

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, APRIL 19, 1902

1226

The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, April 19, 1902.

NOT YET OUT OF DATE.

It is a long time since Montesquieu indited the Persian Letters which hit off the follies of the society of his period. The prayer of one of his characters is, however, not yet out of date: "Lord, I do not understand any of these discussions that are carried on without end regarding Thee; I would serve Thee according to Thy will; but each man whom I consult would have me serve Thee according to his."

RELIGIOUS UNITY.

Fr. Hecker used to say that the tendency of religious minds was unity and not to disunion. Up to date, however, it is but a tendency.

No sensible Christian can ever hope to have the scheme of unity brought to realization unless on the lines laid down by the Builder of Christianity. This is forgotten by the good people who are foisting their petty schemes on the public. The unity which was to be forever a distinctive mark of the Church of Christ was effected when He appointed a teacher to protect and to guide all those who wished to come to the truth. They who are dreaming of unity, which is generally a mutual toleration, are like little children astray in a tangled thicket, and too engrossed with their play to strive to go home.

AN UNSCRUPULOUS PUBLICATION.

In reply to a Halifax, N. S., correspondent we beg to state that Dr. Little's "Plain Reasons" was reviewed in our columns a few years ago. The book was published for the purpose of exposing "the errors of Rome," and, needless to say, it has signally failed in its purpose. Wrote it in a calm and judicial spirit it might have a measure of influence; its unfair methods, intemperate language, quotation garbling and downright calumnies have discredited it even amongst Anglicans and have made it a monument to the unscrupulous mendacity of its rev. author. Rev. Dr. Lee declared that the work was mercilessly unfair and altogether untrustworthy and counted within its pages, and they are not many, two hundred and one errors. Fair minded Anglicans agree that the work is a rude congeries of fallacies and erroneous statements; and we do not believe it serves any purpose at present except to show how a clever man can be misled by prejudice and unreasoning hostility.

QUALITIES NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS.

Our readers have read of men who, without anything that is considered essential to success, have made a place for themselves in the world. But to come nearer home. In the Dominion Parliament there are a few individuals who are striking examples of what can be done by pluck and tenacity and perseverance. One of them began his career at an early age in a printing office in Nova Scotia. He had few advantages, but he had hope and enthusiasm, the ability to work and wait and the ambition to do the very best with himself. We suppose that his sky was oftentimes grey, but he plodded on. To-day he is a representative Canadian. All do not share his political views, but there are few who do not regard him as a proof of what may be effected by energy and perseverance. We might go on and refer to others among us who have won out despite every obstacle. But we think we have said enough to convince those who bemoan what they term their hard luck, that their slow advancement is due not to lack of opportunities but to themselves. It is an old saying that every man has Thor's hammer hidden about him. His business is to find and use it.

TWO INTERESTING PICTURES.

There is a picture, Napoleon after Friedland, which has always a great attraction for us. But it is not Napoleon and the generals surrounding him who interest us the most. It is the squadron of hussars—the bronzed soldiers who rush by madly, portrayed with such vivid reality that one fancies he hears the hoarse breathing of tired men, the jangling of bridle chains, and the thunder of hoof beats. Each face is aglow with the exaltation of victory, and one's ears are greeted with the deep-chested shout—the testimony of love to their leader—"Vive l'Empereur." There is another which

depicts the same gallant company in retreat from Moscow. Back of them the burning city, above them the pitiless winter's sky, around them their comrades in arms turning from war to peace. The horses are weary, the faces of the riders set and strained, and some of them, we feel, will not answer the next roll call. But the old enthusiasm is not dead. And, as the "Little Corporal" rides by, the swords gleam in salute and again the soldiers' hearts going out to him in the cry: "Vive l'Empereur." Would we had that enthusiasm and love for the Lord—the Captain—as St. Ignatius loved to call Him—to be His soldiers—to be faithful amidst the "wear and tear of unpoetic life."

