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Associate Editor, Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan.
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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1919

THE MASS, THE SUPREME ACT OF WORSHIP

Christianity without a sacrifice would be an anomaly in the history of religion; for never before the advent of Protestantism was there a religion without a sacrifice. Luther, who first repudiated the Mass, realized that in so doing he was placing himself in opposition to the obvious testimony of Scripture and the Fathers of the early Church. Confronted by this fact, he assured his followers that he cared not what the Fathers said but what they ought to have said, in order to coincide with his peculiar views.

The august Sacrifice of the Mass is the very soul of the Church instituted by Christ, for it comprises in itself all that is sublime and sacred in our Holy Religion. All the sacrifices of the Old Testament were only shadows of that of the New, which really offers to God what the Jewish sacrifices only promised.

The offering should bear some proportion to the person to whom it is made; but since the ancient sacrifices were only weak and needy elements, they could in no way satisfy for man's debts to God, and hence another sacrifice was required. The old victims were insufficient, the Levitical priesthood was impotent in the sight of God, and therefore it was necessary, as the Council of Trent expresses it, that "by the ordination of God, the Father of Mercies, another priest, according to the order of Melchisedech, our Lord Jesus Christ, should arise, who would consummate and bring to perfection all who were to be sacrificed."

Although our Lord fully consummated the sacrifice by offering Himself to God the Father and by dying on the altar of the Cross for our redemption, yet His priesthood was not to expire with His death, but was to continue visible in His Church to the end of ages, as He Himself promised at His Last Supper, when, instituting the Eucharistic Sacrifice, He gave the same divine authority to the Apostles and to their successors.

There are four kinds of worship given to God in the Sacrifice of the Mass. The first is called Latent, or the homage or worship which is due to God and can be given to His Infinite Majesty alone, and which is rendered by the Sacred Victim along with the adoration of the faithful, of the Saints, and of the angelic hosts, who, according to the opinion of the Fathers, reverently surround the altar.

The second form of worship is termed Eucharistic, or that by which man raises his voice in perfect thanksgiving to his most generous benefactor. In it the excess of the Divine Goodness invests us with the power of offering abundant satisfaction to Him; and the greatest advantage we derive from this benefit is, that we can thereby make an adequate return for what we have received from God. God delivers us from the abyss; we present to Him the Deliverer. He opens heaven to us; we offer to Him the Heir.

So much does the supreme goodness shine forth in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that not only is our act of thanksgiving in keeping with the great benefits conferred upon us, but forms a return in some way suitable for the great love manifested in His conferring them upon us. Not merely once, as St. Gregory Nazianzen remarks, as when our Blessed Lord offered Himself in the Incarnation to His Eternal Father, but a

thousand times do we offer that Divine Son in the Mass, impassible and glorious as a worthy victim of thanksgiving.

The third act of worship is Propitiatory—to appease the anger of God, to satisfy the demands of His justice, and to obtain the pardon of our sins. Man should appease the Lord to whom he has been ungrateful, and avert His anger lest he might be cast off for ever.

All other creatures cried for vengeance against sinful man. Jesus Christ appeared and immolated Himself on the Cross. Peace came upon the world, man's sins notwithstanding, and the unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass pours out on him the grace of repentance and reconciles him with Divine justice.

The Sacrifice of Calvary supplied the treasures, that of the Mass distributes them. If the Passion of Jesus Christ fits us for the benefits of Redemption, the Sacrifice of the Mass enables us to enjoy them.

Prayer constitutes the fourth act of worship called Impetratory, for the due rendering of which to God the Mass furnishes us with the best of all means of moving the Divine liberality in our favor. We are unworthy not only to be heard, but even to ask.

In the Mass, the Word of God prays to the Father continually for us, in the same manner as He did, bathed with sweat and blood on the Cross, and through Him we are heard. The Son of God, the invisible High Priest, the holy Pontiff, just, innocent, separated from sinners, higher than the heavens, and able to compassionate us in our infirmities, intercedes for us with unutterable groanings, and becomes our propitiator, our victim; and the Eternal Father, who promised to hear every one invoking Him in the name of His Son, cannot refuse the Son Himself praying and offering Himself for us.

Such is the excellence of the sacrifice of our altars. Little wonder, then, that the Church regards the Mass as her greatest treasure, as the most precious legacy which our Saviour has left to his chosen flock. It has proven the inspiration of all that is greatest and best in music, art and architecture, for it is the one great act by which men may fittingly honor the majesty of God, thank Him for His benefits, appease His justice and implore His mercy.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S VISIT

An official announcement has been made that Cardinal Mercier will visit Toronto on Tuesday, October 14th, arriving at Union Station at 8:30 a. m. and remaining till the following morning.

