

**The Catholic Record**

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC 6, 1924

**HAMILTON'S NEW BISHOP**

The consecration or installation of a new bishop is always an impressive ceremony as well as an event of deep significance and importance. The installation of the Right Reverend J. T. McNally, late Bishop of Calgary, in the See of Hamilton was no exception to that general rule. As a manifestation of love and esteem for the person and office of Hamilton's new bishop it was noteworthy and inspiring. But it is not Dr. McNally's installation in Hamilton, impressive and significant though it was, but his leave-taking of Calgary that throws revealing light on his character, his work, his achievements; and especially on his conception of the duties and opportunities of his high office. And for this reason we give in this issue of THE CATHOLIC RECORD more space to Calgary's great tribute to Bishop McNally than to Hamilton's welcome and the ceremonies of his installation in his new field of labor.

Before us is The Calgary Daily Herald of November 20th. It is almost exclusively a McNally number. We should have liked to reprint every reference to Bishop McNally but that is impossible. We have, we hope, given enough to enable our readers to realize the significance and the sincerity of Calgary's tribute. It honors the people of Calgary not less than the distinguished citizen whom Calgary desired to honor.

Editorially the Calgary Daily Herald says: "As a public-spirited citizen he has held a place of great influence in the life of the city and has earned the highest esteem of men of all beliefs and classes. . . His leave-taking was marked last night by a remarkable demonstration of affection and respect. The most representative gathering ever drawn together in Calgary assembled to do him honor. It included the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, members of the provincial government, the Mayor of Calgary, and representatives of all the professional, commercial and social activities of the city. The military life of the community was represented by Brigadier-General Bell, the district officer commanding and other officers. Three members of the Supreme Court of Alberta, with other judges and prominent barristers, represented the Bench and the Bar. Perhaps most noteworthy—as displaying the regard in which Bishop McNally is held in Calgary—there were present representatives of all the Protestant Churches, led by His Lordship's old and, as he said, 'most dear' friend, Right Reverend W. C. Pinkham, Anglican Bishop of Calgary. . . Mr. Bennett rightly said, after enumerating some of the qualities and the public actions of Bishop McNally that have won for him the esteem of this community, that it does not suffice to say that what is Calgary's loss is Hamilton's gain. The loss of a strong, vital personality is a loss that is irreparable. In such manner does Calgary regard the removal of Bishop McNally."

Calgary's pioneer bishop must in the very nature of things have had hard and sometimes discouraging work in the organization and up-building of a new diocese. To detail the work accomplished would in itself be a great tribute to a great prelate. That is not our concern now. The greatest of his achievements for God's Church and for Canada stands revealed in the tribute of Calgary's and Alberta's best citizenship to a fellow-citizen, who earned and won general esteem and affection. The proportion of Catholics in Calgary is about one in seventeen. All Calgary without exception united in the truly marvellous manifestation of genuine respect and love for a Catholic bishop who for eleven

strenuous years had made Calgary his home. It honors them who gave and him who received such generous appreciation. The mission of the Church is to all men, to every creature. And the Church, in the long run, is judged by the lives of Catholics, bishops, priests, laymen and women. Newman, toward the middle of the last century when anti-Catholic feeling ran high, pointed out that it was only through the lives of Catholics, who came into contact with Protestants, that this prejudice could be broken down. And the removal of the wall of traditional prejudice is an essential condition precedent to the fruitful exercise of the Church's mission to spread the gospel to every creature.

Great as was his work in up-building and organizing a new diocese, we think that Bishop McNally's greatest achievement was to do all this and at the same time win and retain the good-will, the esteem, and the love of the Protestant majority of his diocese. Generous-hearted, fair-minded, though not of the household of the faith, these Protestants of Calgary have preached an eloquent sermon to all Canadians in their farewell tribute to the worth and work of Calgary's first Catholic bishop. And the bishop who merited such a tribute speaks louder and more eloquently than in words a message not less eloquent to all Canadians, and perhaps especially, to all Canadian Catholics.

Calgary's farewell tribute is a proof of what Bishop McNally has done; but—and this is what makes its consideration here and now eminently appropriate—it is also a pledge of what he will do in the future for the diocese of Hamilton, for the province of Ontario and for Canada.

