

# The Catholic Record.

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

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ST. FRANCIS AND NON CATHOLICS.

It is amusing and withal consoling to observe the trend of thought outside the Catholic Church. But a decade ago everything appertaining to the Catholic Church was banned, and today its doctrines receive respectful consideration, and the history of its saints is written by those who yield it no allegiance. St. Francis of Assisi has awakened much interest in different circles, and not a few lecturers have limned with reverent and enthusiastic hand the picture of the gentle saint who loved everything and chanted his love in hymns devoid indeed of technique, but clothed in beauty that no technique could impart, who walked hand in hand with his sister Poverty, and was content, and unskilled in the accomplishments of the age, exercised a powerful influence in his generation, and did more than any of his contemporaries in recalling the ideas that make life real and strong.

It may be a sad, but an interesting and profitable one.

### HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

Why is all the honor given to those who go out to battle? Is it that no courage is needed or shown by those who give sons and brothers, and then sit at home inactive, powerless to do ought but wait in dread. Is it not harder to battle in life than to die in battle? Greater courage is surely needed to calmly wait than to rush into the thick of the fight and greater credit due the brave waiters. We hear lots of rant about the evil done under cover of night; but little thought is taken of the good done under the same friendly shelter.

How many are using the night to fight out the silent battles that fit them for another day's rubbing at the grinding factory of life. Appearances must be kept up, feelings hidden, work done while day is with us; but when friendly night shadows us we can loosen our harness and rest. Then once more we brace up ready to bear the chafing and rubbing of the straps that fasten us to our life's work.

### PATCHES.

It seems to be the special province of women, says a writer, to put on patches, and that a great part of the time of a busy housewife is spent in the occupation. Among the little ones, knees and elbows seem to be always coming through, and in a large family the mending basket is seldom empty. Quite a degree of skill is necessary for this delicate work—more so than at first sight seems at all requisite. First, we think the material must be matched as to shade and texture, although such a thing as a brilliant red or blue patch in a sombre brown or grey garment is not impossible. Then the frayed edges must be neatly pared, the new piece carefully fitted in its place, and the stitches made as fine and as even as possible, without drawing the thread in tightly so as to pucker and make the whole thing set awry.

Finally a well tempered smoothing-iron must be applied to press it all down firmly and hide the fact that it is a patch at all. But we must not think that these material patches are the only ones a woman should be ready to put on. You will agree with us that some women allow these to take their attention from patches which require more delicate and dainty skill than these we have mentioned. There is many a rent made in the heart—in the temper, in the conscience, and perhaps instead of using her tact and invention to apply a patch some busy housewife makes it larger until it cannot be repaired at all.

When John comes home after a hard day's work and indulges in a little grumbling, either at the noise of the children of some outside grievance, does Mary put a patch on his wounded feelings by cheerfully repairing the evil, if it is in her power, or by a few soothing words which find in the depths of her own kind heart? Or does she return his grumbling with interest, until he seizes his hat and

makes for the nearest place of entertainment and thus widens the rent which a skillful wife could have so neatly patched.

Every little evil has its remedy: a patch can be always applied—more easily at first when the hole is a small one, with more and more difficulty as it increases. Every one about us must come in for a share of our labor. A kind word here, a look of sympathy there, a neighborly act, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament to ask a grace for someone, a Communion for a friend in trouble—all these are the patches which, applied with the delicate skill, of which woman is capable form a perfect garment for eternity.

### THE INCARNATION.

The Son of God came to the world in the midst of profound peace. War had ceased in the world. The Roman power peacefully grasped the conquered world. In the phrase of the old historian, the land rested. Roman soldiers garrisoned Jerusalem, Roman judges administered the laws. Roman tax gatherers sat at the receipts of customs. And He was born in quiet, peaceful Bethlehem, among whose villages, cornfields and olive gardens, even the stir caused by the enrollment was nothing more than a village festival.

