

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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NOTES FROM MALLOCK.

Some years ago Mr. Mallock in his work entitled *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption* essayed to convince the Anglican of the utter untenability of his position. In a recent article dealing with free-thought in the Church of England he shows that the neo-Anglican argument, instead of affording a foundation for any particular faith, is, on the contrary, an instrument of general scepticism. The Broad Church party he dismisses with consideration, for the simple reason, we suppose, that it is not Christian at all. And so, for the purpose of discovering traces of free thought in the Church of England, he inspects the opinions of the ablest and most scholarly of the sacerdotal or High Church party. As a representative of these he takes the Bishop of Worcester, and in a rejoinder to a critic who accused him of shocking the orthodox by proving the Bishop a heretic, and of amusing the heterodox by exhibiting him as a fool, he says: "The one important question which I have sought to raise in this discussion is not any question as to what private conclusions a particular Bishop draws from critical premises which he avowedly shares with other divines and scholars, but what are the conclusions drawn from them, or likely to be drawn from them, by others—firstly, by his brother churchmen; and, secondly, by the general public."

After referring to the attitude of the High Church party towards the Bible the writer goes on to say that the central miracle of the Incarnation was until yesterday supposed to be proved by a number of other miracles, the reality of which was vouched for by the testimony of an infallible Bible, and a general assent to which was the postulate of Christian argument. These other miracles, amongst them the infallibility of the Bible itself, being supposed to render the miracle of the Incarnation indubitable. But now, according to the Bishop of Worcester, it is an *a priori* conviction that the miracles of the Incarnation are indubitable which alone makes such other miracles as he elects to retain believable.

The initial question brings itself down to this: how is a belief in the Godhead of Christ reached? And the neo-Anglican school answers, by a subjective experience of its truth. Anglicans start with assuming that Christ was a supernatural Person and that as such these specific miracles—His Birth, the Resurrection and Ascension—must have taken place in connection with Him. Convinced *a priori* that wonders must have happened somehow, they consult the Biblical records, and they there find it stated that the class of events they look for did actually take place in certain ways. But though the advocates of this school concede to the Bible inspiration in some sense or other, they are far from admitting that this inspiration tended to protect the sacred writers from errors of the most astounding kind. They admit likewise that the Gospels, however true as a whole, are vitiated by mistakes due to imperfect information and here and there to the over-zealous faith of the Evangelists. Thus the miracles for which the evidence is convincing are accepted and the rest are cast aside. Hence the Bishop of Worcester sees no evidence for the appearances of the Angel Gabriel. The events recorded in St. Matthew's Gospel—namely, the colt beside the ass; the thirty pieces of silver; and the mingling of the gall and vinegar—are regarded as modifications of fact, and, says the Bishop of Worcester, the Evangelist got his facts at second-hand from the memoranda of other writers and then worked them over in his interest in the fulfilment of prophecy. Mr. Mallock asks how all this will affect the ordinary man? If subjected to critical tests the secondary miracles are found wanting. Shall the primary articles fare any better? The devout Anglican will give an emphatic affirmative, but when ordinary men have learnt from their leaders that the Evangelists have worked over pre-existing material in the interest of preconceived ideas they will regard the evidence for the primary miracles as worthless. If, he says in conclusion, the critical principles of neo-Anglicanism are accepted, it is inevitable that to an increasing degree the ordinary educated public will reject the miraculous doctrines of Anglican orthodoxy altogether. But, as he said in his

former work, only the Roman Church can be a reliable interpreter of the Bible and shows us what Christianity really is. And before that the Church's primary doctrine is her own perpetual infallibility. She is inspired, she declares, by the same spirit that inspired the Bible, and her voice is, equally with the Bible, the voice of God. Equally to the point is his declaration of some years ago, that any supernatural religion that renounces its claims to absolute infallibility can profess to be a semi-revelation only. To make it in any sense a revelation to us we need a power to interpret the testament that shall be equal in authority with the testament itself.

