

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 MEN OF DESTINY."

George Bernard Shaw's work, "The Men of Destiny," is wholesome reading during these days of Anglo-Saxon hubbub: "No Englishman is too low to have scruples: no Englishman is high enough to be free from their tyranny. But every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him the master of the world. As the great champion of freedom and national independence he conquers and annexes half the world and calls it colonization. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods he sends a missionary to teach the natives the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary: he flies to arms in defence of Christianity; fights for it; conquers for it and takes the market as a reward from Heaven. He boasts that a slave is free the moment that his foot touches British soil; and he sells the children of his poor at six years of age to work under the lash of his factories for sixteen hours a day. He fights you on patriotic principles; he robs you on business principles; he bullies on manly principles; he supports his King on loyal principles, and cuts off his King's head on republican principles. His watchword is always duty, and he never forgets that the nation which lets its duty get on the opposite side to its interest is lost."

"THE PROMISED LAND."

Our thanks to the Rev. Father Blair for his pamphlet on the North-West. We advise the intending emigrant who is seeking information about what the author styles the "promised land" to procure a copy of this little book as soon as possible. It was written with the hope of turning the stream of life that flows yearly from the country into our cities and those of the United States, to the fertile North West, that should be a Mecca for settlers. We hope the pamphlet may have a wide circulation, and be the means of inducing young Canadians to go West. They should at least look it over before making a decided move. It would be a pity to have the land fall into the hands of the monopolist. But this will come to pass if our young men will persist in flocking to the neighboring republic, to be in very many instances but white slaves toiling year in and year out for money which can be had and far more easily in their own country. The great cities are over-crowded. They seem as prosperous and as able to afford facilities for the making of money, as twenty years ago, but they who look beneath the surface tell us that the struggle for existence is becoming fiercer every year and that they are unable to give even bread to the wrangling and clamorous human beings within their walls. At all events it is a gloomy prospect for any young man without capital. He may succeed, but in all probability he will be broken on the wheel of labor.

And so we say to any man of energy who can appreciate the facilities now offered for the procuring of land and who prefers to be a master in his own country than a slave to the alien, to go West.

DE COSTA AND ANGLICANISM.

The Rev. Dr. De Costa is surely the *enfant terrible* of Anglicanism. He has accused it of unchurching the masses and driving them into infidelity, and his outspoken denunciation has not been challenged by his superior. Were a lawyer to run counter to a principle of jurisprudence he would be promptly silenced; and here is a sect, eminently respectable, with a taste for synodal deliberations, that allows itself to be ridiculed by one of its recognized ministers.

But we venture to say that De Costa will not be brought to the bar for heresy. The Bishop is wise in his generation and will give a clear path to the angry divine, who is simply stating facts apparent to any observer. We remember some words about a man taking care of his own household which are applicable to the Ordinary of New York. Yet we must remember that the Bishop could not, if he would, take an inventory of his spiritual furniture. He could count up a few fragments of the 39 Articles, some beautiful vest-

of pastoral documents that have as much influence on the ordinary individual as a patent medicine advertisement. But we doubt if he could tell us what are his grounds of belief.

Our readers will remember how the Archbishop of Canterbury rebuked the ultra Ritualism of the Bishop of Lincoln, and they may remember, to quote Marshall, the generous terms of the supreme ruling in which the Archbishop couched his command: "Pray please everybody." He told his clergy not to make any changes in their conduct of Divine service unless they were first assured of the unanimity of their people in desiring such change; that even if they had such Ritualistic services as implied a belief in the Catholic doctrine of Holy Mass, still they must sometimes have a Low Church form of service which would meet in all ways the desire of their parishioners who happened to look on Holy Mass as an abomination, etc. And this is precisely the state of affairs to day. The preacher must not presume to teach anybody. He must say what will tickle the ears of his auditors. He may deliver essays on "leaning on the Lord" and administer hard knocks to back sliders who are dead, but there must be no personalities and no attempt at doctrine until he has gauged the feelings of the congregation.

