

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### JOTTINGS.

The announcement of Dewey's presidential candidature has caused a flutter in political circles. We don't know why the gallant admiral has turned aside from the ease and dignity of office to seek the cares and labors of the politician and to enter upon a campaign more dangerous than that of Manila. We are certain, however, he will learn that the enthusiasm which erstwhile extolled him as Nelson's peer is shattered. Had he appealed to the people shortly after his return the hysteria of the tumultuous and shouting multitude might have carried him into office; but his much-vaunted exploit is now ancient history and can scarcely be regarded as a factor in a political contest.

Some good souls imagined that the Peace Conference would begin an era of peace and good-will. Nations would discard the powerful armaments, and the clamor of war would be no longer heard in the land. Recent events have proved that the Hague deliberations have resulted in nothing save the drafting of wordy resolutions which bring a smile to the lips of the politicians who believe in Gatling-gun civilization. And it is rather amusing in the light of present-day happenings to hear our enlightened age advocates wax eloquent over its superiority to past ages. We wear better clothes outside than our forbears; we have greater facilities for travel and inventions galore for our comfort and indulgence, but there are so many things which prevent us from being unduly exultant over our much-vaunted progress.

Some of us are still under the impression that nothing of any value can emanate from a Catholic source. Catholic colleges receive slight recognition. Catholic newspapers are held up to ridicule because they are unlettered, or condemned because they are bigoted. But a short time ago we were told by an individual that the bigotry of the Catholic press of the country was the reason of its receiving scant support. It goes without saying that the individual in question is a weak, colorless specimen of manhood—too cowardly to resent an insult to his faith, and too selfish to do aught for its advancement. He is a type of a class that is prone to criticize and censure not newspapers only but everything and everybody that run counter to its ideas and methods of action.

Whatever be the deficiencies of Catholic prints they are surely better for the household than the ordinary newspaper with its chronicle of crime, divorce, prize-fight and the chat of men and women who have their own ideas about the Ten Commandments. This truth has time and again been proclaimed by our spiritual chiefs, but there are heads of families too criminally stupid to see its wisdom.

The brave and dear Irish who are battling on South African fields must be pleased to hear of the honor accorded to the shamrock.

Nay, more, their valor has inspired many speeches from the lips of the descendants of rack-renting landlords who perchance harassed and starved and murdered their ancestors and sought to make them the most abject of slaves by means of the Penal laws which an English statesman declared to be the most prolific instrument ever invented by the wit of man to disgrace a people and degrade a realm. That the old persecuting spirit still lives is apparent from a late pronouncement of the House of Commons to the effect that Catholic Ireland must not have a university. The suggestion of Kitchener to build a university at Khartoum as a monument to Gordon was acclaimed with enthusiasm; but a petition from Irishmen for a similar seat of learning was rejected!

A reverend gentleman laboring at present in the China mission field has written a very lugubrious letter to the Presbyterian Review. China is, he intimates, in the clutches of Rome. The priests are, if we may judge from his epistle, unscrupulous villains; whilst he, poor, good man is, though in the midst of corruption, a vessel of righteousness. We quite believe him, but he is, we think, too far from home. He

should be recalled and placed under the sheltering care of his brethren. If he is one of the gentlemen who, as we have been told recently, devote 90 cents of the missionary dollar to personal uses he may be loth to surrender his post; but his health and peace of mind should outweigh pecuniary considerations. Once home he might turn his pen to delineating the machinations of Rome, and do it well, because he has a luxuriant imagination, or he might commence that promised mission to Catholics.

And what, by the way, has dampened the ardour of our separated brethren in regard to this subject? We are waiting for the light that emanates from a free Bible! The divines will receive a fair and respectful hearing and a well supplied "Question Box."

Convinced of the fact that Protestant organizations are unable to guard the sanctity of the marriage bond, thoughtful men are looking to the Catholic Church as the only barrier to legalized adultery.

Divorce, which affords the widest margin to lust, has been denounced by her as the invention of hell. In the seats the husband may repudiate his wife and espouse another; but in the Catholic Church this, to the consummation of time, will be a thing unlawful. The marriage bond cannot be broken. She declares to husband and wife that on the day they stand before the altar they contract a union which death alone can dissolve. The husband may be king, and by virtue of his dignity he may demand divorce, and he may as in times past enforce that demand by persecution; but the world has yet to read a decree from Rome permitting, in a case of consummated Christian matrimony, a husband to repudiate his wife. If, says a German historian, the Popes could hold up no other merit than that which they gain by protecting marriage against the brutal lusts of those in power, notwithstanding bribes, threats and persecutions, that fact alone would render them immortal for all future ages.

