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VOLUME XXV. LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1903 1282

The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1903.

SOME CHARACTERLESS WRITERS.

Some Canadian editors have little conception of fair play. They are, we admit, save in localities which should be staked off as reservations for irreclaimable bigots, not addicted as a rule to retailing brazen calumnies. On occasion they can tell the truth. They can even eulogize creeds with which they have little sympathy. And when they wish to placate the individuals who want their controversial pap red-hot, they can detail one of the staff to prepare it. Should the paper be called to book for it, the editor can show a fair front to the irate subscriber and join with him in denouncing the author of the objectionable article. When the subscriber departs, satisfied that such a thing will not happen again, the author and the editor wink the other eye and are good until after the elections.

These editors are quick to insert a charge, recking little as to its foundation in fact, against an opponent, but are slow to print a disproval of it. We have noticed attacks on prominent personages, and weeks after—at the bottom of a column or hidden amidst advertising matter—we have seen a statement of their withdrawal. Oftimes there is no apology whatsoever. Not long since, for instance, the King of Spain was described as a very bad sort of young man. The good people who have an idea that Spain is on a low grade of civilization, put on an expression of "I told you so," and consigned the information to their scrap-book for future reference. It never seemed to strike them that the story might have been penned by a space-writer or a correspondent with little respect for the intelligence of his public. But, be that as it may, the refutation of that calumny was slurred over, and the refutation, bear in mind, was made by Mr. Stover, a competent authority in the matter. The editors gave a cold reception to Mr. Stover's pronouncement, which showed that the young ruler of Spain, if not so white as some gentlemen whose obituaries we read now and then, was not so black as a crew of lying and conscienceless writers would have him.

Again, for some time past we have been treated to accounts of the Los Von Rom movement in Austria. To most people it meant the Austrians were wearying of Rome and flocking to Protestantism. Some preachers fostered this view and embodied it in lectures which received flattering attention from some sections of the daily press. Statistics were given of the defections from Catholicity. The day of the "open Bible" was dawning for Austria! The projectors of the movement were acclaimed as valorous warriors against the thraldom of ecclesiasticism. But the lecturers were merely carried away by prejudice, and the editors who took an interest in their ravings were object lessons for the time being of the influence of environment, education and traditional antipathy to the Church. They knew that anyone who would seek to initiate a movement in Canada such as the Los Von Rom in Austria would be banned by every patriotic citizen. That movement, as we said before in these columns, was primarily against the integrity of the Austrian Empire. Whatever religious trappings it had was to conceal its sinister designs. And yet we have had ministers and editors condoning treason and applauding its abettors! What manner of men these latter are may be seen from the following extract taken from a late issue of the Tablet:

"The 'Los von Rom' movement in Austria has received a serious blow in the persons of some of its foremost leaders. The deputy Wolf, the grand organiser and chief of the movement, has just been the defendant in a divorce suit on the part of his wife, which has disclosed a series of the most scandalous facts regarding Wolf himself and others of his fellow-leaders. Serious breaches of morality have been revealed on the part of Wolf, for which his only defence was drunkenness. Moreover, he himself, writing to a Gratz newspaper, alleges very serious misconduct on the part of his wife with two other prominent organisers of the 'Los von Rom' party, the deputies Schoenerer and Stein. The whole unsavory business is of such a public and disgraceful nature as to most seriously shake the confidence of the most ardent partisans."

We ask the editors who gave space to Rev. Dr. Amaron's lecture to take note of this.

MRS. SADLIER'S WORKS.

