

The Catholic Record.

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

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REV. DR. MGLYNN.

Many kind words have been spoken lately about Dr. Edward McGlynn. The sad six years that wrung his heart of light and vitality and cast over him the shadow of a death all too early are not forgotten; but his friends choose rather to remember the record of his faithful ministrations whilst pastor at St. Stephen's.

We saw him but once after he had been entrapped by Henry George. It was on a lecture platform, soon after he took the step which saddened those who admired and loved him. He spoke with his old-time vigor, but the voice was changed. Clear in deed it was, but hollow. His face was stamped, we thought, with fathomless misery; and ever if we saw a lonely man it was Dr. McGlynn delivering his speech that night as if fighting against fearful odds, and determined to succeed.

What he suffered during his estrangement from the Archbishop can be conjectured only. That he suffered intensely we know, for sorrow strikes deep roots in strong natures. Arrogant he was, some say; but the little children and a good many New York tramps prefer to believe otherwise. Whatever his faults, we are sure his sympathy and charity have ever this interceded for him before the Great White Throne.

YELLOW JOURNALISM.

Sensational journalists are awakening to the fact that slyly concocted lies about the Boers as a whole are looked at askance by even the gullible public. The prisoners at Pretoria receive, so we are informed by reliable authorities, every attention. The officers, of course, are not regaled with club-fare; but they manage "to live on good Dutch food, which, whilst wholesome," will be an invaluable boon to their livers."

Mr. Chamberlain has ere this repented himself of not having taken the advice of Sir Wm. Butler. When the Irish General spoke some words of wisdom he was looked upon as a visionary by the magnates of Downing street, and was called home or given a hint to seek in his resignation, so that there might be no obstacle to the imperialistic policy and to the peculiar way of bringing it to successful issue. Events have demonstrated the timeliness of Sir Wm. Butler's advice. Blood has been spent—much of it needlessly; wives and mothers mourn the loss of dear ones, and brave men have taken their last look at the sun, to make a holiday for Chamberlain. The London mobs who erstwhile hailed him as a great man are just now chary of their approval.

Not that it proves anything save that the popularity dear to the politician is a very variable quantity and that the electors may not call up Mr. Chamberlain to receive the first political prize.

The favor bestowed recently on Mr. Greene, sometime British agent at Pretoria, must have grated on his overstrung nerves. It will be remembered that Mr. Greene did what was in his power to prevent hostilities, and incurred by so doing the wrath of Mr. Chamberlain, who had him recalled. When he came to England he was regarded as one of the chief obstacles to the success of the magnificent schemes evolved from the brain of Mr. Chamberlain, and was forthwith taboed and thrust out into the outer darkness of ministerial disfavor. It was all very well in the beginning, when the streets were gay with multi-colored tunics, echoing with the clash of arms and noise of patriotic buncombe, and radiant with the glamor of anticipated victory; but now that soldiers have been rashed into death-traps and sent into the field inefficiently equipped, people are asking what did Mr. Greene say sometime ago. Joseph does not like it—but Joseph must take his medicine. The clique that dressed him in the robes of a statesman is beginning to imagine the clothes are too large for him.

It is sad there is so much military knowledge going to waste. After every battle of the present war, we hear some expert telling us how things could have been managed differently,

and of course, successfully. We should like to see the precious critics on a march of twenty miles, with a water-famine and Boer bullets as companions. It is bad enough to have brave men playing the game without having our ears filled with twaddle befitting hard earned military reputations.

PROTESTANTISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

The Catholic Standard and Times has a scathing arraignment of Protestantism in New England, which may surprise those who have long believed in the staunchness of its religious belief. Referring to the fact that some of the best families of Pilgrim days are Catholics, the writer goes on to say that pulpits endowed by men who believed in the Divinity of Christ are occupied to-day by Unitarian preachers who have no hesitation in saying that Christ was a "very ordinary person, destitute of culture, and narrowed by a too strict interpretation of the Hebrew religion." Not only in Plymouth but in every old town in New England many Unitarians derive their whole support from funds left by Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and members of other sects that maintained the divinity of Our Lord for the support of churches, chapels, colleges and schools in which all the articles of the Apostles Creed were believed and taught in the days of the testators. Several of the leading colleges founded by God-fearing men and women are dominated to-day by professors who glory in blaspheming God and in substituting their own sickly imaginings for revealed truth.

