

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

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OUR PUBLIC MEN.

We have always a great respect and a great compassion for our public men. Bred on all sides by friends and enemies, rushed off to receptions and dinners—waited on and talked at by cranks of every variety, they are the most overworked and tired of mortals. The least we can do for them is not to accept an estimate of them from ward heelers and political cartoonists.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

Monsignor Falconio is winning golden opinions for himself in the Prairie Province. There, as amongst us, he has seen for himself the virility of the Faith and the love and veneration for the Church. And whilst travel in this country of magnificent distances must be fatiguing, it must also be consoling to him to know and feel that he is in the house of his children. Just what is the dominant characteristic of his personality we are not prepared to say. Talent he has and tact, as evidenced by a long and successful diplomatic career, but perchance what attracts men of all classes and creeds is his genial kindness. Whatever may be the cause of his power and influence we are pleased to say that his name is spoken with respect in all quarters—by Catholics, of course, who venerate him as the representative of the Holy Father and love him for himself; and by Protestants, who regard him as a gentleman of the finest fibre.

SECRET SOCIETIES RESPONSIBLE.

We think that Catholics have for too long a time been addicted to silence on the question of Government patronage. That they do not receive anything like what they are entitled to is indisputable—and this is true of both political parties. Now this statement may possibly be controverted by individuals who have what they term a good appointment, but the fact remains that Catholics have been and are discriminated against in this matter. They have, we confess, some minor berths in the civil service, but as regards the better positions they are almost an unknown quantity. Politicians may bluster, but any amount of bluff and platform gush cannot shut our eyes to the unjust treatment that has been meted out to our co-religionists.

Now, we should like to ask, how do our friends the large salaried officials get their "pull"? How do they manipulate the wily politician so as to receive the fishpots, whilst the Catholic must content himself to be a mental or to wander in the desert of political promise. They certainly have some mysterious and all-powerful influence over the dispensers of governmental pap.

We know of one instance of a Catholic who, though competent in every way, and backed up by a Catholic politician who had rendered good service to his party, was turned down because an Orangeman wanted the job. The follower of King William was duly installed and the Catholic politician accepted the rebuff with due meekness and lapsed into silence. He had the chance of his life to make a future. One word of public protest would have gained him friends, not only from within the fold but from fair-minded Protestants, but he preferred silence to fight.

We have no hesitation in ascribing the condition of affairs largely to the Masonic and Orange organizations, that work systematically and untidily to exclude Catholics from all important offices. The average Protestant member of the community who is looking for a position or for promotion avails himself of their tremendous influence. He joins as many as his means will allow, and when he applies for a berth the "brothers" are to a man behind him. The gentleman who does out the political plums never dreams of sparing that application. He is too much afraid of the "secret society" vote to do it. He may possibly lament his inability to act otherwise, but then the good of the party depends upon not antagonizing the brothers and rather Reverend Patriarchs and

Moguls who preside over the destinies of the secret society.

They say we have equal rights, but that, as long as the present system survives, is but a fairy tale told by glib politicians to lull us into inactivity. Whilst, however, condemning this glaring injustice we must not shrive our selves of all guilt. Our indifference has done much to make it possible. So long as we shall utter no protest and be content with the policy of silence so long also shall we serve the temple of national prosperity and be fed on scraps and leavings.

"LET US BE UP AND DOING."

"My experience," writes Bishop McFaul in the North American Review, "leads me to the conclusion that a policy of silence has been very detrimental to our interests." This will not meet with the approval of the individuals who believe in letting sleeping dogs lie, and who imagine that a sweet-tempered courtesy in speech and action is the best possible remedy for all troubles. It may be in some undiscovered planet, but in this emphatic speech is in the settling of grievances a more potent factor than dignified silence. It speaks volumes for our gullibility to depend so much on the promises of politicians. They cannot perform half what they promise and generally forget the other half, and yet there are individuals who are hushed to silence by the vision of a splendid future awaiting them when So and So becomes a lawmaker. Accordingly they are drilled by political martinet, and when the proper time comes they deposit their ballots with due reverence and obedience, and with a delightful ignorance that is one of the obstacles to genuine civilization.