The world at peace, the land at peace, the city at peace, the stable in the hillside most peaceful of all. Thus were things disposed when Joseph and Mary sought a lodging, and in the words of Scripture when all things kept silence, when the night was in its middle course. "Thy Almighty Word, O Lord, come down from the throne of His Royalty." (Bishop Hedley.)

The Son of God, the brightness of His Father and the figure of His substance, came down from heaven, put away His glory, shrouded His brightness, annihilated His majesty, emptied Himself of His power and became a servant and slave, the last and lowliest and degraded race. This is the mystery of Christmas, a mystery which faith alone firmly receives.

We shall condense for our readers a few thoughts from a great preacher on this subject.

Goodness must of necessity, communicate itself to others, and in the dawn of creation we find God communicating His divine perfections to the works of His hands. From out the void and nothingness He drew the universe, that glorious in its youth and beauty, but veiled His perfection. But material things, bereft of intelligence and controlled by immutable laws, could be only a poor and feeble image of the goodness that gave it being. One thing was wanting that should be its crowning beauty—the glory of intelligence. And so God produced a being—a superior nature, fashioned from out the slime of the earth and vivified by a soul, the image of its Creator.

How grand was the first man when he rose up in his strength and beauty, and looking over the young world knew he was its master! The Lord God took him in His arms and placed him in the garden of Paradise, where he had reunited every beauty that could elevate the intelligence, every charm that could touch the heart and every pleasure that could satisfy the senses. All the forms of grace and beauty that come from the hands of men can never equal the splendor of the body fashioned by the Creator. Time could not rob it of its strength, suffering could not silt it and death would never place its cold hand upon the sparkling eyes and speaking lips. Years would pass and it would be still young, awaiting in peace and joy and with imperishable youth for God to crown its happiness with the glory of everlasting life. What words shall we use to depict the power possessed by his soul? It knew not the labor and experience that mark our progress in the domain of human knowledge. Nothing escaped his penetrating gaze—the laws of the universe, the secrets of nature, the essences and properties of beings were as an open book before him. He was not indeed blessed with the vision of God, but he could see so clearly the divine perfections in the things around him and look up from nature to nature's God, that he knew better than our philosophers and theologians the splendor of the invisible

world. What a vision of power and grandeur was the first man when he knelt down in the garden of Paradise and offered up to his Creator the oblation of a pure heart, and when God saw in him His own image, reproduced as it were in the noble soul, unclouded by error, fair and beautiful in its knowledge and freedom and grace. But God knew from all eternity that man would seek to disfigure and defile the image he had placed within him, and from all eternity did He decree that He would send His Son to offer Himself indeed a sacrifice for sin and to show forth His goodness.

An architect does not draw the same plan for a palace as for an ordinary house. What was God's plan as to the Incarnation? It was assuredly to manifest His perfection—but also to give the highest glory and beauty to His work. That He left traces of His beauty in nature and improved His own image upon the soul and united Himself to it by grace and promised the vision of His Adorable Face in heaven, did not satisfy His infinite goodness. He wished to give Himself to us in such a manner that we could say a God is man and man is God. This is the gift He has bestowed on us. He formed within the womb of the Virgin a perfect body and united to it a human soul. He gave His grace to that reasonable Creature and rendered it holy: He took that holy and reasonable Creature and made it blessed, and finally He united to it the Word, the Second Divine Person, and the Word was made Flesh.

No wonder that the jubilee of praise and glory rolled its waves of harmony burdened with the gladdest message that can ever come to man out over the sleeping Bethlehem! It told of deliverance from doubt and despair, from deep anxiety and restless strivings, from futile quest for the salvation of problems that brought the accents of despairing failure to the lips of the world's best and brightest, and it told also that a God stood face to face with His people—to be a Redeemer, and to remain forever more our elder Brother, to console us and to guide our faltering steps to the land beyond the grave.

### CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Sitting by our window to day we heard a funny talk between two little chaps. Their subject was of course reasonable—Santa Clause and his visit. "My mudder says he can't come to our house this year, cus she's got no money to get the chimney swept; and he's mad if folk has dirty chimneys, and won't come down. I wonder why he don't come in doors like other people."