A great pleasure it will be for Canadians to extend a hearty welcome to the great Cardinal, who throughout the War stood as a symbol of the steady courage and long endurance of his Belgian people, and of their faith in the triumph of good over evil.

A man of the people, long given to the study of theology and scholastic philosophy, he became an Archbishop and Cardinal, who has indeed proved a pastor of his flock, and in their agony of desolation, the inflexible protector of civilization against the barbarism of Prussian Kultur.

Studying him, one begins to understand Leo the Great and Gregory the Great. The Lombards, however, were gentle compared with the Germans, and Genseric and Attila lambs in comparison with Von Bismarck and the other German masters of Belgium.

The motto of Cardinal Mercier's coat of arms is "Apostolos Jesu Christi," an Apostle of Jesus Christ. There is an apostolic energy, love of truth, large religious spirit, candor and courage in all those pastoral and addresses which have made his name famous throughout the world.

The massacres of August and September, 1914, the destruction of monuments of art and religion, the bombardment of "our dear City of Malines," its episcopal palace and metropolitan church brought from him that immortal Christmas pastoral which told the Belgians that their duty was "patriotism and endurance."

"I hold it as part of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore, in soul or conscience, you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience."

The Germans burned what copies of it they could lay their hands on.

With more than savage insolence they tried to force him into an apology. Then, and afterward, they could not bend his lofty resolution. He would not sell his own or his country's honor. They itched to arrest him, but did not dare.

Cardinal Mercier's messages of consolation to his people, together with his long series of brave and dignified acts have made him justly famous in the eyes of men. Now that his unflinching faith has seen the triumph of right and the salvation of his country, and he finds it possible to visit our country, he may be assured that he finds here a whole nation of friends.

THE BRITISH MISSION AT THE VATICAN

The continuance of the British Mission to the Vatican has from time to time evoked protests from ultra-Protestants of the Exeter Hall type. Threats of fresh outbursts along this line have caused even the secular Press to point out the advantage of maintaining an envoy at the Vatican.

Sane-minded people have not forgotten that during the War the British Mission at Rome was for the utmost utility to Britain. For instance, the work accomplished by the Holy Father, on behalf of prisoners of war, by tracing them, obtaining their repatriation, etc., was highly appreciated by England.

In 1917 the British Government made use of the Vatican, in its peace overtures of that time, asking the Holy Father to ascertain the main outlines of Germany's peace terms, and particularly what the latter was prepared to do in respect to Belgium. The German Government delayed four weeks to give an answer, and by that time the tide of war had turned. Nevertheless the utility of the Vatican as a diplomatic clearing house for Europe was established.

The Birmingham Daily Post points out that "the necessity for such a representation has been felt for a long period by the Foreign Office, but in deference to Protestant susceptibilities it has always been accompanied by some sort of evasion. During the War it was found desirable for British interests to be placed in their right light before Benedict XV. and his advisers, and in various and informal ways this was done. Yet it seems a pity that a straightforward course has at no time been adopted, and the nation plainly told that ministers consider such a representation to be necessary and give their reasons for it. If this were done the matter would be put on a clear basis."

In reply to the hostility towards the continuance of the Vatican Mission manifested by the "British Weekly," "Diarrist" of the "Evening Standard" writes: "I have a great respect for Sir William Robertson Nicoll, and I hope he is not going to lend himself to a recrudescence of the foolish clamor against the presence of a British representative at the Papal Court. Both Sir Henry Howard and the present Minister, Count de Salis, have done very good work there, and the notion that their presence is resented by France is completely mistaken. On more than one occasion, notably at the time of the German peace overture to the Pope, the fact that the Allies were represented there by the British Minister was of distinct value. Apparently, however, there is still in existence the type of Protestant who sees Roman Catholic plots everywhere. Otherwise we should not hear this nonsense about Catholics trying to capture the League of Nations."

The fear has been expressed that the British Mission to the Vatican might be used by England as an anti-Irish agency. Irish Catholics, however, have no such fears, for they well know how futile such efforts would be. Gladstone attempted such a course when he sent Sir George Errington on a secret mission to Rome "to keep the Vatican in good humor." His efforts in that direction, which were intended to injure the Parnell movement, were effectually blocked by some clerics then resident at the Irish College in Rome; and he did not find it so easy as he imagined to "fool the Pope."