AN OTTAWA CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. Mr. Bland's characterization of the action of the Laurier Government regarding the war in South Africa as "pig patriotism" and that of the Opposition as "overlasting whine" was a fair bid for notoriety. The gentleman is evidently an Imperialist of an advanced type, but he should try to let his moderation be known to all men. Good taste and clerical dignity demand something better than the eloquence of the stump. And we believe that even a clergyman should, if given to utterances on things political, conduct himself in gentlemanly fashion. "Pig patriotism" may be a picturesque phrase in Chicago, but in Canada it bears the hall mark of crude vulgarity. Mr. Bland can easily find stronger and more cultured phrases with which to clothe his censure, and we hope his next deliverance will merit him a better title than that of an "outspeak" clergyman" given him by the daily press.

The gentleman inquired if it was to found such a Canada the Loyalists came here. Well—let us see. Who were the Loyalists? They were brave men, but we do not think they had any reason to wax eloquent over the treatment meted out to them by England. They had given of their best for the maintenance of English supremacy and were rewarded by being cast off and left to their own devices after the signing of the treaty of Versailles. We are not blind to the part they have played in the upbuilding of Canada, but to say they founded Canada is to put it mildly, an astonishing exaggeration. Canada was flourishing long before they came to it for a home and safety. Its history is there for any one to read. And we say that the pages of that history, palpitating with the life of heroic valor and sanctity, can bear comparison with any others that have been written on this continent. That Canada has been overpaid for everything she has done for England, and the war was being fought for Canada, are statements which prove that the rev. gentleman has ways, inaccessible to the ordinary citizen, of obtaining knowledge of the question. But after all it is a good thing not to know so many things that "ain't so."

THE MAN OF ONE BOOK.

We think that the old adage regarding fearing the man of one book is as true to-day as when it was first quoted. True, there are Mirandolas, Admirable Crichtons, Andrew Langs—men of amazing breadth and grasp of intellect, in every generation; but the rule is that they only succeed who concentrate their attention upon some particular branch of knowledge. This, we imagine, cannot be insisted on too much. We are surrounded by so many circular dicta upon every subject; we have so many temptations in the shape of books and periodicals that the other not open that we must needs be told time and again that all this, if yielded to, means dissipation of mind and not mental growth. The man, therefore, who has any desire to attain proficiency in any subject must beware of the charms of versatility. He must be a student. He must realize that there are no short cuts to the learning which means anything, and that the road thither is toilsome. In a word, he must realize that he must think and judge—that he must master a study if he would avoid being shallow and incompetent. Once he has made something, whatsoever it may be, his own, he has an instrument to his hand for good work. This is true of every walk in life. They who speak authoritatively on any subject give it, their whole and undivided attention. We do not mean that our horizon should be bounded altogether by our life's work—that the engineer should find no pleasure save in

his art, or the lawyer in digests and statutes. We mean that we should endeavor to learn one thing well—not many badly; that he should be grounded thoroughly in the principles of his particular trade or profession. And we believe that the mind that has been exercised by constant effort will turn away from the stuff that is doled out to the many who like to get their learning without exertion of any kind. He will try to read not that which is easy of comprehension, but which requires application and toil to understand. And every hour of silence and work will contribute to his mental growth and make him of more comfort to himself and more in demand for the real business of the world. One reason why some of us are just able to keep the wolf from the door is because we do not know any one thing well. It is always hard to obtain a foothold among the struggling mass at the bottom; but there is always room at the top, if we remember that the man who gets there is bound to be tired.

