The Catholic Record.

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

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A RISKY THEME

The boy is a risky theme, though he be handled ever so discreetly. For boys are queer creatures, and many otherwise sensible grown-ups have utterly failed to make anything of them. Just at present they seem to be sharing with their noisier sisters the regards of professors, statesmen and others who are concerned about the morals of the community. We are not so foolish as to think that we can dispel the gloom that overhangs the problem of public-school revision and improved home discipline; we shall be content if we can throw a few gleams of light upon a subject so fraught with bane or blessing to society at large.

The literature of boy-life has chiefly erred in its tendency to exaggeration. The falsehood of extremes stands condemned at the bar of serious opinion to-day in all that relates to the unfolding of the mental and moral nature of the child who is "father to the man." The average boy is neither the fiend-in-embryo depicted by one school of writer, nor the paragon of natural virtue whose radiant generosity and love of truth charm credulous people in the pages of the other.

TENDENCY TO EXCESS

No doubt there is a tendency to excess, which may be partly due to the fact that the youth has been over conscious of his importance in the scheme of things. The balance seems likely to be readjusted now that girls are asserting themselves so vigorously, but certainly the boy of tradition has to answer for much that smacks of unwholesome development. One has only to recall a few typical instances of playground brutality on the one hand, and untimely chivalry on the other in proof of the fact that romance and reality mingle curiously in the ensemble of the youthful career as it is represented in the books usually given for prizes to more or less deserving schoolboys. The late Mr. Andrew Lang testified that "as a member of the great school secret society the small boy is exposed to all sorts of wrongs from his neighbors, and he can only escape by turning 'informer,' breaking the most sacred law of his society." Conditions are different in our part of the world, but life at school seems to turn on the belief that law and authority are natural enemies against which every one is banded. The German youth is largely ruled by barrack-law, while the French system of espionage has its own special risks. Casuists have been recently debating whether the code of "honour" should be revised to suit modern requirements.

Our concern is with the boy as we know and meet him in the school, the office, and in public life generally. That exuberantly rhetorical person, Mr. Chadband, in "Black House," estatically apostrophises a chubby youngster in the well-known couplet:

"Oh, running stream of sparkling joy—
To be a soaring, human boy!"

CHANGED WORLD

But the trouble nowadays is that the average boy does not soar—that he takes all that is given him as a matter of course and renders no service in return. To this complaint the apologists urge in reply that most of the class limits and conventional sanctions have broken down of late, new and confusing notions of privilege and duty gaining wide currency through the medium of a cheap press which deems nothing sacred and lightly discusses everything under the sun.

It is indeed a changed world into which the twentieth-century child is born—a very different one from that depicted by Robertson, the playwright, in Our Boys, which held the stage so long. The revised sentiment of that exhilarating time has given place to a rather gloomy estimate of the modern youth who is shorn of the prestige which the code of manners of that time had formerly sustained without question. This brings us face to face with the fact that the literature provided for the later school-boy differs widely from that which helped to mould the characters of earlier generations of youngsters.

There is no need to go back to the simpler fairy-tale and chap-book period—"Tom Brown's Schooldays," Farrar's somewhat sugary stories. Today the Arthurian romances are only read by students, mostly for examination purposes. With honorable exceptions, the mass of illustrated matter circulated among our boys, along with the vast out-put of the different libraries, ministers to the craving for sensational adventure redeemed in part by the high moral tone of such writers as those who gladly acknowledge Robert Louis Stevenson as their pioneer. Captain Marryat and Fenimore Cooper make but slight appeal to those who are intent upon stripping the tree of knowledge early, and have tasted the strong meat sent across from our neighboring republic—impressionist cartoons of rebellion against social and moral safe-guards, with a pungent flavor of pessimism that clings to the reader's person in after years.

Our American friends have contributed largely to the ever-increasing stock of highly-spiced tales and funny illustrations of boy life. Mark Twain is the perfect type of the naturalistic writer to whom nothing is sacred. His "Bad little boy who did not come to grief" makes an attractive figure as compared with the Sunday-School scholar of the goody-goody sort.