It seems to us that some of our contemporaries put too many "buts and ifs" in their estimate of Mrs. Sadlier's contributions to Catholic literature. "If she had had a better training, but." Now let us indulge in an "if." If Mrs. Sadlier were living to-day and had an up-to-date publishing house to boom her productions she would be regarded as one of the prominent novelists and her "Blakes and Flannagans" might be a selling success. He should remember that many books owe their vogue to shrewd advertising. Authors and publishers are not in the business for art—but for cash. They talk, it is true, about high literary ideals, but this is merely a trick of the trade, and is calculated to impress prospective purchasers of their wares. Culture, we are told, is advancing by leaps and bounds. When, however, we remember the popularity of the swash-buckling romance and of other things coddled by paid critics and then placed in the arms of a grateful and admiring public we may be pardoned for doubting it. At any rate we should prefer to see Mrs. Sadlier's books in the hands of our young people than those of the majority of prominent novelists. They teach something. Not flashing with epigrams are they, or abounding in smart and cynical sayings of world-weary men and women. But they are sane and unflecked by any suspicion of pruriency. Simple, if you like, but such simplicity finds an echo in every man whose heart is not warped, and is as refreshing to him as is the untainted air to a fever patient. In a word, Mrs. Sadlier used her gifts for the good of her fellows and the glory of God.

She impressed her faith upon everything she wrote. If she had written after the manner of some present day novelists, reputed Catholics who give us books colorless so far as religion is concerned, she would have received more consideration at the hands of critics. But she was proud of her faith, and that pride inspired every line that came from her pen.

"CONVERTS" TO METHODISM.

Our old friend Bishop McCabe has been attending the Methodist Conference at Poughkeepsie. While there he complained that while conversions of Protestants to the Catholics are always reported, the conversion of Catholics to Methodism is not recorded. The Bishop, as we have said ere this, has a pretty gift of imagination; but he is giving it rather free rein when he seeks to persuade his brethren of Methodist gains from the Church. Why should reasonable men, we ask, prove recreant to Catholicity? We have an answer, but we prefer to give that of Wesley, the founder of Methodism. "What wonder," he says, "is it that we have so many converts to Popery and so few to Protestantism when the former are sure to want nothing and the latter almost to starve."

But the Bishop has the chance of his life to prove that he was dealing in facts and not in fiction. A writer in the New York Sun challenges him to produce the names of but ten converts to Methodism with their addresses and places of conversion. Here is a challenge that any man with a reasonable regard for his reputation as a truth-teller will meet. Awaiting his answer, we may remember that Dr. Briggs said some years ago that, according to a Methodist preacher, Methodism had lost its hold on the lower classes, and was rapidly losing its hold on the middle classes, and it never had any hold on the upper classes.

TOURISTS AND CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.

About two weeks ago we received a letter from a subscriber asking us to say something anent a lecturer who has had a look, cross-eyed it seems, at some Catholic countries. But we beg to decline. The world is moving somewhat, and it would be more than useless to essay the task of convincing some people that "it is a great deal better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so." The inhabitants of "effete monarchies" may not know much about the "open Bible"—that is the Bible that has been kicked along the pathway of irreverent criticism and made to father all manner of mental aberrations. But they have had men and woman attempting to make them look askance at the faith of their forefathers and to cajole them by doles of bread and soup. The cookery end of this method of spreading the Gospel has met with some success. And, emboldened by it, our brethren may seek foreign shores with the "open Bible"—this phrase is as sure as death—and stoves primed with anti-Catholic pies and doughnuts.

Think also of the fun and exercise and dollars they give the benighted Latins. When the land is touristless, they, so we are told, are mere lotus eaters entangled in a mesh of dreams. Occasionally their dreams get on canvas or marble, just to remind us there are thoroughbreds still in the traces. Now and then they are discovered worshipping the Virgin, or at some other weird performance which shocks the denizen of a two by four village who has been raised in Fox's Book of Martyrs and romances dealing with the crafty Jesuit. But when the Latins hear the churning of the steamer's screws they throw off their listlessness and proceed to "do" the visitors. To the artistically inclined they sell rare paintings and antique statues. They who have a keen eye for the iniquities of Rome are regaled for a consideration with hair-raising stories of convents and other things. These good people never realize they are getting "gold bricks," and as a result we have them giving cheerful exhibitions of their imbecility as tourists. But the Latins must have a rare old time with them.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

In the current issue of The Pilgrim among other things we read of Archbishop Ireland, that he "is one of the foremost Americans, and one of the few Americans whose name has a thunder-echo in Europe. It would be too much to tell here what he has done in the interests of peace for the French Republic. May it be long before the eulogy, which it would be in bad taste to write of a living man, is emblazoned over his great head and heart by a grateful people."