Because Protestant Christianity is not that authority we are at last beginning to see in it neither the purifier of a corrupted revelation, nor the practical denier of all revelation whatever. Again, the cry wells up from anguished hearts. Why don't we do this and that? Why do we lament by the wayside while others march onward to the land of prosperity? Why do we allow the places conquered for us by the pioneer fall into stranger hands? Why? But why continue these doleful queries?

OUR FAILURES.

Some of us doubtless are fond of conjuring up the spectre of bigotry as the barrier to our advance or as reason for our failures. We admit that in some sections of this country the bigot lives, and can and does act as a brake on our progress. And he, by the way, is not so willing to disclose his place of campaign as in times past. He gives over frontal attacks and, master of the mysteries of tortuous strategy, uses the smile instead of the growl, the suave accents of the well-wisher instead of the hostile words of avowed opposition—and he arrives. When aided by the Catholic who is fearful of doing anything that may imperil his chances of position, he moves along jauntily and amuses himself by hurling anathemas at all who venture to show dissent or to make a move towards getting a seat beside him. But, giving the bigot due credit, we may not use him always as a screen for our inaction and disinclination to self-improvement. And we don't think it is going too far to say that in some communities the approval of the non-Catholic is one of our chief assets, and that we are inclined to be grateful to them that they don't massacre us out of hand. We don't seem to think that the competition for prizes which this country has to offer is open to every citizen. To obtain them we must show the necessary qualifications. Because others have walked timidly is no reason why we should imitate them. In one word, we must rely on ourselves, avail ourselves of our opportunities, or else we may be expected to be crowded into the ranks of the hangers-on, and to be appraised at our own valuation. We advise the young man who believes that he is on this planet for a better purpose than to indulge in "pipe dreams," or to hearken to the harangues of the shillies and self-interested, to remember that upon his own shoulders lies the burden of his fortunes.

YOUNG WOMEN AND EDUCATION.

An esteemed pastor has requested us to again call the attention of those concerned to the policy of allowing the boys to become anything, and the girls to have a bowing acquaintance with the "ologies." We may be on thin ice, but we cannot help saying that a good deal of what is styled higher education is to little purpose. It looks well in paper and sounds well too, especially when buttressed by the names of women who were professors of acknowledged prowess in days gone by. But to apply the term to smattering of foreign languages, to piano or violin playing which may pass muster within the school and home, is misleading to say the least. At all events a girl who, depending on the earnings of brother or father, may be thrown on her own resources at any time, will eke out a very precarious livelihood by these accomplishments. She may be dowered with a fine character, but that is no passport to an income. We believe that many of the young women who make heavy drains upon the family exchequer for their education would be more serviceable and contented beings were they to content themselves with a common education, and a post graduate course with the mother.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

Certainly the boys should not be turned into the street at an early age. They should get some chance to rise. They should not be sold in the market place for a pittance. And we do sell them. We take the boy with heart and mind unformed and throw him into servitude and bid him with many a pious platitudinal to take care of himself. But after his day's work—that is, pottering around offices and lifts and learning the language of the street and its evil, he may be entertained by his sister playing rag-time.

THE DISCIPLINE OF ACQUIRING.

The late Bishop Creighton, we are told, hated gush. Writing of the phrase, "the heart of the English people," he called it "a very nasty place to go to, the last resting place I should wish to be found in—a sloppy sort of place, I take it." Again: "In future times this age of ours, judged by its literature, will be called 'the Crazy Age.'"

No subject so much repays our study as the development of the young mind. We see in it the germs of the future, and the sight strengthens us to look more trustfully, more hopefully on the present."

To those who look askance at Latin and Greek the following words may be useful: As I look back, said Sir James Paget, I am amazed in thinking that of the mere knowledge gained, none had in my after life any measure of what is called practical ability. The knowledge was useless; the discipline of acquiring was beyond all price.

WHO IS FRA IGNATIUS?

(A couple of weeks ago the daily press contained a sensational story of a miracle which the self-styled Anglican monk, Fra Ignatius, of Llanthony Abbey, Wales, claimed to have performed. A distinguished writer in the London Tablet thus throws some light on Fra Ignatius and his claim to be a Catholic.)

