

The Catholic Record.

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

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MUCH-NEEDED INFORMATION.

In an article "The United States and Latin America," in a recent number of the Fortnightly American Review, Mr. John Barrett, who is by personal experience and intimate knowledge of the people well qualified to write on the subject, gives the United States much-needed information. Many of us depend for data on Latin America, or out of date text-books, newspaper screeds and tracts from wandering evangelists. And so South America is merely a place which shelters yellow fever, coffee, animals more or less pictures que, and myriads of dark-hued people who take life languidly in the accompaniment of cigarettes and castanets.

The tourist who sallies forth in quest of confirmation of his prejudices is rarely disappointed, even as the rural life, eager to penetrate the mysteries of the great city, finds the bunco-steerer. The evangelist is always in danger of falling into the hands of a keen-witted Spaniard, who furnishes him with tales which later on are published for the edification and purse-unburdening of the guileless souls who live in cold countries. Mr. Barrett, however, depicts actual conditions. While Latin America is no laggard in the race for commercial pre-eminence, it does not neglect the cultivation of the arts and graces which beautify and ennoble life. He calls attention to the fact that South America can boast of poets, historians and philosophers who are as worthy of respect as those of the United States. Chicago alone has more domestic infelicity than Latin America; and in regard to crime, the United States has easily the unenviable honor of first place.

THE POOR MINISTER.

Some non-Catholic divines tell us that the number of college men who go into the ministry is decreasing. The reasons are that clergymen are underpaid and that the pulpit cannot compete for the prizes of the world. Another reason may be that young men who take notice of the aberrations of this and that divine, of the Bible dissected and discarded by hostile critics, prefer to be listeners rather than contributors to religious discord. And with non-Catholic historians relegating stories, which were once accepted as history, to the domain of the myth and legend, our friends may see a still further decrease in the number of ministerial recruits.

That the majority of Protestant clergy are underpaid is vouched for by those who are competent to speak on the subject. It is a task of some magnitude, we admit, to educate a family with a pittance that seems barely sufficient for one. It would be discourteous, we presume, to ask why the prosperity and wealth which ever accompany the "open Bible" are not visible in these ministerial households. They who so often appeal to the progress of the Protestant nation as proof of the genuineness of its religion should apply the test to a poverty-stricken minister. Is Rev. —, with a salary of \$800, inferior in holiness to Mr. J. Rockefeller? While waiting for an answer we may say that, according to the prosperity test, Mr. Rockefeller is the holiest man in America.

But it is strange that men who are supposed to be the champions of the Lord, who repressed the earthly ambitions of His disciples, and denounced riches as one of the greatest obstacles to the attainment of eternal happiness, should cry out against poverty. No plaints come as a rule from the Catholic clergy. The majority of them are poor—so poor in many instances that they are content with the necessities of life. Their days are made out of the warp and woof of self-sacrifice and work. And they are happy and know that the priesthood offers prizes besides which riches are as nothing. The bringing of sunshine into clouded lives, the uplifting of the fallen, the administration of the sacraments, give to the true disciple an inexhaustible source of beauty and wonder. The Catholic priest cannot understand why they who minister to the Lord should shrink from His poverty. Yet Dr. Livingstone, in his Travels in South Africa, page 117, asks: "Can our wise men tell us why the Catholic mission stations were self-supporting, rich and flourishing, as pioneers of civilization, while the Protestant mission stations are mere paper

establishments without the permanence of the ability to be self-supporting."

MR. J. HOCKING'S "FORT."

Every man, according to Artemus Ward, "has got a Fort. Shakespeare wrote good plays, but he wouldn't have succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lacked the reposit fancy and imagination."

Joseph Hocking's "Fort" is in the line of Artemus Ward. He pursues Rome unceasingly and the things that aint so that he has discovered in the line of the noise and uncanny indicate that his fancy is of a high order. His rhetoric is warm and expansive and his scorn is of the "chick and me you villain" type. How deftly he limns the picture of the priest who enmeshes simple souls in the nets of Rome. The priest Rittoon, whom he depicts in his serial now running in The Presbyterian, a paper for the home by the way, will make Protestant boys and girls afraid of the Catholic cleric. And the young girl who was educated in a French convent, and who knew nothing of "those dark days when the Roman Church made Europe a scene of superstition, cruelty and horror—to read which is to make the heart shudder," will make them weep. But how can the editor of the Presbyterian allow a novelist of this type to spoil good ink and paper with this melodramatic rubbish. We hazard the statement that the editor would not sponsor Joseph Hocking as a novelist before an audience of intelligent Canadians. Why permit him to put the dirty fingers of calumny upon the impressionable souls of children.