It is certainly a case of obtaining money under false pretences. That anyone of common decency should devote funds to any other purpose than that laid down by the testator is regrettable; but that ministers should do it, and in many instances meanly and hypocritically, must make us question the genuineness of our picturesque civilization. "In the light of such doings," the writer says, "one can see the force of the idea of the exasperated Boston Methodist who attacked a board to one of the Unitarian meeting houses, on which he had written: 'Hell is only five miles from here.'" There is no doubt but that the two thousand sects invented in New England have resulted from the thinking of shallow-pated New Englanders, that they could invent a religion which, like their quack medicines and Medford rum, "would fill a longfelt want and which no well-regulated family should be without." Then the newspapers are controlled by atheists. What else can one expect when so many Godless colleges exist and are helped to become powers in the land by some unworthy Catholics. One can hardly pick up a newspaper that is free from blasphemy. It may be done unconsciously because many of the writers and editors are destitute of principles, and have, so far as sound thinking goes, thoroughly untrained minds, but it is none the less inexcusable.

That Protestantism is a dismal failure in New England does not occasion us any surprise. It is the same everywhere, though not so pronounced in certain sections as in the land of the Pilgrim Fathers. The offspring of Luther's corrupt heart was still born when it came into the world, and all attempts to galvanize it into life have proved ineffectual.

We are fully aware of the fact that outside the fold there are many God-fearing men and women and we agree with Carlyle that religious belief when it seems heartfelt and well intentioned is no subject for harsh and irrelevant investigation. But what Protestantism has of any value is due to the Catholic Church, or as Dr. Johnson used to say: "If Protestantism enjoys a good loaf, it is because Catholicity furnished the grain that entered it."

Within the last twenty years it has been reeling and staggering along life's highway like a man sick unto death. Despite its material advantages and traditional influences, it is advancing swiftly to dissolution, and with prominent divines substituting literary criticisms for gospel instruction, and reading the Bible to pieces in their blasphemous fury, we may be pardoned for thinking that Matthew Arnold was not far wrong when he said that "the Christianity of the

future will be in the form of Catholicism."

JOHN RUSKIN.

John Ruskin, the best stylist of the century after Cardinal Newman, is dead. For some time he has been silent, either because the years had dimmed the brightness of his intellect or because he had done his work and had nothing more to say.

He was, to our mind, strangely out of keeping with this century. True, he loved some of the things in it. But from first to last he was a living protest against its pretense and sham and self-glorification. He labored to imbue it with noble ideas and to open its eyes to the beauty of nature and life, and though surrounded by men who hung upon his every word, he dwelt in spirit in a land whose atmosphere was tainted by smoke of factory and whose inhabitants went their way content with little and unskilled in the devices of money-getting. How he scorned sham and lashed the money-king who piled up gold wet with the tears of women and little children, and rescued them from a fate worse than death, are matters of history. He may not have for the generation of fifty years hence the same meaning as for ourselves, but his pages will never cease to stimulate to helpful action, and to make sweet music in the ears of those who have any regard for the beauty and sublimity of the English language.

Dispite his unreasoning hatred of the Catholic Church, he says:

"I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces of Catholicism, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. From the moment when the spirit of Christianity had been entirely interpreted to the Western races, the sanctity of womanhood worshipped in the Madonna, and the sanctity of childhood in unity with that of Christ, became the light of every honest heart and the joy of every pure and chastened soul."

Many of our readers have read the following passage:

"I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power or hesitation in speaking of his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say, and the rest of the world's doings and sayings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know they are right in them; only they do not think much of themselves on that account."

Arnolfo knows he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Durer writes calmly to one who had found faults with his work:

"It cannot be better done, etc., and they see something divine and God made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly and incredibly merciful."

Again he tells us:

"No nation can last which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline it, one day, with scorpion whips. Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob; it cannot with impunity—it cannot with existence go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence."