Forty years ago I first saw the Monk of Llanthony, as he describes himself. Some things regarding him I have had the honor to write down in former papers in the Tablet. I heard his first London sermon in St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Munster square, in Advent, 1865. And, in 1864, I paid a visit to him, and enjoyed kind hospitality at his convent in Norwich. In the dormitory at night a light was kept burning, which, like Carlyle, I disliked; but it was (I was told) in conformity with Benedictine custom. I could not get very much out of him, but as it was January, and very cold, perhaps I rather liked this omission. In the early hours before dawn I listened—laetantur in cubiliis suis—to the chanting of Matins and Lauds, heard in bed at a respectful distance. I attended Office and Masses and Benediction, and was edified by vigorous sermons in the heady arrangement of chapel. The popular service was complete, sung in English. Being always the saint, everyone knew it and everyone sang; it was a "cheerful and hearty" service. It took a walk with Ignatius, O. S. B., one Sunday afternoon, and narrowly escaped martyrdom. I visited the Church of St. Lawrence, then being transmogrified from chilling Anglicanism to the "beauty of holy Catholicism." To this development pews constituted an impediment. I broke one to pieces, and some other people broke the rest. And so St. Lawrence's became what is called a "leading church," and continued so for a time at least. What it is like now I do not know. I recollect a good natured religious dog who spent a great deal of his time in the chapel, and a well-fed cat, who was less religious, and spent his (or her) time in the Abbot's room. I remember hearing of a church warden who refused to allow Ignatius, O. S. B., and his monks to go to Communion at St. Lawrence's, and who died suddenly; and also of a child who was attacked by the streets, and shot at Ignatius, O. S. B., "Go up! thou bald head—get!" The singing and hymns at Norwich were pleasing, for the Abbot is a musician and a poet as well as a preacher. The music and words of one Eucharistic hymn haunt me still. I write down from memory a bit of it:

Ring not yet, thou altar bell,
For when you ring, he goes;
And when I feel so lonely,
In this dark vale of woe;
He is forever with me,
Spoken to my love,
Listening to the songs of praise
In our home above.

On the whole I spent a very happy ten days at Norwich, refusing, however, to join the "Third Order" to which Ignatius, O. S. B., invited me to belong, because one of the rules was that no account could I enter a "Roman Church" in England. I do not think that Ignatius, O. S. B., rigidly observed this rule himself. Ten years afterwards I did enter the "Roman Church" in England, and, unhappily, as some of my friends think, remained there.

After the break-up of the Norwich establishment there came a long interregnum so to speak, which culminated in another settlement, after many varied vicissitudes, at Llanthony. Of this latter foundation I know nothing except what I have read in the *Life of my accomplished and versatile friend,*

Ultimately, I find from the book, it may come into the possession of real Benedictines, which seems an odd arrangement considering the restrictions about "Roman" churches referred to above.

The life of Ignatius, O. S. B., has not been a bed of roses. There have been endless disappointments and difficulties enough to daunt a less courageous man. I think there was a good deal too much in his career, as there certainly is in this book, of his father and mother. The latter I know, a very good-looking, agreeable, and sagacious woman. But somehow, the perpetual cropping up of fond parents in the affairs of a monk who has "left all," or is supposed to have done so, jars upon one, and does not leave a pleasant impression. And as to the miracles worked by the Monk of Llanthony, I say, because I know nothing, and one should never prophesy unless one knows. They do not interest me in the least and so I pass on to what really is of importance, namely, the ecclesiastical position of the Rev. Joseph Leicester Lyne.

