

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1902

1256

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SENILITY.

We hear oftentimes that a man ought to retire when he has passed the sixtieth year mark. This opinion emanates from those who believe that one burdened with sixty years is apt to be bankrupt both in mental and physical force. Some of that age are indeed fit for little. They have overdrawn their account at the bank of Nature. Late hours and cocktails are responsible for many a break-down. But when, in the language of Carlyle, health is attended to regularly there is no reason why anyone past sixty should not be equal to every emergency of life. Some of the best work of the world has been done by men past seventy or even eighty. Leo XIII. is still active and competent to discharge the duties of his office. Sir Sandford Fleming is going down into the valley, but we have yet to learn that he has lost the ability which has made him play a large part in the history of Canada. We might mention other instances of workers in various departments of life whose vitality was unimpaired at four-score years. But such men are always young. The passing of time but makes them saner and gives them a freer outlook. Years come and go and they never lose faith in their kind. Never cynical because they understand; always kind because noble men have the hearts of children. Above all, they never lose sight of the fact that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination. Others may be old ere they have twenty years to their credit. Every parish has its quota of old youngsters. Sometimes they are made so by foolish parents who trot out their precocious offspring for the delectation of company, or allow them to be trotted out in the stage for the benefit of some worthy object. Also it may happen that premature senility is due to the youngsters themselves. The lad who is destitute of ambition is pathetically old. And we have them in job lots. They form a crowd—there is scarcely a person among them. They have none of the fighting instinct which should characterize a man. We say "fighting instinct" because he who wishes to do the best with himself will have sin and ignorance and indolence to battle against. Obstacles and difficulties keep him in training. And he will be young though he were to live for a century.

DOUBTFUL DRAMAS.

In looking over the criticisms of the dramatic productions as given in our parts one cannot help being struck by their inanity. It is easy doubtless to play the censor, but we have a right to expect from newspapers which claim to be up to date fairly readable accounts of such and such a performance. There is, however, scarcely a gleam of intelligence in them, and they are as interesting as quotations from the stock market. They are merely a dreary waste of superlatives plus a description of costumes—for the benefit, we suppose, of the female. There is not a critical note struck on the stuff that we see flourishing as copy, nor a sign that the scribes who indite it are qualified to write discriminately about the theatre or anything else. The drama may be prurient in its tendencies, but the critic seldom notes it. He is so engrossed, we suppose, in the delineation of character, or so in love with art for art's sake—a favorite theory of the people who buy nasty books and pictures—that this little thing escapes him and is denied the tribute of even a passing allusion. Perhaps the influence of "free tickets" dims his eye and causes him to see in a mass of mediocrity, oftentimes coarse and offensive, nothing but what is worthy of commendation. And how delightfully innocent are the scribes who do the drama! They can follow all the meanderings of a problem play and never dream that it may have a soporific effect on the moral instinct of the audience. They can see no evil in it because they have either been cautioned not to see it, or because they believe with some all-around Christians that morality is but a matter of convention. The very same gentlemen, however, harrow us now and then with details of the "red light" district. They clamor to have it wiped out because it is a menace to the town. They wax hysterical over keeping unsullied what they

term the "fair fame of the community," and are joined by the politicians who want to let the public know that they are still alive. They revile the unfortunate women who are what they are, many of them because of the blackguards who make the problem play possible, and have never a word to say when they are behind the footlights and put through the paces of intrigue and criminality. And our representative citizens, we are informed, through to see it. So do the matrons—another case of art for art's sake—and give their child on a lesson on the flesh and the devil, such as they might never receive were they to go a hundred times through the red light district.

Honest and intelligent criticism would do much to remedy this state of things and to make the stage a powerful instrument for good. It is of little avail to abuse it, because it has come to stay. Our business should be to purify it both by our refusal—and, for all this, a plain duty—to patronize dramas of a doubtful kind and by the well-directed criticism of the influential journal.

OUR POSITION.