De Costa, however, has cut loose from old traditions and is running amuck in splendid style. He says that a religion "must show antiquity. Whatever is new in religion is false. It is idle for the sectarian to say that the denomination to which he belongs is as some boast a hundred years old. The question is not whether it is a hundred but whether it is eighteen hundred years old. All Church authority proceeds from Christ and His apostles and their followers. Secularism in America is simply beside itself. Its walls are not God's walls. There is but one Lord, one faith, one baptism and one Church. And this is why pseudo churches all over the land are falling to the ground." "Except the branch abide in the vine it must die." Protestantism was never alive: It was still born. Men have carried it and still carry it imagining that it has indeed vitality, but others have recognized it for what it really is—a corpse incapable to teach or to implant the seeds of supernatural life and fit only to be cast in the heap of decaying opinions and systems that have amused and deceived mankind.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

It is the fashion with a certain kind of writers to wax eloquent ever what is termed our emancipation from creed. You find it in newspapers, in magazines and you hear it sometimes from the lips of glib Catholics who are too "cultured" to derive any benefit from works of a doctrinal nature. Comparisons are made between our age and the past, our liberty and the slavery which was naturally the outcome of the sway of an "imperious priesthood." And they talk with a fine contempt for historical facts and philosophy, and get their wishy-washy stuff circulated as an addition to modern thought.

Some years ago men of true and trained scholarship were the ones who essayed the role of instructor of the public, but we have changed that. Any one now-a-days with a talent for glib utterance will obtain a hearing. Literary attainments and the outpouring of minds distilled into shape by years of study count for very little with the intelligent public; and any strippling with a lurid vocabulary or a young lady who dabbles in the pool of impurity like a nasty little boy in dirty water, or public man who gives utterance to nondescript views, will command a hearing.

And our age is thoughtful. We are, to quote a phrase of Harrison's, a generation of "magazine suckers." Some of us are like letters, with this difference, that whereas a decent letter will arrive at its destination, we get nowhere. A writer affixes his peculiar species of stamp to our intellect and we fall to admiring it until another and newer stamp is put on. And we become in the end possessors of stamps which are of no practical value. We become human phonographs grinding out this thing or that and hugging the delusion to our hearts that we are a thinking

THE DIFFERENCE.

Cardinal Gibbons confirmed thirteen more adult converts the other day in one of the German parishes of Baltimore. Such incidents, though some what trite, are always significant and interesting. We should image they would possess a special meaning for our zealous Protestant friends who are making such noisy preparations to religiously regenerate our new colonial possessions.

The history of Protestant missionary effort in Latin American countries offers us substantial encouragement to the promoters of similar enterprises in Cuba and Port Rico. Moreover, while the brethren are energetically striving to accelerate the current of contributions in behalf of "the cause" in foreign parts, there are constant, ever-growing defections from their own ranks at home into the identical organization from whose clutches they are apparently so eager to rescue the Catholic inhabitants of the Antilles.

The conduct of the Mission Boards folk must strike the impartial onlooker as exceedingly singular. Their sudden indifference to the religious fate of the enlightened Protestant masses in the United States, which are rapidly falling away from all Church affiliation, is in strange contrast to the zeal displayed for the "conversion" of "ignorant" adherents of Catholicism among "inferior" races elsewhere.

The only explanation of the circumstance that recommends itself to practical reason lies in its imposing financial phrase of the subject. The existence of a healthy missionary fund and the patronage in pleasant and promising berths at the disposal of the authorities entrusted with its disbursement no doubt account for the interest manifested in the spiritual condition of the benighted foreigner, by so many of the ministerial brethren of the sects.

Catholics have no very strong aversion to the fruitless missionary activity of sectarian preachers among "Romish" populations in the West Indies, provided the agents of the Mission Societies restrain their peculiar ardor for misrepresenting the faith and practices of the people they seek to convert. If the missionaries were always honest and truthful there would be no complaint against them, and no criticism of their objects and methods by the Catholic press. They simply would never be heard of in their own country outside of the societies which pay their salaries and defray their expenses.

We would be obliged to concede the respect due to sincerity and worthy intentions if they went about their chosen work in good faith and sought by precept and example to persuade others to accept their teachings. But the trouble begins just here. Instead of pursuing this course, they resort to calumny and false witness. They provoke dissention and strife in order to keep themselves before their own public at home. Not satisfied with appealing to the good will of individuals they attack what they do not understand and denounce that with which they fail to agree. In this way, however, they inevitably defeat their own purpose, if that purpose is to win adherents to the doctrines they profess to inculcate.

All persons who are sincerely religious hold as sacred the principles upon which their faith is grounded. To assail these fundamental articles of belief, without rhyme or reason, is to render conviction of their falsity absolutely impossible. This is the secret of the utter frustration of Protestant missionary effort in Catholic countries. Catholic missionaries adopt just the contrary procedure. They appeal to the reason and intelligence of their subjects, relying upon the good dispositions of the latter to ultimately decide between truth and error. The success of the silent influence at work among religious non-Catholics springs only less from the Christian and charitable methods employed than from the unanswerable arguments presented to minds capable of distinguishing between the real and the false.