"Ah! (in a long drawn tone of disgust) go 'way; den he wouldn't be Santy Claws, would he?"—and we mentally endorsed him; for, in these times, one must live up to the standards others set. Originality—stepping out in new lines—ever draws down suspicion and distrust. Folks must fit neatly into the old-fashioned groove cut out by Mistress Convention: for to the great majority "conventionality" and "right" are synonymous terms.

Even poor Santa, with his multifarious Christmas duties, must yet come to us in the troublesome, old-fashioned way, "down the chimney." By the way, perhaps it was the good old gent's mode of arrival that gave the idea of elevators to the brilliant nineteenth century inventors.

Looking over the rapid strides of progress in the past hundred years, we can venture to hope some reformation may come to us during the twentieth century, and Santa Claus may yet arrange his arrival in a more up-to-date way.

Perhaps the little urchins beneath the window may develop into a committee of ways and means. At any rate they will have the making or marring of at least a part of the great white sheet unrolled before us, on which we stamp our thoughts and acts, to the making of the great picture of History.

It may be our lot only to trace the outlines; and others, to whom are given more time or talents, must fill in—complete—perfect. But even outlines faithfully done, will ensure us a niche in God's Temple of Fame.

There is not an act of a man's life less dead behind him, but it is blessing or dead cursing him every step he takes.

### FUTURE OF CATHOLICISM.

Its Work in the United States as Seen by a Protestant.

The remarkable article contributed by Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., to the Atlantic Monthly for October has attracted much attention among non-Catholics as well as among Catholics. In a recent issue the Literary Digest summarizes and quotes from this article. It says: "One of the most forcible essayists now contributing to American magazines is Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, Jr. We have had occasion from time to time to reproduce his trenchant utterances, generally on subjects pertaining to literary criticism. In a late number (October) of the Atlantic Monthly he appears as a student of religious tendencies, especially as these manifest themselves in the United States in relation to the Roman Catholic Church. He writes, apparently, as one outside that Church, but he sees for it a future of great power. The question of the attitude of the new democracy of America toward Catholicism is, he thinks, one of the most momentous we shall have to answer. He then proceeds as follows: "The great opposition to the Roman Church in the sixteenth century was an opposition of race, of nationality. The Reformation was the awakening of the Teutonic races to the great differences that separated them from the Latin races; Northern nations felt the swelling of national instincts, and the bonds of the Universal Church were broken. From then until to-day the sentiment of nationality has been predominant: that sentiment reached its zenith in the end of this century, and is already beginning to wane. Cosmopolitanism is establishing; hereafter other bonds than those of a common country will group men to gether."

"Signs appear that the breaking up of nationality will begin in the United States. There will be in this country three principal parties—those of English, German and Irish descent; but there will be many other stocks. The motto 'E Pluribus Unum' will be more true than ever. But the whole so formed will not have that unity of inheritance, of habits, of pleasures, of tradition, of imagination, which makes a nation. The United States will be the one great cosmopolitan country. In such a country, with no purely national feeling to be stirred into opposition, a proselyting church, prudent and bold, will have great opportunity. Most of the German element will be Protestant, but it will hardly strengthen the Protestant cause, because it will not unite with the English Protestant section. The Irish will be Catholics almost to a man; and they have an ardent loyalty of nature which will naturally turn them to the support of their Church. In the midst of cosmopolitan indifference and disagreement the Church of Rome will be then, as she always has been, the one Church which draws to herself men of all European races. There is but one Church whose priests visit every people and have confession in every language. There is but one cosmopolitan Church."

