

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1907

1517

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, Nov. 16, 1907.

MISS CORELLI'S STANDING.

In the latest number of the Ladies' Home Journal, the distinguished critic, Mr. H. W. Mabie, says:

"Miss Marie Corelli's works, although widely read, are not regarded as belonging to the literature of fiction by the great majority of well-informed readers; they lack both the substance and the form of literature in the strict sense of the word. They are full of anecdotage, of exaggeration, of sentimentality."

The attitude of many people who know and love the work of the great writers of fiction is best expressed by Thackeray's answer to an American who asked what they thought in England of the works of a certain popular American novelist: "They do not think of her at all."

We commend the quotation to readers who question us as to M. Corelli's standing as an author.

THE CARTOON NUISANCE.

The vulgar and pointless cartoon may well be left to the gutter press. It is out of place in the pages of a reputable newspaper, and has as much effect as abuse of political opponents. If we are sincere in our pleadings for reverence for authority we should respect those who are in authority. We may be at variance with them on certain questions, but the authority vested in them should neither be aspersed nor should their personality be attacked by any weapon that may be fashioned by prejudice. We should give no quarter to cartoonists who pencil vulgarities and incidentally manifest their lack of taste and their contempt for the public. And, perchance, we may hear editors discussing current issues on their merits, and marvelling, as they survey the past, that newspapers redolent of the odor of vilification should ever have found a market.

THE CRITIC PAROCHIAL.

The "critic," a parochial nuisance, is, as a rule, a worldly Catholic. Lavish, to the verge of extravagance, with words, he is notoriously careful of his money. His mouth is open always; his pocket seldom. He rails at Catholic papers because they are "slow," and reads the Police Gazette and Puck in the barber shops. He does not see eye to eye with his superiors on the question of education. He sees no harm in the Y. M. C. A. or any other organization not under the auspices of the Church. The chief trouble with him is that he does not say his prayers. He has no conception of the reverence due to authority, and does not mind his own business, because, as a humorist has put it, "he has no business to mind. He has no business to mind if he had a mind to mind it, and no mind to mind his business if he had any business to mind."

THE HUMAN SCORPION.

A correspondent asks us to devote some attention to those of whom it is written: "The whisperer and double-tongued is accused for he hath troubled many that were at peace."

We may accede to the request in our own poor way, but to eliminate the gabblers is beyond our powers. Would that we could deport them to some far-away island and leave them for aye, to spit their venom into the ocean.

Our readers know that the talkers are, in their own estimation, careful dispensers of words. So the difficulty is to get under their self-conceit, to strip them of the clothes of hypocrisy and to show them how far they are from Christian living. An attempt to do this calls for more than ordinary courage, and we dare say that the average citizen would rather prefer to storm a battery than to tell a gabbler that the "death of a wicked tongue is a most evil death; and hell is preferable to it." For they are "pious," that is, they have piety's trappings, such as beads, big prayer-books, membership in sodalities. They have the shadow, but not the substance of piety. They are Christians, but they do not seem to know the meaning of Christianity. But they have a title not coveted by the true Christian—the title of scandal-monger—of defiler of their own souls, and disquietor of many. They spend their lives in cess-pools, chuckling whenever they fish out ofal that can be hawked around the neighborhood. And yet they are scrupulous, with a nice taste for sermons and confessions. They murmur soufully about their con-

science, and yet use their neighbors' reputation for mud-pies. We give them up. They are either monomaniacs or hypocrites. We can do no more for our correspondent save to remind him that the Bible declares: "The tale-bearer shall be hated by all."

THE "PURE POLITICS" MAN.

In the Nineteenth Century, for October, there is an article "The Pure Politics" campaign in Canada," by H. Hamilton Fyfe. It is merely an echo of cries that have been heard in Canada these many moons past. "Graft," "rake off," the dolings of disreputable politicians—the homelies of the man with the "muck-rake"—are declaimed vehemently, if not gracefully. But we fail to see why we should pay for antiquated yarns. We are also unable to discern any merit in the commonplace admonitions of the writer. And we are at a loss to understand how and why an individual, with stories told him here and there, quotations from the pastoral address of the Nova Scotia Methodist Conference, and a "yellow" weekly, ever made his way into the columns of the Nineteenth Century. Mayhap the editor was abashed when this article containing statements as false as they are absurd were examined.

For instance, he refers to the French Canadians of Quebec as "the most reactionary element in the Dominion." He offers nothing to substantiate this assertion, thinking, we presume, that his readers are either as ignorant or prejudiced as he is. A bowing acquaintance with Canadian history would have preserved him from this "slop over."

