

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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A CULPABLE FOLLY

We learn from some of our esteemed contemporaries that the Bible societies are doing a flourishing business. Bibles are being shipped everywhere, and the unregenerate heathen will continue to use them in the making of fire-crackers. This, however, is preferable to what they are subjected by the home heathen. A characteristic of reports is the exultant strain that pervades them. So many Bibles distributed—so many pagans converted—a very easy method of ascertaining the measure of their progress, and one calculated to improve the imaginative faculty.

It is incomprehensible that our separated brethren persist in attempting to propagate Christianity by distributing Bibles. It has been, and must in the very nature of things, be a flat failure. And so signal has been the failure that Froude, who liked not the Church, declared that to send hawkers over the world loaded with copies of the Bible is the most culpable folly of which it is possible for man to be guilty.

Their failure as missionaries is vouchsafed for by competent Protestant authorities. They had a fair field in the Sandwich Islands, but we think their most ardent supporters will not allude to their career there.

And when we consider that prominent divines are not so sure as to what constitutes the Bible; that Protestants deprived of the support of authority are a prey to doubt and indifference, vain theories and hypothetical systems, superstitions and absurdities; that according to one of its exponents Protestantism is but ecclesiastical anarchy—without doctrine and without consistency; that some preachers are, in order to fill the pews, obliged to supplement their Bible with attractions of a vaudeville character, it is surely a brave man who undertakes the conversion of a nation by reading the Bible alone.

The Rev. Algernon Crapsey says that the missionary boards should open their eyes to the fact that men and women are reading to give to missionary funds. And they are doing this from conscientious motives. They do not believe that the cause of Christ or the prosperity of His Kingdom will ever be furthered by present missionary methods.

BISHOP CONATY.

The elevation of the rector of the Washington University is not only a mark of the affection of Leo XIII. for the institution but a tribute as well to the labors and talents of Dr. Conaty.

Few, we imagine, thought he would be a shining success in guiding the destinies of this great educational institution. His intimate friends may have hoped for much from him, but to the world at large to those who looked upon him as a more or less obscure priest of Worcester he was a Knight untried, and, in view of the difficulties confronting him when he began his career, doomed apparently to defeat. What these difficulties were is an old story which need not be rehearsed. Suffice it to say that the situation demanded a man of tact and of scholarly requirements, not to be cajoled by flattery or daunted by danger—a man who could hold his own with the best of educational authorities. And we think Bishop Conaty has given evidence of all this. He has maintained the policy and traditions of his predecessor. Criticism of one shape and another has fallen in bounteous measure upon him, nor it has not dimmed his enthusiasm nor stayed his endeavor. His official utterances have been invariably suggestive and thoughtful. More might we say of the distinguished dignitary, but his record is more eloquent than our poor phrases. He has succeeded nobly and manly, because he deserved to succeed; and every friend of education and every admirer of strenuous thought and action must needs wish him years of labour in the position he has adorned for the last few years.

Therein also is a lesson for all of us. When Bishop Conaty came into the Rectorship of the University he came as it were into his own. He was ready for the call and he was made ready by labour. It must have been so. For a man busied and perplexed with parochial affairs as he had been, must have portioned out his time with care in order to give all of it to the development of the talents he has utilized for the service of God and man. He must have guarded every hour from trivial waste and for guerdon, content

at the time with the verdict of conscience that he had left no power fresh in him unused. We are not all Dr. Coratys, but we can all remember that opportunity is more likely to visit men of toil and silence.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

Some time ago the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Fond du Lac wrote a remarkable letter extolling the Church and reflecting somewhat severely on his own denomination. Among other things he said:

"We might well ask ourselves which of the seven messages sent by the ascended Lord through St. John applies to our Church. Have we kept the faith or are we trying to do so? In prominent Churches the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity is denied. The writer has heard pure Sabellianism preached; the Incarnation is repudiated in some. . . . How can God's Holy Spirit work effectively or bountifully in or through such a Church? No wonder He has left us, and our hearts are cold and our treasures empty.

