FATHER KANE'S SECOND SERMON ON THE HOME—FIRSTIE'S TEACHING—HOW IDLENESS DESTROYS THE HOME'S HAPPINESS—THE POWERFUL INFLUENCE EXERTED BY A GOOD WOMAN—MAN'S HELMATE.

Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., preached the second of his admirable series of sermons on Home, to a crowded congregation, in St. Francis Xavier's church, Liverpool, recently. Father Kane's sermon was based on the text: "For also, when we were with you, we declared this to you, that if any man will not work, neither let him eat" (2d Epistle to the Thessalonians, c. iii, v. 10), and as reproduced in the Catholic Times, is as follows: The sentence passed on fallen man that he should earn his bread in the sweat of his brow was, said the preacher, indeed a punishment, but it was indeed a fortunate fate when not only was there work to do, but when one was also forced to do it. Even in man's mere human way work willingly undertaken and earnestly done brought with it blessings. It gave health to the body and hardihood to the will, cheerfulness to the mind and grit to the character. Work alone could develop natural talent, and work alone could safeguard supernatural virtue. Yet work was often shirked through sloth, or it was not sought for through indolence. But, as had declared a rich art critic, there was no beauty in any slothful animal, so there was no true moral worth in any idle man, no true moral dignity in any idle woman. Idleness was the frequent cause of mental depression, and was often the cause of moral depravity. But what particular bearing had that upon home life? No idle home was happy, for, in the first place, work was often needed to earn their daily bread, or, if one's support was safe without daily toil, work might be needed in order to add domestic comfort; or if all that was already secure without actual effort, yet there remained in the second place the grim fact that idleness created tediousness, and tediousness with melancholy of mind provoked also irritation of temper, whilst irritability caused quarrel, which brought feud to the fireside. The lazy morning lost in unhealthy sleepiness, or in indolent lounging till there long hours given up to reading novels in which the most shameful sins were vividly painted in pretty pictures or the most abominable blasphemies, blantly set in pretty speech; protracted periods of scandalous gossip or of unbecoming talk; heavy intervals of annoying listlessness that led to anger, or to overwhelming depression that led to drunkenness; an evening of brutal revelling, or of wretched loneliness, ending with the sleep of stupor or of unpleasant dreams—would such a day as that, asked the preacher, help to make a home happy? Sloth was a deadly sin, killing talent, character, cheerfulness, kindness, energy, and purity. It was very fertile in decay. Within the stagnant soul were bred germs of every creeping sin and reptile crime, till the mind became dull or devilish, the character stanic or silly, the heart hard or putrid. Even when one was not forced to labor for one's daily bread one must not be idle. If they could not use their fingers they could use their brains. Any man or woman on earth, who was neither a cripple nor a fool, could find an honest occupation. Whereas that man was unworthy of the name who was no more than an encumbrance upon the earth, a burthen upon his people, a drone amidst tolling humanity, a blotch upon creation, the man who was a willing and earnest worker in the world was not only one of nature's noblemen realizing the dignity of his duty, accomplishing the fulfillment of his vocation, but, more than that, since all his actions tended towards the carrying out of the fitting order of things, since every effort of his strength was adding to the wealth of nations, since the reut of his hands' labor or of his mental toil was a development of his own soul, so that every drop of sweat on his brow was an offering that was a consideration of his life and brought upon it the blessings of heaven. Father Kane next spoke of the evils of extravagance. The people, high and low, lived up to their last penny, if they did not live beyond it. The man whose care should keep the home secure to be a shelter for the loved ones should recklessly waste or rashly risk the means wherewith he should fulfil that sacred duty, that was more than sin, it was more than guilt; it was cruelty, it was crime. Poverty—he meant real, downright, pinching poverty—was a very terrible trial to face; but when it was poverty that came after luxury, an hunger that came after plenty it was horrible, it was appalling. Lastly, there was the lesson of the fireside. It was from around the fireside, as from the parent nest, that young loves first fluttered forth on life; and as the birds at eve come home to roost, so 'twas

towards the fireside of one's childhood that the fondest memories of age turned back. Many and many a time the wanderer in far-off lands, weary of limb and sore of heart, would forget the scorching sand of the desert or the seething fever of the swamp, or the bitter waste of the salt sea waves, and as in his heavy sleep he remembered more the callousness or the cruelty of the strangers around him a dream of the drear old days that were gone would dawn on his soul, a dream that showed to him again, with the light of the flickering flame, the circle of happy faces round the fireside, till the mist of holy tears will have clouded his eyes, and a wave of holy love will lift up his ward spirit nearer home, and therefore, nearer God.

