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POPE GREGORY AND Dr. Creighton.

Catholic Times.

The thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine and his missionaries on the soil of England has been celebrated by a great meeting of Protestant prelates from all parts of the English-speaking world. And no Catholic need be otherwise than thankful that these Bishops, whether attached to the Establishment or unattached, have centred the attention of the British public on the far-off event which brought Christianity to the people of this land. It may seem to some of us rather incongruous that Protestant prelates should keep high festival in honour of a Bishop who would have shivered and shuddered had he foreseen that men would claim to be his legitimate successors and yet refuse obedience to the successor of that Pope from whom he derived his mission and his jurisdiction; but we must all be grateful that the minds of our countrymen have been so forcibly directed to the fact that Christianity was preached to their forefathers by a missionary sent by the Pope. We must admit that many of the tributes paid to St. Augustine have been somewhat depreciatory, but here again we have the consolation of noting that what was denied to him was conceded to the Pope who sent him. And among the most laudatory commendations of Gregory is that delivered in Canterbury on Sunday, July 11th, by Dr. Creighton in his sermon at the Cathedral. His words, on the whole, leave little to be desired. He praised the Pope, and fully admitted that England owes her Christianity to his missionary zeal, to his wisdom, courage, and perseverance. But it was a dangerous topic for a Protestant Bishop, as by bringing out so fully the importance of the Papal action he laid himself open to the question why he and his fellow-Bishops of the Province of Canterbury have ceased to maintain relations of amity and obedience to that chair from which authority and mission came to this land thirteen hundred years ago. What has happened that the past is changed? And why, and by what right, did it happen?

Dr. Creighton is reported by the "Times" as saying that "there were people who thought of Gregory as a great and prosperous Pope, who, with the deliberate intention of extending the power of the Papacy, sent Augustine to England. There could not be a greater or more absolute mistake. The Papacy, as we think of it now, was not thought of in Gregory's time." Then Dr. Creighton might have told his audience what was thought of the Papacy in Gregory's time. Does he mean that the Pope was in those days a mere Bishop? Or was he a Patriarch only? Or what was he? It is hard to read into St. Gregory's life any other doctrine than that which is taught by Leo XIII. Just as Leo is in communion with foreign Bishops, so was Gregory. As Leo sends the pallium to Westminster, so Gregory sent it to Leander, Bishop of Seville, to Vigilius, Archbishop of Arles. As Leo calls schismatic Easterns to obedience to the Holy See, so Gregory called the Constantinopolitan prelates to obedience. When Gregory sent St. Augustine to England he did not for a moment dream that he was doing anything but what his duty as Chief Pastor of

the Universal Church called upon him to perform. But it was necessary for Dr. Creighton to find some difference between the Papacy in the sixth century and the Papacy in the nineteenth in order that he might evade the inevitable questions which would arise in the mind of every person who heard or read his words. And it is, after all, a subject for congratulation that he did not deign to talk about the ancient British Church as the source of Christianity in these realms. And no doubt in course of time the full truth will be told the English people.

Indeed, the one lesson to be learnt from the Ritualist movement is, that in process of time first one, then another, of the doctrines of the Church are gradually introduced. That movement may be said to have made multitudes of English Protestants acquainted with ideas and views that have completely sapped the foundations of the Established Church. With the exception of the Papal claim to supremacy almost everything else has been either aped or added. And it is most unlikely that men of an inquiring turn of mind will not in the end come to see that the logical issue of the principles they have already so largely accepted can be in no other direction than that of frank and full submission to the supreme authority of the Pope. It may not come immediately, or even in the near future, but come it most assuredly will. When the Establishment is freed from the yoke of the State the sole bond of Protestant unity will be broken, and honest men will follow the light whithersoever it leads. God's hand is directing them towards the truth, and is directing them quietly and surely. The Catholic Church could not now do for the English people what their own ministers are doing for them. Their inborn suspicion of her would prevent their receiving her message with welcome. And we have therefore need to be thankful that men like Dr. Creighton, however much they may miss in their reading of the past, have the courage and the fairmindedness to inculcate truths the only logical outcome of which is a drawing nearer and nearer to the source of jurisdiction and the safety of doctrine of which the great schism of three hundred years ago deprived the majority of the people of this land.

Stand by Your Principles.

"Uncle Jack" gives advice to his "Defenders" in The Sacred Heart Review:

Most boys, and girls, too, for that matter, think they are very brave. They are not afraid of anything. Why, it's almost impossible to find a girl who will jump at a mouse; the elephant has that sort of fear all to himself nowadays. Girls have got so strong and healthy that they can pick up fuzzy caterpillars, and even bait their own hooks when they go fishing.