And Ruskin proved England on these several counts, with much satisfaction to himself.

OF INTEREST TO YOUNG MEN.

We have more than once called attention to the fact that many of our young men are not voters because they are too crassly ignorant or negligent to see that their names are on the lists. The exercise of the franchise is one of the ways by which one can best help his country, and the individual who does not avail himself of it should be banished to some desert island.

And yet strange to say they are the first to cry out when any injustice is done them or when they or their compatriots do not get a share of the good things of political life to satisfy them. Often—and more so the cry is—they have not spirit enough to cry out; they murmur in bold indignation meetings within closed doors for the purpose we suppose of allowing the boy orator to have his say about the down-trodden Catholic, because they are never productive of practical results, and then grow silent until some-thing else stirs their sluggish blood,

and we have murmuring once more, and again silence. The great trouble with many of them is they barter their manhood for the passing show; they develop the body and leave the best part of them overgrown with weeds; they talk much and think none; they listen to platitudes that have been as oracles from the lips of grandfathers, about keeping quiet so as to preserve the peace and become eventually ciphers in the community. We do not want them to be politicians—to stand at street corners delivering harangues on the tariff or to be versed in the arts of the ward heeler; but we should like to see them at the polls eligible to vote and as capable to do it in an intelligent manner. A vote, moreover, is the one thing valued by the ordinary member of Parliament; and when he is confronted by an array of voters he will take care, no matter what his personal inclinations may be, to listen to their demands, and to do what is in his power to grant them.

DUBLIN IRISH CATHOLIC. A VOICE FROM AFRICA.

Bishop Aungour, C. S. Sp. — Letter from the Centre of the "Dark Continent."

Brazzaville, 2000 miles from the Atlantic, 17th March, 1899.

Dear Sir—Impossible to select a better day than St. Patrick's Day to acknowledge the receipt of the Irish Catholic in this the innermost oasis of civilization and Catholicity of this immense African continent. The Fathers of the Society of the Holy Ghost, with the Bishop of this extensive Mission at their head, beg to offer you our deepest gratitude for the publicity which you have given to the world at large of our very existence in this almost lost, and certainly little known corner of the field of the Divine Husbandman, where we die slowly in the arduous work of snatching human beings from the teeth of the cannibals at the constant risk of falling ourselves a prey to these savage human flesh-hunters and cruel man-eaters.

We jointly beg to thank also through your columns the generous benefactors, the many Catholics of both Ireland and England, who have so generously responded to my former appeals on behalf of the Oubanghi Vicariate, and the Missionary stations in the very centre of cannibalism. Our dear confessor, Father Ebenrecht, of Blackrock College near Dublin, has faithfully forwarded to me the alms which those noble and charitable Catholics, especially the Irish, who have shared with us out of their poverty, have so generously sent him for our Mission, together with the donors' intentions, which I am happy to say, have been scrupulously complied with.

On this great day of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, we have fervently prayed for our Irish benefactors. Like the great Apostle in his youth, we are here slaves amongst the slaves of Satan voluntary exiles from the land that bore him and us, to win all beneath the sweet yolk of Jesus Christ. We continue St. Patrick's work in Africa. The Irish continue the same wherever Providence scatters them to the four winds of the earth, and the generous friends of the Missionaries, whose names I read in the list of benefactors in the Irish Catholic, prove once more, if proof were wanted, that there exists no kind of Christian charity, to help which, they are always ready to put their hands in their pockets. Charity begets charity; this is why they are so blessed in their holy religion, and why out of their poverty comes forth the hundredfold for themselves and for themselves and for those who become their objects of their aims. We see the proof of this everywhere around us, where we come into contact with non-Catholic Missionaries. Richly supported from their co-religionists at home, they lavish fabulous amounts of money; the Catholic Missionary receives but little help; yet the blessing of God, which is with him, produces wonders. We go ahead, we Christianise, we civilise, we plant with our hands, and we water with our blood, and God gives growth.