But the Archbishop of St. Paul has heard so many eloquent tributes to his enthusiasm, his fearlessness and zeal that a few words more or less of eulogy will not spoil him.

A CRADLE OF FAITH.

A NEW-CENTURY MISSION IN THE HAUNTS OF THE PIONEER MISSIONARIES.

Cleveland Catholic Universe,

That the Church is ever young in spite of her age was well illustrated at the mission of Marges the past week. The parish, which consists of four little towns in Carroll and Stark Counties, is one of the oldest in the State. At Marges stands a little brick church and parsonage, erected over fifty years ago; while nearly by are the remnants of an old log house in which Mass was celebrated a quarter of a century further back still. Around the church is a neat cemetery whose venerable tombstones tell the names of some who have slept their peaceful sleep for seventy years: pioneers born before the Revolution and dead since 1822 and 1833.

Around the old parish hang memories of venerable and illustrious missionaries who were glad if they could visit Marges once a month, to bring the sacraments humbly and quietly to the Catholic settlers of the district.

As I tried to learn the history of the place and looked over the old baptismal record, I felt indeed the ground on which I stood must be holy. Few parishes could boast of such a line of pastors as John Martin Henni, afterward Archbishop of Milwaukee, who baptized here in 1834; Joseph Alemany, later Archbishop of San Francisco, who was here about the same time; Louis De Goesbriand, late Bishop of Burlington, who was here in 1840; and J. H. Luers, who was made Bishop of Fort Wayne in 1858; with a long line of other names known to God, if not to men.

So much for the past; now for the present. Rev. Otto Trogus, the zealous young pastor, needed only to call a meeting of his young men at Magnolia and at Waynesburg and mention to them the idea of having a mission for non-Catholics to find his plan eagerly taken up.

There were serious difficulties against the mission, serious at least for a little place like this. The church could not be used, as there is nobody at Marges except the pastor and a few distant farmers; neither postoffice, nor railroad, nor even the ubiquitous saloon, only the church and the graveyard. Both Magnolia and Waynesburg are three miles from the church and from each other.

With rare enterprise under the circumstances it was decided to rent the opera house at each town for a week and give a mission first at Magnolia and the second week at Waynesburg. With fine enthusiasm the young men made up on the spot the money necessary for the expenses.

Of course, under such auspices, the mission could not help being a success. Crowds came every night, most of whom were of course non-Catholic, since there are only seven or eight Catholic families at each town. The last night at Magnolia the three hundred seats of the Opera House were all taken long before the service began and improvised board benches around the walls left many still standing even out on the staircase. It was the first non-Catholic mission and the first time, no doubt, for many to meet a priest. Father Trogus intends to keep the ball rolling, as he calls it, and give a course annually as he did this first year of his pastorate at Marges.

The question box was used very freely. The questions suggested the same lack of knowledge and certainty in religious matters as is found almost everywhere. The questions are mostly moral, sometimes immoral. They show that people are impressed by the practice of virtue or vice more than by the profession of sublime doctrine on the part of their Catholic neighbors. One can hardly stir up their "Protesting" blood about doctrines. They feebly consent to what is said; and even the question of confession will not bring out a spirited protest.

Before the doctrines of the Church, backed up by reason and Scripture, the audience seemed dazed; as if they could not see that it was all true, or as if they were too ignorant of the matter to ask anything but a most general question.

We got the usual luminous questions of the diligent Bible student: "Who was Cain's wife?" "What mark was put on Noe's son?" "Why was Moses so long in the desert?" etc. However, there was no dearth of questions that opened the way to our throwing light on many matters.