Tom Sawyer "knew the model boy very well and loathed him." He is "enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities." Huckleberry Finn on occasion "looked that good and grand and pious that you'd say he had walked right out of the Ark." The general impression left on the reader's mind would seem to be that "it is very wearing to be good," and conversely that to manufacture your own morality as you go on is a very fine thing.

That this assault upon accepted modes of behavior has also been considerably overdone by the whole school of comic writers for juveniles will scarcely be denied by those who are familiar with the slang of the playground and the present-day boy's attitude towards his seniors.

As a rule he is only credulous when revelling in wild exploits in foreign lands, deems the thoughtful youth a bit of a milk-sop, and fails to see anything commendable in such modest heroism as that which is set forth in Browning's poem "The Boy and the Angel."

But we have no wish to press this indictment too far or to overlook the facts and social changes which have to a certain extent made it inevitable. It is quite clear that the Sandford and Merton stage of boyish docility has passed—that master and pupil do not stand related to one another in the same way. The fact is that Dr. Arnold's theory of character formation no longer appeals to teachers; they decline to stand in loco parentis so fully as to exempt fathers and mothers from that sacred supervision of their sons' morals which should be at once a sacred obligation and a high privilege. Who can blame them? Education is becoming more and more a science and an art. Home training is more indispensable than ever it was, if men are to be worthy citizens.

BELGIUM IS GRATEFUL

ASSURES HOLY FATHER THAT HIS PEACE PLEA WILL BE STUDIED WITH GREATEST DEFERENCE

Havre, August 25.—An official note issued by the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs to-day says that the Pope's message to the heads of the belligerent peoples concerning peace has been received by the King of the Belgians through the Belgian Minister to the Vatican.

In acknowledging receipt of the Pontifical document the King and Government render homage to the lofty sentiments which inspired the note and express gratitude for "the particular interest which the Holy Father feels for the Belgian nation, so cruelly and so unjustly struck by war."

The Belgian Government, it is stated, will study with the greatest deference the proposals made in the message.

The sufferings borne in setting up a good work draws down the graces necessary for its success.—St. Vincent de Paul.

PROGRESS IS NOT AUTOMATIC

STERN LESSONS OF THE WAR ON LIFE, AND CIVILIZATION

These sarcastic criticisms of the Victorian ideals are taken from a lively article by R. L. Duffus, of the San Francisco Bulletin, who writes in the New Republic.

The article does show vividly that not only here, but in the United States, thousands of our young men found life too safe and too monotonous—that it did not make a sufficient demand for heroism. As young Lieut. Paul Jones said in his last letter home, which we published last week: "I think the War has given to everyone a chance to get out of himself."

That letter and this article are high appeals for that "moral equivalent for War" for which Professor William James also asked.

Who will find work in the days of peace for these "Galahads with mufflers and cough drops"?

IDEAS DESTROYED

"If a Victorian Rip Van Winkle were to wake up tomorrow morning after forty or fifty years of uninterrupted slumber, he would find it comparatively easy to accustom himself to safety razors, electric lights, and moving pictures, but he would be hopelessly at sea in the ideological currents of the new day," says Mr. Duffus.

"The War has destroyed not only men, money or goods—it is no great problem to re-stock the world with these—but ideas. A faith has withered, a faith that the Victorian held as firmly as he held that two and two made four.

"PROGRESS" DEIFIED

"The Victorian worshipped before the shrine of a secular deity of progress. He had taken over what he thought was Darwinism or Spencerism, and found the world as simple as a watch, and the purposes of the creator—or, rather, the creative forces—as plain as a watch crystal. In his eyes humanity and human institutions were steadily growing better through an evolutionary process not dissimilar from that by which the anthropoid ape had lost his tail. He could look forward along a path of progress so well engineered, with such perfect curves and gradients, that humanity could stroll along it, day by day, without consciousness of effort.

"The Victorian did not feel at home in a world which retained the institution of War, and accordingly was convinced that wars were becoming less and less frequent, retreating to less and less conspicuous corners of the earth, and on the point of being whirled off altogether. Wars were bad morally and bad for business, two objections, over-lapping slightly, which seemed the best kind of insurance.