Our Protestant friends need not hope to effect different results than those which prove the hopeless futility of their proselytizing endeavors, until they humbly take a leaf from the experience of successful Catholic missionaries. But if they do this they become at once ineligible to the financial support of mission boards.—Catholic Universe.

thing questionable or unworthy, but controversy itself can never be dispensed with while faith remains." With all of which Catholics, so often abused for their "aggressiveness," will heartily agree.—Ave Maria.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

The feast of St. Agnes brings to mind the great English Cardinal whose piety has made this young saint of the early Church so dear to us. His life is a striking illustration of thoughts recently brought anew before us, in relation to the studies that can be advantageously pursued by ecclesiastics, and it may be added here, by all Catholic students, after one's student life is past.

Cardinal Wiseman was a striking example, too, of what these advantages are,—"inexhaustible enjoyment, perennial freshness of mind, dignity of life; and a power every day greater to be useful to others."

His early education was obtained at Ushaw College, England, where he was already noted for his ability to apply himself to study, and for his strong and ready grasp on the subjects before him. When only sixteen, he came to Rome as one of the little band of ecclesiastical students who were the first to gather in the English College there, after its close at the time of the French Revolution. Ten years later, he was appointed its rector, a position which he held for twelve years; and then, full of zeal for the conversion of England, he was sent thither by the supreme head of the Church, to be coadjutor to Bishop Walsh, and president of Oscott College.

Ten more years passed by. Bishop Wiseman was called to Rome, and then, in a very tempest of Protestant opposition, came back to England as Cardinal Archbishop, the first Cardinal who had set foot there since the days of Reginald Pole.

From that time until Feb. 15, 1865, when he laid down what was indeed the burden of his laborious life, he was engaged, heart and soul, in the multifarious and very responsible duties incumbent on the head of the English hierarchy and a prince of the Roman Church in critical and trying days. Yet, to the end, he continued to take interest in the wide fields of literature, art and science, and to gain the good will of "many men of many minds" by means of his keen and ready sympathy with the talents that enrich the human intellect as gifts from the Creator.

To Nicholas Wiseman was granted in no ordinary degree that faculty which is in itself a liberal education, the power of easily acquiring and retaining a knowledge of languages foreign to one's own. His study of the classics was followed by such deep researches into the oriental tongues that his name became known through out Europe as an authority among the orientalisists; and still, at the close of this century, keeps its sway, as that of an expert and a standard on Syrian versions of the Old Testament. It was at the age of only twenty-four that this lasting reputation was won by him, during the long hours he spent in the Vatican Library, poring over pamphlets hoary with age, and palimpsests of medieval days.

All this led to scholarly connections with non-Catholic students and men of note throughout Europe, and to an interchange of thought conducive to the breaking down of needless and harmful prejudice. So, when the Cardinal, much protested against by insular bigotry, entered England, the nation had to find out, whether it would or no, that men of letters, at home and on the continent, had set the name of Wiseman, which they were hooting at in the intellectual galaxy of the undying stars.

He could speak with readiness and point, it is said, in half a dozen languages, without being detected for a foreigner in any of them; and could, at ten minutes' notice, address a congregation from a French pulpit or the select audience of an Italian academy. He was a musical and an art critic, and a musician himself as well. He had seen four Popes in Rome, and of them he wrote his personal reminiscences in a volume which still retains its charm and has lasting historical value. His lectures, delivered in England on the doctrines and position of the Catholic Church were published and won the attention of friend and foe. He founded the Dublin Review, and himself contributed to its pages, notably, that famous essay on St. Augustine and the Donatists, which hit Newman so hard in his Anglican stronghold that never again could he find rest till he entered the true fold.

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In October, 1850, in four or five days' time, and in the midst of constant interruptions, Cardinal Wiseman wrote his "Appeal to the English People," that took six and one half columns small, close type in the London Times, then having a circulation of fifty thousand daily; besides being printed in pamphlet form, and selling by the tens of thousands; and which, while it "did not indeed put an end to the battle, created a pause for the full week at least—a pause of attention." In one brief tour in Ireland, he gave speeches, sermons and addresses that fill four hundred pages; he kept up a steady correspondence with Popes, prelates and Propaganda, statesmen and schol-

ars and friends. Yet his versatile pen drew up bright little plays for children, whom he dearly loved; tossed off impromptu in Latin, English, French, Italian; and with intense delight he wrote the famous story of "Fabiola," which has been translated into ten different languages, and which the Prussian king read all through at once, of a sleepless night.