The Lenten Pastoral of Cardinal Vaughan contains much information for the critics of the Episcopate and the Roman Curia. The Cardinal says that Catholic journals are perfectly free to take any line they please in matters purely political and national; but when it comes to questions directly concerning religion, such as the policy of the Church, the character and conduct of the Sovereign Pontiff—the Roman Congregations of the Cardinals in Curia—of Bishops in their official capacity, of the laws and discipline of the Church, of the clergy in the discharge of their appointed ecclesiastical duties, the case is altogether different. This is holy ground. The Church is governed by a Hierarchy, not by a House of Commons. Her constitution is divine and not dependent, like a political machine, upon popular agitation and the sea saw of public opinion.

Humbert of Italy is, we are told, a lonely and disappointed individual without funds and without prestige; surrounded by anarchists, the descendants of the riff-raff that upheld the cause of Victor Emmanuel. Tormented by the murmurs of a discontented and over-taxed people he should see that his present position is untenable. In 1870 a member of the Chamber of Deputies of Florence declared that the government could not hold its own face to face with the Pope.

He should know that Rome is the heavenly guarded centre of the Church of God. Greater merit than he has learned that, and he ought to be wise enough to profit by his experience. The Holy Father must have freedom of action, and for this he must have his own principality.

We are assured by an infidel press that the law of guarantees safeguards the full exercise of spiritual power, and that, consequently, there is no just ground for complaint. Even if it afforded the protection as claimed by its advocates it is none the less a law formulated by a government that would, if it dared, repeal it tomorrow and divest the Holy Father of all semblance of power and dignity. The law of guarantees is as farcical as the plebiscite of 1870. Pops Leo XIII. stands by the decrees of Pius IX. on this question when he says: "We shall

never cease to contend for the obedience due to our authority, for the removal of the obstacles which hinder the full liberty of our ministry and for our restoration to that condition in which the counsels of the Divine Wisdom first placed the Roman Bishops." If King Humbert yielded to that contention he would make this year a holy one indeed for the House of Savoy.

The Catholic Standard and Times had in a recent issue a trenchant article on the bigotry of the New York Tribune. It appears that the editor, in commenting on an article on the Monastic Orders, strayed into the path of reckless assertion and ignorant hatred. Father Wynne sent the Tribune a communication dealing with the erroneous conclusions of the editor; but that worthy and valorous individual refused to publish it. They are all of a kind, these anti-Catholic fanatics. They can berate and scold and lie with Falstaffian energy; but there is not an ounce of fight in them. The Tribune's editor was too cowardly to make an attempt at defending his position. He had an opportunity for the free discussion of which bigots talk, but he was too wise in his generation to grasp it. Instead of Father Wynne's letter, he published one from a "Casino Girl."

To the Editor of the Tribune:—Sir: Having written some lines in answer to your unkind, untrue editorial, "Monastic Orders" which appeared in last Saturday's (March 31st) issue, I wish to say that I wait, thinking surely some Catholic would answer—some Catholic who could cope with you—some theologian. As I saw none forthcoming, I decided to do my little best. I do not pretend to know much, journalistically, but I do feel sublimely happy in knowing that I have answered the Tribune—the kind, the glorious nation, when on the stage of the Casino I, with the other members of the "American Beauty" company, bade good-bye to the audience.

I am dining with some friends. A farewell dinner—as we wait for England on the morrow. My friends are Catholic gentlemen. I have learned since I have been a Casino girl that the only true gentlemen are those who think, word and deed. The others have the education, polish and manners, every outward semblance, but no true, true respect for women. (Our colleges are turning out young women. Oh, don't say no; women in my profession—"singing girls," "Casino girls"—we know them!) They find us bright, clever, charming in various ways; they send us flowers (embellish of purity); they seek an introduction; we meet them. They never associate religion with us—oh! no! We accept an invitation to lunch with them; we should like to hear some of the grand opera; the only chance we have of hearing really grand music is when we go to church on Sunday to the Divine—(did you know that he was also a Catholic? Now, why will you call your churches after Catholic saints? You have no saints, you know, because you do not believe in canonization; not believing in canonization, you have no saints; having no saints, you cannot believe in that part of the Creed "Communion of Saints." Church! young men—"Church!" Oh! I would not go to church to hear music; the Casino is good enough for me. And, oh! they are so fond of having you go to some nice little restaurant, where they serve nice little dinners and have good wine. Religion???? Oh! no; none of that for them.