And, so, of course, the Defenders, being up-to-date youngsters, will hardly believe it when Uncle Jack tells them that courage is one of the scarcest things he knows of. It's a fact, though, and courage is one of the most desirable things for a boy to carry around with him. A fair supply of it will carry him through a good many of the difficulties he's sure to encounter sooner or later. Of course, Uncle Jack means

moral courage, the kind of courage that makes a boy refuse to do something which is mean or dishonorable or wrong, although his refusal will bring upon him the ridicule of his companions. The boy who has that sort of courage, and every boy can have it if he will take the trouble to try to cultivate it, to persevere in his efforts to acquire it and to pray for it,—is a force, a power for good no matter where he is placed. The great majority of boys and girls, and grown-ups, too, do wrong, not because they want to do wrong, but because they are weak and can't resist temptation. Very often the example of some courageous person who has the courage to do right, no matter what happens, gives the wabblers backbone enough to enable them to stand up for their principles, too. Do the Defenders see how they can apply this talk? No? Well, here's a little story, told by Dean Farrar, which may help them a little.

"More than forty years ago, at a great English school, no boy in the large dormitories ever dared to say his prayers. A young new boy, neither strong, nor distinguished, nor brilliant, nor influential, nor of high rank, came to the school. The first night that he slept in his dormitory not one boy knelt to say his prayers. But the new boy knelt as he had always done. He was jeered at, insulted, pelted, kicked for it; and so he was the next night and the next. But after a night or two, not only did the persecutions cease, but another boy knelt down as well as himself, and then another, until it became the custom for every boy to kneel nightly at the altar of his own bedside. From that dormitory in which my informant was, the custom spread to other dormitories, one by one. When that young new boy came to the school, no boy said his prayers; when he left it, without one act or word on his part, beyond the silent influence of a quiet and brave example, all the boys said their prayers. The right act had prevailed against the bad custom and the blended cowardice of that little world. That boy still lives; and if he had never done one good deed besides that deed, be sure it stands written for him in golden letters in the recording angel's book."

Supposing every Defender were to refuse to associate with boys who use bad language or to go to places where profanity was common; what do you think would happen?

COMMON HONESTY.

Sacred Heart Review.

We all love justice; to question our love of justice would be a gross insult to us. There is no human soul so morally dead as not to feel some sentiment of justice welling up within it; and the public opinion of mankind has never failed in the end to condemn manifest injustice. But all this is in the abstract! When we come to examine the matter in its concrete and personal aspects we at once find good reason to doubt whether the love of justice is so sincere and universal as it seems, for we find that in a world which everlastingly prates about justice there is a vast deal of the most crying injustice, and we begin to fear that the lofty sentiment so loudly proclaimed from pole to pole is relative rather than absolute. We all want to have justice done to ourselves as we

apprehend it; but are we equally inclined to do justice to others, according to the golden rule? "How much dost thou owe?" a question asked by the Gospel of to-day, is an awkward question for some of us to meet; not that there are no honest debtors whose debts are their misfortunes, not their faults. Many such there undoubtedly are. But are there not hosts of dishonest debtors whose debts are the result of their extravagance or dissipation? and who twist and turn and quibble in every possible way in order to escape their obligations? Yet those people, too, take up the cry of justice, and would feign pass for upright Christians and honorable men. Now we might as well face the certain fact once for all. No one can be an honest man, much less a sincere Christian, who does not make every reasonable effort to pay his lawful debts.

The man or the woman who is in debt and who does not conscientiously endeavor to pay the last dollar is little less than a fraud and a hypocrite, and shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Do you think that the man who owes his butcher, or his baker, or his grocer a bill, and who refuses payment, when he has money to pay for drinks and cigars and excursions, and perhaps a trip to the seaside or the mountains, is an honest man? Would you consider that woman honest who constantly buys new dresses and bonnets while she is in debt for the old ones? What sense of justice has the person who borrows five or ten or fifty dollars from a neighbor, when short of money, and afterwards neglects to pay it back, though requested to do so again and again?

Justice in the abstract is a grand thing to talk about, but common honesty is the real thing to practise. "How much dost thou owe?" and When are you going to pay? are the practical questions that every debtor should put to his own conscience. Remember that there is a supreme day of reckoning appointed for all debtors, and if you appear before that dread tribunal with the burden of debt upon your soul, "You shall be cast into prison"; and in the words of the Lord Jesus, "Amen, I say to you, thou shalt not go out from thence until thou repay the last farthing."