The meeting of the New England History Teachers' Association held in Boston a few weeks ago was a memorable one in some respects. We say memorable, because such gatherings are usually given over to unstinted eulogy plus dinners and receptions. The learned gentlemen who grace them with their presence have all the limelight and centre of the stage and concoct what the reporter styles powerful discourses which are duly chronicled and forgotten. This time, however, the members of the New England Association did some business. They departed from the time honored custom of throwing bouquets at one another and gave some solid advice. Prof. Robinson, of Columbia, in discussing certain ever-recurring problems of history, said that in some instances truth has been sacrificed in order to make history interesting. In speaking of the denunciation of the Church by some writers he declared that it is absurd to state that any institution so bad as it has been represented could remain and be accepted by a very large number of the most intelligent and conservative people of Europe and this country. Furthermore—and it speaks volumes for the integrity of the Professor—he asserted that the reading of the Bible was in vogue before Luther, and that modern students of history can find no record to confirm the statement that indulgences were sold for the remission of future sins. The Professor agrees with Leo XIII., that historians should dread falsehood, tell the truth and be impartial. A disregard of this rule has plagued the world with special pleadings not to state the truth but to shape it to fit in with preconceived opinions, nor to approach an historical personage judiciously but to vent upon him or her eulogy or denunciation in partisan spirit, has been the bane of much historical writing. Some imagine that Churchmen, for example, must be given a clean bill of character and that their business is to write large an approval of their every word and action. But their duty is to state the truth without minimizing or garlanding it. To do otherwise is to write fiction.

So far as non-Catholics are concerned we have naught but compassion for them. But let us state our position explicitly. Because we know that we are in possession of the gift of God we feel sorry that others are without it. We are neither more learned nor more devout than they are, and our heart goes out to men and women who are pursuing phantoms and juggling with the creeds of yesterday. They have been induced to look at us as we are not by generations of hot-headed writers. True, Catholic historians do not furnish the antidote; but how many households does it enter? The average man takes his opinions in matters of this kind from the authorities of his own sect, and when inserted in encyclopedias or pronounced from the pulpit assume for him the dignity of a dogma. It is, therefore, upon the moulders of public opinion that the responsibility rests. And we must say that it is a very light burden upon the shoulders of some of our brethren in Ontario. They are a class apart, beating the air with weapons that have been relegated long since to controversial museums. And the misery is that their outcries against Rome are carried to backwoods

districts to confirm good old souls in their prejudices. The man who does not believe that he has a monopoly of learning should reflect before repeating oft-explored charges, whether it is likely to enhance his reputation for truth and scholarship.

We are of the opinion that if preachers throughout Canada should get outside the influences of the nursery and the college and use the sources of the information that are accessible they would disprove the charge that theological partisans are less truthful, less candid, less high-minded, less honorable even than the partisans of political and social causes who make no profession as to the duty of love. We want but fair play in the pulpit and elsewhere.

We object to such bigoted text-books as Compayre's History of Pedagogy. The educator who allows them to be used is beneath contempt. He may have a score of academic titles, but he lacks the fundamental qualification of a teacher, and is thereby unfitted for his position. It is our business to point this out, but the business of the taxpayers is to see that he gets no part of their money. A little agitation in such matters will go a long way. Just touch him on the pocket, and he will come out of his dignified retirement and resolve himself into a committee of ways and means in order to accede to just demands. But we have not the slightest hope that the tax-payer will do anything of the kind. He is contented enough with things as they are. They are prudent in utterance; prudent in action. They walk tip-toed, so fearful are they of disturbing their neighbors. They dispute not, neither do they clamor for any right. They seat themselves meekly down at the gates of prosperity and are content with and grateful for the scraps that are flung to them. And this self-abasement and timidity is called prudence. But backbone counts, and is always respected. We commend this to the individuals who are afraid to own themselves—whose aim seems to be to not disturb the equanimity of their Protestant friends and who would have us believe that we are living in this country on sufferance.

AGAIN ON THE SCENE.

A correspondent has sent us excerpts from the address of the President of Harvard to the Connecticut State Teachers' Association. We are glad to see from that the learned gentleman is regaining his health. He was a pretty sick man when he picked a quarrel with the Jesuits, and much more so when the same Jesuits took him under their paternal care and dosed him to the edification and instruction of educators far and wide. But even then he was far from being a well man. When he essayed to welcome Prince Henry of Prussia he displayed a lamentable dearth of the ability and courtesy that are wont to be associated with the chiefs of great institutions. However, Richard is himself again—more or less. There is nothing original in his indictment of the common school. Others have said the same as far back as 1869. It was pointed out by a secular daily, the Express, of New York, that education without religion has produced an abundant crop of infidels living as if it were beyond time more than the brute. Family statistics are also enlightening.