PLACE OF STATE IN EDUCATION

Toronto Mail and Empire, April 5.
In choosing such a subject as "The State and Education" for his address to the Canadian Club at Webb's yesterday, Rev. Dr. Teedy, president of St. Michael's Roman Catholic College, was well aware, as he said, that his views upon this subject were not the views of many of those present, and approached this delicate and debatable topic with infinite courage and tact. The subject was handled with the graceful eloquence for which the President of St. Michael's is well known, and in such a way as to give not the slightest offence to the many who, doubtless, differed from his views. Mr. S. Casey Wood, president of the club, made, as usual, a model chairman. The family—the Church, and the State were held by the speaker to be perpetual partners in the education of the individual. The family could not ignore the Church or the State, nor could the Church ignore the family or the State. The danger was met, and this he held had been proved by history—when the child had been taken up by the State exclusively and treated merely as a citizen of a very large corporation subservient only to the State. On this point Dr. Teedy was most emphatic. "That," he said, "cannot be allowed. The Church—my own Church especially—has always been most zealous, most earnest, and most impressive upon this point."
The great danger of excluding the Church from the plan of education was that the ethical or religious nature of the individual was ignored or sacrificed to the merely material. The final cause or ultimate destiny of all men should be the dominant factor in the education of the individual.

Education, he said, devolved primarily upon the parents, and not upon the State. Every child, no matter what his birth or station, possessed the inalienable right to be educated in the knowledge and fear of God, according to his own conscience or the conscience of his parents. This was one very serious obligation which devolved upon the State. Another, which devolved upon the State, another, which was equally binding, was that it must see that no obstacle was placed in the way of this education. "When the State insists," said he, "that children shall go to a particular school, when it insists that parents shall pay taxes to support particular schools, contrary to their consciences, then the State is interfering with the most sacred and vital obligations that men have to perform."
The knowledge of final causes, he contended, was the most important feature of the education question and must always be kept in view. The least important was the intellectual part. By ignoring the final cause there was a serious danger of undermining, not only the morality of the individual, but of the state itself.

As a result of insisting that this prominence be given to the ethical rather than the material, he was aware that the Church which he represented did not stand in a very high place just now in the estimation of some, but this by no means proved that the Church was wrong. When the pendulum of thought swung back, as it would, then would it be found how helpless the State was regarding the real function of education.
A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the speaker on conclusion.

Striking Tribute to Father Dollard

Maurice W. Casey, an able literary critic, in a scholarly article on Irish Literature, written for the Ottawa University Review, says:
"If I were asked to point out the two poems that I considered the most pathetic in the whole course of Irish literature, I should unhesitatingly indicate 'The Irish Emigrant,' by Lady Dufferin, and the exquisite 'When the Shadows on the Heather,' by the Rev. James B. Dollard, an Irish priest, at present of the city of Toronto. Fr. Dollard writes no line that does not contain a portion of the undefinable something that distinguishes more polished diction and rhetoric from poetry, and without which no trick of style can produce poetry. I have no hesitation in affirming that Father Dollard's best is the high-water mark of latter day Irish poetry."

Providence is that care which God takes of His creatures both in the natural and supernatural order.—Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S. J.

THE PRURIENT DRAMA.

An Analysis of Some Latter-Day Tendencies.

The New Century.

One of the incidents of Holy Week in Washington this year was the appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in her repertoire of melodramas. At every performance, we are told, she was greeted by "large and fashionable audiences." And among these audiences were not a few Catholics. Think of it! Catholics witnessing such plays at such a season. Surely this episode is a most discouraging and damaging reflection on the moral ideas of our people, Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Let us be honest. The plays that drew crowded houses to the Columbia last week are immoral plays. No amount of sophistry or hypocrisy can do away with this obvious fact. I call it an obvious fact because it has been made clear and again by the newspaper notices of these productions. The dramatic critic of the Post tells us that one of Mrs. Campbell's plays "aims toward an effect which is the imagination of the prurient mind." Now the dramatic critic of our secular journals are not as a rule, over-squeamish in their appreciations of things theatrical. Hence when one of them assures us that a dramatic performance is deliberately planned to feed the prurient mind, we may rest assured that it does feed the prurient mind. And we may be assured, likewise, that it cannot but sully the imaginations of those—if there have been any such in Mrs. Campbell's audiences—whose minds are not prurient. The same critic commends this actress for failing to emphasize the sensual in her performances and for "refusing to play upon the sensibilities of an audience keyed up to anticipation of vulgar and bizarre in Pinero's plays." The "risque and bizarre," then, in other words, the unclean and the sensational, are prominent features in these dramas, and the audience is on the alert to see how the actress will bring out these features.