He says the French Canadians are "under the domination of clerical rule." Another assertion, and one that is used the world over by bigots in speaking of a Catholic people.

Again he tells us that French Canadians are "opposed to all modern ideas." We, who are not blessed with the easy credulity of the writer, look for a justification of this charge. But again we have but an unsupported assertion.

We wonder who gave him all this information? Certain it is, however, that he has not the most elementary ideas of fair play and that some practical jokers must have had great fun with him. What "modern ideas" may mean to him we are unable to conjecture. We venture to say that he himself has hazy notions on the matter. But this we know, that in everything that redounds to the good of Canada the French Canadian plays no insignificant role. And this assertion is based on his home, on his respect for law and order, on his contributions to the up-building of Canada. In the preservation of historical records and respect for its mighty dead, in literature and the arts that can ennoble a people, Quebec has nothing to learn from any section of the Dominion. But because it is Catholic to the core it is a target for the narrow-minded who are not content to exercise their own religion unless they can also trouble the religion of others. We are also of the opinion that Canadians can take care of the good name of Canada. We are not so destitute of energy as to need the aid of a scribbler who is a stranger to the scholarship whose badge is accuracy, and to the spirit of tolerance which springs from Christian charity.

HOPE FOR MR. FYFE.

Says Mr. H. Fyfe: "When an American, in London, assured me that in the matter of 'grat' the United States were a fool to Canada I smiled. But if anyone made that same remark to me now, and if again I smiled, it would not be a smile of indulgent credulity; it would be a mask to hide shame."

Melodramatic indeed. Is he not taking himself too seriously? But when we see the blush of shame mantling his brow for being an echo of the bigot, we may be able to bear his procrements with more equanimity. There are things as foul as political corruption. And one of them, if we may point out to Mr. Fyfe, is calumny.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

We believe that were he to visit the French Canadian he would have many a memory of graceful courtesy, of fire-sides sanctified by religion, of many things which indicate that the heart of our fellow citizens is sound. He would find that the French-Canadian does his own political thinking. And the clergy—he would see them in parish, in seminary, in university, as worthy descendants of the men who first blazed a path through the forests of

the new world. At all events any statement anent the French, emanating from some districts of "progressive Ontario," should be inspected with great care.

THE JUGGLERS.

An observer would be warranted in thinking that, for many of us, the making of the sign of the cross is a lost art. They attempt it, but they fall far short of success. Sundry and intricate passes with the hands do not constitute the sign of the cross. Some give a little dab to their foreheads, while others merely shake their fingers in their faces. Others, again, treat the holy water as if they had a personal grudge against it, and with perhaps a "the baby slept well last night, thank you," go through a few motions and then frowfrow their way into church.

It is well to remember that, as a religious symbol, the sign of the cross is sacramental. It is also a prayer. It recalls the Incarnation, Death and Resurrection of our Divine Master. It is a mighty weapon against the powers of darkness. It is dowered with graces and indulgences for all who use it in a proper manner. St. John Chrysostom says: "Never leave your house without making the sign of the cross. It will be to you a staff, a weapon, an impregnable fortress. Neither man nor demon will dare to attack you, seeing you covered with such powerful armour. Let this sign teach you that you are a soldier, ready to combat against the demons, and ready to fight for the crown of justice."

We do not speak of those who are ashamed to make the sign of the cross, because cowards and traitors cannot be dealt with satisfactorily in these columns. Their shame of the symbol of their redemption shows far better than we can what poverty-stricken manhood is theirs. And so far from gaining anything by their cowardice they forfeit the respect of every man with a back bone.

GLADSTONE AND ROME.

THE GREAT STATESMAN'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS CATHOLICITY.