"Again: Look at that hidden and secret sin that like Achan's wedge of gold hidden in his tent caused Israel's disaster. Our Church has lost sight of the sacred meaning of marriage as a witness of Christ's union with His Church. The second marriages of our clergy, so contrary to God's express command, must be extremely displeasing to Him. Not to realize this is only another mark of our spiritual blindness and decadence. That God hears with this branch of the Church is a wonder. It is a marvel of mercy. If we begin to fear lest our candlestick be removed, and repent and do our first works the Holy Spirit will again be with us; and our hearts being full, our treasures will be full also.

In reading this extract our heart goes out in pity to the poor Bishop. We might refer to his remarks "on our first works, etc." but we content ourselves with wishing that he may be led to confess, as Newman did, an extreme astonishment that he had ever imagined his seat to be a portion of the Catholic Church. The hope that "our treasures will be full" is a dream. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. It remains as it started—worldly and compromising. It is an uncertain doctrine as it is feeble in authority and the prejudices of the caste-system debar it from having the power and virtue of religion.

If Anglicans wish the Holy Spirit to be with them they should follow the advice of St. Peter Chrysologus: "Blessed Peter, who lives and presides in his own see, gives the true faith to those who seek it."

FEDERATION.

We thought that by this time we should have a full-fledged scheme for the Federation of Canadian Catholic societies, not, of course, for offensive, but for defensive purposes and unencumbered by political affiliations. But it has not arrived. It may have been sidetracked by the prudent ones, or it may have been hushed to somnolence by the sweet lullaby that it would be too bad to cause our separated brethren any alarm. That is where our friends make a big mistake. Their separated brethren will drop them, and with a suddenness that will take away their breath, as soon as they discover that Catholics are of no use to them in trade or socially. Protestants are not in any kind of business for sentiment. They will not exert themselves for individual or cause unless they get a *quid pro quo*. We except politics. This in some parts of this favored land means lunacy, and we are here speaking of the pursuits of the normal-minded man. And we say that the fear of losing trade has been the cause of many honied words, and the presence of influential and intellectual Catholics has had a wonderfully calming effect on the bigot. Deprived in some sections of those who have fought for and protected us, it behoves us to do something for ourselves. And we take it that with societies federated we should have more concentration of energy, more ambition and love for the interests of the Church, and consequently better citizens and ministers to the public good. Laymen, says Archbishop Ireland, are not appointed in confirmation to the end that they merely save their own souls and pay their pew rent. They must think, work, organize, read, speak, act, as circumstances demand, ever anxious to serve the Church and to do good to their fellow-men. There is on the part of the Catholic laymen, too much dependence on priests. If priests work, laymen imagine that they themselves may rest. In Protestantism, where there is no firmly constituted ministerial organization, the layman is more keenly alive to his responsibility, and lay-action is more common and more earnest. Lay

action is to-day particularly needed in the Church. Laymen have in this age a special vocation. The true Catholic will, of course, be always in sympathy with and under the guidance of their spiritual chiefs.

A BISHOP ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

We have received a newspaper containing a letter from a Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Nova Scotia recommending that intercession be made for the Foreign Missions. The letter is well written and will doubtless be appreciated by those who owe him allegiance. Indeed one of the accomplishments of the average Anglican prelate is the ability to produce a well-sounding document. So long as it enjoins nothing that is sure of a favorable reception and apt to be alluded to in the daily prints as scholarly and convincing. It can recommend *ad infinitum*, but when it presumes to command it is either pounced on by the lay delegate, the power behind the throne, or disregarded by the masses. In fact the Protestant Episcopal Bishop has but the semblance of authority. All kinds of opinion run riot within his fold—a hundred sects battling within one Church, Macaulay termed it, and he is powerless to prevent it. But once in a while to state that he is head of a sect in which anyone can do what he likes provided he goes about it decorously he appends his name and title to a pleasantly worded epistle.