Possibly Dr. Elliot's remarks may cause some consternation in the camp of those who are advocating the fatuous policy that has been tried and found wanting here and in Europe. But his remedy for existing defects is no remedy at all. How will shrubs and flowers around school-houses, fire proof buildings, and better paid teachers check gambling, a fondness for vulgar plays, a depraved taste in books and newspapers, political corruption and a general tendency to embrace absurd delusions? As well expect a local application to cure an organic disease. What the pupils of common schools want is something that will get inside them and not confine itself to externals. Without that we shall have sham culture, but not virtue. The upholders of the goddess school have been endeavoring for years to fight the passion and pride of man with such keen and delicate instruments as human reason and human knowledge, and they have failed. They admit it themselves, though they have not as yet lost confidence in their weapons. But they may come around to see that the only way of turning out good citizens is to make them acquainted with God and His law—to

teach them the morality that is based on reason and the doctrines of Christ.

MEMORIAL TO EX-PRESBYTERIAN

INTERESTING DISCOVERY HAS BEEN MADE IN SOUTH LONDON.

The ecclesiastical authorities of the diocese of Southwark have discovered that St. George's Cathedral mission owes its existence to an ex-Presbyterian, and so remarkable is the history associated with the work of this gentleman in the slums and alleys of Southwark that His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. Bourne, has decided to erect a church to his memory in Cornwall Road, Lambeth. After exhaustive research it has been found that Mr. John Theobald (of Boston) an uncompromising Presbyterian, was dispatched by the American government to Rome to make investigation into some language question.

For some reason he entered a Catholic church in the Eternal City one day, and the impression made upon his mind was so great that he made inquiries into the teaching of the Church, and, in 1783, was received into the Church in Rome. Flung aside his business prospects, he studied for the priesthood, and in 1787 Mr. Theobald had the happiness of being ordained at San Salpice. He volunteered for missionary duties, with the assistance of the Guildford Street (Southwark) district, where he stayed for more than three years. It is therefore correct to say that, through the efforts of Father Theobald, the present cathedral parish of St. George's owes its existence. Father Theobald built schools, and gathered around him the poor of the neighborhood. He was recalled to Baltimore by Bishop Carroll, where it is believed, he died.

His Lordship the Bishop of Southwark, who has the sympathy of Cardinal Gibbons in the movement, will, with the assistance of the general public, erect the memorial church in Cornwall Road, Lambeth.—London Universe.

THE NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS AS AN EPIC IN THE HISTORY OF CONTROVERSY.

REV. WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

Religious discussion as carried on between the Church and the sects goes ordinarily through three stages of development—Polemics, Irenics, Conciliator. The student of history is familiar with the fierce controversy of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. In those days there was hardly time or opportunity to think of winning over those of the hostile camp. The immediate and pressing need was to meet attack, to repel onslaught, to expose calumny. In the slaughter of those days of rebellion against the Church, men were taken with a kind of mania for searching out weaknesses in her defenses. History was torn to pieces, theology was cut from top to bottom with the knife of analysis. Philosophy was offered violence and Scripture tortured, in order that from all these sources might be dragged forth a troop of arguments, objections, distinctions, and reservations for the total overwhelming of the bleeding Catholicity. And accordingly the Catholic apologist's duty was to fly to the exposed position and defend it, and then to get back at the foe with as valiant and passionate a sortie as possible. It was the polemic age—full of storm and stress, a necessity to be sure, but a permanent effects which this time has produced is the impression in the minds of men that this kind of religious discussion is the one sole possible kind. Both Catholics and Protestants as a general rule take violent and polemic controversy to be the type of ecclesiastical apologetic. And so one often hears even priests say: "I shall not have a mission to non-Catholics in my parish. We are now on terms of perfect friendship with those outside the Church, and I do not care to change all this and arouse religious feeling by attacking them." In the mind of one who would speak thus in the historic notion, bequeathed as a mournful inheritance from dark and bloody days, that attack is essential to religious discussion; that you cannot invite a man to examine the Catholic Church without first crushing him beneath oppression and ridicule, and that a neophyte's preparation for baptism must necessarily include an ordeal of the cudgel.