Now, one thing is quite certain my friend is a deacon of the Church of England. He says himself that he is also a Benedictine Monk, and wears the habit. To do this, as the late Bishop Burnford of Chichester cruelly observed upon a monk who had been allowed to wear the habit of a Benedictine as a deacon, is to wear the uniform of a British Admiral. And thus X. himself reminded Ignatius, O. S. B., that the cow-doesn't make the monk. No Anglican Bishop has ever taken my friend seriously, qua monk. A deacon if you like, but a monk—risum tenentis. No doubt he has been allowed to preach here and there in Anglican churches, wearing the Benedictine dress, but he is regarded by the Bishops as a deacon, eloquent and earnest, and the O. S. B. habit is, after all (people say), a sort of black gown, and, as I heard one Anglican clergyman observe, if the deacon pays his tailor's bill and complies with the laws of decency, his dress does not matter two straws. And at Church Congresses and similar gatherings the Bishop presiding introduced by the Bishop presiding as "Mr. Lyne," and not as Ignatius, O. S. B. And this difficulty has deterred any and every Church of England Bishop from ordaining Mr. Lyne as priest. But it has not deterred Mr. Lyne from becoming a priest in a somewhat singular fashion.

A few years ago there happened to come to Llanthony a young and rising Bishop of some Eastern schismatic communion possessing, I believe, like most Oriental churches (separated from Rome, from the Greek Church, and from one another) valid orders. Ignatius, O. S. B., greatly wished to be a priest, as being in deacon's orders only, he was unable to do a great things which he desired to do. So the young prelate in question conferred priest's orders in the Abbot. This was, as Mr. Sayers once remarked, a most delicate Anglican deacon in an Anglican diocese became at once a full-blown priest ordained by an intruding stranger who knew little about the Church of England, and about whom the Church of England knew and cared less. The Bishop of St. David's, in whose diocese Llanthony is, I fancy, situated, must have been thunderstruck at hearing how the recalcitrant monk had in a clandestine manner obtained the gift of the priesthood, and I cannot help thinking that Ignatius, O. S. B., did by this step put himself more than ever out of court with the English Church episcopate. The question of jurisdiction never seems to have troubled the intruding prelate or the new priest, but this is not surprising when we recollect that a few years before Ignatius, O. S. B., had in Italy gone to Contession to the then Protestant Bishop of Gibraltar, who, oddly enough, includes in his diocese not only Rome, but Italy and a good many other countries as well. The biographer of the Llanthony monk makes a curious comment upon this ordination remarking that it was perhaps preferable to an Anglican Bishop's laying of hands, as the orders of the roving prelate are indubitable, whereas Anglican conferred orders would be regarded as, if not null and void, at least doubtful by every Christian body in the world except the Church of England herself. To Ignatius, O. S. B., who is in deacon's orders of the Church of England, this remark can hardly be deemed complimentary or consoling, and I am surprised at his allowing it to appear in print. In early life, however, my friend seem to have doubted not Anglican orders but Anglican baptisms, as, before he was ordained deacon, he took care to be conditionally baptized. A deacon of the Church of England, ignoring and ignored by his own Bishops, becomes a priest of some semi-barbarous schismatical and heretical sect, and belongs to two churches—not in communion with one another—at one and the same time. We may make a present of this episode to all concerned as another Anglican remark that good Catholic minded men, such as Lord Halifax or Mr. Spencer Jones, think of this confusion worse confounded, and to ask why the E. C. U., which made a dreadful row when a Protestant Archbishop of Dublin intruded upon the diocese of Toledo and consecrated Bishop Cabrera, did not protest against the arrogant and unwarrantable intrusion upon the diocese of St. David's detailed in the above lines?

In another part of the interesting life of the Monk of Llanthony we are gravely informed why he does not see his way to become (what he would call) a Roman Catholic. He agrees with a great deal of the teaching (and certainly imitates a great deal of the

practice) of the Church of Rome. This is most kind of him, and I am sure all the Pope's spiritual subjects must feel very much obliged to him. But he cannot stomach indulgences—which seems to me to be a case of sour grapes; he has his own views upon Purgatory, and as regards Papal Infallibility he is not disposed to believe that every Papal Edict derives inspiration from the Godhead. Nor am I, Nor is, so far as I am aware, any other Catholic. And if Ignatius, O. S. B., knows as much of other theological questions as he appears to do of Papal Infallibility, I think the Anglican Bishops were quite right in declining to ordain him a priest, and leaving him to remain a perpetual deacon.

