

The Catholic Record

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"HOME AT LAST"

"I suppose it is inevitable that after the question, 'Why did you become a Roman Catholic?'"

This writes the son of the Anglican Bishop of Manchester, England, who after education at historic Eton and Oxford became a clergyman of the Established Church, and fellow of Trinity College Oxford, in 1910.

"What does it feel like? In answer to this, I can register one impression at once, curiously inconsistent with my preconceived notions on the subject."

"I have been overwhelmed with the feeling of liberty, the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

"It was not till I became a Catholic that I became conscious of my former homelessness, my exile from the place that was my own."

"I now found ease and naturalness, and stretched myself like a man who has been sitting in a cramped position."

"I found harbourage, the resting place which God has allowed to His people on earth."

"I find in the Church pacem veri nominis, quam mundus dare non potest, tranquillitatem scilicet ordinis." (Peace truly so named, which the world cannot give, that tranquillity which is the fruit of order.)

Reading this passage in "A Spiritual Aeneid" gave Bishop Fallon a happy thought—or was it merely the occasion of an inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God?

In his own words this is how the thought developed, or how the inspiration bore fruit:

"It struck me as I read it that Ronald Knox had asked a very interesting and incisive question, one that could be answered by those alone who had been without and had come within, one that was utterly beyond the experience of those who have possessed the priceless gift of Faith as an unmerited blessing from the beginning of their lives."

"My eyes roamed over the books on the shelves of my library—Newman, Manning, Faber, Allies, Marshall, Brownson, Ward, Benson,—and a host of others, whose authors hold high place in the ranks of culture and learning, and whom we honor as the most brilliant of our converts. I took the books down one by one, and turned their pages, seeking the personal answer of the individual author to the question, 'What does it feel like?'"

The result was both remarkable and instructive. As I copied out the passages that seemed to meet the situation I said to myself that some day I should string together this glorious litany of the praises of Holy Church from pens that had not always been engaged in her behalf. Then I recalled that there were many others whose testimony might be invoked. I wrote to several of them. What it has all amounted to I set down in the following pages, and I offer the labor of a few leisure hours, snatched from many busy days, for those who care to read."

This extremely interesting and edifying pamphlet, "What Does It Feel Like?" is very difficult to review. Happily it is not necessary. Some samples of "this glorious litany of the praises of Holy Church" will show its scope and quality sufficiently to make every reader eager to have the pamphlet for himself and for his friends.

Even that apparently simple plan is not without its difficulties; with such discriminating taste and judgment is the compilation made that

we feel as though we were marring a perfect piece of workmanship in detaching our simple bricks.

Ronald Knox's apprehension "that the immediate result of submission to Rome would be the sense of having one's liberty cramped and restricted in a number of ways" must be that of most non-Catholics at some stage of their attraction to the Church.

This suggests the next quotation. Frederick Joseph Kinsman spent seventeen years as a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church and ten years as Anglican Bishop of Delaware. He became a Catholic in 1919.

In answer to Bishop Fallon's query he wrote Dec. 8th, 1921:

"What does it mean for a High Church Anglican to become a Catholic? 'Joy and peace in believing,' giving a great sense of freedom."

There is also emancipation from bondage to personal opinion. The unhappy possessor of a private judgment is bound to attempt the formation of a set of correct views on every subject with which his religion deals.

Moreover, it is comforting for one who has been in the way of hearing much about 'the failure of the churches' to discover that the Church is all right. Empty pews are the natural correlative of wobbly pulpits; but throngs of worshippers naturally gravitate to the altars of the Presence."

Another son of a bishop, Alexis Coleman, whose father the Right Rev. Leighton, D. D., was the predecessor of Dr. Kinsman in the Episcopal See of Delaware, twelve years after his reception into the Catholic Church, writes:

"Never in the twelve years have I had a single hour of questioning or regret for the step which I took that day, or ceased to be grateful to God for bearing so patiently with my delays and hesitations and for bringing me home at the last."

A sometime Baptist minister, and for twenty-two years General Superintendent of Baptist work in Mexico, entered the Catholic Church in 1908. Two years later he wrote:

"I have found the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Father Fidelis was the religious title under which was hidden the name of James Kent Stone. He was born in 1840. In Harvard he had as class mates Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., now Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Later on, as Professor in the same University, he taught Latin to Theodore Roosevelt. Entering the Protestant ministry in 1886 he became successively, President of Kenyon College, Ohio, and Howard College, New York. In 1899 he made his submission to the Catholic Church. This is what it felt like to him half a century later:

"I found it as in the parable, like a treasure hidden in a field—in the self-same field up and down which I had often trampled it under my feet. And when I found it, I hid it, scarce daring to gaze at its splendor, and crying, as St. Augustine cried, 'Too late, alas! I have known thee, O ancient and eternal Truth!' And then, for joy thereof, I went and sold all that I had and bought that field."