We have no fault to find with the Bishop's recommendation for prayer. A prayer, however, more to the point would be more for home missions. It, says Rev. Algernon Crapsey on this point, and his remarks are true in a measure of Canada:

"The Protestant Episcopal Church contains less than 2 per cent. of the population of the United States. It is engaged in the task of striving to give its doctrine, discipline and worship to the people of this country. In common with all organized forms of Christianity it has a great duty—which it does not fulfil—to the colored people of the South, through our great cities, and like in the lonely, paginated rural districts. With these great works lying almost untouched, we are not, in my judgment, justified in undertaking the conversion not only of the countless millions of heathen in China, Japan, and Africa, but also of the millions of Christians in the Philippine Islands, in Cuba, and Porto Rico, and why not? in Europe.

It is an astounding phenomenon that despite the experiences of years the cause of Foreign Missions is still firmly entrenched in the affections of our separated brethren. They have worked and paid for them, but we do not imagine that their most ardent admirers of the missionary will claim an unqualified success for his work. After commenting on the ridiculously insignificant results of Protestants in the foreign field, Canon Taylor, as quoted by Father Young, says:

"I believe our methods are not only successful, but altogether wrong. We must return to these methods which were crowned with such marvellous triumphs which saw the conversion of the Roman Empire and of the northern nations by the Catholic Church. If the work is to be done we must have men influenced with the apostolic spirit—the spirit of St. Paul, of St. Columba, St. Columbanus, and St. Xavier. A part of the Bishop's letter will appeal strongly to those who want religion without dogma. When he was in Tokyo last year he attended a conference of all the Protestant missionary bodies, and he was much struck with the earnestness, zeal and good common sense manifested, etc.

Very charitable indeed and apologetic! We might also infer that the light which the Bishop is so desirous of sending to foreign fields is too highly colored to be of any benefit to the heathen. Now if he had only asked the missionary bodies what lessons they were going to carry to souls perishing in Japan and elsewhere he might have found something of interest to narrate. It would probably have agitated a controversy, but he would be able to tell us what plans Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians—who do not agree among themselves in questions pertaining to matters of such importance as baptism and future punishment—were going to lay for the conversion of the world. It requires a good deal of—well, say charity, to talk pleasantly of harmony between essentially contradictory tenets.

One of those "leaders" who was in Georgia some time ago was approached by a man with the rheumatism and a gold-headed cane. "Drop the cane," said the leader, "and depart in peace!" "Never," exclaimed the man: "that cane cost me \$12!"—Atlanta Constitution.

THE CHURCH AND CIVILIZATION.

An Instructive Discourse by Dr. Thomas J. Shahan of the Catholic University.

Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., Professor of Church History at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., is on a visit to the Pacific coast. A little over a week ago he delivered a lecture in Metropolitan Hall, San Francisco, in the course of which he very strongly and very forcibly contended that the Catholic Church was the mother of our modern civilization. We reprint the greater portion of this interesting address as we find it in the Monitor of that city. What do we understand by civilization? asked Dr. Shahan. It is equally seen to mean the refinement of man in his social capacity. Whatever uplifts, cleanses, purifies, inspires man as a member of the common human family, is held by all men to be civilization. The word, if not the idea, comes from the fact that the masses of Roman people, they believed that their *civitas* or civilization, the sum total and the spirit of social progress attained in their city, by their laws and language, their religion and philo phy of life, was unsurpassed, was the last and highest effort of mankind.

In this they erred, and we need no better proof than the remnants of the life that have come down to us in one way or another. But they erred in noble company, for before them the Egyptian, the Assyrian and the Persian had shared the same conviction, as they have left the same historical proofs of their self-illusion in many a great monument, many a proud inscription. Even the Greeks, whose civilization is so intimately related to that of the Romans, and through them to us, was unable to protect and propagate directly the spirit and the institution of his own admirable civilization.