**THE CATCHWORD: 'PROGRESS'**

Two weeks ago we considered some popular catchwords as compared with obvious realities. 'Progress' is one such catchword; and it is responsible for much stagnation or, perhaps worse, advance in the wrong direction. Few ever stop to think out the meaning of a catchword. 'Progress' is accepted as wholly desirable in all circumstances. A motor car driving sixty miles an hour towards a precipice is making rapid progress. For 'progress' is moving forward in any direction, toward any end. The only safe and sane thing for the occupants of that car to do is to stop, to put an end to the rapid progress that will, if not stopped, end in disaster and death. So it all depends on the direction, on the terminus ad quem, whether progress is desirable or disastrous. Yet, we venture to say, every reader has heard clap-trap orators prate of progress and clap-trap audiences vigorously applaud; when neither audience nor orator gives a thought to the direction in which the vaunted 'progress' is leading us.

That we live in an age of mechanical progress only a fool would deny. It is the age of machinery; the realities of mechanical invention outstrip the inventions of imaginative fiction. But the machine belongs to the material order of things; it makes no one nobler, wiser or better. It is an open question whether it has added anything of value to human life. To a great extent it dominates life. And the workman has ceased to be an intelligent craftsman with deep and satisfying pride in his work; he has become a mere useful or necessary tool to supplement the machine; and amid the thunderous din of machinery the factory worker's life is the most monotonous and uninteresting imaginable. But the mechanical progress of our era, undeniable and marvellous, makes plausible to the unthinking the claim that we have made progress in everything. The loose extension of the theory of Evolution to social and even to religious development together with the Protestant Tradition has contributed largely to this popular illusion.

We have seen how through the Christian ages there was a gradual but continuous development from slavery to free tillers of the soil, with human rights always considered and guaranteed. This was real progress in things more closely related to, more vitally affecting, life and happiness than the most complicated or the most marvellous machine ever invented.

For factory, mine and other workers in recent times there is no doubt that the trade unions have done

much. We are inclined to think that such unions are a characteristically modern development. Yet they had their forerunners ages before; and a dark and dreary period intervened. The craftsmen's guilds were found all over Europe in the Middle Ages and were established in England in the reign of Edward III. Masons and butchers and weavers and bakers and all others were then united in guilds for the great purpose of mutual help. Every one remembers the great strikes in England during the last few years that menaced the very life of the nation; strikes of railroad men, dock workers, and mine workers. Yet an English historian has said that if the conditions of the guilds of the Westphalian mines of Catholic times could be realized such upheavals would be unknown. Eight hours was the maximum day's work; a six-hour day was not unknown. Bath houses were provided, and regulations obtained fixing the prices of commodities at the pit mouth. A half holiday on Saturday and a full holiday on Sunday were provided; and there were about forty other holidays in the year. The writer can remember the time when the charge was made that Church holidays in Catholic countries were one reason for their lack of 'progress'. Now, in this as in many other things, we are progressing back to the Catholic idea that the worker is something more and other than a beast of burden, and has human rights that must be considered.

The guild—this medieval institution—took charge of its members from his earliest years. On leaving his monastery school the boy was apprenticed to a master; and this master had to prove to the satisfaction of the guild that he was a fit and proper person to have charge of a boy. Moreover the master took an oath to look after the apprentice as a good parent would. After a period of from three to nine years, according to the custom of the particular trade, the apprentice became a journeyman who could if he wished leave his master and seek employment elsewhere. Often he travelled. On entering a town he immediately went to his guild and the guild gave him employment, offered him amusements and introduced him to suitable companions. The great and distinguishing merit of the guilds was their pride in their crafts. To become a master-workman the journeyman had to prove his skill by the quality of his work. Whether it was wood-carving, or baking or weaving, or what not, the journeyman presented to the masters of the guild a piece of work on which his fitness to be admitted to the mastership of the craft was judged. This is the origin of that good old English word, masterpiece. When he was a master he enjoyed to the full all the advantages of the guild. About thirty years ago it was thought that in Norway they had discovered a new principle of cooperation when they combined to buy raw material in bulk. As a matter of historic fact, this was the custom of the medieval guilds. The guilds were great and powerful corporations possessing, in common, much wealth. We have still the 'Guild Hall' in London; every one has read of the famous 'Cloth Hall' at Ypres. Reminders, these, that the guilds had their magnificent 'community halls' and 'head office buildings'. The members of the guild were capitalists and workmen at one and the same time. Wealth was then widely distributed instead of being as it is now concentrated in the hands of the comparatively few.