Of special interest to our readers will be the experience of one or two Canadians with which we must reluctantly close our quotations.

George J. Bull was born in Hamilton, Ont. His parents were Irish Protestants, active members of the Low Church party in the Church of England. He was graduated in Medicine from McGill in 1869. He practised his profession in the United States, England and France, and became one of the most famous oculists in the world. He entered the Catholic Church in Paris in 1892. Twelve years later this is how Dr. Bull felt:

"Why, after receiving so many signs of His bounty, shall I not thank God for admitting me to His Church. In the words of St. Augustine, I may say: 'I have loved Thee late, O Beauty so ancient, and yet so new! I have loved Thee late.' How exquisitely beautiful is this divine Church as compared to the human institution I knew in my early years. It is not the external pomp of worship which attracts me, not the beauty of sights or sounds; for a simple prayer in a village church has the same effect as a visit to a cathedral. I feel that God is truly there, and never have I gone away without finding the consolation and the blessing I have sought."

Another whom we may claim as a Canadian is William Oswald Story, now living at Guelph, Ontario; he retired from the British Navy with the rank of Admiral in 1912, after a brilliant career of over forty years. Here is what it feels like to him:

"I think an apt illustration of 'What it feels like' may be derived from the following incident which occurred some years ago."

"I was on my way to a port on the East Coast of England in command of one of H. M. Ships, and when approaching the English Channel the weather became misty, then fog thicker and thicker, till we were wrapt in the densest fog imaginable."

"It was a fog that you could feel dense and penetrating, which held us close and smothered us while we slowly groped our way up channel, mile after mile, hour after hour, so dark that there was little difference between night and day. The stillness, too, was weird, broken only at intervals by the ship's siren crying out like the agonized scream of a tortured soul, while occasionally other souls answered back with shrill and angry cries."

"As night turned into day and day into night, again with no change for the better, I felt the weight of my responsibility for the safety of the ship committed to my charge, for there was nothing except the soundings shown by the lead to indicate that we were keeping on our right course, and they are none too reliable."

"At last on a sudden, when off Dover, one bright light showed up, then another, and in a few moments we were clear of the fog, a wonderful transition to a clear atmosphere, with lights and beacons plainly shewn to guide us on our way. Then all care and anxiety fell from my shoulders, and in place came the feeling of happiness and security, for now I could be sure of bringing my ship safe to the harbour whither I was bound."

"I was received into the Church by the late Father William Eyre, S. J., at Farm St. (London, Eng.) in December, 1894."

"Interiorly there was a new sense of confidence, security and peace, for had I not emerged from a spiritual fog into an atmosphere where all the marks placed by an infallible guide were plainly visible to guide me safely past the rocks, shoals, and dangers of life."

"I learnt to appreciate the beauty and poetry of the Catholic religion and to love her services. My only regret was that I had lost so many years and so much help through my ignorance of what the Church stood for, and I rejoiced that my children had better opportunities than I had when young."

"At the time some of my friends prophesied that within five years I would have retraced my wandering footsteps. They were wrong, for after nearly thirty years I am still a 'Poor Papist' and so please God I shall remain, growing more and more grateful for the great gift He has been pleased to grant me."

Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, F. R. S., is another whom not Catholics alone but all interested in higher education will hope to be able to call henceforth a fellow-Canadian. He is one of the world's most distinguished scientists, a prolific author, and an enthusiastic professor. The son of a Protestant clergyman, he was born in England in 1858 and received into the Catholic Church in 1888.

In answer to the question, "What does it feel like?" Sir Bertram wrote on December 1, 1921, from St. Michael's College, Toronto:

"Port after storm doth greatly please: I think that about sums up my view. I know that it is often thought that converts would like to go back if they were not ashamed to do so. I can only speak for myself and say that any idea of leaving port has never crossed my mind."

When this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD reaches its readers we trust that it will find few amongst them who are not actively and fervently participating in the fraternal prayer for unity, for the return of the other sheep that there may be one Fold and one Shepherd; "that they all may be one."

Nothing could be more appropriate or more useful as a practical outcome of the spirit of the Church Unity Octave devotions than to peruse and disseminate the pamphlet "What Does It Feel Like?"