But there are other actresses who take no pains to slur out the risque and bizarre, but on the contrary, exhibit these elements in all their foul details. These, too, invariably draw crowded houses. Olga Nethersole used to show with disgusting realism of word and action how a shameless woman could enslave an unscrupulous youth by the sheer force of carnal attraction. Here again, be it remembered, I am taking the estimate of the dramatic critic, not the judgment of some over-rigorous moralist. Mrs. Leslie Carter portrays the every-day life and deeds of "one of the most depraved and dissolute women that hang upon the fringes of history." * * * This courtesan—potent in her actual life by reason of her personal charms and her brilliant personality—is the heroine of the Criterion Theatre; and a precious privilege, obviously, it is, in this season of sacred festival, that the community can exult itself by gazing on such an actress in such a part." So writes Mr. Wm. Winter, the dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, and it would be well if his words could be pondered in all honesty and seriousness by those who pretend to see in this performance only the triumph of the "artist."

The truth, the honest, though for some unpalatable truth, is that every one of the plays which these three women present, and which always attract "large and fashionable audiences," treat of topics and episodes that are studiously kept out of the conversations of pure-minded men and women. Yet tender-minded will go to hear and see these themes unfolded and "interpreted" with brutal plainness of speech and perverted realism of action. Young men and women will sit through these performances side by side, though the blush of shame would mantle their cheeks should one venture to speak to one another of the scenes that they witness. Again I say, let us be honest. Let us admit what our conscience unhesitatingly proclaims to be true, namely that the average person cannot attend one of these plays without grave danger of befouling his imagination. And the average person cannot repeatedly witness them without lowering his moral ideals, and dulling his appreciation of the virtue of purity.

It may be true, as one critic has insisted, that some of these dramas do not make sin attractive. But neither do they make it heinous. They picture grave violations of the moral law as caused by fate, or weakness, or environment—anything except the sinners' own irresponsible will of the sinner. A false and undeserved pity is aroused in the hearts of the spectators. In the play the guilty one may be punished, indeed, but it is his frailty rather than his sinfulness that is emphasized. The audience leaves the theatre feeling, not that the moral delinquent got what he deserved, but that he was weak, unfortunate, and that the element of personal responsibility, personal sinfulness, personal wickedness, is pushed into the background of the spectator's thoughts. Unconsciously he becomes filled with a morbid sentimentality that is fatal to healthy moral perceptions. It is only in the melodramas that the righteous punishment meted out to the villain is undeservedly applauded, and melodramas are simple-minded folk. "The whole trend of thought in the society of our day," complains an English critic, "is toward indulgence for the temptations which beset humanity." Yes, indulgence for the frailties of others, and

of course, indulgence for our own shortcomings, until finally we lose the true sense of the malice of sin, and try to deceive ourselves into the persuasion that we are not responsible for our own free actions. Not the least among the causes of these perverted views is the modern "problem-play."