Above all the spirit of religion pervaded the guilds and influenced their every activity. The member was carried through life under the influence of the Church and when he died the guild provided for the Masses for the repose of his soul. The work in which he was engaged during life was always and everywhere considered as a necessary, useful and worthy service to the commonwealth and to God. There was a dignity about labor as well as pride in skillful craftsmanship. Such was the ideal of life in the Middle Ages.

How the British workman 'progressed' from the happy conditions of the medieval guilds to those which obtained toward the close of the eighteenth century is another story. At this period of 'progress' flatbreasted, unsexed women worked like beasts of burden in the coal pits, and children were taken from

the workhouses to be little slaves. Ricardo and Adam Smith defined labor as a commodity whose price was of economic right and necessity regulated by the law of supply and demand. In those days it was felony to subscribe to a strike; and six men who went together to an employer to "respectfully represent that they could not live on the wages received" were put into prison for conspiracy!

Now that time is over; trade unions have grown and are still growing in power; but they are still far behind the guilds. And students turn to that far-off age and its institutions for inspiration. One of the intellectuals of British Labor is A. H. D. Cole who has published a volume on "Guild Socialism."

One great and vital difference between the unions of today and medieval guilds is that the latter were pervaded by the spirit of religion. Religion inspired and influenced their activities, sweetening and deepening life for all. In our own day Leo XIII's immortal encyclical "On the Condition of the Working Classes" gave the deathblow to the sordid "supply and demand" theory of wages and to the egregious fallacy of "freedom of contract." His wonderful pronouncement has been the beacon light guiding the efforts of all social welfare workers who have achieved anything worth while in the past quarter of a century. And much has been achieved. Greater progress along these lines will be made when the light of past experience shines freely on the efforts of today.

**WHOM DO MEN SAY THAT HE IS?**

BY THE OBSERVER

Christ asked His disciples: "Whom do men say that I am?" And He was answered: "Some say John the Baptist, and some Elias, and others Jeremias or one of the Prophets." Then He asked them: "Whom do you say that I am?" And Peter, the spokesman, answered: "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God."

The Catholic Church gives the same answer still. He is Christ the Son of the living God. But amongst others guesses are still being made. The discussion just now going on amongst the Anglicans in the United States shows that there are still people who are ready to call Him anything, or to say that He is anybody except Christ the Son of the living God.

The uncertainty is destructive of all unity amongst them; for how can men accept and apply teachings without knowing who is teaching them? From the time of His life on earth till the present time He has been made the subject of continual attempts to deprive Him of His divinity. Fallen human nature does not want Him to be Divine, because if he is Divine human nature must give up its conceits, its vanities, its pride, its vices, and submit to Him; accept His teachings and follow Him; and fallen human nature does not want to do anything of that sort. Human nature wants just what it wanted when the Jews called Him anything; called Him different and inconsistent things, rather than admit that He was divine and that they were bound to give up their own ways and take His.

Every heresy that has ever existed has sooner or later attacked Him in some way. All the false "ologies" and man-made beliefs and philosophies have sooner or later got around to making Jesus out to be less than He is. Every maker of a false religion has attacked Him in some way. Unbelief has made Him the first object of attack. Read the utterances of the men who are now reshaping old theories of unbelief in American pulpits, and what do you find? You find that their main idea is to make Him out to be a mere glorified minister; a mere man, for whom they profess great respect so long as His teachings do not get in their way; so long as they are allowed to pass judgment on Him and to take what they like from Him and to reject the rest. That is the story of false religions and of false philosophies in all ages.

We wonder whether those ministers imagine they are original. All errors with respect to Jesus Christ are old and most of them are very old. The Catholic Church has calmly considered and calmly and solemnly condemned, and long, long ago, all the false views that are current today concerning Jesus

Christ. It is curious, but not strange, to see ministers of heretical sects today repeating the heresies of centuries ago, which disappeared from the minds of men for ages, and are now brought forward as new discoveries. They remind us of a fish monger who was calling fresh fish in a city street. A passer-by saw that they were salt fish, and challenged the statement that they were fresh. "Well," said the man, "they are fresh out of the barrel." It is so with these theories about Jesus Christ. They are not fresh; they are only newly taken out of the rubbish heaps of human error.

Jesus Christ is the Son of God; the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. He is God and man. He is God the Son; he is the Word made flesh. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God." St. John is witness to His Divinity. But we suppose the diggers in the rubbish heaps of controversy have some strange ideas about St. John also. If the Master does not escape, what chance has the servant?