Father Kane based the second part of his eloquent sermon on the words "As the sun when it riseth in the world in the high places of God, so is the beauty of a good wife for the ornament of her home" (Ecclesiastians, c. xxvi, v. 21). The glorious sun, said the preacher, gave to our earth its beauty and its fruitfulness. Through the dark shadows of the night the quiet dawn breaks with brightening hopes and fuller promise, spreading all over the Eastern sky prophetic revelations of power and splendor soon to come, till with the faint trembling of the air, like earth, with a sudden flash of triumph on the face of the happy heavens, like a joy that came to hearts that were weary with waiting, the first rays of the sun, across the dazzled edge of the horizon, shot like golden arrows. The sun taught the birds to sing; it painted the flowers, and from its one white ray unravelled the thousand exquisite colors and hues wherewith it gave to each petal or leaf of loveliness of its own. The sun drew from the bitter cold draughts of purest water, and sent it in phantom-like form of cloud to far-off places to fall in refreshing rain upon thirsty soil. The sun stirred with strange, magic touch the chemical forces of the mineral, the loose-linked affinities of the liquid, and the vapor's subtle, intangible atoms, stimulating their energy and purifying their influence, for there was no power so strong in its action or so blessed in its health-giving as the power of the sunshine, and without it there would be no life, no loveliness. Such was the influence of a good woman on her home. From her rough and rugged rock they trod gained strange charms, so that the cliffs of difficulties over which they must climb were robed in bright colors; the weary waste of trial or the monotonous expanse of drudgery, were made clear to their vision, and easy to their effort.

Woman's influence could soften the coarser crust of man's more selfish nature, and from it win the gentleness of courtesy, the choicest flowers of refinement, the full, rich, ripe fruits of chivalrous devotedness or of generous work. Her sacred influence banished the pestilential vapors that brooded over hearts where her pure presence had not shone. Her holy love destroyed the germs of spiritual disease, keeping the souls of the young pure, or bringing back to the souls that had sinned by sin a second spring-tide of their earlier innocence. From out of the salt, bitter ocean of human life a good woman would gather pure, sweet streams of sympathy and let them fall in soft, soothing tears to comfort sorrow, or she would pour them round the roots of hard or sickly characters, helping them to ripen unto wisdom, the choicest flowers of God, so was the beauty of a good wife for the ornament of her home. The influence of woman was not to be measured by mathematics. It was too delicate to be defined by the ordinary balance of moral right. It was so vast as to spread beyond the horizon of the philosopher, yet so imperceptible as to defy the touch and elude the eye. Those who advocate woman's rights sought unconsciously to limit her power and lessen her influence. If they spoke of Right in the strict sense, woman's first right was to obey. While it is true that one woman might be stronger than a man, another braver, another more stern, another more rough, another more intelligent in abstract science, or more despoke in character, as one man might be weak or wayward as any woman; yet it was a higher, wider, deeper, truth that the nature of womanhood was not that of manhood, and that her broad characteristics at their best were those of man's helpmate, and were at their worst when she would be man's wish to stand always on equal footing with men, they forfeited their privileges, which were only offered to their weakness, and they lost in the struggle for existence into which they rashly rushed, that success which was only grasped by the stronger hand or fiercer character. Those unwholesome theories about "Women's Rights" were hatched in the dovecoots where spinsterhood sounded into strong-windedness. The Church, said Father Kane in conclusion, only recognizes three states in Christian life: the state of marriage, the state of religion, and the state of singleness in the world; but the last only when chosen or accepted from a supernatural motive. The Church did not recognize any holiness of character, in so far as they were either preparatory to holy marriage or consecrated to holy virginity. Wherefore those who were not called to marriage, whether it was owing to their own choice or outside circumstances, must understand that that was neither an excuse for sin nor a toleration for tepidity. Bachelorhood and spinster-

