

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### A LESSON FROM THE PAST.

An exchange informs us that "one of the treasures of the Protestant Episcopal cathedral of New York is a magnificently illuminated Bible, the work of the monks of Cluny in the twelfth century." Little did they think, these monastic craftsmen, that this testimony to their skill would, after the lapse of centuries, find its way into alien hands, and the manuscript, on which they lavished such care and time, into a cathedral which knows not the faith that animated them. But the fact may be a shock to those who believe D'Aubigne's story of Luther's "discovery" of the Bible. This tale is frayed at the edges, but it is used now and then as an argument by those who cling with pathetic persistency to any figment that has an anti-Catholic appearance. That Luther published the first Bible in the language of the people is disproved by non-Catholic writers. Prior to Luther there were versions not only in Germany but in other European countries. We have Saxon Bibles of the eighth and tenth centuries. But it boots little to go far in this well beaten path. We may remark, however, that the Bible, deprived of the guardianship of the Church, has been subjected to many and various experiences. It has been and is used to support the most absurd theories and to sponsor a hundred and more sects mutually destructive and hopelessly irreconcilable. Divines have eliminated this and that portion of it and the notoriety-seeking preacher has poised it in the pulpit as a target for the shafts of criticism. It has been scattered among the nations, among heathens, as if they could understand its pages burdened with mystery, reflecting all moods, and bearing upon every condition of life. It has been scattered to the multiplication of sects that fain would render ineffective the Lord's prayer for unity. But the Church, the witness of the life and death and resurrection of Christ, is the guardian and interpreter of the Scriptures and defends it against the onslaught of both liberal Christian and infidel. And the Church is the only barrier to the tide of infidelity. She alone has authority and is recognized by the adversary as the one factor that can deprive him of triumph. Outside the Church there is but private opinion and denial of all religious authority. Protestantism, which rebelled against the Church, cannot check the vagaries of her own children. Opinion clashes against opinion, divines wrangle with one another to the unsettling of all belief and to the conviction that anyone bold and self-sufficient enough can "beat the Ten Commandments."

### THE CENTURIES-OLD CRY.

"The creed of Rome is out worn." Not indeed an original remark, though it has a semblance of novelty to the young people who utter it. Poets and postmasters of erotic tendencies, and certain novelists who have woven phrases in honor of impurity, regard it as a first principle. But what are they going to give us in lieu of it? That science which, according to its exponents, knows nothing of the life beyond the grave? Or opinions which look benignly upon the aberration of passion and have high sounding names for moral turpitude? Our creed is out worn and yet it is enshrined in the love of millions, giving them light and consolation in a way not comprehended by either science or progress, and establishing a kingdom of souls without any spirit of antagonism to temporal sovereignties. The cause that can produce the effects which are visible and endowed with vitality is neither dead nor out worn. We mind us that in Paris, under the Directory, an individual evolved a creed which was to supplant the Church. Not being successful, he asked the advice of Talleyrand. The astute diplomat shrugged his shoulders and said: "Get crucified, rise again on the third day, and all will be well."

### HEED THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY.

Some Catholics, the worldly ones, who have been and are a source of trouble to the Church, assert that our youth can be entrusted, without danger to their faith, to the non-Catholic college. For our part, we believe that boys coming from homes whose atmosphere, so far as faith is concerned, is not bracing, will not be, as a rule, sturdy Catholics in college or any-

where else. The indifference to religion that prevails in non-sectarian institutions is a menace to Catholic robustness. Opposition may call into play a defence of the faith, but the studied disregard of religion and the constant application of the faculties to things of earth and the incessant sing-song ancient success are very useful weapons in the hands of the devil. We do not think that Catholics of the enthusiastic kind troop forth from non-Catholic institutions. They may be respectable citizens, or they may be polished imitations of ungodliness or staunch upholders of the doctrine that "getting found out" is to be avoided. The advice, however, we prefer to parents is to follow the guidance of authority in this matter. Let us take our cue from it instead of echoing the cry of those who give much instruction but little education. Our colleges are not so well equipped as are their competitors. True, our laboratories are not so resplendent as they are with machines and instruments. But our colleges have, we are informed, a few machines, and, despite our niggardliness, keep the sheriff from their doors. And they were able to store the student's mind with principles, to arm him against false philosophy, to fit him to read a newspaper without swallowing any absurdities he may see therein, and to habituate him to the sacramental help which alone can sustain him in the storm and stress of life. Suppose our facilities imitate the non-Catholic, who believes and acts upon it, that a dollar in the way of tuition fees or of a hard-pressed institution than any amount of ceasure.