A CURIOUS DILEMMA.

Catholic Times.

An account of a quaint incident has reached us which is not without its instructive bearing on Anglican habits of thought. A bicyclist was lately making a short tour in the country. Being a Catholic, and antiquarian in his tastes, he makes a point of inspecting old parish churches, and at one small place, with hardly 100 inhabitants, it was his luck to fall in with an ecclesiastical gem of the late fourteenth (early fifteenth) century. Could he see the church? Certainly. Moreover, the Rector was there himself. So, dismounting, he trundled his machine churchward, deposited it inside the gate, and was almost at once face to face with the Incumbent, habited in orthodox Anglican "tenue"—cassock, moustache, Roman collar, and all—who very readily pointed out to the visitor all the points of interest in the building—and there were many. Here was the decorated piscina, there the credence-table, below were two "squints" (hagioscopes), through which the people in the aisles and transepts used to see the Consecration of the Mass, and a grating which had formed part of the confessional. There were actually two old altars—stones still existing, which the quick

eye of the wheelman detected by their crosses, and the existence of one of which he introduced to the clergyman's knowledge for the first time. One of them formed part of the pavement of the porch, the other lay in the flooring within. Both of these the cyclist reverently kissed. In short, the stranger had never had such an ecclesiastico-antiquarian treat for years. He was positively brimming over with joy and gratitude, and after the clergyman had pointed out the place where the Rood used to stand, and the steps (still visible) in the chancel-arch jamb that led up to it, he broke out with "I am immensely obliged to you. I never saw a church so full of relics of old Catholic times. It is very seldom—" He got no further, for the Anglican Rector flushed at once and looked displeased. But the bicyclist saw his mistake, and corrected himself instantly with "I mean, the old Roman Catholic times," with proper emphasis on the "Roman." This, however, was to make confusion worse confounded. The Incumbent's face, from rose, now flamed into the lurid purple tones of an approaching tropic thunderstorm and his lips were fast set. His visitor was also genuinely perturbed. He faltered out: "I'm very sorry. Of course they were not Catholic—I mean Roman Catholic in those days. You said Richard the Second. They were hardly Prot—I mean Anglicans then, were they?" The clergyman thought it time to go, and as he led the way out of the church he remarked (with a sort of gulp): "They were always churchmen—good English churchmen—as they are now, as I am." Outside he added in a nervous manner: "You don't understand—I presume I am speaking to a Romanist—you don't understand our views, our position. You are all so un-English, of course, and your people all such unmitigated lies—in history and so forth." Then the good man mentioned some Church writers and works which put the views and the position in the proper light. But isn't it all very instructive?

Rapid Vegetation.

It will be remembered that in August, 1883, the island of Krakatau, lying in the straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, was partially destroyed by a gigantic volcanic outbreak. A portion of the island totally disappeared, and the remainder was covered with volcanic ashes, in some places to a depth of nearly 200 feet. Of course all vegetation was totally destroyed, and what was left of the island presented an absolutely barren surface. It is extremely interesting to learn that at the present day the island is being again covered with vegetation. Treub, the botanist, and director of the Batenzorger Gradens in Java, visited the island in 1886 and found on it the beginning of a new flora. When he again passed the island in 1895 it was completely clad with vegetation.

Not only is the fact of the renewal of vegetation of interest, but also the manner in which it was effected, particularly in a substance so unsuitable to vegetation as volcanic ash and pumice. The first vegetable growth was a gemmating filamentous alga—Treb found especially abundant the genus *Lynghya*—which covering the barren surface, produced the initial decomposition. This growth increased with such rapidity that soon the whole surface of the rocky island was covered with a mass of green, jelly-like alga. Through the decomposition of the rock by the alga, and their own decomposition, the surface was prepared for the growth of ferns, and these prepared the ground for the higher plants. Treub found that a part of these were of the species belonging to the widely distributed coast plants, and a part to the species belonging to the mountain regions of the interior of the neighboring islands.—Exchange.

Schools Depopulated.

In France the godless schools are being steadily depleted. Mr. Maurice Talmeyr in the "Revue des deux Mondes" laments the fact that the Catholic schools are raking in all the children. "Plus on se met en frais pour les écoles," says he, "plus on en batit, plus on en ouvre, et moins on y va." The government teachers will soon be holding forth to empty benches.