They are astonished at your refusal, but, thank God, the Catholic girl, be she what she may, when she is taught her religion, is taught that her "immortal soul" must be saved, and that "only the pure of heart can see the Kingdom of Heaven." And this is taught by her Monastic Orders. ONE CASINO GIRL.

### PARENTS vs. CHILDREN.

Authority and importance seem to have made a shift to the children of the household; they are no longer vested in the parents. They must take a back seat and bow to the superior wisdom of the grown up sons and daughters who forget the many sacrifices those good old fathers and mothers have made that their children might acquire that superior wisdom. Wisdom! well, it is but poor wisdom that can oust a mother from an honored place in her own home, beguiled perhaps with very little, and held together by hard work which was lightened by love and brightened by hopes for the times when the children should be grown and help.

And yet we have so n children who have had, through sheer self-sacrifice of their parents, the benefits of a liberal education, make no other return than basing rancidness. The old home ceases to suit. Another is chosen which affords a parlor which is forthwith stocked with shoddy furniture to be paid for on the instalment plan. The family are warned off the new possessions, and the visitors are held at arm's

length by gay colored draperies which say very audibly, considering their loud colors, "Please keep your distance." The old folks are out of their element here, and only take a sly peep when no one is about. That room is for their daughter's friends, and the poor mother has already had several lessons on the advisability of keeping in the friendly shadow [of the kitchen walls. She makes so many slips in speech and manner that are not in accordance with her educated daughter's ideas of social intercourse and call for such humiliating corrections that she retires to the background and the daughter assumes the direction of the household. The son, too, after the manner of our day, has acquired the art of spending his entire wages on making himself a model of correct style. With all his apparel in the tip of the fashion it is hardly to be expected he should recognize the work-stained father trudging wearily home and trying to find a rosy haze over through the medium of tobacco.

The children have evidently progressed, and it is well that each generation should advance and outstrip its predecessor in culture and education. But when the strides are so great that children hopelessly out distance parents and forget to suit their paces to the old folks who so willingly trod to suit their youthful steps it is time to call halt to the march of progress.

### FR. BROSNAHAN'S REPLY TO PRES. ELLIOT.

The warm welcome accorded to Father Brosnahan's reply to President Elliot of Harvard is a very gratifying sign of the times. Educators are everywhere laughing at the deplorable plight of the learned magnate, and we venture to say that his future speeches will lack the self-assertiveness and the disregard of social amenities and of facts that have gained him such unenviable notoriety.

The Bookman says that Father Brosnahan's pamphlet is one of the nearest bits of controversial literature that we have seen in a long, long time. In the first place it is a model of courtesy and urbanity; in the second place its style is clear as crystal; in the third place its logic is faultless; and finally its quotations, illustrations and turns of phrase are apt and singularly effective.

We hope that President Elliot has been reading this over very thoughtfully himself. As the information would probably never reach him from Harvard sources, we may gently convey to him the information that throughout the entire country professional educators and men and women of cultivation generally are immensely amused at the cleverness with which his alleged facts and his iridescent theories have been turned into a joke.

### SOME PRACTICAL ADVICE.

Some time ago we beheld at an entertainment devised for the aid of a worthy object a thing that to us was inexpressibly sad. The piece de resistance of the evening was a song and dance act by two little children. It was gracefully done, and the foolish parents doubtless took pride in the performance of their offspring.

It is a little thing, you say, but such exercise a great influence on the future. They take the bloom of the soul and fill it with worldliness and vanity. The soul of the child, says St. Jerome, is to be educated with a view to its becoming a temple of God. It should hear nothing but what pertains to the fear of God. Children, as he says, were to learn to chant the psalms; but as for the songs of the world they were not to know them. Rather old-fashioned advice; but it is as applicable and more so to this generation than to St. Jerome's.