Let it not be objected that these actresses are great "artists," and their plays "masterpieces of art." Mr. Wm. Winter stigmatizes the acting of one of the three women that I have mentioned as, "vociferating," "ranting," "shrieking," "mere fuss and folly." However that may be, in any true plays assuredly, are not, in any true sense of the word, art. "They are true to life," and "a faithful picture of nature," you will say. Pardon me, they are nothing of the kind. They give a one-sided, and, therefore, a perverted representation of life and of human nature, and the artist in art, the tragedian in tragedy, the artist in human nature, is the human face. And it is not the business of the artist, to be the play-writer or play-actor, to delineate the moral diseases. The artist is not a pathologist, nor is the theatre a moral dissecting room. "Pathology," says Hamilton W. Mabie, "has usurped the place of art, and the artist has become a specialist in diseases of the nerves." Although Mr. Mabie said this especially of literary artists, one is tempted to think that he had in his mind's eye our notorious emotional actresses. Certainly the characterization fits them perfectly. "The mission of art," says Balzac, "is not to copy nature, but to express it." To express it, yes, and with a due sense of proportion, and a decent regard for the moral law. It has been well said that, "in a work of art the depicting of deformity and evil is admissible only as it brings into stronger relief beauty and virtue; and the sensuous impression should not overpower the spiritual." Now this is the capital sin of the plays that we are considering; the sensuous impression does "overpower the spiritual," and virtue, instead of being "brought into stronger relief," is portrayed as something too far above the reach of frail mortals like ourselves.

Once again, let us be honest. Nineteenth-century patrons of these dramas know nothing about art or the principles of art beyond a few stereotyped phrases that they have culled from the criticisms in the newspapers. They become ecstatic when they behold the "emotional actress" tear a passion—and a vile passion at that—to tatters, but that is about the sum of their artistic appreciation. The truth is that the average person attends these plays either because it is fashionable to do so, or out of curiosity, or feed a jaundiced theatrical appetite with a new sensation, or for some still more unworthy reason. So far as genuine art is concerned, they are hopeless agnostics.

Let me repeat that the ordinary effect of these plays is to sully the imagination, blunt the moral perceptions, and lower one's moral ideals. There is no reason for the existence, and no excuse for witnessing them. They teach no healthy moral lesson, and give no instruction except in the ways of evil. They address themselves not to the intellectual and spiritual, but to the sensuous and the animal side of man.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

A SICK CALL ON THE MISSIONS.

BY F. C. CLARK.

Many have forgotten that besides visiting all parts of a vast stretch of country, over seven thousand square miles, which has only one railroad system, that the priest is often called to attend the sick.

Sickness here is much beyond the ratio of most climates during the summer months, as it is the case in all miasmatic regions. To invade these lower country districts, where the stagnant waters or rice fields fill the atmosphere with the same pestilence as the malarial districts outside of Rome, is quite enough to threaten one's health, if not invite death, through the chills and fevers of malignant malaria. Thus, this frightful disease, whose perniciousness is even equal to that of consumption, has chosen the most sultry and sweltering summer weather to make its ravages against mankind.

As the cotton manufacture has turned to the South, so has the lumber industry, and the poor souls who have come to wage war upon the Southern belt of fire are suddenly faced by this terrible enemy, which has stolen upon them long before they are aware of their danger, when it is too late to flee, and too deadly to endure. But who is it that takes such odds with his life? A question which cannot be answered, nor does anybody know until the cry of the dying is heard in some distant, out-of-the-way lumber camp.

Yes, more often the name is unknown to the priest, until he has reached the poor man's bedside for the last time, when he learns that the sick has been one, who, in his last attempt to keep the wolf from the door, has come from the North, leaving a little family behind to watch and pray. Ignorant of the danger, he exposes himself uselessly, while he is so intent upon providing a comfortable home for his dear ones. It is he who has succumbed to the fever—he who had forgotten the priest, the Church, and even the protection of his own life, so great was his ambition, prompted by necessity and want in his little home many miles away. Oh! what sad, sad news most his death be to that little home. Yes, and what a sad life he has led!