The effect of literature for good or evil was shown in the numerous questions about nunneries and their inhumanities, celibacy, money, American citizenship, relics of an A. P. A. book scattered here years ago, etc. Among other things was a quotation from a pastoral of Bishop Gilmour. Another question asked: why were 75 per cent. of saloon-keepers Catholic. I denied this, of course. After I learned that three of the four saloons in Magolia are run by heirs of Catholicity.

Among many testimonials of appreciation sent in to us, with the following note written by a man who, with others, has put himself under instructions:

"As every ray of sunshine those dark, rainy days has been welcome, so have been your lectures, which are rays of light that will remain with the people of this community."

As Waynesburg has no less than five Protestant churches for its 613 old inhabitants, the mission there promises to be interesting.

When coming down, here, I fell in with an intelligent Catholic man, a blacksmith from Malvern, where Father Kress gave a non-Catholic mission a year ago. He said those lectures were the best thing that ever happened to Malvern for the respect and good will which they created.

REV. CHARLES A. MARTIN.

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

COADJUTOR ARCHBISHOP-ELECT GLENNON, OF ST. LOUIS, ON THE ATTITUDE OF THE PAPACY.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Right Rev. John J. Glennon, D. D., of Kansas City and Coadjutor Archbishop-elect of St. Louis, delivered the closing lecture of the Knights of Columbus' course at Witherspoon Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The subject was "The Papacy and the Reunion of Christendom." Archbishop Ryan was among those who occupied seats on the platform. The lecturer said in part:

"A survey of the modern religious world would present on the one hand the great historic Catholic Church as first of all worthy of study, anxious for criticism and asking for investigation—a Church whose dominant characteristics in an age of upheaval and transformation are strength and calmness, peace and confidence—a strange blending of persecution suffered and yet a confidence in her own stability and ultimate triumph. A sense of security and permanence in a world strangely changing in all else save this. A Church losing but growing, with the balance constantly in her favor. Now, I am aware that this characterization may suggest to some that her quiet restfulness is that of the graveyard and her unchanging character that only of the fossil. But no, for her millions of children are living men, whose place in the nation and civilization is from the top to the bottom; whose days are set in the marts and shops as well as in the cloisters and monasteries; whose lives are distinctly human; stirred by all human emotions and swayed by all the tidal passions, hopes and fears of other men. Not dead nor sleeping, but steadily exhibiting a life rounded out by the laws and animated by the spirit of God.

You have seen the mighty river—how calmly, how majestically it advances: the sunshine reflected from its placid bosom mirrors its rest. Is it moving? You would scarcely know were it nor for the driftwood on its surface. And yet what power it exhibits, its very calmness proclaiming the deep drafts that lie down there. So with the Catholic Church, the life is intense, but its very magnitude, its steady activity so unifies and orders that life that its power and activity is lost on the heedless and almost denied by those who give it only the passing glance.

"The Church is dead—ask from it a sign. Do you want a soldier for the cross? A hundred million are ready. Or a martyr? "*Salvete flores martyrum.*" A million salute you (about to die), or a prisoner for the dungeon, or the exile or a missionary.

OUTSIDE THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"No, the Church is not dead. Its missionaries and its missions live and grow. Its children have still the spirit of the martyrs—their lives are still in God's keeping and they are His at any time that He may demand them. The man eminently sincere is never very demonstrative. Outside the Catholic Church a different condition confronts us. I note in that sphere a triple tendency. One is a tendency toward Catholicity, one toward infidelity and a third, quite as evident though not so easily described, a tendency towards religious fads—toward some weird, unreasonable ultra form of faith—Christian Science, Theosophy, Spiritism, Dowieism.