Not many years ago a Catholic friend of mine happened to be pottering about in Holborn, and found himself in the neighborhood of St. Alban's Church; he entered and sat down, and enjoyed the excellent music, and admired the elaborate and careful ceremonial which accompanied some function then going on. But the effect left upon him was (he told me) one of painful unreality. Not, of course, to the effectants or congregants, but to himself as an onlooker and outsider. It seemed, he said, like play acting. The same impression was produced upon me on reading the story of Ignatius, O. S. B., Monk of Llanthony. No one questions his sincerity, zeal, devotion, or the good he possibly does; but I see the same of General Booth, or of Mr. Campbell, of the City Temple, or of the monk who always abhors but himself, who is not recognized, qua monk, by his own Bishops, and who has to resort to some obscure foreign ecclesiastical order to obtain ordination, does not present an edifying spectacle, and his conduct seems to be subversive of all Church order, law and discipline. That Ignatius, O. S. B., is to a large extent Catholic-minded, I wish to believe, but I submit that an Act of Faith, a submission of will and intellect to an authority which he regards as Divine, is impossible. He can hardly regard the Anglican body as Divine, else why his recourse to some other body for ordination? And, to paraphrase Newman in his Letter to Pusey, the greatest compliment I can pay him is to say that he ought to be a Catholic, and the best salute I can offer on his behalf is that he may become one, even now when it is with him, as with me, "towards evening." (Rev. GEORGE ANGUS.)

CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE REFORM.

A temperate, if not a total abstaining England, constitutes a problem which has long occupied the minds of practical politicians. Just now, when the Christian world celebrates the great religious festival with so much surrounding excess, it is not inappropriate to be reminded that the question of Temperance Reform is to the Catholic world pregnant with possibility and great responsibility.

A very able contribution to this consideration was provided at the recent Australian Catholic Congress by His Grace the Coadjutor Archbishop of Sydney, the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, who, viewing the ravages of drink, declares that "adequate means, rightly employed, will achieve, in all circumstances, complete success or at least proportionate success."

Naturally enough—and there are multitudes outside the Catholic fold who will agree with him—the remedy from the Catholic point of view must be radical and mainly spiritual. His opinion is clearly in the direction of elevating the heart and soul of the Catholic enslaved abuse to a sacred appreciation of his manhood and the responsibilities of the individual citizen, so well enforced at a Catholic gathering a fortnight ago by President Rosevear. Legislation can certainly do a deal to control excess, but, as Dr. Kelly points out the question to the Catholic is one of morals. The wills of the erring must, he holds, be restored to temperance by the following means: "First, by the zeal of pastors; secondly, by voluntary abstinence; thirdly, by religious organization. . . . Let the people see in the light of the quality of the unscrupulous vendor, the scandal of encouraging or pressing others to drink, the necessity of shunning occasions and the fatal effects of strong drink upon womanhood and faith."

On the best and most suitable policy to be pursued regarding reform there will always remain room for difference. But there is no getting away from the substantial fact that England could well part with her confirmed drunkards, and do much more than has yet been accomplished to save the rising generation from the open pitfalls in our social organization.

In every part of the land the various societies connected with and directed by the Church should constitute the watch-towers aiding the clergy to save those in danger, for it must be kept in mind that the problem of rational temperance reform is one in which the laity can render much useful service.—London, England, Catholic News.

What's in a Name?

"A feeling of sadness creeps over the Catholic," says the Catholic Advance, "when he reads in a Kansas paper that Miss Braddy, a member of the Baptist Church, and Miss Conaway of the Presbyterian Church, are visiting Miss Mallonee, a member of the Episcopal 'communion' and that Mrs. Cassidee and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sullivan, devout members of the Christian church, are superintendents of the Sunday school. Don't say a word about mixed marriages."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Cathedral schools of Helensburgh, Scotland, were last given the highest Government grant in their history, namely, \$1,390.