"Two decades ago, says Mr. Sedgwick, agnostics and evangelicals would have banded together to oppose the Roman Catholic Church, believing that they were fighting against gross ignorance and gross superstition. But now Protestant prejudices are decaying: "Calvin and Knox are losing worship. Jonathan Edwards has become a sign-board of obsolete notions. Our old jealousies of the Roman Church were part of our inheritance from England. That inheritance has lost its relative consequence, and in the changing character of the United States those jealousies are disappearing. Old feuds between Protestant and Catholic have ceased to be important as their united battles against moral decay. Churches of all kinds draw closer together as they feel that their fight is against cynicism, gross pleasures, the cruelty of greed. More and more Churches separate religion from their own individual tenets and associate it with what all hold dear, the dignity of labor, the sanctity of self-sacrifice, the holiness of marriage, the preservation of noble purposes. They begin to regard religion as a bulwark to guard the spirit from the wastes of shame. There is a feeling everywhere that rich and poor, educated and ignorant, should band together to safeguard the riches of civilization; and that the common refuge for de-fense and starting point for conquest must be a united Church. Even the strong Protestant sects are growing less antagonistic to the Church of Rome. The Presbyterians show signs of conciliation toward the Episcopalians; they build churches in the likeness of Magdalene Tower; they put stained glass in their windows; they are less rigorous to heresy."

"The Episcopal Church—nearer to the Roman See than any other—is performing a great work in breaking down this prejudice to Catholicism and in preparing the way to a complete understanding, says the writer; and every Anglican plan for union paves the way ultimately to Rome. The agnostics, too, have greatly changed their attitude, and have spent their

passionate youth, their joyous elation in the great principles of intellectual and moral liberty. Mr. Sedgwick does not believe that the spirit of American independence will find a stumbling stone in Roman Catholic authority, when it can abrogate so docilely its commercial and so laud independence to the great trusts and corporations. One camel is no harder to swallow than another. Further, says Mr. Sedgwick, the Church's lack of modern form and spirit is more than counterbalanced by its firmness and enduring strength which its long life has brought to it.

"Neither does Mr. Sedgwick think that the dogmatic teaching of the Church will prove a real barrier: "To an outsider the separate dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church are no more difficult of acceptance than the dogmas which she shares with Protestant sects. The fall, the atonement, the divinity of Christ, the Trinity, the clauses of the Apostles' Creed, are larger and more exacting beliefs than the authority of the fathers, the immaculate conception of Mary, the infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith and morals. To the outsider the dogmatic Protestant seems to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. "After referring to the many indications occurring in the pontificate of Leo XIII. which prove the Roman Church's vital interest in progressive movements of the day, and the power it still exerts to help or to modify these movements, Mr. Sedgwick continues: "All these matters are signs which show that the world is changing; that she recognized that new modes of life alter men's habits, opinions and beliefs: that the Church must change too. She must not fight against science; she must recognize the truth is of God. She must not coddle the weak, but cheer forward the strong. Who is so bold as to predict the future of the Catholic Church in America? At present she is the Church of the ignorant, but her ambition seeks to extend her influence over the whole nation. There are but three classes of citizens which, as classes, we are sure will not come under her sway—men of scientific knowledge, men of independent character who are resolute to manage their own affairs, a class which is on the wane, and, third, the negroes, with whom the Catholic Church has not been successful, but who, as a class, will never have a share in guiding our national life. Set these classes aside and national divide the remainder into thirds. One third, composed of the educated, will be divided among disagreeing Protestant sects; but the remaining two-thirds will be a great flock, now scattered and wandering, ready for a wise Church to guide. The danger to the world from priestly intolerance and greed is practically past; the danger to the world from oligarchs, free from religious influence, is far greater. The Church may well have the sympathy of the unbiased."

"There is one great source from which the Church will be able to draw strength. The tide of reaction against the materialistic beliefs of the passing generation is rising fast, and there is a vast army of persons now calling themselves by strange names—Healers, faith-curers, Christian Scientists—who have a mighty power of enthusiasm. The Church must open her arms to these hundreds of thousands of persons who are seeking to come nearer to God and are spelling out new words for old supernatural cravings and old supernatural beliefs. In times past the Church would have been their refuge, and they would have strengthened the Church. Even now, the next Pope, like him who saw in his dream St. Francis propping the falling walls of St. John Lateran, may see that among these enthusiasts is the power to establish the Church."