"The great body of knowledge which men were weaving into a bridle to put on nature was international. Scientists met in world conferences and felt more akin to their colleagues in foreign lands than to the next-door neighbour who had no specialties or whose specialties were different from their own. Almost every human interest had its international association. Internationalism was reputable, except, perhaps, in Germany. Christendom threatened to have a meaning for the first time since Pope Innocent the Great.

"The world was undeniably growing smaller and better. It was better at two o'clock than at noon, and better at a quarter after two than at two. It grew better while the Victorians were eating, while they were sleeping, and while they were amusing themselves. They were passengers on a limited train of betterment.

THE GREAT MISTAKE

"Such was their confidence in the ameliorative process that they believed it went on and would go on, automatically, that it required no summers of hell, no winters of unendurable anguish, no decades of hatred and remorse. It was here that their faith showed its weakness.

"It did not make a sufficient demand for heroism. It was a philosophy of padded furniture, of carpets, of shutters pulled to lest the carpets fade, of windows closed lest the inmates catch cold, of umbrellas, overshoes, corsets, and a regulated diet.

"In contemplative moments it could not have given satisfaction. The Victorian must have lain awake in the darkness of night and shivered at what might lie outside the locked gates and inside the secret closets; or been dazzled by irrepressible gleams of light through the most carefully plastered crevices; must have heard the pound of horses' feet in the streets at midnight and the knock of heavy hands upon his doors; must have smelled the sea salt, though never so far inland; must have felt himself lonely and old when spring winds went by him and he did not follow; must have guessed at times that the great streams of life were foaming all about him and that he was not in them or of them; and must have waked in the morning to be cross over his breakfast.

HIDEOUS SAFETY

"For him there was no escape from the hideous safety in which his life was muffled. He could not live dangerously or die heroically, for there seemed no practical purpose to be served by doing so, and he was above all else a practical man. He could not go out as knight errant or suffer himself to be burned at the stake in defence of a reasoned conviction that the world was, on the whole, growing better. It would have been silly, and, above all things, he dreaded being silly.

"The rising tides of the new age have swept away nearly all of the Victorians. Those who survive are foreigners in their native lands, their ears constantly assailed by an alien speech, their own words ignored or misunderstood, they are the most pathetic of men. When they try to bring the younger generation to a sense of its errors, they find that there is no common currency of ideas between them, no agreement about fundamentals. The stern young men of the new age have as little use for Victorian platitudes as for Don Quixote's books of chivalry.

CURTAINS AND CONVENTIONS

"Victorianism was essentially a thing of curtains and conventions, but, for them, all curtains are torn down and all conventions are called upon to stand and deliver. In place of religion smothered under a padded philosophy of clothes they demand one that is naked and unashamed. They have life and they have it abundantly, in all its beauty and horror. A schoolmaster that their fathers never knew has taught them his lessons well, and they have learned them in a mental and bodily agony of which it was once not thought decent to speak aloud.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PROGRESS

"Ten million men have perished to prove that progress is not automatic, not comfortable, and not in any way a law of nature; even more, that there are dark forces that tear at the fabric of civilization as fast as it is woven.

"The chaotic stuff of the old nations, governments and societies, torn into threads, must pass again through the brains and fingers of mankind, and these straining shuttles must give it form again. No longer pensioners of providence, made to be coddled, petted and amused, but responsible beings, charged with the same creative energy which set the planets whirling, the young men of 1917 are condemned to earn their peace of mind by unceasing struggle. Theirs are to be great sorrows and great adventures, theirs stony beds and sight of the morning sun, theirs deliverance from safety and monotony. This they are to receive—and pay for.

"No wonder the Victorian cannot understand them, nor they him. He seems far away and dim, a figure in the fog with an umbrella. They would be more at home with the men of Shakespeare's England or the French of Peter the Hermit, though their crusading paths are whiter with young men's bones than ever Peter's were, and their books are written in blood."—Public Opinion.

WINE FOR SACRAMENTAL PURPOSES

Some confusion has arisen regarding the shipment of wine for sacramental purposes into bone-dry States. It was reported that the new law forbids clergymen living in bone-dry States from ordering wine through the mails and that it would be unlawful to send invoices for wine purchased through the mails.