One thinks—and we hear it expressed sometimes—that it entails a great sacrifice of personal dignity to enter the political lists, and that it is just as well to view from afar the battles of the contestants for public favor. There is undoubtedly much that is objectionable in party politics—wringing, mean personalities, rapid speechifying *ad nauseam*—but that should not prevent an intelligent and patriotic citizen to do what is in his power to establish a better order of things. And they are not going to do that by a stay-at-home policy and family-circle disquisitions on political science. Said Hon. Mr. Roosevelt in 1894:

"It is not the man who sits by his fireside reading his evening paper, and saying how bad are politics and politicians, who will ever do anything to save us. It is the man who goes out into the rough hurly-burly of the caucus and the political meeting and there faces his fellows on equal terms."

"UNLEAVENED BREAD."

Mr. Robert Grant's novel, "Unleavened Bread," has, if we give credence to publisher's statistics, tickled the palate of the reading public. It is not a story of flashing rapiers or of times when a strong wrist and courtier speech were more than enough to vanquish every obstacle, but a narrative of events familiar to all who have observed a certain section of society.

The author portrays the character of the heroine with rare skill, and if we know the type—and we think we do—with rarer fidelity. Selma White—for such is her name—is just a little woman who has great ambition and no principle to guide and steady her nervous feet on life's highway. She is not that the world would call a bad woman, that is, she does nothing that calls for worldly condemnation. True, she obtains a divorce from her first husband and marries again, but legalized adultery has no black mark against it, either in fiction or in everyday life, outside Catholicism.

Selma is always very confident in her own powers, and, despite the fact that she has little or no education, believes in her ability to solve various social problems. The distinction between rich and poor she resents because she has a scanty measure of worldly goods. The rich are this and that, and many other things besides, and she yearns to interpret for them the profound wisdom of the time-honored ditty: "Curfew must not ring to night." Hanging on to the very extremity of society's fringe she laments inwardly the misery of her lot, but to the outside world she is an ardent advocate of free rights and other things that are born of crude and inexperienced minds. She does re-

ceive an invitation, we think, to one of those nondescript social functions that are shunned by the "select" and attended only by a miscellaneous assortment of people. But that does not satisfy her ambition. She pesters a very disappointed gentleman who plays the role of life-partner for money—and more money. Meanwhile she talks about her mission to humanity just as her pettifogging sisters do at the present time.

The women who freshen up this time-battered world are they who say little and whose portraits are rarely flaunted in public prints: the sisters and mothers who fashion brave and honorable men—who help us to bear our burdens and whose love and devotion are a light for our stumbling feet. In the world, mayhap in their homes, exhaling from pure and oft-times heroic hearts an odor that is as well come to tired earth as is pure air to a denizen of the slums—they do not chatter but help.

That Selma is utterly selfish—destitute of the qualities of a true woman, never enters her mind. If you told her she talked too much and unwisely she would either overwhelm you with indignation or protest she was a paragon of discreet silence. And it is always the paragon who do the mischief. With just a hint or a word they can construct a wondrous picture that tells you they have made lequacity a fine art. They can rend a reputation and hurt a friend, and do it so adroitly and with an unconsciousness begotten of long practice that one, in order to escape unscathed, must needs take every precaution.

And they are good Christians! Well, as Selma was—a meddlesome, unscrupulous, self-centred sort of a Christian. That is not the kind, however, that brings any sunshine into the world—the sunshine of love and sympathy that is worth more to our struggling sisters and brothers than empty speech and money.

In the course of the story, Mr. Grant brings on the scene a Flossy Williams, who is also bent on getting into society—and says so. She takes Selma's denunciations at face value and reverences her as a being apart from and above the whirling world of fashion. Eventually Flossie becomes convinced that her friend's antagonism to social frivolity is the outcome of unsatisfied social ambition, just as contempt for our rich neighbors may rest on nothing more tangible than disappointment at not having received an invitation to a ball or dinner. This knowledge is rather startling to Mrs. Williams, who, with all her faults, is sincere. But she does not shrink her duty. She takes Selma off the pedestal on which she had placed her and addresses her in the following motherly fashion:

