

The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1910

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VOLUME XXXII.

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A BEWILDERING REVELATION

Some time ago Mr. Harold Bole gave, in the columns of the Cosmopolitan, some startling information regarding the methods of Professors in the great secular universities. His arraignment was based on facts gleaned by him throughout the length and breadth of the United States. A decade ago such a revelation would have elicited protests on all sides; to-day, however, it excites but little comment from those without the fold. Protestantism has failed to check the fancies of her offspring who declare, virtually at least, that Humanity is the only real religion. In the February Cosmopolitan Mr. Bole turns the search-light of investigation on the colleges for women with the result that most astound his readers. Coming out of the great colleges of America is an annual procession of girls and women, trained for the affairs of life but who are not marching back to old altars. But they are erecting altars dedicated practically to self-worship and they seem to think that they can beat the Ten Commandments. Schliermacher was right when he said that Protestantism, in the presence of Rationalism, is like an iceberg gradually melting before the sun. Chicago University, with its characteristic disregard for accuracy of scholarship, says that "it is the conclusion of the investigation of the modern world that man and man's religion in every respect slowly came to be through the long processes of evolutionary growth." At Chicago and California it is contended that the scientific mind there is no historic certainty that Jesus ever lived. Doubt is cast upon the New Testament. The academic statement is made that the four gospels were "probably substituted for one gospel under suspicious circumstances." And they are against the sacred writ, saying that it has been subjected to mutilation, and that changes were made to suit the policy of the dominant religious thought at various times. All the gospels have been worked over. Mark, like the others, is insisted, Moses was not a man but an idealized epitome, and Christ was mistaken in all his allusions to the law-giver of Israel. Many more quotations are made by Mr. Bole to show how truths held sacred are regarded by these colleges for women. Their professors have a certain confession and pity for those who are deaf to the cries of what they misname science. And they have, it seems, the privilege, once coveted by Renan, of being Christian and infidel at the same time. They weave wondrous phrases about life and contemporary outlook, readjustment of ideas—words which have neither sustenance nor substance in them. They assume much, but they prove little and seem to hear in the clatter and din made by their theories the fall of revealed truth. But their pronouncements must have a baneful effect, not only upon those who are affiliated with no Church, but upon the average Protestant who has been taught to pin his faith to the infallibility of the Bible. Were the Bible attacked by the avowed infidel he would understand it, but to have it discredited by those of his own household, mutilated or cast aside or made a target for the merry jest of young ladies, most both pain and bewilder him. His ideas of Christianity become blurred. He may see, and rightly, that his belief in the Bible rested on blind faith as a basis, and that this cry of "advanced thinking" is but the flowers and fruitage of the seed planted by Luther and his followers.

UNBLUSHING ASSUMPTION

These professors talk a great deal about science, forgetting that science maintains absolute silence on the problems of life—the questions of origin and destiny of man. This is admitted by the men who opened the floodgates of denunciation of the supernatural. Whence come we: whither go we? asks Mr. Tyndal. The question, he replies, dies without an answer, without even an echo upon the infinite shores of the unknown. Having thus exhausted physics, and reached its very rim, the real mystery still looms up before us, and thus it will ever loom beyond the bourne of human knowledge. The young women who sit under these professors are courting disaster if they mean to uphold morality that is based on science. Within academic walls they may feel that passion will be repressed and the animal chained for the good of humanity, but this idea will be of little assistance in the storm and stress of life. What cares an individual in the throes of

temptation for Humanity, for the great majority of humans who he does not know. To be consistent they should follow the guidance of their leaders who profess an unmitigated contempt for men. One of them deems it "a stupid, ignorant, half-beast of a creature." Another, John Stuart Mill, grieves over the fact that people are too low and brutish to inspire hope. And if we have no guide but science—if there is above men no living arbiter of right and wrong why should we love Humanity?