### A PULPIT NOVELTY.

The Newcastle Chronicle the other day reported a striking departure in English pulpit methods: "An instructive discussion between Jesuit Fathers has just taken place at St. Michael's Catholic church, Westmoreland road, Newcastle. Father Butterfield, S. J., assumed, for the nonce, the character of an enquiring Protestant workman, and severely 'heckled' Father Power, S. J., with reference to the Virgin Mary, the Real Presence and the Catholic Church as being the only true Church. Father Power, with Bible in hand, gave chapter and verse for his faith, and was

very lucid and effective with his replies, especially on the Real Presence and the saying of the Jews—'how can this Man give us His flesh to eat?' A crowded congregation followed the arguments with the greatest interest."

### AGNOSTICISM IN THE MASK OF SCIENCE.

"The Scientific Method of Theology" is the title of an article in the North American Review, by Frank Sargent Hoffman, Professor of Philosophy in Union College. A careful, patient, yet irksome, reading of the article forces us to the conviction that Prof. Hoffman's lamp is not large enough to enable him to deal with the subject he attempts to throw light upon. This lack of intellectual grasp and inability to see the illogicalness of his own position is all the more surprising in a professor of philosophy, in Union College or anywhere else.

As this is a serious charge, we propose to prove it here and now. The professor's first object "is to set forth with clearness the principles that underlie all our beliefs."

That is, he proposes to account for the origin, the starting-point, of all human knowledge. This is a Herculean task to accomplish with clearness in a short magazine article, when the master minds of the ancient and modern world of philosophy have devoted exhaustive treatises to it, and have not agreed upon a solution of the problem. To undertake such a task within such limits is evidence that the undertaker has not fully measured its magnitude, or that his confidence in himself is phenomenal.

But to our purpose. On page 580 of the Review the professor says: "All the facts that man may possibly know may be divided, for our present purpose, into two classes, internal facts and external facts. The former are certain to one, the latter merely probable."

The reader will please think over this a little till he gets a clear idea of its meaning. The facts of conscious-ness, which alone we can know with certainty, according to the professor, are our sensations and mental states. When we think, we know that we think; when we desire, we know that we desire; when we feel a sensation, as of pain or pleasure, we know that we feel it. All these are acts or experiences of the soul. These, and these only, can we be certain of, that is, know; for to know without certainty is not to know at all.

All other knowledge, or supposed knowledge, is according to the professor, merely probable. We suppose that we know that we have bodies which we must clothe and feed. But we don't know it; we only know that it is probable that we have bodies. The knowledge is not of a fact, but of a probability. So of the things of the universe about us. We think we know that they are realities outside of and independent of us. But no, says the professor of philosophy, we cannot be certain of them; we can only know that they are probable, not that they are. The paper we now write on and the pencil we write with may or may not exist, we cannot be certain of it. Our notion about them is at best only knowledge of a probability.

We think we know that we are now writing this comment. "No," says the professor, "you only know that you think you know that you are writing it, for you can only know with certainty internal facts or facts of your consciousness, and the fact of consciousness in the case is that you think you are writing. But whether you are really writing is an external fact of which you can have only a probable knowledge." We think we know the April, or North American Review is a fact, and that it is a fact it contains the professor's article on "The Scientific Method of Theology." All wrong, says the professor, they are external to your innate consciousness, and therefore you cannot be certain of them. The Review may exist outside of your mind that thinks it so exists, and it may contain an article which you think it contains, whom you think to exist, but of none of these things can you be certain. They are at best only probable to you—not the subject of real knowledge.

If the professor's principle, which logically leads one to doubt the existence of the universe and of all things except the doubter, be not philosophy run to seed of Canada thistle we know not how or where to classify it. It is the best, not of knowledge but of nonsense.

Catholicity implies not merely an absence of apostasy when joined to descent from Catholic parents but rather habitual conformity to the teachings and laws of the Church. It means that whosoever lays claim to it believes all that the Church teaches; recognizes the authority of the pastors of the Church to regulate all religious and moral questions that may arise in the life of man; it supposes that he complies with the precept of assisting at Mass on Sundays and holidays of obligation and approaches the sacraments at least once a year. Church approval was never intended to be a mere drawing card for social organizations, nor a means of promoting the various

ambitions of men whose only claim to the name of Catholic is their own assertion that they have never denied the faith.