### NOT INFALLIBLE.

Without questioning the sincerity or impugning the motives of some of our moral crusaders, we are of the opinion that their dicta on this or that question are not infallible. Other men as interested as they are in safeguarding the interests of the country may not see eye to eye with them on questions of public import. Some temperance workers, for instance, are in favor of absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic; others regard high license as a check to its evils and advocate the formation of a powerful public opinion that would force the beer and whiskey men into obscurity.

Archbishop Ireland contends that the temperance workers who would have more stringent and radical measures adopted, who would fain see the liquor traffic swept out of existence, will support high license, for they cannot fail to recognize that it must be productive of most beneficial results, even if it be not so far reaching in its effects as they could desire. They will not take alarm at a name: they will compromise no principle—to tax a traffic is not to sanction it, to repress abuses by law is not to authorize them.

We are told that liquor-selling in itself is no violation of the divine law. The trouble is, that it is, as a rule, surrounded by myriad temptations to intemperance and that the saloon as it exists to-day fattens upon intemperance.

### WORTH REMEMBERING.

Says Archbishop Ireland: "A large proportion of those who open saloons are broken-down, impecunious men who have failed in other occupations and are fit for nothing but liquor selling. The man spoken of in Scripture, who will neither work nor beg, seeks a wholesale dealer who is willing to set him up as a saloon-keeper."

Never give your votes to put a saloon-keeper in office: it is not to be expected that he will forget in the service of his country the interests of his own traffic.

Keep out of office the timid man who will fear to do what is right lest he offend the saloon-keeper.

Some years ago a would-be model saloon-keeper announced his advent in Detroit; he posted up over the bar rules which were to regulate his saloon: in less than a month he closed his doors. The saloon conducted in a decent manner does not pay.

We must reach the potent cause of intemperance if we would arrest its onward course: this cause is the traffic which the State only is competent to regulate, and to hold within legitimate bounds.

Let us waste no words on the saloon, that is, on the possible or ideal saloon. It will be time enough to discuss it when it will be discovered.

Commit not, through love of life, actions worthy of death.—Menaender.

## ARCHBISHOP FARLEY ON PEACE.

FORCEFUL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HIS GRACE AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK, SUNDAY, APRIL 14.

War is so great an evil that one of the world's greatest generals described it with laconic eloquence as the most perfect state of human misery. There is wanting to it no horror, moral or material.

Its benefits, if any, are indirect and uncertain; its evils are immediate, inevitable, and universal—vitiation of human character, waste of life and of gain, arrest of human progress, injustice to the helpless and innocent, popular and permanent legacies of hate, and all the fiercest and most ruinous passions of the human breast. Its genuine symbol is the storm that blots out in a brief space the harvest, the home, even life itself, leaving behind it desolation, despair and death.

It is true that, at all times, men have imagined perfect happiness to be some state of universal peace, a golden age long past or to dawn. "Peace on earth to men," the complement of "Glory to God on high," was the greeting which heaven sent to earth in the most solemn hour of the world's history. Could we abolish war in the twentieth century, we should hand to posterity an earth made perfect as a dwelling-place for man.

We owe a debt of gratitude therefore to all who devote themselves to this Christlike purpose. It is the duty of every citizen to respond to their generous appeal, and to contribute what in him to the accomplishment of their aim. It is an aim that uplifts and ennobles all human nature, and tends to reveal in man spiritual heights and depths that get obscured in those brutal conflicts from which he emerges always more shattered in spiritual than in his physical life.

We must not admit that even if we cannot totally abolish war, much can be done and is being done to mitigate its horrors. The people of the world should be grateful to all who have in any way contributed, as individuals, rulers, or associations to improve the conditions of warfare, i. e., to strip it of its barbarian character, and emphasize the dignity and rights of man even on the field of battle.

I am not prepared to say that we shall ever entirely remove that dread scourge from society; but I believe it can be notably diminished in frequency and mitigated in its conduct. If this mitigation of the brutalities of war is to continue and is one day to cease among men, it will be through the influence of two great moral forces, religion and education.