"All three are easily explainable. That people will run after fads in religion is equally as intelligible as that they should have after fads in any other department of life. And as in this time the world is specially prone to stultify itself by the fad in almost every walk of life, we may expect a similar tendency in the religious sphere. * * But there are special reasons why the religious fakir should be successful. Man is naturally religious. He longs to know. He grasps for the supernatural. His soul turns and questions Protestantism. It is silent; it has no answer to give; its preachers must be either insincere or sensational. It no longer offers bread to the people who famish from spiritual hunger. Where are they to go? The new cult, propounded with fanaticism, with enthusiasm, let me say, also, with sincerity, attracts them. Its promises are extensive. It has a new view of life, a new interpretation of duty. It is the open sesame to life's mysteries. It reveals a new heaven and a new earth. It promises immortality, peace, health, long life. It is just what they want, so they rush onward into it. If of an impressionable, highly nervous temperament, it becomes a real thing to them and they pursue it and live it with fanatical enthusiasm. If of the keener, shrewder type, they make money out of it while it lasts, prepared to leave it when a more popular fad presents itself. The era of the fad is upon us, and though we may expect the fad to-day to be short-lived, yet the American mind, fertile in resources, has another ready to apply for the patent.

OLD-TIME PROTESTANTISM DISINTEGRATING.

"Meantime the old-time Protestantism is steadily disintegrating when disintegration means death. A spirit of unrest has come over the few that have remained faithful. Naturally, too, for the outlook is not encouraging. Their hopes are dead. Hence congregations disappear, preachers receive no calls, pulpits are vacant, towns once actively religious have become dreamily unbelieving. All the tendencies I have indicated make for the undoing of Protestantism as it was.

"But from out the mass of Protestism, and more noticeably in some churches than others, there arise an ever increasing multitude who, bitterly conscious of the emptiness of their Protestant system, yearn for the restoration of a positive dogmatic faith — a faith that is historic, unchanging, divine; who would be as Christ wanted them to be, believers in all things whatsoever He has commanded; who would belong to His Church — did they know where it was; who believe that it once existed and does possibly exist to-day—a world Church, and for the world, therefore from God; who believe in the stability and unity of that Church, would desire and do pray for 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism.' They are sincere—most of them—and some of them with a sincerity that is almost appalling. They have their leaders, who are not devoid of enthusiasm, and the number of followers daily increases. They are active, energetic, almost petulant. Their watchword is Reunion.

"Now, my dear friends, it is our duty patiently, justly to deal with them, to listen to the recital of their claims, to help them; yet in doing so neither to minimize the Catholic position nor to repel by any lack of charity.

THE WORD "REUNION."

"But first of all we must confess that the word 'Reunion' is their word, not ours. Reunion would possibly mean that at some past time the Christian body divided into parts, each one with equal or nearly equal claims in the final adjustment. Now, if such be 'reunion,' it is at once open to criticism, for the Church of God, as we understand it, is to-day a united, living, visible body. Its existence is not segmentary; it is not a thing of numbers, separated, mutilated and imperfectly existent. The Church of God may have been sorely wounded, yet never was her life threatened through dismemberment. She stands to-day as she did in the past—one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. But we are willing to set aside technicalities, even though they be vital, and consider in the most kindly way what our friends have to present, what claims they make. They use the word 'reunion' and then while discussing ways and means they go a step farther—many of them.

"It is a feature of the discussion that at first exasperates. They claim to be Catholic already. We say they are not. They say they know better, that they are at one with the Church of the past. We say they are not united with the Church of the past or the present. Now, this, I say, is a perplexing, almost a ludicrous, position for all parties. They who make these claims rising up in an admittedly heretical body, still subjecting themselves, in so far as they are subject to any power, to its obedience, technically called Protestant Episcopal, yet claim they are not Protestant, but Catholic, and they number perhaps a million. Yet three hundred million say that they belong not to the Catholic communion. Nay, worse: not only does the body of Catholic Christendom rejects them, but the infallible head thereof rejects them.