"I was saying that you were not fit to be a social success, and I'm going to tell you why. No one else is likely to, and I'm just mischievous and frank enough. You're one of those American women—I've always been curious to meet one in all her glory—who believe that they are born in the complete panoply of flawless womanhood; that they are by birthright consummate house-wives, and peerless society queens. All this by instinct, by heritage, and without education. That's what you believe, isn't it? And now you are offended because you haven't been invited to become a leader of New York society. You don't understand, and I don't suppose you ever will understand, that a true lady—a genuine society queen—represents modesty and sweetness and self-control and gentle thoughts and feelings; that she is evolved by gradual processes from generation to generation, not ready-made. Oh, you needn't look at me like that. I'm quite aware that if I were the genuine article I shouldn't be talking to you in this fashion. But there's hope for me because I'm conscious of my shortcomings and am trying to correct them, whereas you are satisfied, and fail to see the difference between yourself and the well-bred woman whom you envy and sneer at. You're pretty and smart and superficial and—er—common, and you don't know it. I'm rather dreadful, but I'm learning. I don't believe you will ever learn. There! Now I'm going."

HENRI DE BLOWITZ.

Henri de Blowitz, the great critic and correspondent of the London Times, who apprehends a general war among the nations of civilization and whose opinion finds response in Downling street, is probably the greatest of newspaper writers in Europe. M. de Blowitz, although derived from Jewish stock, is a Roman Catholic in faith and most devout in his practices. He began his journalistic career as a contributor to the Gazette du Midi and to La Decentralisation. From July, 1871, begins his association with the London Times, and since that time he has been represented "the Thunderer" in Paris. His opinions upon continental politics derive their value from his intimate friendship with leading ministers and diplomats and his thirty years' record for never having betrayed a confidence.

"THE NEW PAGANISM" DENOUNCED BY DR. EGAN.

"Let, moreover, his youth be of conduct chaste and reproachless, Morals rigidly strict, hands without sign of a stain."

—Milton's "Latin Poems."

There are certain signs of the times that show the growing strength of the new Paganism. The decay of the restraining power of dogma in Protestantism is one of these. It is a great mistake to imagine that Protestantism, in its older form, had no dogmatic force,—that it was a negation of moral responsibility,—a protest against all the essential truths of Christianity. Or that the reading and study of the Bible were not, among Protestants, a tremendous help to good conduct. The Huguenot ideals of life, in the reign of Louis XIV., were much higher than those of the Duc de Richelieu and a great group of "Catholic" courtiers at Versailles; and Cromwell himself was not a hypocrite, though he was, nevertheless, a self-deceiver. Catholics have been,—and are,—as unjust to Protestants as Protestants are to them.

There is no mitigating the truth that the tenets of Protestant Christianity, which made for pure thinking in the sight of God and moral conduct, are giving way to the new Paganism. There is not less honor than there was among gentlemen, but there is less morality among men. Honor is not the product of Christianity,—Cardinal Newman, in his famous definition of "A Gentleman," explains this—but morality is. And, while there are many honorable gentlemen who are Pagans, who hold a code of honor common to their class, the teachings and practices of Christian ethics are entirely outside of this code.

This fact is lost sight of by many very good fathers and mothers when the question of the education of their sons comes up. To say it is "snobbish" that a father should want his son to make good social connections, is altogether foolish. They are, in our country, where society is in transition, of the utmost importance. Any observer of social conditions must realize that. But, to assume that Christianity as a dogmatic and stringently moral force, exists in the large colleges and universities, under secular control, is fallacious. Non-sectarianism means simply the new Paganism,—and the old, Bible-worshipping, Westminster-catechism spirit was much better for the souls of men.

To sin is a deplorable thing; but to make sin a part of theory of the conduct of life, is a worse thing. Your young man, brought up as Catholics are brought up in our schools, knows right from wrong; he has fixed principles of Christian ethics,—especially in these matters which touch the very root of life. If he fall, he falls to rise again; he has Christian ideals; the Ten Commandments have, for him, a dogmatic value. Christ rules, and he knows how—whether he does it or not,—to keep a check on his thoughts and inclinations. Honor,—a code invented by the world,—is not his sole guide: there is God, whose code is not the code of the world.

The Bible, as containing the rules of conduct, is outworn in "non-sectarian" places of education. If a young man has the morality of the athletic Greek, he is commended. Whatever disputes there may be about systems of mental training, the contention which underlies them is entirely unimportant compared with the one great need of the world,—Christian morality. The worldly code of honor has nothing to do with Christian ethics; it is not necessary for a gentleman to be a Christian, nor for a Christian to be a gentleman in the conventional sense; so let us not run away with the idea that many young men, who come out of the important secular colleges, are what a Catholic wants his sons to be, because they are well bred and so honorable that seduction is looked upon as in "bad form," while the conduct of Joseph, on a certain occasion, is supposed to be in equally "bad form." They are gentlemen, in the worldly sense. But their essential code of conduct is alien to Christian morality.