TO BE REMEMBERED

It is a fact, unfortunately only too apparent among us, that we know little or nothing about our contemporary Catholic writers. Any why? A reason often alleged is that Catholics are not a reading people. We may safely relegate this statement to oblivion, because judging from the Catholics who are members of "circulating libraries" and frequent the libraries erected by the Carnegie or civic money, we do our share of reading. We read Collier's, or Munsey's, or the hundred and one publications devoted largely to actresses and captains of industry, and we are able to talk about Kipling or Roberts or Parker. We are a reading people, but we are not a Catholic reading people. The truth is we ignore our distinctive Catholic writers, both past and present. The critic, we give him the title though in many instances he is but the trumpet blower for some publisher, shrugs his shoulders at the mention of the Catholic writer. He may commend the texture of his prose, or his imagination, or taste, but he dismisses him as lacking in the originality of the "best sellers." But originality is a very misused word, for we have seen it applied to effusions that reeked with the stench that has ever come from impurity. The only original thing about these salacious books is that many of them are written by women who, in order to attract a morbid taste, just at and sacrifice the things which are the story of womanhood. Woman, indeed, is on a pedestal, but these irrational writers put the pedestal in the mud.

GOOD CATHOLIC BOOKS

We say that we do not enjoy reading novels which are given to a little love-making, dissertations on Catholic doctrine and descriptions of scenery. Frankly we confess to a similar dislike. But all our fiction is not in this category. We can find entertainment in the works of Marion Ames Taggart, in Maurice Francis Egan's "Vocation of Edward Conway," Eleanor Donnelly's "Lois Leslie's Folk," Katharine E. Conway's "Lalor Maples," Mary Catherine Crowley's "A Daughter of New France," M. E. Francis's "The Manor Farm," and many other authors and books which we can see in any catalogue of Benziger's, Herder, or of our own offices. A note will make you the owner of lists of Catholic books.

A REGRETTABLE OMISSION

In a recent catalogue of a Catholic college we looked but vainly for the names of Catholic authors. Among the books for use in the English classes appear several by non-Catholic writers. We are far from insisting that Catholic text-books should be used exclusively, but why should Milman be pointed out as the student guide for the Middle Ages and Monsignor Shanahan's work on the same subject be ignored. True, indeed, that Milman is regarded as a classic on this subject, but that should not blind us to the fact that Shanahan's is as good in some respects, and in others decidedly superior to Milman's. Purely secular works, and sometimes books overtly hostile to the Church, claim a large share of attention in some of our institutions of learning; books by Catholic writers, either read or studied, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. We should see there Jameson's "The History of the German People," Heffele's "History of Christian Councils," Dom Gasquet on the monasteries during Henry VIII's reign and before it, Disher's "Ages of the Faith"—a monumental work and treasure house of information, etc.

NO EXCUSE

Had we no distinctively Catholic books, or were our distinctively Catholic books of a low literary standard, we might consistently bow our heads and turn to secular writers for models of good English. But we have a literature of our own which we are but too prone to slight. We have poets, essayists, literary interpreters—many of whom are known and respected by the great secular publishers. Our Catholic writers are not all on the same plane of talent. Nations are not entranced when

they strike their harp, but they are wont to read in preference to men and women who write no better English and write, moreover, from a non-Catholic point of view. Our Catholic writers are, we are told, ignored in institutions where things Catholic are supposed to receive the utmost attention. We should read the secular classics, but we should not neglect the Catholic classics.

A SPLENDID TRIBUTE

We think that the following passage, culled from Cardinal Manning's tribute to the great Newman, is one that provokes thought even as it indicates the discernment and taste of the scholar. "But we cannot forget," he says, "that we owe to him, among other debts, one singular achievement. No one who does not intend to be laughed at will henceforward say that the Catholic religion is fit only for weak intellects and unmanly brains. The superstition of the Middle Ages is no longer to be feared. But the author of the Grammar of Assent may make them think twice before they expose themselves."

CONFESSION A CONSOLING SACRAMENT

The impressive words in which Father Henry G. Graham treated his subject at the opportunity of a Sunday evening lecture at the Co-operative Hall, Motherwell, England, to explain the true character of the confessional for the benefit of Protestants will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. The audience was large, attentive and intelligent.