The Catholic Federation took up this matter with the proper authorities and received information from Hon. W. Lamar, Solicitor, that the new law has no application to orders for such liquors, nor does it apply to bills or invoices, as long as such bills or invoices contain nothing which could be construed as an advertisement or solicitation for further orders.

THE IRISH NUNS OF YPRES

London, Aug. 19.—A touching ceremony has just taken place in the new home of the Irish nuns of Ypres, Merton, near Enniscorthy, Ireland, where a fine convent has been erected to receive back the Sisters who found hospitality in Belgium in the dark penal days. Sir Thomas Edmond, M. P., came to restore to the nuns two precious relics saved from burning Ypres during the bombardment. The first is a magnificent silver monstrance which has been in the convent for a long period and is of fine workmanship: the second comes at an opportune time, for it is the silver crozier of the Abbess of Ypres. Both were handed to the Abbess-elect of the Irish community of Benedictines, Mother Mary Maura, O. S. B., who succeeds the aged Abbess, who did not long survive the horrors and anxieties of the flight to Ireland.

ULSTER UNIONIST

DECLARES FOR BIG HOME RULE MEASURE

The Derry Journal

Something akin to a sensation has been caused in reactionary Ulster Tory circles by the publication of a remarkable letter written by Mr. Thomas Sinclair who, during all his public life up to the present week has played a leading part in the promotion of Unionism in Ulster. The text of Mr. Sinclair's letter is as follows:

The Convention has met, and every Irishman who puts Ireland first will pray that the issue may be fruitful and fortunate. I have heard it suggested in several quarters that the official Ulster Unionist delegates are entering the Convention pledged not to discover the best solution for evils that effect Ulster as gravely as any part of Ireland, but at all hazards to maintain the status quo ante, even if the cost of maintaining it is that the end of the War will bring to Ireland not peace but a mere devastating sword. If there is any truth in this suggestion—and I cannot believe there is—such a policy if adopted, will run counter to the views of thousands of Ulstermen—men hitherto staunch supporters of the Unionist Party. I write on my own authority: but I speak for a class which, though it may not be politically organized, feels that its voice should not be ignored at this, the critical turning point in Irish history. My antecedents have been Unionist. Even in Unionist and Protestant Antrim my native town—Lisburn, is a famous stronghold of Unionism and Protestantism, and that I have been a member of its Urban Council since I was nineteen years of age and have served as its chairman go to show that I have some claim to speak as an Ulster Unionist. Further, my business brings me in touch with men all over the province, and everywhere I find a growing desire to end the wretched quarrels of the past and face the fact that a new situation has arisen which calls for a new policy. An era of social revolution has come, and even insular Britain pulsates to-day with awakened consciousness, and the strictest of press censorships cannot prevent the evidences of that fermentation. Ulster cannot afford to ignore this leavening of our social institutions; therefore I say the great need of the hour is breadth of vision and the will to make all things subservient to the nation's progress. The great clarifying influence of a world's war has done more to bring about social revolution in Ireland than the combined and multiplied effects of Sir Edward Carson's crusade and the passing of the Home Rule Act could have attained. An uplifting force such as the War has already proved compels each thinking man, and more especially every thinking Unionist, not so much to readjust as to remodel his opinions. Impassionately let us consider the reasoning. The Land Act gave the Irish farmer fixity of tenure in the land, but not the means of making a profitable living from it. What years of legislative construction failed to do, the submarine menace accomplished: and here we have the Corn Production Bill—the passage of it now assured—a measure which puts Irish agriculture upon a permanently paying basis. I am aware that farmers instead of working largely on overdrafts, are beginning to accumulate bank balances—and here appears to me the index finger of the future's handwriting; this money, instead of being drained out of the country, as in the days when the absentee landlords "owned" the soil, will be used to increase production and develop industry at home. Whatever England's policy may have been in other generations, her interest now lies in the creation of a contented and prosperous Ireland; otherwise she has no guarantee of adequate food supplies in time of war. Again, if Ireland's poverty was not her only disease in the past, it lay at the root of most of the evils which she suffered: and with the elimination of that retarding factor her difficulties are largely removed. In Ulster Home Rule has always been represented as a struggle between the "haves" and the "have-nots:" then if the Nationalists also become "haves," a new situation arises. I shall be told, of course, that if economic arguments no longer apply, religious arguments still hold good—a cry that lost most of its force when the Orangemen and Protestants of the Ulster Volunteers sprang to arms that Catholic Belgium might be rescued from Protestant Germany. If Roman Catholicism is the bane that some people pronounce it, then the occupation of Belgium by Germany becomes a triumph of the righteous cause of Freedom and Progress instead of the crime it has been so loudly proclaimed. Personally I am convinced that the unifying influence of Democracy is greater than the divergencies of creed, and Irishmen, whatever else they lack, have democracy in the blood. I have a pretty wide experience of the working of local government, and I have never met a Unionist, even in counties where Nationalists are in the majority, who would abandon the system of popular representation for that of the old Grand Juries, though the latter were Protestants and Unionists to a man. Yet I remember when the Local Government Act of 1898 was passed we regarded it as a leap in the dark, and we were told by many of those who politically lead us that this measure was worse than Home Rule could possibly be. It is now clear to every thinking man that Irish Autonomy in some form must be conceded. Four or six counties might cut themselves out; and so far most of the arguments on the subject I have heard have turned on the question of whether this is possible rather than whether it would be profitable. To my mind it is time that the question of profit should be considered if Ulster is not to be guilty of the stupidity of "cutting off its nose to spite its face." It seems to me that the supporters of an Ulster "enclave" rest their case on the assumption that Irishmen will behave differently from the people of any other race to whom the right of freely managing their own affairs has been granted. The same assumption governed the opposition to every reform in the affairs of this country; even though Irish history from Roman Catholic Emancipation to Local Government is one long refutation of its assertion, yet to-day it is advanced as boldly as ever. On sentimental grounds, the latest school of separatists admit themselves they have no case. Nobody wants a partition of Ireland: then why a partition of the Ulster fragment? Amending the "Covenant" by eliminating Donegal, Monaghan, and Cavan cuts the life artery of the pledge as a pledge. By joining with the other provinces to make a united Ireland Ulster can be a shining link in the shield of Empire; but otherwise Ireland still remains the gaping breach in its defences. How can we look for special consideration at Westminster if Ulster breaks from Ireland against the wishes of the English people, because in the coming years Ulster will have to take what Great Britain thinks fit to allow her, and an overworked House of Commons in the period following war may lack both the time and inclination to adapt its legislative schemes to the special conditions prevailing in the fragment of a province? De minimis non curat lex may be a phrase that will cost Ulster more than the "Government of Ireland by Irish Ideas." And now I know I speak for many Unionists—if there is to be a Settlement the broader its basis the better. Half-hearted measures create unnecessary friction; let Ireland have the freedom we had the courage to give South Africa, and unless I mistake my countrymen they will use and appreciate it just as wisely. Nationwide freedom within the Empire is the right argument with which to meet the Sinn Fein cry for independence outside the Empire. Sinn Feiners whose thoughts go deeper than "cries and counter cries" clearly realise that Ulster will never accept a Republic on practical no less than sentimental grounds. I believe that, with the exception of a handful of irresponsible and impractical idealists in their ranks, all will gladly agree to a compromise in the shape of Colonial Home Rule. What I have written may cause my excommunication with bell, book and candle from the fold of orthodox Ulster Unionists. I believe, however, that many others will share my exile; and we shall have the consolation of thinking that we are still Unionists, anxious to preserve the considered essential unity of Ireland and so fostering the new and real sense of unity between this Island and the British Empire which the world's clash of arms has awakened.

THOMAS SINCLAIR

Rosslyn, Lisburn, Aug. 6, 1917.

PROMINENT JAPANESE BECOMES A CATHOLIC

Bishop Combaz, of Nagasaki, Japan, feels justly proud of a new conversion in his diocese. "The great event of the year for this congregation," he says, "was the baptism of Mr. Ono, professor of higher mathematics in the upper lyceum of the city and the former collaborator of Father Raguet in editing the French-Japanese Dictionary. His family has long been Catholic, but he, although persuaded of the truth of our holy religion, was putting off until later the reception of baptism, confining himself to a regular attendance at Mass. On feast days, at the request of Father Cavaignac, he used to entertain the Christians by his agreeable talks, full of ingeniously deduced instruction. Moreover, he loved to explain to them the gospel which was his favorite book. Thus he presented the anomaly of a pagan who instructed Christians in the way of salvation and who did not follow it himself, like a signpost, perpetually fixed by the wayside. Finally grace overcame his resistance, and Father Raguet baptized him under the name of Paul. He will be a pillar to the little congregation at Kagoshima."