"The prodigious evil of unchastity," Coventry Patmore says, "proves sufficiently that chastity is no merely negative good." But, in the system of the new Paganism—a system becoming more and more accepted—chastity is not even a "negative good." Like sin, in Renan's scheme of life, it is left out. It is a matter of convenience. Literature, in English-speaking countries, is much better than life. With the Latins it is different—literature is worse than life. Our novels are not yet non-moral; the traces of Christian ethics are found in them; no author of repute has dared to make divorce and remarriage romantic and picturesque. Nevertheless, the new Paganism is the form of opinion that is taking the place of the varied beliefs of Protestantism.

In the matter of the education of our boys, we had better count the cost. Any system of education for undergraduates, who are not Christians, is bad. And the ago from sixteen to twenty-one is a receptive age. It is true the delusions that emanate from the age of few but "long, long thoughts," as Longfellow says. It is the age during which a boy learns

the rudiments of the lessons of life and begins to think about what he has learned. You put him under the influence of this very attractive, tolerant new Paganism. He learns the code of honor, but a code of honor will not keep his soul alive. The only basis of morality is dogmatic Christianity. Outside of the Catholic Church, Christian morality—no longer supported by the old Protestant "orthodox" rules—is dying or dead. Knowing this, can we afford to throw our boys into an atmosphere of amiable and well-bred Paganism?—risk the loss of a soul for worldly advantages which, in most cases, are much over-rated? "Christ or Diana?" is a question that ought to be weighed well by us today. For your boy, which? Christianity or the new Paganism?—Maurice Francis Egan.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—A REPLY.

After nearly four months the "Publication Committee of the First Church of Christ" has found someone to attempt an answer to some strictures on "Christian Science," which appeared in these columns. In his reply, which appears in another column, Mr. Farlow says that we erred in saying that Christian Science is idealism revamped. Perhaps so, but we know of no better name for a system that asks men to discredit the testimony of their own senses, and makes external realities mere delusions and creatures of the mind. Idealism, he says, makes "The human mind at least an assistant creator," but "Christian Science is based on the proposition that God, Good is the only Mind, of which the universe is the infinite expression." It would carry us too far from the purpose of this article to discuss the pantheistic nonsense which concludes this sentence, but if Mrs. Eddy, the discoverer of Christian Science, claims that "matter and mortal body are only delusions of human belief," what does her disciple mean by saying that God is the only mind? If the mind can have delusions, it cannot, in the pantheistic sense, be a reflection of the "only mind, God"—it must be God Himself. For God, even in the insane philosophy of Christian Science, is an all-wise, all-knowing God—necessarily consistent with Himself. The mind capable of delusions must have an identity of its own—Independent of the mind of God. If Christian Science is not reborn idealism, and its votaries, by their own admission, not only assistant creators, but the only creators of external realities, then God Himself must be the author of men's delusions. This is a tantamount to making God incapable of successfully and faithfully reflecting Himself in His creatures, or it makes God the author of a monstrous creation which produces eyes to see and objects to be seen, and then makes us believe that neither we nor the objects of our senses have any real existence. In spite of this disclaimer of its defender, Christian Science demands this rejection of the sources and criteria of human knowledge. We said before and now repeat that the teachers of Christian Science stand by the couch of human misery and ask its victims to believe that neither they nor their supposed maladies have any real existence—to believe that they not only are not sick, but in the nature of things, cannot be.

Mr. Farlow says that he believes in man's individuality, and then proceeds to tell us that man in his body is made after the image and likeness of God. He apparently forgot that he had just written that the Mind of God, Good is the only reality, children know that God is a pure spirit, having no body. In spite of his claims, Mrs. Eddy states without equivocation that "material and mortal body are only delusions of the human belief." Therefore, there is no bodily individuality in man. Neither by their philosophy is there any mental or spiritual individuality, because by Mr. Farlow's own admission there is no mind but God. When he says, therefore, but the individuality of man is not a nonentity and that the body of man is created after the image and likeness of God and that under divine influence the bodies of men are healed and protected, he not only flatly contradicts himself, but exposes his ignorance of the real principles of Christian Science. No Christian Scientist, properly so-called, believes in healing the bodies of men—Christian Science does not admit the existence of human infirmities—they hold that "the mortal body is only a delusion." Therefore there is nothing to heal. Our correspondent confuses terms. When he talks of divine healing, he is talking of another cult which is radically different from Christian Science.