We are told by our wise men in the daily press and in our universities that the only true and sufficient cause of war in modern times is the desire to retain areas of commercial influence, or acquire new ones, or to outstrip others from such as we have learned to desire. If this be the case, whatever I desire to appease the root of desire, to create a spirit of moderation and contentment, to enlarge the horizon of the heart, and show to new regions of enjoyment, certain and abiding, must prove a universal benefit. If in all the nations that make up modern Christendom the youthful generations were taught in all earnestness the law of Christian holiness and rectitude of life, and made to know the Divine Exemplar of that life, we should see the formation of a Christian public opinion that would in time discredit many of the motives and occasions from which wars have in the past originated.

I am of the opinion that we ought to appeal more directly to the influence of all religious bodies. In the individual peace is a natural fruit of the religious sentiment. Logically, therefore, it should be the mental habit of all who profess the Christian faith, and should be the basis of a last-ingly peace, a form of psychology of the mob, that to-day shouts for "Liberty" and to-morrow shoots drunk over its violent extinction.

We ought to welcome all organized religious efforts in the interest of a general peace, for all such effort is essentially Christian, and supremely humane and uplifting.

The real evil of our modern industrial and commercial conditions is the selfishness which they tend to engender. Why should we ignore the most powerful solvent of selfishness that has ever been discovered, the religious sentiment?

I believe with all my soul that until we recognize openly the moral power and authority of religion, not of the vague individual sentiment, but of organized religion—our efforts for a universal peace will accomplish but an imperfect result.

I shall not, therefore, surprise anyone if in connection with the profound influence of religion in all that tends to create and preserve a state of peace I call attention to the continuous existence of a famous tribunal of peace—the Holy See of Rome.

Its services in the past are so well

known that all impartial historians even such as do not recognize its spiritual authority, agree that for centuries it was a successful court of final resort for countless conflicts. The only practical international law for centuries was the Gospel of Christ as it was preached by its legates to emperors and kings.

Through centuries of selfish feudalism when all Europe was splintered into countless little States, the Holy See was the only external force they bowed to and habitually invoked as unselfish, independent, courageous, beloved by the poor and weak, and feared by the rapacious and powerful.

That tribunal still exists. Lord Stanley in the House of Lords, July 25th 1887, thus referred to it, when the question of international arbitration was under discussion: "Such a court exists already, the Court of the Bishop of Rome; all continental Europe was disposed to recognize it as the proper arbitrator when war was threatened between nations." He called attention to the happy settlement of the Caroline Islands by Leo XIII, whereby war was averted between Germany and Spain. "The Code of the Law of Nations," Catholic savants in November, 1886, could easily be accepted by England, which following the example of Germany, need not hesitate to trust the impartiality of the Pope.

The Holy See is still the working head of the great Catholic body, over 250,000,000 of souls, and its moral authority was never greater. All these countless millions would surely welcome the recognition of the Holy See as a factor in international arbitration.

It stands forth universally venerated as a divine representative committed to the work and the interests of peace by the nature and history of its office, at the head of a great working system of international religious administration which permits it to reach rapidly and efficiently the minds and hearts of the whole peoples and races.

I am not prepared to say just how the Holy See might again take its place as a factor in the work of universal peace, or how the Christian world shall resurrect a tribunal that was once its pride and honor.

It is certainly significant enough that when the Czar Nicholas first proposed an International Tribunal of Peace, he invited the Holy See to take part in the proceedings, and that the Queen of Holland wrote personally to Leo XIII, requesting his co-operation.

I think I can safely say that the Holy See were no longer excluded from the noble and eminently religious enterprise, that thirteen or more millions of American Catholics would at once take a livelier interest in the movement for the abolition of war. It would appear to them as more than an Utopian scheme, as something practicable and in a large measure attainable.—Catholic Union and Times.

## THE BRIGHT FUTURE OF IRELAND.

THE THROB OF NEW LIFE IS NOW IN THE OLD LAW.

I was called over to Dublin to attend a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party, and took the opportunity of seeing some of the leading personalities of Dublin, writes T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

REjuvenated Ireland. One evening I spent at the house of a high government official, a man of strong popular sympathies, who has done much for Ireland, and will do more; and the thing which most impressed me in the company was that everybody seemed to be doing something, and something new for Ireland.

To one man had been entrusted a great part of the gigantic work of the re-settlement of the Irish land, by Mr. Wyndham's Land Act; another was considering what was to be done about building some twenty-five thousand new cottages with money that had been voted by Parliament for the erection of dwellings for the laborers; a third—it was Dr. Douglas Hyde—was full of the revival of the Gaelic tongue, and had just completed his labors as a member of a commission to consider the improvement of university education in Ireland.