hood were states of natural selfishness unless they were made states of supernatural holiness. In the last place, and above all, home needed woman's help and heart. Woman was always the angel in her home. If she was not an angel of heaven she might become an angel of hell. No demon ever brought such sin on earth, no demon ever dealt such strokes of woe or tightened such strain of agony, as did the curse of a wicked woman for the disgrace, degradation, misery, anguish and despair of her home. But woman might be and often was the living sunshine of God's heaven within her home, an angel of light of loveliness, and of love. "Oh, Christian women," appealed the preacher in closing his beautiful sermon, "look up to that glorious ideal and try to make it true on earth. Home should be a human heaven, and you are the angels who can make it so. Dream your dream of happy home. Dream till your very dream, born within your fancy, shall grow into real fact. That is your influence is lost because you see no sign of actual happiness, no proof of actual holiness. Be still an angel of light, of loveliness, and of love. When you are dead, and over your cold heart the green grass grows, while above your pillow all dark even your name is being washed away from the tombstone by the rain, or the snow, or the snow, your voice will still echo like music to a living ear, your face will still be present before living eyes, you will yourself be still living by your living influence within the living memory of him who can never forget you, and though the soft tears are streaming down his cheek and a sob is struggling in his throat, you will be to him still what you were in the old days, his queen and his helpmate of home; and to husband, brother, son, you will still be, all the years of his life, in his living, loving heart, what you were to him once in his home, an angel of light, of loveliness, and love."

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS—A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO THEIR INFLUENCE FOR MORALITY.

There is one Church which makes religion an essential in education, and that is the Catholic Church, in which the mothers teach their faith to the infants at the breast in their lullaby songs and whose brotherhoods and priests, sisterhoods and nuns imprint their religion on souls as indelibly as the diamond marks the hardened glass. They engrain their faith in human hearts when most plastic to the touch. Are they wrong, are they stupid, are they ignorant, that they found parish schools, convents, colleges, in which religion is taught? Not if a man be worth more than a dog or the human soul, with eternity for duration, is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. If they are right, then we are wrong; if our Paritan fathers were wise, then we are foolish. Looking upon it as a mere speculative question, with their policy they will increase; with ours we will decrease. Macaulay predicted the endurance of the Catholic Church till the civilized Australian should stretch the ruins of London from a broken arch of London bridge. We are no prophet, but it does seem to us that Catholics, retaining their religious teaching and their moral character, will come upon the scene of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession. We say this without expressing our own hopes or fears, but as inevitable from the fact that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—From the New England Journal.

FRENCH PRIESTS.

ORGANIZING FOR CO-OPERATIVE LABOR. Paris, May 4.—The Separation Act, which deprived the French Catholic clergy of official position and stipends, has led many to adopt curious forms of co-operation, with a view to earning their living in Paris. The priests have formed a syndicate, the chief object of which is to procure coal and provisions at wholesale prices. There is also a federation of clerics who do manual labor. Many priests who are capable gardeners and carpenters find employment from Catholics through this federation. Its members undertake to copy the celebrated Socialist division of the day by giving eight hours to manual work, eight to clerical and eight to rest. In the department of Cher, priests have formed a beekeepers' association and make as a yearly income from the sale of honey about \$150, almost as much as their former stipends.

Minister Convert.

Rev. Alexander R. Goldie, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, formerly vicar of Elvaston, Derby, and rector of Gawsorth, Macclesfield, is one of the latest converts to the Catholic faith. He was received into the Church on March 8, at Bath, by the Rev. Duncannan Sweeney, O. S. B. Among the immediate causes of his conversion was the reading of Froude's "History of England." The anti-Catholic, violent partisan Froude was a signpost pointing out to Mr. Goldie the right direction, and he trusts that Froude may do the same good turn to many.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

In Santander, Spain, recently, Don Miguel Martinez Lopez, a 33rd degree Mason, abjured his errors on his death-bed and returned to the faith of his youth. In 1893 he stood at the head of Masonry in Spain.