The presence of members who are not practical Catholics in "Catholic" organizations is not purely imaginative. There are cases of the kind, and the evil should be remedied. Such membership is proof of the hypocrisy of the individual if his fidelity to his duties be not generally known; it is an evidence of the degeneration of the whole society when that society knows and tolerates such violation of its own provisions. Promises solemnly made on the occasion of admission to a society blind in conscience and he who solemnly professes that he is a practical Catholic when he knows that he is not, goes on record as a liar. To what societies our readers belong we do not know; but we urge that it is the duty of each to see to it that his society, if it be professedly Catholic, stands for practical Catholicity.—Providence Visitor.

### TWAS A LIE.

A Denial of the Story That Mrs. Dewey Has Left the Church—Purpose of the Canard.

The following communication, which bears the signature of a Catholic journalist well known in Washington circles, is self-explanatory:

Editor Catholic Standard and Times:

One naturally has a right to expect that American manhood will ever respect woman, and that even in the height of a hotly-contested political campaign the privacy of the firesides of candidates will be sacred from the pollution of the battle. And yet when we in this country find that nothing is too sacred for the scandal-mongers of the press.

What the voter should wish to know are the principles of the candidates, their fitness for the office to which they aspire and their moral worth. The home circle should most assuredly be spared, for, as according to the old law, "A man's house in his castle, the threshold of which the king with his army cannot cross except in accordance with law," so it should be spared from the assaults of the politicians who are ever ready to strike through a woman's heart to reach a political enemy.

We have recently had an exhibition of this common practice in the reports sent out from Washington relative to Mrs. Admiral Dewey's alleged apostasy from the Catholic Church. The facts as I obtained them from one competent to speak on the subject are that Mrs. Dewey has not left the Catholic Church. She has not joined St. John's Episcopal Church; nor has she given up her pew at St. Paul's Catholic Church.

Whether the correction will be so widely published as was the false statement is doubtful, if we may judge from experience. The authors of this falsehood knew they were forging a double-edged sword which would cut whether the story were believed or not; they expected the report to be denied and the fact thus established that Mrs. Dewey is a Catholic, trusting to the bigotry of the people to refuse to select a man with a Catholic wife. If the Presidential campaign is to be inaugurated with such unjustifiable falsehoods, we may form some impression of what will be its history.

When a gentleman who is in a position to authoritatively deny this early campaign falsehood was asked why he did not do so, he replied:

"Mr. Smith, what is the use to attempt to deny any statement politicians make? If you commence by denying misstatements you will be kept busy all the time."

We must admit there is much truth in this conclusion, and I have corrected the falsehood only in the interest of the Catholic press.

Very respectfully yours,  
MILTON E. SMITH,  
Baltimore, Md., April 16, 1900.

### CLEAR ENUNCIATIONS OF CATHOLICISM.

The lamentable fall of Dr. Mivart and his sad death has led one of our Catholic editors to call his horrid heresy a break with ecclesiastical authority. It is on occasions like that of Mivart's perverse heresies when the foundations of thought in all its provinces seem sapped, and shifting, and insecure, we should show how the clear enunciations of Catholicism stand out like a rock rising from the storm-tossed sea. The great principles of truth and falsehood, and right and wrong, are upheld to day as they have been upheld for eighteen centuries, unchanged and unchangeable as He whose eternal law they reflect to man. It is a blessed certainty, the fulfilment of the promise of Jesus—"they shall all be taught of God!" Well may those who are without desire it; well may those who are within rejoice in Him Who has ordered their footsteps in that way of which it is written that "fools shall not err therein."

It is impossible for a man who is intelligent and right-minded to be unmoved by the history and the presence of the Christian Church. He sees in her that grain of mustard seed which, planted in an unfriendly soil, watered by the blood of Martyrs, attacked unceasingly from without and from within, has triumphed over external and internal obstacles, and become the greatest of all trees. He sees that the birds of the air have made their home in its branches; that Christianity has been the guardian of science, the protector of art and industries, the home of nations, the master of civilization and of society in its most perfect form. Far from such a man will be that vulgar prejudice which blinds so many to the beauty of the unknown Spouse of Christ. His sentiments will be those of esteem and of admiration; "the finger of God," he will say, "is here." He will look back with respect—perhaps even with a touch of regret—to those ages of Faith when even in the world the Church was a power, when Christian society, as a society, acknowledged and served God.—American Herald.