Now just here is where non-Catholic missions open a new era in religious differences. They inaugurate the irenic stage, which is but one step removed from the victorious stage of glorious conversions. The days of bitter attack, one Church against another, are over. Religious controversy of the old-fashioned type no longer sets a nation on fire. On the contrary, it has become a weary thing that arouses only languid interest when it does not inspire impatience and disgust. Shall we therefore say that there is no longer room for the exposition, proof, and defence of Catholicity? No; realities endure; methods change. And with non-Catholic missions it is all a question of method. The non-Catholic missionary appears before his audience of unbelievers, he expresses the purpose of his mission in language that is filled with a vast zeal for God and a tender love for souls; he explains and proves Catholic doctrine, and vindicates it from misunderstanding and objection, but opens not his lips for words that would wound, for taunts, harsh names, or the rehearsal of ancient scandals; he holds up before his listeners the fair picture of the Church of Christ and says to them:

"Will you not call her mother? Does not your heart inspire you to return?" The result of it is that non-Catholics, to their own astonishment, find themselves speaking kindly of a priest. His courtesy—and how divinely courteous was Christ!—has captivated them. It is the irenic displacing the polemic. The pastor notes the good feeling produced by the mission. It has brought to his flock, both those within and those without the sheepfold, the benediction of greater peace and more fraternal love. And finally, won by the graciousness of all this, converts come—the supreme reward of the missionary's work. Thus it is that this movement marks a new era in the history of the Church. Thus it is that a non-Catholic mission conducted by the proper type of priest is so fruitful to the Church and so helpful to the community. Thus it is that work, conceived and carried on in the Spirit of the Master, trusts that His blessing will never fail it.—The Missionary.

BISHOP SPALDING

PREACHED LAST SUNDAY AT ST. PETER'S, SCRANTON.

Scranton, Pa., Nov. 2.—There was a great crush at St. Peter's Cathedral this morning where Bishop Spalding of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission was announced to speak. It was the first opportunity that many in this city had of seeing the members of the commission and they turned out by the hundreds, men of all denominations, many from the cities and towns up and down the valley. It was simply another indication of the intense interest that the people of this region are taking in the doings of the commission.

The commissioners occupied front seats and were evidently much pleased with the eloquence, force and theme of the Bishop. There was a great gathering of priests in the sanctuary, including Bishop Hoban of the Scranton diocese. The musical features, too, were elaborate.

The theme of the Bishop was "Man's Love for Man and the Rights of Property." The application of his remarks to the task before the strike commission was so plain that every one understood. He said in part:

"Infinite power is the power of kindness in justice. The essentials of life are therefore a kindly love, helpfulness and faith. I contend that there is no harmony of wills unless we look beyond our own selfishness and have the idea of unity. We cannot escape the idea that what appears is not merely what is; but that beyond and above all things there must be a cause, known or unknown, from which all things spring and to which all things must be referred and to which they must in some way return.

"Since the visible universe springs from an invisible cause we must think that cause is love. Love creates all beauty. The more one considers nature the more we see it is a harmony, not a chaos, not disorder.

"The quality of a man's love is the test of his nature. A man's worth is not what he has most of. Consecration to God and to truth is the test of a man's life. We must seek and understand what the man really does. We love the things which we are always thinking of. We are taught to know ourselves and if we know ourselves, what is our purpose? What is it that I look upon as ideal? What is our permanent thought? What is the goal we are all striving for? Is it something material? Is it money, things to wear, or to feast upon, or a distinction? Is it to appear among men in something that will lift us up in the esteem of men? The quality of such a man is material. If he be a fop, he does not need serious attention. What our Lord aimed at sending His Son upon this earth was to create a new life in man. It is the tendency of all education to bring out God what is His talent. Our Lord wanted to make us feel that we were under the eye of a Father whom we cannot escape. That is the only way in which we are made His children.

"We can sing against love although we hurt nobody else; against our body, which is the seat of an immortal soul. Lust kills all that makes life pure and fair. To love our neighbor as ourselves means every human being, whatever be the color of his skin and whatever tongue he speaks. We are to constantly do him good and never hurt him.

"Thou shalt not steal!" All the world has grown up to recognize the right of property. Everything that we have has come down to us. We must therefore respect the law of property; Thou shalt not bear false witness. Calumny is worse than death. If the quality of our love is spiritual there could never be any jealousy or strife. If it were otherwise material things would become extremely jealous, because the thing held by one cannot be held by another. If this desire is not watched over with care it becomes greed, and just a turning to things in which no human being can find joy. The man who is always seeking to possess more goods becomes hard, metallic and material.

The law of life is the law of love of God, of home, of the Church and of country. Society is not possible unless men love one another. It is then representative of God Himself."