There is nothing strange or new about all this. The Church has encountered it in all ages since she was founded by Christ and took up the duty of perpetuating the testimony of St. Peter given in the very presence of Christ; the testimony that He is Christ the Son of the living God. A Canadian paper recently published an article intended in praise of Him, in which it was said that He was certainly the Son of God, and then to show the inevitable confusion of thought, it said that He "could read the mind of God."

But we wonder, not at the recurrence of old heresies in the world in tattered guises which are not disguises, but at the self-complacency of those who make themselves the mouthpieces of those old pieces of human self-deception and humbug. According to the non-Catholics who are now being called "modernists," it is no longer pretended that Luther was right, or that Calvin was right, or that Henry the Eighth was right, or any one whomsoever of the so-called "Reformers." Indeed the non-Catholic modernist proceeds upon the assumption that they were all wrong. But if they were, why do they think that they are now right?

We cannot help being a little astonished at their case of mind. Are they right, where Luther and the other "Reformers" were wrong? How do they know? Speaking now of non-Catholic modernists in general they take, when pressed a bit, the position, if one can call it a position that it makes no difference whether anybody has ever been right about religion, or whether anybody is right now; that in some mysterious way, which they do not attempt to explain, man is pursuing truth. They will not undertake to say that he will ever overtake it; they do not attempt to say positively what it is, keeping as open a mind about it as Pilate did, but they smilingly assure us that every day and in every way, as Doctor Coue would say, we are getting, or at least they are, better and better religiously and that whether we are or are not, exactly right or even approximately right about the conditions which, as Catholics believe, and as all Protestants used to believe, govern for us both time and eternity, is a matter of secondary importance.

There is one natural end to that sort of reasoning, and some of the non-Catholic modernists have arrived there. For instance, the man who said the other day that he did not believe in a personal God. He has got rid of God to his own satisfaction. Then, there is a man who wrote a pamphlet, that was handed us the other day by a reader. This man says there is no such person as Christ and never was any such person. What we call Christ, he says, is merely the embodiment by a work of the mind, of an ideal, the personification of an ideal or an aspiration of the human heart.

Then there are the men who tell you, and they pull your coat tails metaphorically everywhere you turn to tell it to you, that the Bible is merely a written account of the spiritual experiences of a number of idealistic, mystic, imaginative men, and is valuable only as a record of the aspirations and ideas of good men of certain ages. We do not gather where we are to look for the corresponding accounts of the spiritual experiences of the people of the present day. If they

are having any such experiences in, for instance, the Anglican Church in the United States, they are making a poor job of getting them into print.

The logical and inevitable end of the rejection of the divinity of Christ is unbelief. Through a series of more or less interesting speculations, those who put aside the doctrine of Christ's Divinity must at length come to disregard Him altogether. There is no reason whatever for keeping the Bible out of the nearest fire after one has ceased to believe that Christ is God.

There is no logic whatever in going on talking about a Church after having decided that He who is said to have founded a Church was no more than a mere man. There cannot, in the nature of things, be any good reason for considering the Bible to be authoritative after one has rejected the Divinity of Christ.

Mohammedanism is as likely to be right as Christianity if Christ is not God, and indeed it is the fashion to say so now amongst those who do not believe that Christ is God, and they tell us, when pressed in argument, that Mohammed and Christ were both prophets and that whilst they prefer Christ and believe in much that He said, they cannot say that Mohammedans are not pursuing truth in a legitimate manner, and that their speculations are not entitled to respect. Those who reject the Divinity of Christ are absolutely forced to admit that even Mohammedanism may be right.

Even the Jews, who rejected Christ the first, and nailed Him to the Cross, are, by the non-Catholic modernist, brought within the wide scope of their universal truth, and the people who were once the chosen of the Lord, and who are divided into sects, some of whom have decided that the French Revolution was the coming of the Messiah, may be right; and the non-Catholic modernist cannot say that they are not.

If Christ be not God, who is right in any religious belief? Who can ever be said with certainty to be wrong? Some non-Catholic modernists are very frank about the matter; they say that what a man thinks is true for him; that whether or not he is in possession of positive truth makes no difference; that there is no certain criterion of truth. It follows from that, that one man's truth is another man's falsehood; that, at the end of the speculation, there is no real and substantial difference between the truth and a lie; and there they come to the end of their Christianity. It is only a step or two more and they reject God altogether, or, like that minister who says he does not believe in a personal God; only one other step to saying, like the author of a pamphlet now on our table, that there never was any such person as Jesus Christ.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

It is said that several communities of Carmelite nuns and Poor Clares have received notice that they are to be expelled from France. As a protest against this, and against the anti-religious policy in general of Premier Herriot, a French shop-keeper has closed his business.