A WONDERFUL CHANGE. What other people who were present were doing in regard to non-political movements had to me almost a greater fascination and interest, however, than those semi-political labors in which the others were engaged; for this was a new departure. By my side I found a lady who had started a new stained glass window factory. "Fifty thousand pounds," she said to me, "goes out of Ireland every year to buy stained glass windows for Irish churches and chapels; and I mean some of that and stick in Ireland"; and so she had started her stained glass factory. I may add—for it had its significance in Ireland, and in the present conditions, as will be seen—that this lady was a Protestant.

Among the guests was my old friend, Lady Gregory. It was not her general conversation on which I propose to dwell; it is one curious little sentence she uttered which has remained with me, and which is the keynote of the article I am writing. I was conveying to her the impression I had got from even my few days in Ireland, that there was an extraordinary amount of movement in the country; in short, that Ireland was alive again.

"You are seeing in Ireland," said Lady Gregory, "not merely a revolution but a renaissance." And then she went on to say those words which ring in my ears—they sounded at first almost grotesque—"There is so much going on in Ireland now that you darn't leave

it for a month!" Strange, striking, new language applied to Ireland, from which escape to any other land seemed for more than half a century to be the most burning desire and chief ambition of her sons and daughters!

And there came immediately on top of this the other conversation which helped to produce the impression I now have of the present temper and prospects of Ireland. I was ascending the staircase of the Irish secretary's office to have an interview with Mr. Birrell, when whom should I meet coming down the same staircase but Mr. Bryce—now the ambassador in Washington, and only recently the chief secretary of Ireland.

It was an astonishing little conversation he had. I made the remark from my experiences in Dublin and my conversation with Lady Gregory, that Ireland at this moment was very interesting and full of movement. "Why, yes," said Mr. Bryce, "there's something fresh to interest you every day." I was struck at once by the extraordinary coincidence that an Irish government official and an Irish lady of strong Nationalist leanings should within a few days use almost precisely the same language with regard to Ireland; should both declare that Ireland was so alive that every hour brought its new manifestation, its new movement, its new surprise, its new source of interest.

EVERY HOUR. And this is just what is taking place. There is something new every hour; the whole island is full of strange noises such as those which bewildered Caliban in Prospero's enchanted land. The truth is that you see at this moment a new nation rising, being born under your very eyes. Later on, when people have got the right perspective, they will realize all this mighty transformation, this revolution of men into armed conflict—has drawn them from icy or torrid deserts into cultivated plains—has been the secret and sinister motive of all the invasions, all the crash and the creation of Empires in the history of the world—and has therefore been in Ireland, a battle cry big enough, worthy enough, vital enough, to make one understand why two races should think it worth while to fight under it for even so long a period as seven hundred years.

LANDLORDISM DISAPPEARING. Everybody in America knows this broad fact; but how few realize what all this means in the inner life of Ireland! I look with something like awe and amazement at these government officials who are engaged in this work.

It gives one a curious impression that Ireland is not only one of the most ancient nations in the world, but one of the newest and the youngest. You hear of some ancient landmark like a castle and an aristocratic family whose mansion has just been sold, and whose whole territory is now entirely in the hands of the peasants, whom, in my own time, this same family could rob or exile.

The despair of the impossible situation in the Ireland of forty or fifty years ago was worse almost than the servitude. There was no room left for hope in a system which permitted the addition of the latter made to the wealth of the soil and there could be no hope or prospect in a system which kept the tenant liable to eviction from his holding whenever the landlord wished to do so. And now realize that on half the soil of Ireland the people never see a landlord or a landlord's representative; that every year brings them nearer the time when they will be the absolute owners of their holdings; that they know that their children will secure full possession and complete ownership if they do not, and you can understand what a new strong tide of hope and exultation there must be in the breasts of these people.

A few years ago, there was no estate in all Ireland in which the conditions were more hopeless from every point of view than the Dillon estate. There were some hundreds of tenants huddled together on wretched plots of three or four acres of bad land. Most of them went to England or Scotland every year for the harvest months, and during terrible hardships—sleeping in barns, living on potatoes and herrings, denying themselves everything—managed to scrape together the few pounds which enabled them to pay the rent and keep their cabins over their heads. The landlord was an absentee. There stood in the midst of the estate a great castle, gaunt, half ruined, going into decay, the mansion which the ancestors of the landlord had occupied in ancient times. To-day that estate is owned by a peaceful and happy body of Irish farmers—Independent and prosperous.

THE Irish in America.