All was done for God. Dying, the Cardinal said: "I have never cared for anything but the Church. My sole delight has been in everything connected with her." His great successors in England, Cardinals Manning and Newman, have almost overshadowed for a while the striking and very lovable personality of the man who, in God's Providence, was chosen to give to England her second spring. But time will again bring him prominently before us, as him who was to the early English converts both friend and father, as he was in heart to every English soul.—Sacred Heart Review.

that you, too, may more effectually carry on this most sacred warfare. A great awakening of energies, a potent stirring all along the line, a combining of all helpful resources, and such a movement will be put on foot that will easily result in relegating the vice of intemperance, with the divorce abomination and kindred vices to the category of conquered evils."

VOLTAIRE ON THE JESUITS.

American Herald.

Voltaire hated the Jesuits and did his best to obtain their suppression, but it was because he hated the religion whose boldest defenders they were. Nevertheless, even Voltaire speaks well of them. In a letter dated February 7, 1746, he says: "During the seven years that I lived in a college of the Jesuits, what have I seen there? Lives the most laborious and the most frugal, the hours of the day divided between their care of us and the exercises of their austere profession. I call as witnesses the thousands of men educated as I was. Therefore it is that I am lost in astonishment at any one daring to accuse them of teaching a relaxed or corrupt morality. * * * I make no scruple in proclaiming that there is nothing more iniquitous, more contradictory, more shameful to humanity, than to accuse of relaxed morality men who live in Europe the severest lives, and who go seeking the most cruel deaths to the extremities of Asia and America."

JEWISH CONVERTS.

In his sermon the other Sunday Rabbi Fleischer, the well-known Jewish divine of this city, challenged the world to furnish a single instance of a sane and intelligent Jew becoming a convert to theological Christianity. The Rabbi must have forgotten the famous Jew whose conversion we commemorate this month, Jan. 25, when we recall the turning to Christianity of St. Paul. If it be objected that his conversion was of divine impulse, what about the Ratisbonnes, Pere Libermann, the Lehmann brothers, Herman and the many other famous Israelites who in former years embraced the Catholic faith? It will hardly do to accuse all these men of having been insane when they joined the Church, or of lacking in intelligence. Neither is it possible to call into question the sincerity and honesty of their conversions and acceptance of the Catholic faith. The fact of the matter is that the Church which Christ established for the salvation of all mankind has never at any period of her history lacked accessions from Judaism. Such accessions continue to come to her yet, and it is stated that in Vienna alone during 1895 upwards of four hundred Jews became Catholics. Rabbi Fleischer will hardly claim that all these converts were either lacking in sanity, in intelligence or in honesty.—Sacred Heart Review.

THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

Of all the millions who have read and re-read the immortal works of Thomas a Kempis, probably very few know anything of the leading facts of his life. Throughout the Catholic world the name of Thomas a Kempis is loved and revered for his wonderful religious books, the pious spirit of which have caused them to be sought after by people of every clime and tongue, and to be translated into many languages. The spiritual instruction of the inspired monk of the Catholic Church contained in his numerous works shows the beneficent missions of the monasteries which dotted Europe previous to the Reformation, but which unfortunately fell a prey to the sacrilegious greed of the royal reformers who followed.

He was born at Kempen, near Cologne, in 1379. At the age of thirteen he entered the school conducted by the Brothers of Common Life, and in 1393 became an inmate of the house of Brother Florentius Radevin, superior general of the order. In 1400 he began his novitiate at the monastery at Mount St. Agnes, near Zwole, of which his brother John was prior, and in 1413 was ordained priest. It is thought that he composed about this time the short treatise on the Eucharist which now forms the fourth book of the Imitation of Christ.

In 1425 he was elected sub-prior of the monastery, and was charged with the spiritual direction of the novices. In 1429 he and his brethren were forced to immigrate to Tunckerke, in Friesland, but they returned to Mt. St. Agnes in 1432 when Thomas became treasurer of the monastery. In 1448 he was again elected sub prior, and he held his post till his death, which occurred on July 26, 1471, at the age of ninety-two.

Your time admits of several divisions, but there is one invariable rule: no part of it should pass *uselessly*; for every hour has a duty appointed for it by God Himself, and of which He will demand account; for, from our first to our last moment, He has given us no instant in vain, or to be lost.—Fensolon.