Should any effort be made to use the British Mission at the Vatican for anti-Irish purposes, there are sufficient agencies available to baffle any such effort. They would be brought into play the moment action on their part was seen to be necessary.

THE SINN FEIN MOVEMENT

The Sinn Fein movement is one of those strange enterprises that adds a new chapter to the psychology of nations. It expresses the mind and aspirations of a race that never admits defeat, that refuses to be whipped; that despite seeming defeat keeps sounding the advance; that continues the struggle under the most adverse circumstances; that fights on in the face of poison-gas, tanks, machine guns, airships and barks of artillery. Confronted by all the barbarous accoutrements of modern warfare, Ireland stands desperately defiant. For her, to lose her life is to gain it. Though somewhat colored by poetry and romance, Sinn Feinism cannot in any way be associated with passion and emotion, that change with the temperature and atmosphere of the passing day. It is rather an ultimate national endeavor born of conviction and motive. It contains more of the intellect than of the heart. It comes as the finished product from the logic mills of Ireland's University schools. It counts the youth, the brains and the budding geniuses of the present generation. It is as unconquerable as the soul.

Sinn Feiners regard England as an unlawful invader who as the stronger island has kept the weaker under handcuffs for a period of seven hundred years. During all this time Ireland has undergone the conditions of the vanquished; she has been forced as the loser to accept the terms of the winner. Throughout this long night of bondage the position of England towards Ireland has been the overbearing attitude of the strong towards the weak. Military garrisons and police barracks have kept up from generation to generation the English feeling of contempt and the Irish feeling of revenge. Sinn Feiners assert that though the colonies may regard England as the cradle of their liberty and the common school of their civilization the same is not true of Ireland. Ireland is different in race, religion, civilization and language. The Irish race is amongst the oldest of the white peoples of Western Europe who were civilized before the Christian era, and among the earliest of those who embraced Christianity.

Sinn Feiners deny point-blank England's claim to sovereignty. They hold that England neither rules by the divine right of superior genius nor by the universally admitted divine right of the peoples' consent. They refuse to acknowledge any inherent excellence in the Englishman above the Irishman. They maintain that if the standard of perfection be according to nature and grace the Irishman may modestly lay claim to a substantial equality with the Englishman. This being so why they ask does the Englishman arrogate to himself the right of rulership? Should not the vassalage of the Irishman be brought to an end and his equality be recognized?

But this opens up the more profound discussion of the seat of authority. The Sinn Feiners have made the right to rule one of the topics of the day. If sovereignty resides in the people England's occupation of Ireland is that of an unjust aggressor. Ireland's voice of protest against the invader has resounded throughout the civilized world. The Church has always held that the right of government—"jus imperandi"—is from God who is its natural and necessary principle. Writing to the Romans St. Paul laid down that all power comes from God. It is, however, an open question whether it is immediately conferred by God, or not. Society, being a necessity of human nature, is of divine origin. By composition and conformation it should have a properly constituted head or ruler. But in whom does God vest the power to rule? Is it in the body politic by whom it passes to the ruler? Or in the ruler who is nominated and determined by the popular suffrage? It is now generally accepted that the supreme civil authority is immediately conferred by God upon the whole people as a political body. The people as an organized political body by a common consent transfer this authority to their chief, or head, be he king or president.

Wherefore the consent of the governed is essential for legitimate government. President Wilson in his address to Congress, Feb. 11, 1918, emphasized this doctrine in a well-chosen formula: "Peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their consent. Peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were chattels and pawns in a

game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power." Sinn Fein explodes England's theory of lawful occupation. That it never ruled by the consent of the governed is proven by its seven hundred years of military occupation. Disowning all moral obligation towards the usurper, Sinn Fein may prove the Nemesis of England.

M. C.

WITHIN THE CLOISTER

BY THE GLEANER

On the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary there was celebrated in Toronto the Golden Jubilee of the establishment in that city of the community of the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood. The event called forth no headlines in the daily press, for the world is not concerned with the supernatural, and the work of these Sisters is eminently supernatural. The world is interested in new theories of reform, and these cloistered Nuns hold to the centuries-old maxim of self sacrifice and propitiation, "to adore, to repair, to suffer." The import of the event seemed even to have been lost upon the Catholic community as a whole, an evidence of how all of us are inoculated with the spirit of the world. In this age of hustle and bustle we have become so enamored of the busy Martha that we have forgotten that Mary hath chosen the best part.