WINONA AND OTHER STORIES.

By Wm. J. Fischer.

Within the covers of the book are eight tales, fresh and pure and brimful of pleasure for all those whose tastes have not been vitiated by doses of nauseous literature. There are no social problems, no descriptions of the seamy side of life. But the stories are radiant with the glory of the sun, the earth and of virtue, and they bring us back to the days when "life was like a story that held neither sob nor sigh." And this is what we all need.

Anything that can help us to forge through the walls of sordidness, of strivings for place and pelf, into the broad open spaces where honor walks, and men love and give and expect no return, and white souls are pearls beyond price, should be given a kindly welcome.

To our mind Dr. Fischer's work will aid us in this in some measure. When his powers are matured he will help us still more. Here and there in the book are things unsaid which warrant one in believing that the author can win a high place among short story writers. We gladly recommend the book to our readers. Father Copus, S. J., tells us that Dr. Fischer takes life seriously—as all physicians must necessarily do—and yet one cannot fail to discover between the lines of these pretty stories a glowingly warm heart which loves humanity.

THE "YELLOW" QUILL DRIVERS.

If all the political prophets and amateur theologians were guiding the destinies of Rome there would be no trouble in France. They, with experience of ward politics and the perillities of a 2 by 3 town, know what should be done, and, inspired by correspondents who see Rome through the mists of prejudice, wax melancholy over the attitude of Pius X. And the young Cardinal Merry del Val is too impetuous, too fanatical. And the man who rule France are so statesman-like in word and action—so ready to adopt a conciliatory policy. One objection to these sapient articles is, that they embody ineptitudes, calumnies and nonsensical maunderings. Suffice it to say that the writers thereof are in the class represented by the Chicago reporter who, in a description of a Church function, told the world that the celebrant, Cardinal Satolli, wore a tansure on his shoulder and carried a thurifer on his head.

THE DEMOCRATIC BRIAND.

M. Briand, Minister of Education, is doubtless a man of ability and an eloquent testimony to the mysterious apathy of the French Catholic. He may be pledged to what he styles democratic ideas and various other things that were fathered by Voltaire and Rousseau. They, however, who still adhere to Christianity should for seemliness' sake be chary of adulation of Mr. Briand. We did pride ourselves on our

spirit of fair play: we may not have lost it; but at any rate we are, we trust, not base enough to sit meekly down at the feet of a man who spurns what we hold in reverence. And this man is M. Briand. His contempt of Christ is clean cut. For the garlands of rhetoric woven for him by sympathetic Christians, he returns thanks in the following words culled from a speech delivered at Amiens a few weeks ago: "We have hunted Jesus Christ out of the schools, out of the university, out of the hospitals and the asylums, nay, even out of prisons and mad houses; it now remains for us to hunt Him out of the Government of France. Isn't this Democracy done to a turn?"

HOW THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

Written for The True Voice by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.

V.—ORIGIN OF THE ANABAPTISTS AND BAPTISTS.

We are not inquiring here what kind of men the Baptists are to-day, but what was their origin; what their early history. They state in their writings that their origin is wrapped in obscurity. But history has of late torn away the veil of many pretences, and it has done so in the present case. It is now clearly known that the Baptists have come from the Anabaptists; they have dropped the first two syllables of their original name in order to escape the odium attached to those early sectaries. The history of the Anabaptists is as well known as any ordinary event of the past four centuries.

The word Anabaptist etymologically means a person who baptizes over again. It was used to designate the fact that their new doctrine held infants' baptisms to be of no avail, since the sacrament could benefit those only who desired it. Now as all Christians before the Reformation began had been baptized in their infancy, those who joined this sect were rebaptized. This error was originated by Thomas Munzer, the Lutheran pastor of Zwickau in Saxony in the year 1520. He and his followers carried the principle to its logical conclusion to the furthest consequences; every one was to interpret the Bible for himself and they professed to find texts in the Sacred Volume that justified rebellion against princes as well as against Bishops and Popes. They were socialists, mystics, fanatics; they rejected all authority, all tradition, all control of any kind. Intoxicated with individual liberty, they went about committing such excesses, such outrages on morality, as disgraced the name of Anabaptists for all future generations.

Munzer gave a fresh impulse to a new character to the "Peasants' war," as it was called, which was directed by him to the establishment of an ideal Christian commonwealth with communistic institutions. In 1525 his army was defeated at Frankenhausen; he was tried, condemned and executed.