Here is a letter from an American priest who had just read his sample copy:

"I thank you for the copy of 'What Does It Feel Like?'; it is a marvellous pamphlet. Every page is a push toward the Church; every quotation a ray of varied light to the seeker after truth and peace. Please send 1,000 copies at once."

Throughout the whole story of these converts' interesting experience there is not a trace of that offensive pandering to prejudice indulged in by those whom Dean Swift characterized as "weeds thrown over the Pope's garden wall." The compilation may be handed to any non-Catholic friend without the slightest fear of wounding his religious susceptibilities.

NOTE.—"What Does It Feel Like?" By M. F. Fallon, D. D., Bishop of London. The Catholic Unity League, St. Peter's Seminary, London, Ont. \$1.50 the hundred; \$4.00 the thousand.

A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN AND "THE STORY OF THE IRISH RACE"

Notwithstanding the fact that from William Orr, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet down to Charles Stewart Parnell, most of the great leaders of the Irish race in the varying phases of its fight for freedom were Protestants; and notwithstanding the further fact that these names are enshrined in Catholic hearts as the canonized saints of Irish nationality; the old familiar lie that the Irish national question is a religious question has left its blurring impression on many minds.

It is therefore with a twofold pleasure that we print with the writer's permission this letter from an Irish-born Protestant lover of Ireland. It serves the double purpose of helping to disabuse minds of the blighting calumny that Irish Protestantism is identical with Ulster Orangism, and of bringing again before our readers that masterly compendium of Irish history which Seumas MacManus and his collaborators have so opportunely given to those who would know the story of Ireland.

Edson, Alta., Dec. 15, 1921. Mr. Seumas MacManus, 26 W. 94 St., New York City.

My Dear Mr. MacManus,—Your "Story of the Irish Race" has come to hand. I am delighted with the book. It is splendidly gotten up. The style is most fascinating. I started in to read in different sections of the work, and had in each case to pull myself away from it. The marginal references are very valuable. I am glad the quotations thus given—primarily for verification of what might be regarded as unbelievable—are so copious. The work will prove a great treat to multitudes of unbiased readers. It is a vindication of our Race, a condemnation of our enemies.

The story is well and beautifully told. The book displays the spirit of the author in a pure and elevated patriotism which permeates the work. Multitudes of the exiles from Erin, resident in many lands, will be glad and rejoice that Seumas MacManus lived and wrote "The Story of the Irish Race."

T. J. JOHN TOW, Ph.D., D.D., Late of Enniskillen, Ireland.

A GOOD EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT

By THE OBSERVER The University of St. Francis Xavier's College, a Catholic university situated at Antigonish in Nova Scotia, inaugurated last year a free short course, open to all comers, without distinction of religion, or of educational condition. This short course is now open for the present year; and it is quite appropriately called "The People's School."

The school is open from January 11th to March 16th, and has the services of the University staff, besides which it has this year two prominent educationists from outside the University, Mr. O'Brien, from the United States, and Mr. Somerville from England.

The course covers literature, mathematics, history, social problems, agriculture, and science and persons attending may take what they want and leave the rest. Last year, the students varied in age from eighteen years to forty-eight, and were greatly pleased with the course. This year an effort is to be made to give an impulse to good reading.

It need hardly be said that this is an excellent scheme. Its primary purpose is to enable those whose education in school was neglected to take hold and to make up in some measure for what they have missed. Whilst this is the direct aim of the school, it is obvious that the indirect effects may be very great and may reach far. Men will begin to think of study who have heretofore taken it for granted that study was not for them, since they had not made a commencement years ago, that all that sort of thing had gone by for ever for them, seeing perhaps, that they had now reached the ripe old age of thirty years or so, and must be classed as old men.

To such persons, who have been proceeding on a false supposition, the call of the People's School should be an interesting and welcome sound. Why should a man abandon forever all idea of learning out of books, merely because he did not begin at the right time? He may not hope now for as much progress, perhaps, but is that any reason why he should not hope at all?

For my part, I think this scheme at St. Francis Xavier's, Antigonish, is a great scheme; and is a movement distinctly in advance, and following a line which has been almost wholly overlooked in the past.

It has been too easily taken for granted that little could be done for those who had failed to get off right in the matter of an education. We have been full of pity and sympathy for them; but it has, only too generally, been assumed as settled that all that could be done for them was to recommend them to read; and we let it go at that.

But what to read? And how to read? What to study? And how to study it? Even the good advice we have been so free with, has not always been practical advice.