No one ever sounded the heights and depths of life and drew from it the teaching and blessing which it is capable of giving, without enduring suffering, sharp and real, as a part of it. The year is not all composed of summer days; it has its long expanses of winter cold and gloom.—George MacDonald.

SOCIALISM CONDEMNED

IMPORTANT DOCUMENT IN ROME.

A notification concerning the much-debated question of Christian democracy has been issued from the office of the Cardinal Vicar. It recalls the Encyclical "Rerum Novarum" of May 15, 1891, in which the rights and duties of labor were set forth, and states that in consequence a number of Catholics began to assume the title of Christian Democrats. The controversy which arose over this name, and about the ideals involved, was settled by the Encyclical "Graves de Communi" of January 18, 1901. Some, however, of these Catholics—the notification goes on to say—pretended to see a justification of their views and practice in this Encyclical, wherefore on January 27, 1902, there was issued from the Congregation of Ecclesiastical Affairs a lengthened instruction.

But the discord was not yet to end. On Aug. 4 the Rev. Romolo Murri delivered a lecture at San Marino on "Liberty and Christianity," concerning which various ordinaries addressed questions to the Holy See. "The said speech," says the present notification, "has been submitted to an accurate examination, and found deserving of blame." The second group of the work of congresses (which the lecturer and his friends have bitterly assailed) deserves complete trust.

So far the theory is set clear in the notification. But it adds: "The present notification, by special command of the Holy Father, is being communicated also to all the most reverend ordinaries of Italy for their conduct, so that their pastoral vigilance may safeguard the faithful against the theories and the tendencies described above, and so that they may procure that the directions and laws given in the instruction of January 27, of the current year, in the Rules of the Work of Congresses, and in their Appendix, be fully known by, frequently read to, and faithfully observed by all classes of popular Catholic activity, and that they may remind all that those documents are a splendid confirmation of the happy hopes which the true Christian democracy inspires to the Holy Father, who with fatherly and unceasing solicitude forewarns it against the errors which might render its labors unfruitful."

It thus fixes the name of Christian Democracy upon the general movement of Catholic social effort, and while depriving of this title in any exclusive way the friends and followers of Don Romolo Murri, stamps his and their efforts of late years and the common tendency to go to extremes with the disapproval of the Holy See.

DO YOU ATTEND VESPERS?

Away back in the days when the Church was young, one of the most beautiful services of the new religion was the singing of psalms in the evening. Work, then was over, all the trouble and worry of the day were forgotten for awhile and the people went to the places set apart for honoring God and there sang the ancient songs of Israel.

To-day we still have that ancient custom. Every Sunday afternoon or evening our churches are opened for the final Benediction of Christ. But although the service is so beautiful, although the scenes recalled by the psalms are so sacred, so time-honored, yet unfortunately too few attend the uplifting religious service of the day consecrated to our Lord.

In the morning, services are well attended; but in the evening, when Christ as it were is present to bid farewell to His people, too many refuse to be present with Him in His churches. Probably this is due to carelessness, probably also to the lack of that sincere interest and love that were characteristic of the primitive Christians; but now that attention has been called to the beautiful evening service, certainly attendance should increase.

The Sunday is the day of the Lord, it never was intended to be observed as a day of abstinence from all right and Christian joy, but a few minutes should be spared every Sunday evening for communion with God, for listening to the singing of His praises and for receiving His Benediction. The blessing of God surely must not be lightly esteemed. It is the blessing of the Creator and Giver of all that will ever make life holy, happy and beneficent for future salvation.

The Vesper services, then, must be better attended. Every family, or at least some member of every family, should make it a rule to attend the service Sundays. This being done the new week will be sanctified and the Benediction of Christ will be carried out into the great world that needs it so much.

The Negro.

"Why is a Negro black?" asks an exchange. Mr. Charles Carroll, in a book recently published in St. Louis, answers: Because he is a beast, not a man—a beast of the ape family, created prior to Adam. If cruelty and the spirit of torture be bestial qualities, then the white mobs who burn Negroes at the stake belong to the race of lower animals rather than the Negroes. The Catholic Church, at all events, will never subscribe to the disgraceful theory propounded by the author of such a work as this. Men of every hue belong to her fold, and she teaches in the face of the whole world that Christ came to the earth and died to save both black and white—and, what is more, gives the most practical effect to what she so teaches.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.