But this well deserved punishment was looked upon by the Anabaptists as a form of most unjust persecution. New associations were formed among them, new prophets and teachers arose, the propoganda was extended among the peasants and serfs of Germany, Austria and Hungary in every direction. They summarized their tenets as follows:

"Impiety prevails everywhere. It is therefore necessary that a new family of holy persons be founded, enjoying, without distinction of sex, the gift of prophecy, and skilled to interpret Divine revelation. No need of learning; for the internal law is more than the outward expression. No Christian is allowed to go to law, to hold an office in the civil government, to take an oath in a court of justice, or to possess any personal property; everything among Christians must be in common."

They went about burning all books but the Bible, and destroying all churches within their reach. Catholics are often blamed for being intolerant of heretics, for refusing them liberty of conscience. But when they saw what heresy and liberty of conscience meant during the first decades of the Reformation, how could they help being intolerant? Who, if he knows the facts, can blame them for defending their own liberty of worship, their churches, their altars, their priests, Bishops and the Supreme Pontiff against all manner of insult and violence? Must a man stand by and see what is nearest and dearest to his heart outraged by mobs and fanatical leaders of mobs? I do not think the Catholics to-day would patiently submit to such mob violence if it were offered, and I do not know that any would expect it from high-spirited citizens.

A few years later John of Leyden, a tailor by trade, was proclaimed King of the New Zion. He put all the laws of morality, of decency and moderation at defiance. He was tyrant to his subjects; yet, he pleased them by introducing polygamy. He pronounced anathemas against Luther as well as against the Pope of Rome. At last Munster, the capital of his kingdom, was taken in 1535, and he and others of the leaders were tortured with hot pincers till they expired.

The most fanatical of their leaders being thus removed, new prophets arose, who objected to polygamy among the most revolting disorders. In many places the better element among the Anabaptists prevailed, and the sect became more like to the ordinary followers of the Reformation. But its name has ever since remained one of extremely bad repute, and its members have often been persecuted by other Protestant bodies. Some of them

went to settle in the Netherlands, and thence passed over into England, in company with some English dissenters who had fled from the persecution in their own country, and which in Holland had taken up the main tenets of the Anabaptists. As early as 1535 we read of ten Anabaptists suffering death for their heresy under Henry VIII. in England, and in 1538 of three men and one woman executed for the same opinions. Yet their tenets gradually spread, and now there are said to be about 500,000 of those sectaries in Europe; but the name Anabaptists has been changed to that of Baptists.

In America they are far more numerous. In 1533 a colony of Welsh Anabaptists had come over to settle in Massachusetts. Here the celebrated Roger Williams undertook to defend the same errors as the Anabaptists in Europe, as far as baptism was concerned. But instead of the lawlessness and the excesses of the early leaders of the Anabaptists, he displayed a spirit of moderation and tolerance which has made him one of the most honored pioneers of religious liberty in the United States.

From the beginning of the heresy its followers objected to the name "Anabaptists," because, they said, "infants were incapable of receiving baptism, and therefore, if simply baptized when they desired it in riper age. They claimed the name "Anti-paedobaptists," against the baptism of children." But the appellation was cumbersome, and, besides, the term Anabaptists was not incorrect, for the vast multitudes of Christians in all ages have considered infant baptism valid, and therefore the repeating of the ceremony in later life an attempt to repeat baptism, to baptize over again. History has consecrated the term Anabaptism, and it will no doubt remain to the end of time.

But the Baptists of the present day have another objection against the name as applied to themselves. In this they are right. For although they are historically connected by descent of organization and still more evidently by sameness of doctrine with the Anabaptists of Reformation times, still, as it is a given or proper, not a common name, and the appellation has been historically disgraced, they have an undoubted right to disown it as the designation of their present organization. We respect their reasonable wishes in this matter, and therefore we have headed this paper "Origin of the Anabaptists and Baptists," admitting the distinction, yet tracing both divisions to their common historical origin.

It would certainly be unjust to blame the modern branch for the wild fruit produced by older branches which are now dead and cut off. But the root of the entire tree is evil; at most the defense can be made that the Baptist sect is the growth of human passion prompted by human reason, but it is in no sense the work of God. It is the same with many others of the early Reformation sects. Their modern members have to a great extent disowned the most objectionable principles of their founders. Thus most Lutherans of the present day no longer believe in the total depravity of human nature, in the slavery of our will and the needlessness of good works. The Presbyterians no longer so ardently uphold their Calvinistic profession of faith as to strike out from it the most offensive tenets.