Father Graham said: There is perhaps no doctrine or practice in the Catholic Church about which there is more misunderstanding, distortion, and I will even say calumny, than this confession; no doctrine so much abused as though they had never been; he is restored to the peace of God, requires his merits, is established in a state of sanctifying grace, and is certain that during the few minutes spent at the feet of the priest of God, a resurrection has occurred more wonderful than the raising of Lazarus from the tomb; a resurrection of the soul from the grave of sin to a life of grace and love of God.

During these precious moments a drop of blood from the Cross of Christ has fallen upon his black and sinful conscience and washed it white as snow; all his past sins are blotted out, clean sweep away by a torrent of sanctifying grace, as utterly and entirely as though they had never been; he is restored to the peace of God, requires his merits, is established in a state of sanctifying grace, and is certain that during the few minutes spent at the feet of the priest of God, a resurrection has occurred more wonderful than the raising of Lazarus from the tomb; a resurrection of the soul from the grave of sin to a life of grace and love of God.

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WASHED WHITE AS SNOW

ment, and its blessings to the soul; and so long as there is breath in my body and a drop of blood in my veins, I hope and pray that I may ever employ in leading souls who love God, and so also His one true Church; and so to come to love and treasure that beautiful and most meretricious sacrament, so maligned, so slandered, so misunderstood by others, but, for that very reason, so much prized and venerated by every child of the Catholic Church. Father Graham then entered into his subject and terminated his lecture as follows: Now, one word in conclusion. PLUCKED FROM THE JAWS OF HELL. Not till the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, will it be known how many souls have been plucked from the very jaws of hell, and how many more have been advanced on the way of perfection by the sacrament of God's sacrament of penance. There is, however, for example, whose conscience is loaded with five or ten or twenty years of accumulated sin. Upon his fate are brands of guilt and confusion and remorse. There shines the wretched man by the side of the confessional, his head upon his hands pondering over his sins, ashamed to be plucked from the jaws of hell, afraid to open the door of the heaven and enter and lay bare the iniquities of his heart to God's priest—not only yet he has no brand of guilt and confusion and remorse. There shines the wretched man by the side of the confessional, his head upon his hands pondering over his sins, ashamed to be plucked from the jaws of hell, afraid to open the door of the heaven and enter and lay bare the iniquities of his heart to God's priest—not only yet he has no brand of guilt and confusion and remorse. There shines the wretched man by the side of the confessional, his head upon his hands pondering over his sins, ashamed to be plucked from the jaws of hell, afraid to open the door of the heaven and enter and lay bare the iniquities of his heart to God's priest—not only yet he has no brand of guilt and confusion and remorse.

SOME EVILS OF OUR TIME

In a recent lecture before the Catholic Women's League, Chicago, Hon. William J. O'Rourke discussed existing conditions of society, the demoralizing influence of a sensational press, and the evils of permissive legislation. "I am not a prophet of any kind," he said, "and I do not wish to be regarded as a prophet of evil—all the same we cannot be blind to the existing conditions and tendencies around us; and the prospect is far from reassuring. We see on every side, first and most ominous, the growing indifference to religion and in many quarters a positive denial of the truth and necessity of the Christian revelation. Religious teaching receives scant respect, is scoffed at and disregarded. The commandments and the moral laws seem to be regarded by many as absolute no longer, or as binding only in a nominal way. The public mind is being estranged from the truth of these assertions by examples of citations, to show how far and fast society is drifting, and has already descended in the fatal downward path.

DEBAUCHED AND SODDEN

"We see it constantly in the shocking multiplication of divorces, which, in numbers and variety, it would seem as though the marriage tie and the sanctity of the marriage relation no longer had binding force, or that the sacredness of the American stage at the present time, I need only cite as my authority for this bitter characterization the language of the foremost poet, as he is also the most high minded and accomplished of dramatic critics—William Winter. It is, he says, debauched and sodden—doing the devil's work for the devil's pay. Priests and bishops were burned and strangled, and in their stead the public is regaled with vulgar society drama, and unwholesome shows.