St. Francis Xavier's is now giving practical advice; is now laying before such persons a concrete proposition: Come to us; and without any tuition fee; and without any expense but your board and railway fare, we will put our staff at your service for two months; so that you may have a chance to make up somewhat what you have lost. This is a practical proposition; and those who attended the course last year have so pronounced it. They found it useful and practical.

The influence of a university is thus extended; and the bonds between it and the public from whom it expects patronage and support, are strengthened.

And the times in which we live urgently require the extension of the influence of Catholic universities. The ignorant man today is threatened from two opposite directions; he is the victim, on the one hand, of other ignorant men who are more cunning than he; and he is the victim, on the other hand, of the educated man whose moral principles are false; and who is wilfully bad, or is dangerously mistaken because he lacks moral knowledge.

There never was a time when it was so desirable to spread sound knowledge amongst the people as it is today.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It is stated on good authority that Takashi Haru, Premier of Japan, who was assassinated on November 4th, was a Catholic.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS ago there were, outside of Egypt, but eight Catholic settlements in the whole African continent. Today there are 95 dioceses, vicariates or prefectures, with about 4,000 priests, and 4,000,000 Catholics.

IN CONNECTION with the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Negro colony of Liberia, which will be celebrated this year, it is recalled that among the very first settlers from America were many Catholic negroes from Maryland.

THE GROTTO of Lourdes shows no signs of losing its hold upon the Catholic world. In the month of last August alone, it is stated, over 200,000 tickets to the shrine were sold to pilgrims by the railway companies of France.

REFERRING to Lourdes we are reminded that a chapel of "Inter-Allied Gratitude" has been erected at the shrine through the initiative of the Association of Notre Dame de Salut, and under the auspices of the Bishop of Tarbes. The walls of this chapel are being lined with mosaic medallions containing the names of the fallen in the late War of all the allied nations, many of whom will have no other memorial. There have been great numbers of applications from Catholic families of every interested country for inclusion of one or more names on the already crowded walls, and an effort is being made that none be omitted. The chapel is now approaching completion and will be dedicated shortly with imposing ceremonies. It is difficult to imagine a more impressive or more effective memorial than this.

ONE of the most notable of recent audiences granted by the Holy Father was that to Dr. Nansen, Arctic explorer and President General of the International Red Cross, and Organizer of assistance to starving Russia. In an interview given to various journalists after the audience, Dr. Nansen said that its object was to thank the Pope not only for his material contribution to the work, but also for the appeal for the same object addressed by His Holiness to all Christian and civilized peoples. This, Dr. Nansen referred to as a "word of dutiful fraternity." Pursued with the Pope's offering a train-load of food, clothing and other necessities had already reached the suffering districts.

IN REGARD to starvation and its effect upon economic conditions, the London Times Literary Supplement quotes Bacon's phrase that of all forms of unrest the most formidable is "discontent of the belly."

Mr. Woodrow Wilson, when President, expressed the same idea when he said that "hunger does not breed reform;" and Professor Russell Smith going a step further quotes an observer who in the Yukon wilderness had seen men in all stages of starvation, as saying: "If a man misses his meals one day he will die; if he misses them two days he will starve; and if three days he will kill." This is a homely way of putting it, yet, remarks the Times, "it is historically possible to treat the French Revolution as a bread riot, and to attribute the triumph of Bolshevism in Russia to the command of the food supplies of the country." Which consideration should not be lost sight of in estimating present conditions in that much-tried land.

POPE BENEDICT'S encyclical would make interesting reading for those who in the face of existing facts, as well as of history, persist in the idea that the Catholic Church is opposed to the popular reading of the Bible. Here are the Holy Father's own words: "As far as in us lies we shall never desist from urging the faithful to read daily the Gospels, the Acts and the Epistles, so as to gather thence food for their souls. . . . Much gain must accrue to the Church of God when numbers of people thus approach this table of heavenly instruction which the Lord provided through the ministry of His Prophets, Apostles and Doctors, for the entire Christian world."

THE HOLY Father praises highly the work of the Society of St. Jerome which he himself founded years ago for the distribution of copies of the Scriptures at prices within the reach of the most slender purse. During late years the high cost of paper and printing made it impossible for the Society to issue its publications at old prices, but rather than see them advanced the Pope himself defrayed the extra cost. The trouble with sectarians in animadverting upon the Catholic attitude towards the Bible is that they confuse between the genuine authorized translation and the mutilated editions put forth under their own auspices. Catholics with twenty centuries of history behind them, and an authority which none may gainsay, necessarily resent the fussy interference in the matter of Bible distribution of those who have nothing but their own extremely fallible discernment and judgment to go upon.