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rev. Quitman F. Beckley, O. P., has been appointed by Secretary Daniels a chaplain in the U. S. navy. He is the only member of a religious order in that branch of the service.

One of the finest and most up-to-date hospitals in the State of New York will be opened at Utica, in September, by the Franciscan Sisters. The building, which cost nearly $300,000, has been offered as a war hospital to the Government.

There is one college in Belgium which has so far escaped all the furies of the War and has continued its ordinary existence. It is, curiously enough, the College of Notre Dame de la Paix, the new title wherewith Our Lady of Peace is invoked now in the Litany.

An advisory board of religious, fraternal and patriotic leaders has been named to co-operate with the newly formed United States food conservation bureau. The Rev. George A. Dougherty, vice rector of the Catholic University, is one of the four religious helpers; another one of them is a Jewish rabbi, and two are Protestants.

A new school for the deaf, costing nearly $300,000, is being erected on St. Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal, by the Fathers of St. Viateur. For nearly seventy years the clerics of St. Viateur have been engaged in the teaching of the deaf and dumb and have been remarkably successful in that work.

Statistics show that an average of a little over seven priests die every week in the United States. A fraction of over one priest is added every day to the ranks of the priesthood in the United States. In 1916, 411 priests were added. In the United States last year the Church added one new church daily to her churches.

Amid manuscripts done by craftsmen of the middle ages in a gallery in Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, is a Cistercian manuscript done in the early half of the twelfth century, which bears witness to the discovery of the principle of printing 300 years before the date generally recognized for that discovery. The manuscript in question deals with the teachings of St. Augustine.

China's native clergy, so zealous and so efficient, have long been engaged in evangelical work. Father Maurice Fou, a secular priest in Che Kiang, now sixty-eight years of age, has been forty-one years in the priesthood. He it was who prepared for their first communion the Lazarists, Father Leo and Father Luke Ting, since become such ardent workers. It is said of him that he evangelized the whole province of Che Kiang.

The Board of Education of the District of Columbia has formally accepted the plan offered by the illustrated Bible selection committee, through its chairman, Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, to place charts of the Ten Commandments for use in the Public schools, the same to be those accepted by representatives of twenty-six denominations, including Gentiles and Jews. This seems to be a great argument in favor of Catholic education, where the molding and training of the mind and heart go hand in hand.

A new and novel way to spread a knowledge of the Catholic Faith had its inception in Boston a few days ago when Cardinal O'Connell blessed an auto-van for the Catholic Truth Guild. The Guild proposes to send competent lay speakers through the State who will treat of religious subjects so far as the Catholic faith is concerned, social and economic conditions and the view which the Catholic Church has of them. The work of the Guild will not offend any other religion, society or organization. The Cardinal pointed out that the undertaking must not be spectacular, for behind such there was naught but must be founded on truth such as had stood the Church and its apostolic efforts through the centuries.

One important result of the meeting of the Catholic Educational Association is the launching of a movement for the standardization of Catholic colleges. A committee of five, to be named by Rt. Rev. Bishop Shahan, of the Catholic University, will have charge of the work. The minimum requirement for entrance will be fifteen units of high school work, the standard of the leading secular universities. Each college will have to maintain a prescribed course. Cardinal Gibbons was elected honorary president and Bishop Shahan president general of the association. One of the resolutions asked for a vigorous policy in support of the parish schools, "because of the necessity for religious education in this crisis."

An impressive ceremony of profession took place on the 6th inst., at the Christian Brothers' Novitiate, Aurora, Ont., when Rev. Brother Austin, B. A., made his final vows and thus consecrated himself for life to the cause of Catholic education as a Christian Brother. Brother Austin, who obtained his B. A. degree from the University of Toronto in 1916, is teacher of science and mathematics at the De La Salle College, Aurora, and is preparing for the degree of Doctor of Pedagogy.