Divine Healers attribute sickness to the devil, and have recourse to God to cure it, but Christian Science, as we have shown, denies the existence both of sickness and of man himself. While one theory refers the infirm to God, the other reminds them of their own nonentity and the consequent incapability to be sick. And while they do this, they ask us to pin our faith to the teachings of nonentities and accept on trust the delusions that emanate from the jumble of contradictions in terms and

principles that no healthy mind can entertain them with patience.

What we said about Christian Science being in effect a denial of Christianity and the Crucifixion a fruitless sacrifice—and the Church of Christ a myth—is proven by the admission of Mr. Farlow. To him Christ is only man, more perfect, perhaps, than other men, but at best only man, and His life and passion and death, in Mr. Farlow's own words, only "mortal experiences." This is a denial of Christianity, pure and simple, for if there is any rock upon which it stands, it is the truth of Christ's divinity.

The whole fabric of Christianity falls by the admission of Christian Science. And therein consist its inherent harm and static origin. The appeal to the good work it has done is an appeal to questionable results. Aside from the cure of a few minor maladies, mostly imaginary, its chief work has been to deny the divinity of Christ, to deny the atoning merits of His death on the cross and the existence of the Church as a medium of salvation.

There have been a thousand false philosophies and theologues which in their day attracted large numbers of blind followers that are so long dead that we almost forget that they ever were.

If it were not for the class of poor afflicted humanity that chase every phantom of relief, that buy quack nostrums, stand around medicine wagons, run after Schliater and others of his kind, who for the time are being drugged by the poison of mental idocy, Christian Science would not have a corporal's guard to stand to its defense. The small talk about bric-a-brac, etc., will soon fit the Christian Science condition exactly. When it is dead and buried, the Church will be preaching Christ and Him crucified, and reminding other adventurers in the wastes of error and infidelity that "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's Word shall not pass away."—Catholic University.

NOTABLE SERVICE ON AN OCEAN LINER.

Conducted by Priests for a Protestant Congregation and Described in a Protestant Paper.

From the Outlook.

On Sunday of last week a unique religious service occurred on board an Atlantic liner. The service was conducted by two Roman Catholic priests for the benefit of a congregation mostly Protestant. It was entirely in English and began by the usual phrase, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen," at which, as at the close, all the Roman Catholics and most of the Anglicans present crossed themselves. Then followed the Lord's Prayer, every one joining. Then came the Roman Catholic Ave Maria, or the Angelical Salutation taken from the first chapter of Luke, "Hail Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus"—to which follows this petition: "Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death, Amen."

Next came the Apostles' Creed in the exact language familiar to every one present, and then the general confession, not, alas! in the language of the Anglican prayer book, but as the Roman Catholics have come to use it. Its English translation begins thus: "I confess to Almighty God, to Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, to Blessed Michael the Archangel, to Blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and to all the saints, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word and deed, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault." This was naturally followed by the exquisite prayer with Roman Catholics beginning: "Almighty God, who, though dwelling in the highest heaven, yet vouchsafeth to regard the lowest creature upon earth." The epistle and Gospel were next read, and in the selection there was no variance of language from the King James version.

The sermon followed—a noble discourse, and so skillfully constructed that it might have been appropriate, not only for any Christian congregation, but even for a Moslem or Buddhist audience. Hymns had been selected to close the service, hymns dear, both in Latin and through many a translation, to Christians of whatever name—"O Come, All Ye Faithful," "Jesus, the Very Thought to Thee" and "Jerusalem the Golden."

DIDN'T SHOCK THE CARDINAL.—Some ladies made their appearance at a Papal reception, to the grave displeasure of the Pope, in ball room dress. A well known Cardinal was instructed to apprise these offenders of their breach of etiquette. The Cardinal thus fulfilled his somewhat delicate mission: "The Pope," he said, "is old fashioned and does not like décolleté dresses; but I am quite accustomed to them, for I have been so much among savages when a missionary that I do not mind them."

The British elections have closed with a majority of 142 for the Government, the numbers being: Unionists 398; Oppositionists, 256.