Nevertheless, while the forms, the outer dress, as it were, of civilization, change from one epoch of time to another, there is something common to all a rising flame or a flowing current, that impels us to create and share common interests and common enjoyments, that make us lay stress on what unites us as against what divides us, that call forth common efforts for causes that are common and therefore higher than any or all of us. In the common gains or attainments, we bring to the front the best and noblest that is in each one of us, and in the common struggle we learn to admire and love the natural forces, gifts, opportunities and institutions which have been the means of creating what we call progress, or, more precisely, its civilization. So the flag of our fatherland arouses the holiest of natural passions, for it compresses into one, as it were, the whole life of a great and ancient people through many stirring centuries. So the tattered colors of the regimental whip the blood of the soldier into a rapid flow, for they recall the vastness and complexity of the common efforts that culminated in the victories whose inscribed names are soaked with the blood of the bravest and best.

Yes, civilization is itself a great strife, and he alone comprehends it well who looks on it from the view point of conflict. Not one genuine grain of civilization but counts its martyrs; not one step upward in the history of mankind but is taken amid the protests and opposition of those whose individual or particular interests are assailed, or seem to be. Mankind itself, even collectively, is not exempt from the blunders and follies, the errors and weaknesses of the individual. A Socrates can sacrifice to Esculapian and Montezuma can preside over the hecatombs of human victims. It is precisely this atmosphere and character of conflict that lead to the period where we are about to deal with its greatest charm.

In the history of mankind there is no more instructive, no more crucial time than what we call the Middle Ages. Then the ancient civilization of Europe was overrun by the barbarism of the North and the East, and owed its preservation and resurrection, not to its own power and fascination, not to the pity or needs of rude and fierce conquerors, but to the influence and authority of the Catholic Church.

Turn now to another order of considerations. What have been the relations of the Catholic Church to the soil throughout the Middle Ages? Everywhere man is a child of the soil, mysteriously he grows from it. He lives on it and by it. He goes down one day to his appointed place on the earth, and the civilized society may become, it is impossible that conditions should ever arise in which mankind can be otherwise than dependent upon the earth that God gave him for a sufficient and suitable adjoining place. Institutions, laws, customs and manners that sin against the given relations of man and the soil bear in them always the response of death. Half, may, nearly all, the great events of history are directly traceable to the struggles for the soil, whether from within or without the State. The plebeian and the patrician of Rome create immortal principles of private law by reason of this very conflict; the Roman state itself goes on the rocks because it neglected the lessons learned in its infancy. The contests of warfare shepherds precipitated clouds of barbarian Goths and Huns and Vandals over the Roman Empire and dislocated the fabric that the genius and discipline had built up. For a thousand years had of feudal life the land is the only source and fount of wealth. The Middle Ages, economically, are that period of western history when a few reaped the products of the earth and the many bore

the burdens of sowing, but at the reaping went empty-handed away.

The Catholic Church is too much the mother Church of the poor and lowly and humble, too much the spouse of the carpenter's Son, that great friend of all who labor and are heavily burdened, not to hear forever in the heart the tender yet pitiful cry: "I have pity on the multitude." The life in the soul is really in the labor that makes it bear fruit. Until man appeared the world was indeed a bright garden, but growing wild and untrimmed, all its powers sleeping as though under a spell within its bosom. This labor the Catholic Church has always sanctified and held up as a necessary and a blessed thing. She, first and alone, uplifted on her banner the symbols of labor, and declared them worthy of glory. All her early documents bore the praise of labor. All her earliest legislation enforces a labor as a duty for all. The duty of labor brings with it a corresponding right to the fruit and reward of labor, and here she comes at once into contact with the existing conditions of society.