In the absence of the Archbishop, Mgr. Kidd, Superior of St. Augustine's Seminary, officiated at the solemn High Mass of thanksgiving, and Mgr. Whalen, V. G., at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon. The sermon for the occasion was preached by a life-long friend of the community, Rev. Father McBrady, C. S. B., to whose well known eloquence a special impulse was lent by the kindly and grateful sentiments that the Basilian Fathers have always entertained for the Nuns of the monastery.

But it is not of the Mass or of the beautifully decorated chapel or of the sermon that I wish to write. Nor will I dwell upon the wonderful growth of this Canadian born community, upon how the little mustard plant, that sprang up in the fertile soil of Catholic Quebec sixty years ago, has spread out until its branches reach as far west as Portland, Oregon, and as far south as Cuba. I might mention, however, two circumstances of interest. Within the remarkably short period of thirty-five years from the date of the founding of the community the rules of this new world institute had received the approbation of Pope Leo XIII. The Toronto monastery was established by Mother St. Joseph, a cousin of Mother Catherine, who, under the direction of Bishop LaRocque and Father Raymond, had opened the first house of the community in the then little town of St. Hyacinthe. By a strange coincidence the first superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who came to Toronto seventeen years prior to the advent of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, was Mother Delphine, niece of Mother St. John de Fontbonne, the refounder of the community in Lyons after the French Revolution. Both of these saintly religious, so intimately associated with the first days of their respective congregations, rest together in God's acre.

The writer was among those who were privileged to enter the cloister on the joyful occasion of the golden jubilee. And now let me tell you, kind reader, what I saw, for I know that you are curious to learn what the inside of a cloister is like. I saw little that is not common to other convent homes. There was immaculate cleanliness and perfect order from attic cell to kitchen pantry; there was the best of cooking as all who enjoyed the dinner will attest; there was excellent taste displayed not only in the permanent decoration of the rooms but in the special ornaments arranged for the occasion. The convent garden, with its abundance of vegetables and luscious fruits and its neat walks leading each to some rustic shrine, was not unsuggestive of what Eden must have been before innocence fled from the land and God's curse fell upon the earth. The only thing I saw that had a sepulchral suggestion about it was a bed that fitted under a long, narrow sewing table and that slid in and out on rollers like—well you know what. A military chaplain declared that he had seen nothing at the front so complete and so economical of space as this invention of a simple Nun who, in order to relieve the over-taxed accommodation of the house, thus turned her work room

into an improvised cell. But if there was something funereal about the contrivance itself, there was nothing of the moribund about the occupant who when asked how she managed to turn over on this narrow couch, replied "With care."

Now about the Sisters themselves. People of the world, including many Catholics, picture to themselves nuns who sleep on a bare board and who rise at midnight to recite the office as being long-faced, morbid and sanctimonious persons. They no doubt imagine that a flow of wit and merriment would shock them very much and that they would assume an erect posture with downcast eyes like, to use a borrowed expression, a crane looking into an Irish bog. The truth is quite the contrary as anyone who was present at the impromptu concert, held on the balcony of the infirmary for the benefit of the sick Religious, would have realized. It was one of the older Sisters who presided at the little portable organ and all the selections were not in St. Basil's Hymnal. Moreover, it was a septuagenarian invalid who showed the most hearty appreciation of the various numbers. I even noticed among the younger ones a little restrained motion of feet that once had danced merrily to the rhythmic numbers at parish picnics.

What one finds most refreshing in a visit to the monastery is the child-like simplicity and utter unworldliness of the Sisters and their spirit of lively faith and confidence in God. Novices, Tourieres, lay Sisters and professed Nuns are like one large happy family who can afford to make merry for their Bridegroom is ever near, and who, like little children who hold their father's hand, are not afraid or solicitous. Accidents of gentle birth or superior education give no precedence. There is no emulation but the emulation of virtue, no rivalry save in doing good, in fruitifying more and more the talents that each has received.