WRITING in the Quarterly Review, Mr. Algernon Cecil deals with new biographical material regarding Cardinal Manning recently brought to light. Asking what the answer should be to the questions about Manning's character, which the facts suggest, and noting the difficulty of giving an answer, Mr. Cecil says:

"When a lock defies us, we are in the habit of trying different keys until we hit upon the right one. The problem of character has to be similarly treated. In Manning's case the lock to be turned appears to be a double one; and of the two most likely keys, it would not be surprising to discover, that neither would do its work without the other. Manning was first of all—by nature, as his co-religionists would say—a statesman; and this key is easy to find and easy to handle. The other needs more looking for, and greater skill in application. Manning was, to a degree, rarely if ever now to be detected in English public men, a super-naturalist in politics, or quite simply, if the word is used in its proper and not its popular sense, a prophet. To eyes that could see, his countenance carried the imprint of another world. His face, declared William Lockhart, was to him a 'first dim revelation of the super-natural in man.' . . . Manning required for the full exercise of his activities the image of a kingdom standing in startling visible contrast to the kingdom of the world. He could have found this nowhere else but where he did."

A Catholic would add that whatever Cardinal Manning's limitations

in other respects he must ever be regarded as one of the greatest churchmen of the nineteenth century—a statesman in the highest sense of the word, a priest always, and the constant friend of the poor and the oppressed.

BOY LIFE

"MERIT-BADGES AND VOCATION"

Henry Clay Trumbull, in his valuable little book, "Duty Knowing and Duty Doing," clearly indicates the importance of setting one's will to one's work and sticking to it at all cost. He says: "A bright New England boy, who had been well trained in a Christian home, was about to start out to find employment in a neighboring village. A quaint old uncle of his, one of those shrewd men of the world—men of sound sense and few words—who are peculiar to his region of country, said he wanted to give the boy some parting advice and would like him to come over and spend the day at his house to get it. The boy went, accordingly. After dinner the uncle took the boy out for a walk into the woods. When they were fairly by themselves, there in the woods, the old man turned suddenly and, looking his nephew full in the face, said impressively: 'Andrew, always do as you have a mind to; that's my parting advice to you.' And at once he turned back toward the house with no word of explanation or further counsel."

Too few "have a mind" to do anything. They are hopelessly at sea. Not having had enough experience by actual contact with practical affairs and without the help of adults, sensitive to the demands of the times and to their personal capacities, they drift bewilderedly about. Occasionally, by sheer chance, they fall into some attractive occupation for which they are passably well-fitted. More frequently, however, unless some paternal influence bears them up, they become the "submerged tenth." That he may be reasonably certain of success, a boy should be clear in his conviction that what he wants to do he honestly believes he can do. It would be absurd, for example, for a boy having no liking for mathematics or drawing to undertake mechanical engineering. Similarly, it would be unwise for a boy with no liking for study to enter such occupations as law and the ministry, requiring, as they do, close application to books. For the want of a little self-knowledge many boys, otherwise gifted, flounder aimlessly about and waste the years that are most valuable for thorough preparation.

Merit-badge requirements, embracing a wide range of subjects from agriculture, aviation, machinery, and music, to printing, sculpturing, surveying, and taxidermy, provide a valuable field for experimentation. The subjects may be selected and studied at will. They are the electives of Scout work. Rarely, if ever, do boys club together to work for merit-badges. Even when they do, they compete for different badges rather than the same, and no coercion limits the choice. A sense of perfect freedom controlled by the necessity of "making good," which is always a dominant factor in the proper selection of a career, begins to operate. Definite interest in choosing a vocation, which of necessity must come from the inside, may be aroused by pursuing his own choice of merit-badge subjects. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, by experimenting in different fields, he acquires an education of the most useful sort. Whether or not this consciously leads to the choice of a career, he is able to discover his bent, and by a series of practical tests prove the strength of his native interests.

The Boy Scout Movement clearly points the way to the elements that make for success in any vocation: By providing a high quality of training under stress of personal obligations of honor, it establishes the dignity of honest effort and places right living in the position of first importance. If a boy has been taught to do his best at whatever he undertakes, without grumbling, without blustering, without shirking, in that respect alone will he have done something worth while and have laid steps to future progress in whatever line of work he may undertake. This quality the spirit of Scouting engenders.

Not long ago a staid New Englander, expressively characterized