I shall say nothing of the relations of the Church to the pagan Roman empire. Those three centuries were not unlike the three decades of the hidden light of Jesus, an epoch of divine education of her public life, but as soon as she is free we find her concerned about the treatment of the working-man, the great masses or villas of the Roman nobles. No more underground prisons; no more stamping with hot irons the face that has been cleansed in the baptism of Christ. No more compelling of girls to go on the obscene vaudeville stage of antiquity; no more maiming or abusing of the slave. Since open and homeless driven off their estates by the growing monopoly in lands. Every church door is a distributing place for the bread of the ensuing week. One-quarter of the funds of every church goes to the relief of the poor, and the empire at last went down. Her priests arose and wrote an immortal page that stands forever to show that it was the abuse of taxation that brought it low and not the right hand of the barbarian, which in more humane days she had always beaten down. Economically, the old Roman empire was always pagan, even in the hands of Christian men. Its principles and methods of administration never changed. It was an omnipotent omniscient bureaucracy that learned nothing and forgot nothing until one grim day the cross went down before the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia and the waters of the golden horn. But in all those trying ages every bishop's house was a court of appeal for the overburdened peasant and the despotic lord, and the coming middleman was very likely to hear from Constantinople or from the barbarian kings turned Christian in a summary way. A bishop sat on the bench with the judges. He had the right of asylum for poor debtors or oppressed men generally. He was recognized by the state as the natural born spokesman of the people in city and country. He was the last link between the old Roman society and the new world arising on its ruins. In his period, for he was nearly always the ablest man in the city, were gathered all the best traditions of law and procedure—of traditions and good customs.

Let any lawyer read the letters of Gregory the Great and he will be astonished to see how this great Roman nobleman who traced his ancestry back to the Caesars, and who had been himself governor of Rome at the end of the sixth century, treats the relations of the peasant and the soil. Without interfering with the theories of the day that did not concern him, he upholds in a long series of documents the just rights of his tenants on the four hundred years that the Roman Church then owned in Sicily. He chides his agents for rack renting and orders the excess to be given back. He provides for an adjustment of losses between the church and the tenants. He writes to the Emperor about false measurements and exactations. Were all the noble principles of modern English law to be put into the ancient Bishops of Rome had asserted thirteen hundred years ago, at the beginning of our modern world, the principles that are yet basic in any society of men that pretends to stand on the Cross, without concessions or revolutions. Now Gregory was only the head of the system, and he was not the inventor of those principles. He recalls them to his Italian Bishops as being the purest spirit of the gospel. If you want to know what they are you have only to read the magnificent encyclical of Leo XIII. on the condition of the working men, in which they are set forth in language scarcely different from that of his ancient predecessor.

These ancient bishops of the decadent empire and the incipient states of Europe compelled the great land owners to build numerous little chapels on their estates. They arose around the homes of religion the little villages of France and Germany and Italy. It is no more chance that causes the Catholic church spirit in these lands to rise from ten thousand hamlets. The hamlets grew up beneath its beneficent shadow. In these little chapels were told to noble and soft the truths of the gospel that gradually broke down the medieval servage. Before those little rural altars the gospel was first divided into sections as we read it today on Sundays. Then, again, yearly the hishop in synod taught the parish priests about to comment on it, to apply it with- out fear or cringing. Today it seems a small task to speak the truth before all, and one day not long ago it required an enormous moral courage for the son of

a peasant to stand up before the owner of a great war-like castle on yonder peak and bid him cease from robbing, bid him live with one wife, bid him stop the exactions and plunderings by which he spent in one night the earnings of the estate for a year. Behind that power, semi-illiterate and dressed in the garments of a priest, there stood the Bishop; and behind the Bishop rose the powerful figure of the Church incarnate in the supreme Bishop at Rome. Countless times the thunderbolt flew from thence straight and true, that laid low the awful pride and the satanic tenacity of some great Frank or some fierce Lombard lord. It was, indeed, the Catholic Bishop who saved the peasants of Europe from the fifth to the eighth century. For three hundred years he was the last court of appeal; he was the gospel walking upon men; he was the only international force with powers to execute its decrees. His cathedral was always in the heart of the city, and in its great doorway he sat regularly to judge justly and without price. His priests were usually the lawyers and notaries of the people. And on many an old Romanesque or Byzantine portal you may yet see in marble that lovely scene of the weekly episcopal weekly tribunal.