They not only hold to the deposit of faith but to what may be called the margin of faith, the pious traditions sanctioned by the Church, the revelations of God's saints and the miracles of our own day. The life of a Sister Adorer of the Precious Blood would be unbearable and her cell a prison if she had not a lively faith and a special vocation. In place of the things of the world which she has left behind she must have a firm realization of the things unseen, for the temporal joys which she has abandoned she must have an abiding confidence that God will give her the things to be hoped for. Apart from special festive occasions, she indulges in few worldly pleasures. She must of necessity seek her joys in her daily tasks, in her cell and before the Tabernacle. The supernatural atmosphere that surrounds the community shows itself in their relation to the clergy. A priest is always honored with double honor because he is a priest. An extra Mass is treasured not because of him who says it but because it is the Mass. Thus are these good Nuns heaping up treasures in heaven not for themselves alone but for you, dear reader, and me. Thus are they fruitifying by their prayers the seed of God's word and withholding by the daily atoning sacrifice of their lives the hand of His avenging justice.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IT WILL interest admirers of Charles Dickens to learn that he was the author of a "Life of Christ." It was never published, however, and still remains in manuscript, having been written solely for the instruction and edification of his own children. The world is not accustomed to look upon Dickens as an especially religious man, but that he had deep religious feelings his biographers testify. Love for humanity and compassion for the weak and sorrowful come next to love of God, and that Dickens possessed these beyond the ordinary is apparent from every page of his writings. His shortcomings in the matter of belief were largely those of his environment: his capacity for sympathy was as wide as humanity.

ONE OF the foreign missionary societies of the Anglican Church in England was recently strongly urged not to send out to India any men devoid of a sense of humor. A saving sense of humor is necessary, urged the monitor, to a proper appreciation of native life, in that far-off possession, and he who lacks it is at a marked disadvantage. A sense of humor, however, has never been an

outstanding quality of the Anglican clergy. Were it so, the singing of the popular hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers" would never fail to elicit a smile. The author must either have had a magnified sense of humor, or none at all, when he wrote

"We are all united,
All one body we;
One in faith and doctrine
One in charity."

THE IMAGINATIVE character of the average news-agency despatch, may be seen in the lurid accounts of famine in India which appeared in the press of Canada and the United States a few months ago. In the Toronto Globe, for example, it was stated that in the central and northern provinces of India the death toll made the casualty list of the great War look insignificant. "The estimated number of dead from plague and famine in the past year," continued the despatch, "is over 32,000,000. The poor have eaten all their food, and the physical condition of thousands upon thousands is such that they are too weak even to carry their water jars. . . . It confines for the 32,000,000 British subjects who have died were placed head to feet they would reach a distance equal to one and one-third times around the equator."

ANOTHER PAPER duplicated this despatch with the addition that: "The conditions are indescribable and ghastly. The cities are peopled by emaciated humanity. Traffic has ceased, mails are undelivered, and business is at a standstill. One hundred and fifty million loyal British subjects go hungry morning, noon and night, while vast multitudes endeavor to maintain life by eating roots, leaves and kernels of old nuts." Still another journal placed the death total for a few months at six million, and asked: "Is starvation to be Britain's answer to the \$100,000,000 contributed by India to the war chest?"

ALL THIS was very depressing and very horrifying. Late Indian exchanges, however, unveil the high coloring of the despatch in question, and indulge in some moralizing by the way. The Catholic Herald of India, for instance, an exceedingly moderate and well informed journal, published in Calcutta, quotes from several American papers, and adds: "The Indian Government would be well advised to keep an eye on the American press, or there will be trouble." The whole despatch it characterizes as "very damaging, and the misrepresentation is glaring." Further remarks as to the "gullibility of the American public" are beside the mark. The incident, however, furnishes additional proof, if any were needed, as to the part the imagination plays in the average press despatch.

IT FORMS a melancholy reflection upon the perverted sense of reverence so rife in this generation that the custodians of ruined towns and buildings in Belgium and Northern France have found it necessary to erect barricades about them and to place armed guards in charge as a precaution against vandalism. The French military authorities have divided the area into districts, placing an officer in charge of each, whose sole duty is to safeguard historic spots, and preserve intact as they now stand the impressive ruins which war has left in its train. In front of the Cathedral and Cloth Hall at Ypres a large sign has been erected which reads: "This is Holy Ground. No stone of these fabrics may be disturbed. They are a heritage for all civilized people." But there are those, even, who would steal the sign itself if they could.

DURING THE War much was heard of the "Hymn of Hate," which was said to have been sung in German households. Some of the censure visited upon this incident might, as an English contemporary remarks, be directed with at least as much justice against the hymn of hate constantly voiced against Catholics in all parts of the English-speaking world. We are reminded of this by the account which appeared in The Universe of a meeting of the notorious Protestant Alliance held in Hyde Park, London. The speakers were unusually violent, even for that unsavory organization, and evidently exhausted the patience of their audience for the meeting broke up in disorder. A number of Canadian soldiers had a hand in the affray. One of them, a sergeant, was heard to remark, that the most hated thing