In fact, even in Luther's time the fruit produced by the tree which he had planted had become so bad that he was forced by what he saw and heard on all sides to lament the sad results. Thus he complained, saying: "The world grows worse and worse, and becomes more wicked every day. Men are now more given to revenge, more avenging, more devoid of mercy, less modest, and more incorrigible, in fine, more wicked than in the Papacy." In his Table Talk he commented thus:

"One thing no less astonishing than scandalous is to see that, since the pure doctrine of the gospel has been brought to light, the world daily grows from bad to worse." He would willingly have corrected some of his own things if he could have done so without justifying himself before the whole world.

FORCED TO HIS KNEES.

A METHODIST MINISTER'S IMPRESSIONS OF A VISIT TO ST. PETER'S IN ROME.

Curiously enough, in an article written for the New York Christian Advocate (Methodist) by A. H. Tuttle, D. D., we find, along with references to "thousands whose consciences are rocked to sleep in the cradle of priestly rites," and who "would never know of a vital religion except for the clear testimony of our (Methodist) people," the following fine tribute to the glorious pile that rises above the resting place of the Prince of Apostles:

"One day our little company went by themselves over the Elian Bridge to that most majestic building in the world, St. Peter's Cathedral. Every time I enter it its power grows upon me. It is the house of God, not alone in the sense that it was erected for His worship; but that is true of every church. But this one impels to worship, in my mind imperatively commands it. Here is the most perfect symbolic expression of the soul's deepest yearning that human genius has ever devised. Some may sneer at the idea of any vital union between symbolism and devotion, calling it aestheticism or, what is worse, idolatry. But architecture, pictures, music and ritual, which have their origin in the soul's aspiration for the divine, cannot be of the devil, as the iconoclasts believed. It is certain that

here this morning they forced me to my knees.

"We walked together under these lofty arches in vast spaces, where human beings seemed to shrivel to the stature of a hand's breadth. The great central dome swells out like the vault of the sky, and is so perfectly illuminated that the prophets and the apostles painted there seem to be living realities hovering over us in the air. All around us are the monuments of the heroes and saints of the Church. Incessant is continually ascending. The Mass is forever being performed, helping the devotion of feeble hearts, just as a mother helps its child to say its prayers. Music from some unseen organ floats through the spires like an invisible host singing glorias. Every where and in everything are proclaimed the majesty and holiness of God. How insignificant I felt and how sinful before His glory and His power. I was troubled and alarmed. Who can stand before God?"

"With such feelings I came to an altar over which hung a picture of the Crucified One. His bleeding hands seemed to be extended to me, and His eyes of love penetrated my heart. His lips seemed to say, 'I have redeemed thee with My blood.' My spirit bowed in adoration and was filled with an indescribable peace."

THE UNTRUTHFUL PRESS DISPATCH.

A fair sample of the daily newspapers' happy faculty for presenting Catholic news as it is not has been brought to our attention. In a recent issue of the Washington Post, considerable space that might easily have been devoted to better things (and truer) without detriment to the paper, was given to an article, purporting to come from a correspondent in Rome, and describing the "mysterious disappearance" of an Italian priest. When it was found that the priest had left Rome (and this interesting fact was probably discovered by the postman, the newsboy or someone equally capable of deducing cause from effect,) the Busybody immediately commenced to earn his name by "investigating"—viz., looking around for some matter or circumstance that might in some way aid him in putting scandalous construction upon the unexplained (and unexplained, that is by the postman, the newsboy or the like) absence of the priest. Now who knows but that the Busybody, through his untiring efforts, his unceasing persistence, finally discovered that on the same day, or perhaps, a day or two earlier, or a day or two later, but anyway, about (which is near enough), the same day, a girl also disappeared from Rome. Ah! Then the Busybody rested from his labor; he licked his chops. For had he not found a choice tit-bit of scandal wherewith to regale himself and his friends? What matter that the priest went north and the girl went south; what matter that the priest had sailed for America, and that the girl had not disappeared at all, but had gone to another section of the city to visit her grandmother. What, in deed, might all this matter. The existence of a few trifling facts one way or another should never be allowed to spoil so delectable a feast as that prepared by the hard working and diligent busybody.