The correspondence which lately appeared in the English press on Mr. Gladstone's attitude toward the Roman See whetted my curiosity, says a writer in the Liverpool Times, to know what was the view of the Catholic position and of the unity of the Christian system as a whole taken by this great and earnestly religious man. A rapid review, guided by memory and past reading of his career and his pronouncements on religious subjects left the impression that whilst, on the one hand, he criticized and dissented from some of the more important acts in what may be called the external policy of the Holy See, he regarded the Catholic Church as a great fortress and bulwark of Christianity. But where could one find any data by which this impression might be corrected or more definitely outlined? If Mr. Gladstone was a voluminous writer, he was diffuse, so that it is far from being an easy matter to judge and lay down with accuracy the lines of thought he followed in forming his inmost convictions of the claims and the dictates of Christianity. But it seems to me that the two articles which he contributes to the Nineteenth Century in the year of 1877 enable the reader of his writings better perhaps than anything else he has written to see what was his exact standpoint. In noticing a work by Sir George Cornwall Lewis on "The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion" he writes: "It would appear, at the root of the Protestant doctrine of private interpretation. Man, he points out, is bound to accept authority. Few are able to investigate subjects for themselves. The largest part even of civilized nations in the greater proportion of the subjects that pass through the mind or touch the course of common action have only a vague, unverified impression that the multitude or the best think so and so that they had better do and think accordingly. The paramount law of allegiance to objective truth, commonly dealing with probable evidence, binds us to take note of the evidence with which we ourselves have most to do, but that the smallest among the several likelihoods of error. The common cases of opposition lie not between authority and reasonable conviction, but between authority and fancy; authority and lame, or weak, or hasty, or shallow, processes of the mind; authority and sheer self-conceit, or headstrong or indolent self-love.

AUTHORITY IN RELIGION. Having recognized that it prevails in secular matters, Mr. Gladstone holds that the principle of authority is applicable to the subject of religion. The verdict of mankind in its most enlightened portions has been in favor of Christianity because of the elevation of its morality. The Christian morality gathering together the fragments of the older moral codes and building them into a great temple of duty, was a new thing as a whole, though in respect to its basis and to the acknowledgments

of its parts disjointedly, it was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and pre-Christian testimony. The culmination and perfection of the Christian morality was found in that high and severe doctrine of marriage, against which, it may be predicted, the anti-Christian spirit will direct its great attack, encouraged by preliminary operations in the legislative recognition of divorce. From morality Mr. Gladstone proceeds to doctrine, contending that Christianity must in reason be understood to include a doctrinal as well as a moral system, that is, a body of truths which have for their centre the person and work of Christ. This body of truths has its foremost expression in the Creeds. He had persuaded himself that the primitive creeds naturally belong to a supreme province, a theology, proper, upon which amongst the vast body of Christians, neither the din of debate nor the pain of doubt is or has for many ages been sensible. New ranges of controversy had been opened, but the propositions of the Creed were taken for granted. As to the doctrinal divisions, although authority loses its commanding position when the great volume of human consent is broken into sections, it is not to be inferred that it is reduced to zero. Granting that whilst the Christian faith is agreed on central verities of faith, its many fractions are severed in relations to matters of grave import. Mr. Gladstone still urges that the authority of each of those fractions, without being final, is real and weighty for those who belong to it, and that they ought not to depart, except upon serious and humble confession, as well as clear conviction they have been brought up to profess.

GLADSTONE AND CATHOLICITY. From this presentation of Mr. Gladstone's view of Christianity, one gathers that certain central Christian doctrines once received, he thought the authority of numbers should have a strong but not an absolutely decisive influence on the mind in deciding what forms of creed should be accepted. As in politics a man is to argue and examine and guide himself by the compass of reason, so in religion he is to take account of every consideration that offers itself, but he is to attach special weight to opinions of large bodies of fellow-believers. But what of the largest body of all—the Catholics? Does Mr. Gladstone consider that their agreement in doctrine should have a special value? Apparently not. He felt, no doubt, that the existence of a Church embracing so many people and finding world-wide recognition is in itself a powerful argument for Christianity, but he maintains that inasmuch as the Pope's ex Cathedra declarations on faith and morals are regarded by Catholics as the final rule of belief, the truth seeker is not helped in that case by cumulative and therefore authoritative wisdom. It is clear that Mr. Gladstone thought our Lord's words and meaning as plain, did not believe in the appointment by Christ of a living head for his Church and of the establishment thereby of an undeviating standard of doctrinal purity. It is singular that a man of such intellectual ability, who was accustomed to close inspection and analysis of everyday facts, could succeed in convincing himself that there is unity as to essential doctrines amongst all Christians, and above all, that such unity can be predicated of the Pope's ex Cathedra declarations. But go to the Roman Martyrology and see how great an array of saints there are for each day of the year. And how many are there who, on each day of the year, have finished their course on earth, and been already received into the Beatific Vision, who are not recorded in the Roman Martyrology? All this mighty army of the saints, the holy ones of God, we commemorated on Friday morning. Mighty and wonderful are they, for those who have the faith to invoke them, because they are dear to our Lord Who has ransomed each one of them. Wonderfully great are the benefits we may obtain by earnestly commending ourselves to each and all of this white-robed army, who through exceedingly great trials have passed and won their crowns. Bought by the Blood of the R-demptor, true and heroic in fidelity to him in the perverse generations in which they lived, their intercession on behalf of those who invoke their aid cannot fail to be efficacious. The dogma of the communion of Saints is a sweet and most consoling doctrine of our holy religion. By it we who are now pursuing our pilgrimage on earth, contending with the passions of corrupt nature, the evil influences of manifold vicious example, and the snares and assaults of the devil, are united in charity and ac-