Around his house and in front of his church stretched the public square. He was the protection, therefore, of the little tradesmen, the peasant, the pedlar with his wares. To him came the pilgrim, the stranger, the wandering penitent. To him came ambassadors going east and west; the King on his annual rounds, the great nobles charged with the administration of justice or the collection of revenue. And when, after Penecest, for example, or at Michaelmas, he gathered in annual synod his clergy from the villages and ranches and villas and castles and stood at his throne, miles on head and staff in hand, it did seem to all the assembled multitude and it was in its own way true that the sun of justice was shining among men, that every wrong would be redressed and every sorrow smoothed over so far as it lay in the public power to do so. It is not for nothing that the Catholic episcopate won its incredible authority over the people. Such historical phenomena have always an adequate cause, and here it was three long centuries of intelligent and sympathetic protection of the people at a time when the feudal law was forming and the benefit of Roman law was in abeyance.

All this time the old conditions of the Roman provinces of Europe were being deeply modified. Industry had been extinguished and commerce paralyzed by the first inroads of the barbarians. The east fell away from the west, whose jealous kings tolerated little intercourse with Constantinople. The lowlands of France and Italy went without culture and soon forests grew where palaces had lifted their proud fronts. The wild beast wandered among the baths and porticoes and temples of the ancients, and the very names of those that were once beloved beyond the Ganges, were forgotten. Then arose another mighty force of the Catholic Church, the monks of St. Benedict. Long time only laymen, subject to the local bishop and controlled by the local bishop and the new him, they grew very numerous in time. Their rule was an admirable thing for the social needs of the day. It intellectualized the labor of the field and the labor of the brain, and so during this period, and long after, all Europe was overrun by the children of that good man whose mortal remains repose above the Russian Anio and the sublime scenery of Subiaco. The Roman bishop took them under his special protection, and together they formed a religious power that worked for good in every direction without any thought of self-advancement or any conflict of an unavoidable character.

They chose usually for a home the waste and desert spots of Europe. Soon the forest was again thinned out and the fields were again planted. Priest and brother, the educated man and the common laborer went down into the field together and worked all day in silence side by side. They built the ditches, they bridged the streams, they laid the necessary roads, they increased the area of arable land in every decade, and thereby drove out the noxious wild beasts; draining and irrigation on a large scale was carried on by them. Walls and fences and granges arose on every little estate that they had turned out of nothing. The peasant, half barbarian, learned from them the traditions of old Roman agriculture, for those men were often the best born and best educated men at the time. They leased to the peasant at a ridiculous rent and in real permanency the soil that they had themselves created. His children found employment in their kitchens and barns, and one day the parents would lead their bright boy to the abbey altar where his little best would be wound up in the altar cloth and thus he would enter the order as a novice to die My Lord Abbot of ten thousand Acres, or archbishop of Colon, or perhaps Pope of Rome. There is one true source of modern democracy—that ever opened the door of the Church by which throughout the Middle Ages the highest honor and emolument were ever open to the lowliest and poorest.

Depew's Bride.

Again is the genial and wealthy Chauncey M. Depew to enter into the bonds of matrimony. His bride-to-be, Miss May Palmer, is a brilliant, accomplished and beautiful New Yorker, about twenty-three years of age. Senator Depew is sixty-seven, but he does not look it. It will be of interest to Catholics to know that the bride whom he goes abroad to claim is a Catholic, as are all the members of the Palmer family.