The following is a synopsis of one

such sick call that Father Wood experienced July 12th, 1901:

Benediction had been announced to take place in Saint Anthony's little church on Friday evening. The mission children and Sisters had gathered in the church, awaiting the usual religious instruction given them once a week by the missionary. The messenger boy appeared at the sacristy door with a telegram. It read: "Attend dying man at Monk's Corner; if unable to go, answer immediately." (Signed) H. P. Nordrop, Bishop." It was too late to take the evening express. The next train is the Northern Vestibule, at 3 a. m. A prayer was asked of the children to prolong the sick man's life. Two a. m. finds the priest unlocking the Tabernacle. With reverential awe he takes out the Holy Communion, and thus armed with this Divine Companion, with book and holy oils, he threads his way to the depot, starting on a sick call, seventy-two miles distant, in the blackness of the night. Will he arrive in time, or will the spirit have fled? The train rolls on; at 5.15 a. m. the iron monster stops at Monk's Corner. The priest is at his journey's end; nay, not yet. He must drive two miles to Court House Hill. It had been raining, and through the mud and the rain, and the summer humidity, he rides, bearing the Lord of Hosts to the dying man at the prison house; for it is a poor prisoner who has cried out with a loud voice: "I want the priest! I want a Catholic priest!" And, wonderful mercy of God! lo, behold, here is the priest. The dawn has now broken into day, the sun beams upon a motley throng of country people, whose curiosity has brought them to see what magic rites the "Romish" priest is about to perform upon the prisoner. Never before had a priest set foot within the precincts of Court House Hill, and his every movement was watched with open-mouthed surprise. I doubt not but that a few among the crowd were looking for the horns and eleven feet. The missionary performed his priestly functions, and consoles the much-tortured, wretched brain—Here we draw the veil upon this poor, sin-stained soul, who had not communed with God for years. The priest has recited the prayers, has finished his sacred rites, and now turns his face homeward to the Mission of Saint Anthony. He has seventy-four miles before him. He has been on the journey twelve hours; he has had not one morsel to eat, and worn in mind and body, he returns on a freight train with a joyful heart that he has been this day a real Minister of Christ.

The poor man who needed a priest's ministrations was in utter poverty and destitution. The cost of railroad fare and horse hire was \$7.00, and if it were not for the charity of the Guild members this mission priest would have been unable to make this sick call.

Now, my kind Guild readers, this little narrative is not intended to arouse or renew your charity, but it is to show you what your generous charity and your divine love for our Lord has enabled our holy priest to do for the needy in their last hours, when desirous to make their peace with God.

Let us repeat here that if there be on earth one reward greater than another for the sacrifice a priest is forever called upon to make for his flock, it is the dawn of hope and comfort that shines in the eyes and on the faces of the pain-stricken, or the sorrowful, or the despairing, or even the insane, when a priest approaches their bed of sickness or suffering, and all the phantasms that haunt poor humanity fly at his approach. The murmured "Thank you!" the little laugh; half-smothered, of triumph and peace; the very manner in which the sick and the wounded arrange themselves upon their couches of sorrow, as if they said, "I have got a new lease of life now, for the Healer and Consoler is here!"—all this faith, and confidence, and hope, placed in his very presence, as apart from his ministrations, is a reward so far beyond all earthly guardians and triumphs that it can only be said to foreshadow the blisses of eternity. —Diocesan Guild of Charleston.

DEFENDING THE FAITH.

The real defender of the faith is the man who can give the reason for the faith that is in him. It is true that, in a sense, the Church does not need a defender. It has no more real need of being defended than has the proposition that two and two make four any need of being proved. Defense of the faith really means no more than a clear statement, an explanation of what is meant by the Catholic faith. Every one, then, who is a believer in Catholic truth should be able to explain that truth, to put it in a dress that may be attractive and acceptable to every one. He should be able to explain the reason of the doctrines that in a particular manner are liable to be misunderstood. The confessional, for instance, should be shown to be no place of intimidation, its characteristic of a sacred tribunal where the sinner is by the power of God pardoned the wrongs he may have committed, should be plainly disclosed. The Church is a great complex organization, and its faith is difficult to be understood by those who from childhood have been unfamiliar with it, and explanation therefore is necessary. It is largely because many nominal Catholics are not able to give that rational explanation that so many harsh things are said about the Church. The duty of a Catholic, then, is to learn the reasons for his faith, to have such a grasp of them that they will be his own, and then much of the prevalent misunderstanding of what is really taught and believed will be forever removed.—New World.