tive sympathy with "the spirits of the just made perfect" (Heb. xii.), among whom are many of our own dear relatives and friends. We rejoice for their having attained the "unfading crown of glory" whilst they, from their high place in heaven, look down encouragingly upon us and as a "great cloud of witnesses over us," watch with eagerness our successes and failures amid the trials of life, interceding for us all before the throne of grace.—Intermountain Catholic.

GUTH NA BLAIDHNA.

As our readers may remember, we have already had occasion to speak of the excellent work done in the past few years by our Highland contemporary—Guth na Blaidhna, which is at once a militant Catholic magazine and one of the ablest literary organs of the Gaelic movement. At first sight it might seem that this vigorous journal was engaged in the hazardous task of working at once for two very distinct and different objects, combining the religious zeal and loyalty of a magazine like the Month with the literary patriotism of such an organ as The Celtic Review. But a closer acquaintance with its pages would suffice to show that for the editor and the other writers in Guth na Blaidhna the two causes are so closely linked together as to be almost identical. For these men, at any rate, the Catholicism of the Gaelic world is at once a first principle of their faith and the main object of their pursuit and most faithful forms of the old Gaelic customs and literary traditions, they naturally betake themselves to the intensely Catholic population of the Western Isles. Facts like these may well make us remember that in Irish Gaelic the word Gaedheal means a Catholic. From this point of view it is obvious that to spread the Catholic faith is to bring back the olden glory of the Highlands, while on the other hand the study of Gaelic history and the cultivation of Gaelic customs and traditions should help in a movement of Catholic revival.

Even apart from those who, like the present writer, are in sympathy with the whole policy of this Highland organ, religious, political and literary, there must be many, we imagine, who will find some source of satisfaction in the pages of Guth na Blaidhna. The Catholic who is not a Gael may care little for its linguistic and nationalist policy, but he must be gratified to find this vigorous journal fighting the battle of the faith in the Scottish Highlands. On the other hand, the Gael who is not a Catholic will naturally oppose its religious policy, but he can hardly fail to find some satisfaction in the good work the little magazine is doing for the national language and literature. And the Celtic student who may possibly have little sympathy with either the religious or the national aims of the editor and his colleagues may yet delight in the literary quality of their work and in the fresh light thrown on the neglected pages of Highland history.

In the present year some improvements have been made in the appearance of the magazine. And it may be noted that the price of a single number has been raised from one shilling to two. But the annual subscription for the four quarterly numbers is still no more than five shillings. The journal is still bilingual. But one of the most noteworthy signs of improvement may be seen in the growing predominance of the Gaelic element. This is seen at once in the title which is now given in Gaelic alone, and not as in other years in both languages. And it may be remarked that the majority of the articles are now written in Gaelic. Thus in the Spring number of last year, we find but five Gaelic pieces to seven in Saxon; whereas in the current summer number the proportion is seven parts Gaelic to four English, and one of the English pieces is a critical note appended to a long Gaelic ballad.

The ballad in question, "Dan Liuir" or the Lay of Liuir, should have a special interest for students of Ossianic literature, and it has with all other literary associations. For the hero of the story is to be identified with the Liir of Irish legend, known to most readers by one of Moore's Melodies, and with the King Lear of Shakespeare's immortal tragedy. The Gaelic text of this genuine Ossianic ballad is taken from the collection made by Kennedy in 1774, though it was only printed for the first time in the classic "Leabhar na Feinne," edited in 1872, by John Francis Campbell of Islay. As the annotator "C. M. P." points out, some portions of the old poem were introduced in a modified form in the "Dan Liuir" included in Dr. John Smith's "Sean Dana." Of the last named work, "C. M. P." observes: "It is morally certain that the poems were practically his own (i. e. Smith's) composition, notwithstanding that he says in the preface to 'Sean Dana' that they were, for the most part, taken down from oral recitation."