And so the tale goes forth (even as the story printed in the Post), wired across the ocean, gobbled up avidly by the press, even as the Busybody had anticipated. It is spread before the eyes of thousands who do not care to doubt it—the few who recognize the handiwork of the Busybody, being less than a dozen. The matter that the priest went north and the girl went south, and under absolute secrecy sent forth their decisions touching the salvation of their country and the triumph of the Church.

Before separating, and sending the result of their votes to the Supreme Pastor, they proceeded to the national Basilica of Montmarie, on the first Friday of June, at 3 o'clock. There, in that sanctuary dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and placed upon an eminence which dominates the whole of Paris, they ranged themselves in three rows of stalls. The prelates, including Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, numbered almost eighty. The venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, who is nearly ninety years of age, intoned the Vespers. Then his coadjutor, Mgr. Amette, made an announcement in a voice full of an emotion which was shared by the throng filling that vast basilica. "We are going," he said, "to renew the consecration of all our dioceses, and consequently of the whole of France, to the Heart of Jesus Christ. We are about to make our protestation of faith—our true France—does not seek separation from Him who is the Way the Truth and the Life."

It was a sublime spectacle thus to behold all those dignitaries of the Church of France prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament. When the moment came for the consecration, the sound of the organ died away into silence, and the venerable Cardinal Archbishop arose and pronounced the first words of the formula. The Bishops immediately joined their voices to his, and all recited together that beautiful prayer, at the conclusion of which they renewed the National Vow of France to the Sacred Heart. Their solemn and measured utterances resounded through the arches like the ardent and impassioned supplication of pastors for their guilty children. The multitude listened in awe-stricken silence, comprehending that, like Moses of old, the Bishops wrestled with the Lord for the pardon and salvation of the people who were erstwhile called most Christian.—Ave Maria.

A WORK OF WONDERFUL GROWTH

Religious activities usually begin in October, but what is remarkable this year, is the unwonted activity in the field of Missions to Catholics. From the reports received at the Apostolic Mission House there are nearly one hundred Missionaries actually engaged in giving missions to non-Catholics. In the twelve regularly established diocesan missionary bands there are nearly sixty secular priests devoted to this work and this work alone. Some of these are now among the very best missionaries in this country. They are men of learning, of more than ordinary persuasive powers and they have behind them nearly ten years of experience. Others are younger priests who are strong in their enthusiasms, and ardent in their zeal, for this particularly attractive kind of work. Besides these Missionaries who are working in the regularly established bands there are ten who are affiliated to the Catholic Missionary Union and who draw from this missionary organization the money necessary for their support. These Missionaries are working in Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee. The work that these Missionaries do is of the most difficult kind. There are pioneers. They go into places where there are few if any Catholics. They gather into halls the townspeople who have rarely if ever heard an address from a Catholic priest. Their lecture is very often on "What Catholics do not believe." Any how it is given with the purpose of clearing away the immense amount of prejudice that exists in the minds of non-Catholics and of preparing their hearts to accept Catholic truth.

Then finally there is the work of the religious orders. Every missionary order has its band of Missionaries for non-Catholics and most of them make it a rule to follow a Catholic Mission with one to non-Catholics. So that to say that there are one hundred missionaries actually engaged in giving Missions to non-Catholics at the present time is to make a very conservative statement. The Apostolic Mission House graduated twenty five priests, well trained to mission work last year. Some of these have gone to assist in the existing bands. Rev. J. P. Moore is working with Fathers Randall and Crane in the St. John's Apostolate. Rev. Wm. Huffner has gone to help with the Missionaries of St. Paul, Minnesota. Rev. G. Hurley is assisting the Providence band and Rev. J. J. Reilly is helping Father Kress and his associates in Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. J. H. Mahoney inaugurates the non-Catholic mission work in South Carolina, while Rev. S. J. Kelly the Josephite is engaged in giving missions to the colored people in Mississippi. There is no department of activity in the Church that is growing so fast as this work that centers about the Apostolic Mission House. Nor indeed is there any that is so full of promise for the future of the Church in America.

A SUBLIME SPECTACLE.

Beautiful spectacles, the fruit of persecution, are being offered in France to the entire Church. They are the outcome of recent events, and are calculated to cause both edification and rejoicing. Fourteen French priests were consecrated Bishops, at one time, in Rome, by the hand of the Sovereign Pontiff himself, just as upon the day of Pentecost the Apostles in the Cenacle received the tongues of fire and the gifts of the Holy Ghost. More recently still, at the archbishopric in Paris, all the Bishops of France, in conclave assembled, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and under absolute secrecy sent forth their decisions touching the salvation of their country and the triumph of the Church.

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