Mr. Kettle, who was in this country recently as a representative of the Irish Parliamentary Party, has returned home, and advises strongly against Irish emigration to this country. Yet he says in the next breath: "What pleased me most in America was the position which the Irish have attained there. Everywhere we went, we found that they had reached a high position in public life—in the professions, in business, and, in fact, in every walk of life. We found that not only were they good American citizens, but that they were good Irishmen as well."—Sacred Heart Review.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

Archbishop Blenk was consecrated Archbishop of New Orleans on April 24th.

The Italla regards it as almost certain that King Edward and Queen Alexandra will visit Rome and that King Edward will be received by the Pope.

The Sisters of Mercy, of Buffalo, N. Y., will erect a new motherhouse in Abbot Road. It will cost about \$200,000. Two other Buffalo convents also contemplate erecting handsome new buildings in the near future.

The Abbe Jouin, rector of the church of St. Augustin, whose trial began April 11 on the charge of inciting to rebellion from the pulpit in connection with the taking of the church inventories, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$320 and costs.

On Sunday evening, St. Patrick's Day, the rosary was said in the Irish language, followed by an Irish sermon in St. Alphonsus' church, West Broadway, New York. Father Cunniffe delivered the sermon. He is an eloquent Irish speaker and an able classic scholar.

The will of the late Edward Byrne, of Portaferry, County Down, shows that he has left almost all his fortune, amounting to over \$70,000, to Catholic charities in his native town and in Belfast and Downpatrick. He was one of the early pioneers in the gold fields of Australia.

The Rev. A. H. Lang, one of the six preachers of Canterbury Cathedral, Eng., and for twenty years connected with the Anglican Archbishop's mission to the Assyrians, both of Persia, and as organizing secretary under three Archbishops of Canterbury, has been received into the Catholic Church at Ealington Abbey by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.

The new and beautiful Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, of Charleston, S. C., erected on the site of the former Cathedral of St. John and St. Philip, was consecrated last Sunday with elaborate ceremonies. Cardinal Gibbons, Msgr. Diomedo Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, and 100 Archbishops, Bishops, Monsignori and clergy took part.

Rev. Paul B. Risall, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Albany, N. Y., takes the public into his confidence in a letter to the Journal of that city, in which he announces that his sister, Miss Ruth Birdsall, has become a Catholic. His Reverence adds that the step was taken without the consent of himself and his brother, the Rev. Ralph Birdsall.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, the mother of Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain, has developed such a liking for Spain and Spanish ways that she intends to practically live near her daughter. Msgr. Brindley, the Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, has great influence with the Princess and her daughter, and it is said that the mother will soon follow the Queen into the Catholic Church, and that her two sons will also embrace the faith.

At the meeting of the directors of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, the Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., read the annual report. It showed that 1,000 missions had been given to Catholics during the year, and 1,440 to non-Catholics. The success of the latter was shown by the announcement that 6,176 converts had been received into the Church, and fully ten times that number were under instructions.

The late Cardinal Tripepi, who bequeathed 700,000 lire to the Holy See, was a great friend of the Catholic press and his will bears satisfactory evidence of the fact. It provides that the six oldest and largest Catholic papers of Italy are each to receive 600 lire. The distribution of these premiums is to be made through the editorial department of the Civiltà Cattolica, of Rome.

The Pope has just appointed the Rev. Stephen J. Otyaski, a monk of the order of St. Basil the Great in Gallia, as the Bishop of the Ruthenian Greek Catholics in the United States. This appointment is particularly pleasing to the Greek Catholics, for they have been desirous for many years of having a Bishop of their own rite, since Bishop of the Roman rite was unacquainted with and are not permitted to celebrate any services according to the Greek rite.

Rev. Alexander R. Goldie, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, formerly vicar of Elvaston, Derby, and rector of Gawsforth, 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. Dunstan Sweeney, O. S. B. Among the immediate causes of his conversion was the reading of Froude's "History of England." The anti-Catholic, violently 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 others.

Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., last Sunday evening brought to a close the annual mission which he holds in Carlisle place, London, for costers and other working men in connection with St. Vincent's Guild of the Sacred Heart. There were about 200 men present. The service began with vigorous hymn singing which was followed by a sermon from Father Vaughan, based on the text, "I know whence I came and whither I go." He urged them to keep away from the bookmaker. It was a sin for any man in any position to bet with what he could not legitimately afford to spend on his pleasures. If that were so, they could not, without sin, throw away their earnings on harp-strings who were trying to get them to take their tips.