An interest of a different kind attaches to another and more modern poem printed in the current Guth na Blaidhna, to wit the "Oran a' Chruidh," or "Song of the Faith." For the publication of this monument of Gaelic faith and piety affords a pleasing proof of the good work that is being done by our contemporary in bringing to-

gether the scattered children of the Gael, and in rescuing fragments of Gaelic literature. It appears that "in the autumn number of Guth na Blaidhna, 1905, Mr. Alexander MacKee, of New Zealand, asked for a song of which he gave a stanza." Remembering this request, Father MacAdam, of Sydney, Canada, now writes, to say, "I have been hearing snatches of this song all my life; but it was only the other day I met a lady, a Mrs. MacLeod, who claimed that she knew the whole of it. I sent it to you as I got it from her." A Catholic editorial note adds that the poem was written by Ian MacDhonnachaidh Mhic Cailin, a native of Uist, who emigrated to Australia. Thus, this religious poem now rescued from oblivion is associated with Catholic Gaels in the Western Isles, in Canada, in New Zealand and in Australia. And it is significant of the policy advocated by our contemporary that the link that unites them is an eloquent profession of Gaelic patriotism and Catholic piety.

The most attractive English article in the number is the Rev. George Calder's account of Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the Bard of Glenorchy, though there are some striking observations in the historical paper on "Former Gaelic Movements." But, as is only natural, the best part of the journal must be sought in its Gaelic pages, the opening paper, "An Gaidheal na Canada," deals with Father Archibald Campbell's important mission to his countrymen in Canada. The Hon. R. Stuart Erskine, or to give him his true style and title, Ruairidh MacUilleim Arasain is Mhairi, continues his historical papers on Queen Mary, under the unflattering title "A' Bhàn-Rìgh Neo-Bheachdach." And "Fionn" contributes an interesting and instructive study on the origin of some of the old Gaelic proverbs, "Mar a dh' Eirich cuid de pa Sean Fhocal." It is to be hoped that the writer may be able to fulfil his conditional promise of dealing with other old sayings in a future number.—Rev. W. H. Kent, in The Tablet.

FOR THE MISGUIDED FEW.

While it is difficult to believe that any considerable number of Catholics in this country are ignorant that Freemasonry is a prohibited society, and that to become a member thereof is simply an act of apostasy, the following passages from a recent pastoral by the Archbishop of Caracas may be of service to a misguided individual here and there.

"Do not, therefore, be deceived nor allow yourselves to be deceived. It is impossible to be a Mason and a Catholic at one and the same time. The Mason is formally cut off from the Church; such is the import of the excommunication which he bears with him. It is of no account that many among them declare that they are Catholics though Masons, because the Church is ignorant of the true principles of Freemasonry; this pastoral points out clearly to you that the Church has never been mistaken concerning the character and nature of that association, as it is never mistaken in whatever appertains to the exercise of its divine mission. Private judgment cannot determine who is of the Church and who is not; this is a judgment that alone belongs to the divine authority of the very Church, and this judgment is unconditionally ratified by God in heaven.

The good faith which undoubtedly existed in many Freemasons, who, when compelled to make the abjuration exacted by their confessor at the hour of death, usually replied: 'I have not found any evil in Masonry,' is no longer now possible.

A Defiant Atheist Stricken.

Amos Clarke, aged forty, a farmer living on the Lewiston reservoir, near Ada, Ohio, was struck dead in his front yard Saturday last.

Clarke was known as an atheist and was in the presence of his family and several neighbors had said that there was no God and defied the Supreme Being to punish him. No sooner had the words left his lips than he was stricken and died a few minutes later.

His family is composed of Christian boys and girls, who have been trained by their mother.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The three weeks mission by Passionist Fathers at St. Edward's Church, Philadelphia, closed on Sunday evening, when Father Alexis delivered the closing lecture to non-Catholics. As a result of these discourses thirty-one converts have been received, and a large inquiry class is still engaged in studying the doctrines of the Church. It will surprise many people to know that the late Robert Pinkerton (head of the great detective agency) was a graduate of Notre Dame University. A writer in the Notre Dame Scholastic says of him: "Robert Pinkerton was a just, benevolent man. He probably released and gave a new start in life to more offenders than he sent to prison."

Miss Florence Lyman, who died the other day in her native Boston, and who was a convert to the true faith, left \$255,000 to Catholic works of piety and charity.

There is no burden we may not lift, no cross we may not carry, no Calvary we may not climb, no gloom of sorrow or tribulation we may not traverse, holding fast to the out-stretched hand of God.