All the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Canada have sent a collective letter to Cardinal Richard expressing their sympathy with the Church in France.

Pope Pius X. disapproves of the custom of using churches for the performance of oratorios, and has decreed to erect, at his own expense, a great concert hall in the centre of the city of Rome. The direction will probably be confided to the Abbe Perosi.

Deep interest has been aroused among Catholics and Americans resident in England by the announcement that Miss Evelyn Van Wart, granddaughter of the late Marshall O. Roberts of New York, has been converted to Catholicism and received into the Church.

The Pope on Tuesday received in private audience the Right Rev. J. C. McDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island; the Right Rev. Timothy Casey, Bishop of St. John, New Brunswick; and the Right Rev. Paul LaRoque, Bishop of Sherbrooke, Quebec.

An Apostolic Band has been formed in England, on about the same lines as the now well known Diocesan Band in the United States. Five of the English community (which is known under the title of Our Lady of Compassion) are converts, Father Maturin, Chase, Filmer, Grimes and Sharpe. The other two are Fathers Arentsen and Vaughan.

Miss Mary Hasselbald, the Swedish-American convert, received the veil from the hands of Cardinal Macchi among the Brigittine nuns on Nov. 25. The ceremony was performed in the church of Santa Brigida, and there the nun will pass her life in strict enclosure. Pope Pius X. sent an autograph benediction to this, the first American member of the community.

There appears to be good authority for the statement that the betrothal of King Alfonso of Spain to Princess Marie Antoinette, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Duke Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, has been decided upon by their respective families, and will take place in February during the King's visit to Germany. The Kaiser is said not only to approve of the marriage but to have actually originated the plan. The young princess is a Catholic.

By the death of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., which occurred last week, the Dominican Order in London, Eng., has lost another distinguished member. The deceased priest was born in March, 1839, and was the son of H. W. Wilberforce, an Oxford Don, who was converted to the Catholic Church at the time of the Oxford Movement, and who was a personal intimate and friend of Cardinal Wiseman. Father Wilberforce was a nephew of the great Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, the Anglican Bishop of Winchester.

The Australian Catholic Congress passed the following resolution: "That this Congress, in the name of God and His Church, heartily welcomes the many results of sound scientific truth in our own age; and recognizes in all its triumphs the goodness of Almighty God. This Congress is assured that both theology and human science, when pursued with a single eye and in a reverent spirit, are intended in their several spheres to lighten the path of life for man, and in perfect harmony to reflect the glory of Almighty God."

There were over two thousand men in the church in Seranton, Pa., on the recent occasion of the Holy Name Society, and there were many others who could not obtain seats. But it was when the men began to sing that the spectacle became truly inspiring. The congregation itself was a study. There were men from all the walks of life represented. The day laborer brushed elbows with the business man, and the toiler in the mines sat side by side with the physician and the lawyer. All joined in the singing, and all were animated by a common purpose. Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., who was the speaker of the occasion, declared that it was beyond all question the finest gathering he ever witnessed. "I can hardly find words," said he, "to describe my sense of unbounded joy at this magnificent demonstration in honor of our common Saviour. This is surely an epoch making day in the history of this city." Father Pardow said that it is a splendid thing for men to assemble together so that they might realize that they were not alone in fighting the great battle for Christ. He then took up the spirit which should animate the members of the Holy Name Society.

A Profane Gentleman.

We recently sat next a man who in conversation with his companion interlarded his sentences with a most blasphemous expression, the profane use of the Sacred Name, before which the angels in heaven and the devils in hell bow. This man would have deemed himself insulted if told he was not a gentleman. And let it be confessed in an inexpressible shame that in religion he called himself a Catholic. A man may hope to gain by deceiving another. A drunkard or a glutton satisfy his appetite. But what profit or gratification can there be in swearing? Is a man wiser, more brave, more of a gentleman, more to be trusted, or to be feared, or is he more because he swears. An old writer said: "Most sinners serve the devil for pay, but swears serve him gratis, whom he rewards by dragging down to hell."—Pittsburg Catholic.