I should have liked to acknowledge much sooner the alms received, but alas! a poor African Bishop not only has no secretary, but he must put his hands to many things, and do manual work which his venerable colleagues in the episcopate in France and Ireland have no need to do; hence there is often an unavoidable delay in keeping up correspondence even with my nearest and dearest friends. Still my heart does not forget my Irish benefactors. As they know me, at least by name and by work so do I know them by their charity, which is daily before me, when I ascend the altar. And what I do, all our Missionaries do also. For when they behold the work of their hands the success of their labour, they cannot help saying that but for the charity of their Irish friends many of the little children around them, now civilized Christians, would have been eaten by the cannibals. Yes, the work of the Irish Cath-

olics is here for, our work is their work, and the little ones for whom you sent names to be given them in baptism, hold you dear in their little hearts, as their sponsors, as their true parents before God. We inculcate into them the obligation to pray always for those who were the chief means to ransom them. And we also pray for them till we all shall meet the redeemed, the ransomers and the Missionaries in our Heavenly Father's house. But gratitude makes it a duty for me to give you a little description of our work, and to show you how hard it is to spread the Gospel in these parts of the world. I know your readers will be as pleased to read my report to you, as we are to read their names with their donations for us in the columns of the Irish Catholic. A rapid sketch under a few headings will, I trust, be welcome.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PROGRESS IN RELIGION.

The preachers are busy reforming the Reformation in the name of progress. Religious conceptions, "broader," "deeper," "higher," "more vital," "more Christocentric," "more universal," are the order of the day. Beliefs once sacred are now pronounced to be metaphysically or psychologically impossible. The onward march of human intelligence, in religion as well as in scientific matters demands a complete overhauling of creeds and confessions.

Underlying all this fine talk is a faulty conception of the nature of revealed truth and of man's duty toward it. One by one we wrest from nature her carefully guarded secrets, and this is progress in science. If there were no Revelation, save that which God has made through His marvelous works, perhaps progress in religion also would be possible. But we are now living under the Christian dispensation and God, who spoke by the patriarchs and prophets, last of all spoke to man by His Son, making known a body of doctrines concerning the Divine nature and human destiny. The historic facts about the earthly career of the Son of God, taken together with these doctrines, form what is called the deposit of faith. This deposit is complete and perfect. As a condition of salvation men must accept it, adding nothing to it and taking nothing from it. Human philosophies are in great part tentative, unstable and transient, but the truth of the Lord endureth forever. What was true in the early days of Christianity is true now, and all this babble about bringing our faith into harmony with the conclusions of modern science and scholarship is un-Christian. It is perhaps quite true that human conclusions drawn from divine truth may need modification. Theological opinions, which appear to be well grounded today, may be rejected in the light of fuller knowledge. But the distinctive, primary doctrines of Christianity—that God has redeemed the world—that His Eternal Son is the Redeemer—that the Redeemer was born of a Virgin Mother—that He taught and worked miracles to evince the truth of His teaching—that He chose and appointed His apostles—that He founded a Church, instituted Sacraments, died, rose again, and ascended into Heaven—that He sent the Holy Spirit to teach in His stead forever—these are truths that are fixed and immutable as are the eternal hills. Men of little faith may find much that they do not relish or understand in the deposit of faith. But they must take it as it stands, no matter how the scientists rage. They have no right to pick and choose and tinker, as the neo-Christians are doing. The religion of that school, with all its prattle about vital Christianity, is a desert of unbelief, concealed by a fog of fine phrases.

We Catholics talk of progress, but in a widely different way from that in which up-to-date Christians use the word. Religion is progressive, for example, in the sense that the faith is being extended throughout the world. The missionary spirit has never departed from the Church of God. We may say that religion is progressive in yet another sense. As time goes on the Church attains to a fuller and more precise comprehension of revealed truths in her custody without, however, adding one jot or tittle to them objectively considered. No thoughtful man will presume to say that the truths which God has been pleased to reveal contain more than appears at the first glance. They are full of depths of meaning which little by little dawn upon the understanding of believers. Doctrines do not increase and multiply, but are defined from time to time. People sometimes find it hard to understand how it is that the Church can be said to be unchanging in faith, in view of the fact that matters like the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility, which were not defined doctrines for nearly nineteen centuries, subsequently came to be defined. This is no more a change than for the germ hidden in the acorn to unfold and become a stately tree, or for the roebud to develop into the full-blown flower. These two doctrines were parts of the original deposit, and the definition of

them by the Church was simply an authoritative declaration of the fact. Once a definition is made it is irrefragable, as much so as the axioms of mathematics. Outsiders may modify their beliefs to suit the passing fashions of the hour, and in the name of progress mutilate the faith delivered to the saints. The old Gospel is reasonable enough for us—Providence Visitor.