The mayor of Orleans, France, has decided that the Freemasons shall not be represented officially in the procession in connection with the Joan of Arc fetes. A local lodge made a demand to be allowed to participate, which the mayor ignored.

One half of the sacred pillar at which our Lord was scourged is at Jerusalem and the other half, since the days of the Crusaders, is in the Church of St. Praxedes, Rome, which is the titular church of Cardinal Merry del Val. It is one of the greatest treasures of Rome.

It is said that Rev. Dr. Edward Shanahan, professor of dogmatic theology at the Catholic University of America, is the first choice of the Bishops' Council of the Fall River diocese for the vacancy in the See caused by the death, on February 1, of Bishop William Stebbins.

Beginning on May 6, Mass will be celebrated daily at high noon at the church of St. Francis of Assisi, in New York. This special service will be continued until the hot weather, or about the middle of June. Archbishop Farley was pleased with the attendance during the Lenten season.

The Rev. Regis Gerest, O. P., is the writer of a very interesting article on the work in Cuba which is being performed by the missionaries of the Dominican order. "At present," he writes "it is a consolation and a reward for us to know that four thousand Communions are annually received at the feet of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary in the chapel of the Dominicans."

According to a dispatch from Rome in the New York Sun, Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, showed the Pope a telegram that had been published in New York announcing that his (Merry del Val's) resignation was imminent and that he was to be succeeded by Msgr. Kennedy, now rector of the American College. The Pope was highly amused at what he considered a huge joke.

The Papal "non expedit" has been suspended by special permission of the Sovereign Pontiff at the forthcoming election at Girona, Italy. Two candidates are proposed to take the place of the late Minister Gallo, and Catholics are allowed to vote in favor of the Catholic candidate, Gallo, a lawyer, whose opponent is an anti-clerical and divorced. In Florence also under similar conditions, the "non expedit" has been suspended.

Prof. Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, one time guest of President Roosevelt, called on May 7 upon Cardinal Gibbons and paid his respects to the head of the Catholic Church in America. "He sets a great example to us little fellows," said the Professor after the visit. "That he is one of the greatest of men is shown by his simplicity. "It is remarkable how simple are the great."

The present day French atheists have not yet enthroned a Goddess of Reason on the high altar of Notre Dame Cathedral, but we read that the Marist Brothers' chapel, which has considered one of the most beautiful in France, has been sold to a business man, and is now used as a cafe and cinematograph show. Its high altar forms a support to the stage, on which blasphemous and indecent songs are sung to the vilest accents.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, once confessor to Emperor Napoleon III., godfather of King Alfonso XIII., biographer of Pope Pius IX., and Pope Leo XIII., has been elected to the see of Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson on Friday afternoon, April 26, at the age of ninety-two years. He had been an invalid for fourteen years, and was perhaps the oldest priest on the western hemisphere, having been ordained sixty-five years ago.

It is said that Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the New York millionaire, has some charity work on 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, and before each gift has been made Mrs. Ryan has convinced herself of its necessity.

Booker T. Washington, the head of Tuskegee Negro Institute, was in Baltimore last Monday and called by invitation on Cardinal Gibbons. Recently, while the Cardinal was on his way to New Orleans, Professor Washington boarded his train and rode with him from Atlanta to Tuskegee. Cardinal Gibbons is intensely interested in the advancement of the negro race, and the short trip was fraught with much interest, both to the Cardinal and the most prominent negro of the country. During the trip, Professor Washington mentioned that he would appreciate an invitation to call upon his Eminence when he went to Baltimore, and the Cardinal courteously responded that he would enjoy a continuation of the conversation. Professor Washington remembered the episode when he went to Baltimore. "He sets a great example to us little fellows," said the Professor after the visit. "That he is one of the greatest of men is shown by his simplicity."