FRIENDS OF THE Institute of the Blessed Virgin, better known as the Loretto Order in Canada, will be interested in this reference by Archbishop Mannix of Australia to its foundation in England by the Venerable Mary Ward. The Superior General of the Order, Mother Raphael Deasy, of Rathfarnham, Dublin, has recently made a visitation of its houses in Australia, and it was at a children's concert there given in her honor that Archbishop Mannix pleasantly recalled the Institute's beginnings. He was reminded of the fact that when the first convent was opened at York its members were styled Jesuitesses, perhaps because of their close association in good works with the Society of Jesus. Indeed, the Protestant Archbishop of York, noting the zeal of Mary Ward in defending and promoting the old Faith, remarked that she "did more harm than six Jesuits."

TODAY THE Loretto Sisters are scattered over the world. In 1822 it was that the first off-shoot from the parent stem was opened at Rathfarnham, and from that house came the first Canadian foundation at Toronto in 1847, the year of Bishop Power's death. Not

only to Canada did the Institute spread, but all over Ireland, back to England, and to India, to Mauritius, Gibraltar, and to far-off Australia. Those who know anything of the rich results that have flowed from the good work of the Ladies of Loretto in Canada, will note with pleasure their prosperity in other climes.

IN THE current discussions in the daily press on the subject of "Church Union," "Modernism" and "Unitarianism" are being freely imputed by one party or the other to the opposing faction. In rebuttal one controversialist pleads that said imputations are based upon quotations "wrested from their context and garbled by misapplied comments." It might profit such an one to reflect that that is precisely the method formulated by the first "Reformers," and adhered to by their followers throughout the intervening centuries in the larger controversy with Rome. This is true whether in the matter of historical reference, scriptural quotation, or Catholic teaching in general. And, it should be noted, whenever the present discussion on union becomes particularly acrimonious "Rome" is still dragged in and made to bear the odium which either faction seeks to fasten upon the other. Happily Rome, as they love to call the old Church which has seen the rise of every existing dynasty, or government, institution or sect, and will see their fall, has no reason to be perturbed over this perennial breach of good manners.

IN THE course of an address to the Canadian Club, New York, the other day, Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador at Washington, used these words: "The fact remains that wherever the Union Jack flies there is generally that amount of liberty which is compatible with order, that amount of justice which inspires confidence in government, that amount of fair play in government which is the spirit of a real democracy, and that amount of common sense which prevents enthusiastic though perfectly honest and single-minded persons from playing ducks and drakes with the existing order of things, from desiring to tear down everything that the experience of centuries has built up, in order to try new and quite unknown panaceas and quack remedies for all the ills of mankind." With not the least disposition to give a forced interpretation to these words it is difficult to resist the impression that in thus expressing himself the august Ambassador had the United States and Ontario under Prohibition in mind.

FURTHER, WITHOUT prejudice to the merits or demerits of prohibitory enactments, or even of voluntary abstinence from spirituous liquors, we may be permitted another citation. It is customary with some advocates of prohibition to denounce all alcoholic beverages, whether in moderation or otherwise, as harmful in themselves, and tending to physical disability and the shortening of human life. Medical testimony is sometimes cited in support of this idea, though it is anything but a unit on the subject. In this connection, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, himself a physician, instances a number of eminent men of our day who were habitual drinkers of wine, yet after strenuous lives in the public service lived to a good old age—among them, Gladstone, Tennyson, Sir Henry Irving, and Sir Moses Montefiore, the English Jewish philanthropist. The fact is, of course, too patent for discussion, and is mentioned only to introduce a humorous reference to the last named. Of Sir Moses, says Doyle, "I believe it was really true that he drank a bottle of wine every night, but like all bad habits it overtook the sinner at last and he was cut off at the age of one hundred and sixteen."

THE FOLLOWING good story comes from Washington, having been told by the Secretary of Agriculture. It is commended to the faddists of the day: "A lady lecturer on birth control, married, no children, forty years of age, asked her grocer the other day why eggs were so high." "Scarcity, ma'am," said the grocer. "The lady lecturer gave a sneering titter." "Oh, indeed! Scarcity, eh?" she said, "And why should there be a scarcity of eggs, pray?"