THE VAGARIES OF NON-CATHOLIC PREACHERS.

The variations and vagaries of the non-Catholic pulpit are becoming remarkable and astounding. The preachers have rent and torn "the seamless garment of truth" until few can recognize it. They are so liberal that they are ready to tolerate any form of theological error, and we venture to predict that this liberality will drive a large part of their flocks into infidelity, while many of them will have the good fortune to seek rest and security in the bosom of the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church will gain by their vagaries. American Protestants will see her grandeur and divinity. Even "to the eye of God," as one of our own writers says, "the Church must look wonderful." She is the only mirror of Himself, and "the only institution which will be prolonged into eternity. The grandest monarchies of earth will cast no shadow in heaven. Darkness and oblivion will pass upon all philosophies. Not a single literature has any eternal meaning. The most magnificent civilization represents nothing on the other side of the grave. Whereas the grandeur of the Church on earth is but a prelude to its grandeur in heaven." For that reason, in spite of their affected superciliousness, Protestants cannot be really indifferent to the Church. They would not talk about her so much if they were. They know that she is the only institution in the world which so much as professes to be divine or to exercise a divine authority. Even avowed infidels are ready to say, as Cardinal Newman said: "We must either give up the belief in the Church as a divine institution altogether, or we must recognize it in that communion of which the Pope is the head. With him alone and around about him are found the claims, the prerogatives and duties which we identify with the kingdom set up by Christ. We must take things as they are; to believe in a Church is to believe in the Pope."

The lamented Cardinal Newman's words find an echo in the hearts of the most conspicuous Rationalists. But they have quite a different estimate of the sects, even the most wealthy and powerful. The world tolerates them precisely because it sees that they have not a single feature of the kingdom of Christ. That is their merit. They are essentially local or national, as well as purely and ostentatiously human; and if they so far forget their origin, and the purpose for which they were framed, as to pretend to imitate the true Church, either in her doctrine or her ritual, they become objects of ridicule. The world easily distinguishes between the Church and the sects. We have reason to be astonished, and more than ever at this moment, that men endowed with many excellent gifts, and anxious above all things to belong to the Kingdom of Christ, should be less discerning than the world itself in confounding it with palpable counterfeits. Even unbelievers perceive and proclaim that "if God has made a revelation, the Church of Rome is its only witness." They only deny the premises in order to escape the conclusion. And in this they are more rational though less religious, than others who contend imprudently that there is a Church of God, which is "the pillar and ground of truth," and then point to some chaotic sect, which teaches anything or nothing, in proof of their assertion. The unbeliever makes mistakes, but not of this kind. He attributes to the Church human schemes and worldly maneuvers, because nothing higher is dreamed of in his own philosophy. Why should she be animated by motives which never influence himself? And why should she ignore arts and stratagems which constitute the whole stock in trade of her adversaries? He does not consider that it is God's work which she has to do, and not her own, and that she has a deep conviction that she can only succeed by doing it in His way. Hence her total indifference to the provocations and outrages of the world. She knows that it is, and always will be, "the enemy of God," and takes its animosity as a matter of course. To make alliance with it, as the sects do which are an integral part of it, would be to commit suicide.—American Herald.

GOOD BOOKS FOR SALE.

We should be pleased to supply any of the following books at prices given: The Christian Father, price, 35 cents (cloth); The Christian Mother (cloth), 35 cents; Thoughts on the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Walsh (cloth), 40 cents; Catholic Belief (paper), 25 cents, cloth (strongly bound) 50 cents. Address: Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ontario.

It is with the soul as with the body: an attitude taken in negligence, and persevered in through inattention, results in malformity.—Soyvestre.