"Now, if there is any power inherent in society—necessary, in fact, to its very existence—it is the power inherent in it of determining who are its members and who are not. If you deny it that power, if it no longer can set around itself delimitation, if it have no rules of membership or if it have no power to enforce the rules it makes, thence at once it ceases to be a society; it becomes a mob. The Catholic Church, an organized society, endowed with a divine commission, with an authority so clearly evident, with a history wherein even in a human way vast experience must have been gained, is perhaps of all other societies most competent to declare who are of her fold. So the Church can only say with the great pastor, I know Mine and Mine know Me; and you are not of this fold. With this declaration the Church wishes nothing more anxiously than that those so near and yet so far shall come by genuine obedience to be that which they try to claim for themselves. No harsh word, scarcely an argument, rather a prayer, '*ut unum sint.*'

PATHETIC PRAYER OF OUR REDEEMER.

"In this desire we are borne out not only by Catholic principles, but also in a most definite way by the prayer of our Redeemer. Perhaps the most pathetic words of our Blessed Lord—most far-reaching in discipline, most prayerful in spirit—are the words recorded in chapter xvii, of St. John. It is Christ's prayer for His disciples, and it is offered on the very eve of His Passion: 'Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son may glorify Thee. * * * I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. * * * I have manifested Thy name to the men whom Thou gavest Me out of the world. * * * I pray for them. I pray not for the world, but for them whom Thou gavest to me, because they are Thine. * * * Holy Father, keep them in Thy service whom Thou hast given to Me; that they may be one, as we also are. And not for them also only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me. That they may all be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee; that they may also be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.'

"Shall this beautiful prayer be effective? That it is, for the faithful, is evidenced to-day by the great Catholic Church. Will it be also for those who are not of the fold — for those others 'who through their word shall believe in Me?' It is this unity which He would even make a test of the truth of His mission—'that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me.'

"Here lies our work. It is God's work, it is God's will, and we but reproduce the Crusaders' cry of long ago, 'God wills it, God wills it.'

"But how may Christ's prayer be fulfilled—how realize it in this twentieth century? There is disunion, there is denial. The many that believed in His name are not one. How is this so-called reunion to be effected?

"Let us hear something from the other side. One says, and he represents the average Protestant, 'Yes, reunion is desirable and it is all the fault of the Catholic Church that we are not all one, for we have the only infallible basis of reunion, viz., the Holy Bible. Let the word of God unite us.'"

After discussing the means of reunion and rejecting the Bible with its conflicting interpretations by those who claim no authority to infallibly interpret it—as a means of unity, rejecting "compromise" as opposed to the character of truth, the lecturer asserted that the only hope of reunion lay in the acknowledgement of the centre of unity and authority, viz. the Papacy. It requires the living, authoritative voice to control and unite living men.

As in the sixteenth century Protestantism technically commenced with the denial of unity as represented by the Papacy, so the way of reunion must be by retracing the steps of departure, by returning home again.

A portion of the peroration which was particularly striking was the picturesque description of a visit of the lecturer to St. Peter's Rome, which continued until the hour when the Papal Guards request visitors to leave. When he revealed his identity he was permitted to remain, and soon he saw the venerable Pontiff Leo XIII., escorted by several guards, approach the tomb of St. Peter and kneel in prayer; there were the first and the latest of the Vicars of Christ, links in the continuous chain which unites in one fold the members of the Church today with those whom Peter ruled.

What Does it Matter?

The humble man forgets his own worldly interests, in order that he may devote himself to the interests of God. And thus he becomes capable of the sublimest aspirations, of the most heroic sacrifices, of the most unselfish charity. He may be despised and made the laughing stock of the world. But what is that to him, so long as he has God for his witness and his judge?

Each One's Duty.

Our Saviour has laid upon His Church the obligation to reach every human being with the Gospel tidings.

Every Catholic is a vital part of Christ's Church and he can not shift his responsibility to the body at large.

To each of us the command is given to extend Christ's kingdom—according to our station, ability and means.

If you can do something in this direction and are doing nothing, or next to nothing, will the blame not fall on you?