### JUGGLING WITH THE ISSUE.

A profoundly interesting study is that of the attitude of the non Catholic weekly press on the subject of Dr. De Costa's conversion. Some of the denominational organs, notably the Christian Advocate, commend the convert for his decision: it was the proper and logical thing for him to do; nor do they attempt to argue that his reasons are erroneous. But others, like to do; nor do they attempt to argue that it is with Dr. De Costa somewhat as with the fox who found that certain high hanging grapes were too sour for his taste. He has been crying out on the failure of Protestantism, the elastic journal argues, whereas the failure is on the side of men like him who cannot see its weakness. The speciousness of this organ's argument is not deep enough to delude the most infantile intellect. Its sophistry is perfectly laughable: "To us it seems a strange and ridiculous absurdity to speak of the failure of Protestantism, meaning by Protestantism the Evangelical communions that do not accept the authority of the Pope. Representing, as we do, the fellowship of these churches, we may be liable to prejudice, but it would seem to us that if there be any 'failure' it is not on our side. Looked at in the largest way it seems to us that Protestantism has made a nobler, mightier, more advanced nation than has Catholicism; that it has done more for learning during

the last three centuries; that its influence has been nobler for liberty and progress, and that it is rapidly outstripping its rival in numbers and in the control of the world. We think we see a good reason for it in the independence and liberty of thought which Protestantism encourages in the search for truth. Nor do we find that Protestantism has at all failed in producing saintly men and women, in elevating the conscience of the people, and in the work of converting the world."

Dr. De Costa never mentions a word of failure in any material sense. Well enough he knows that Protestantism is the religion for the material world—a mighty good one to live in, whatever it be to die in. The prosperity of great modern nations is the direct outcome of the action of people without any conscience, speaking their commercial supremacy by force of shot and shell over weaker places they give thanks to Providence and piously say: "We are the salt of the earth." Dr. De Costa had no such thing in his mind. He refers solely to the attempt to establish a spiritual system on the groundwork of Protestantism and the Bible. The distinguishing mark of Christ's Church is the badge of suffering, as it was His own chosen badge. It is not a Cottonopolis on a Lombard street, nor a place where millionaires are made, but a place wherein crowns are won by the self sacrifice and personal sanctification for the work of saving human souls.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

### SAINTS OF TO-DAY.

Cardinal Gibbons Says They are in the World Acting Like Ordinary People.

In a recent address in the Baltimore Cathedral Cardinal Gibbons spoke on "Saints of To-day." He said: "One of the greatest influences which mould our lives is that which in respect to us accords reverence and respect to our ancestors. All of us are proud to point to the lives of our forefathers, and find in them things which should incite the emulation and profitable imitation of ourselves and our children."

"We of the Catholic Church have a noble spiritual ancestry. The lives of the saints, in all their godliness and goodness, invite our admiration and furnish us a guide. In them we can see the happiness and goodness of following in the footsteps of Christ and walking through life, as well as we may, in the path which He has trod. There is no greater joy than that which is found in following them and making them our guide. The opportunity is open to all."

"There are some mistaken persons who suppose that to become a saint requires devotion to a religious life, properly so called. Nothing could be further from the truth. Saintliness requires no special stamp, and is not confined to those who have given their lives in the service of the holy Church. In the home and the market-place there is room for godliness, and opportunity to spread joy and happiness by acting in accordance with the word of God and in imitation of the life of His Son, our Redeemer. Saintliness is possible to all of us, religious and layman alike, and the fact that a man or woman must spend most of his or her time in attending to the material wants of life is no reason why the opportunity to be one of God's faithful servants should be spurned or neglected."

"Some think that to be saintly we must be sad. This is not the right way of exhibiting true Christianity. The religion of Jesus is one of joy, not of tears, and serving Him should be a cause of happiness, and not mournfulness. The light heart and the glad smile best become the saint of every day life."

"It is our duty to try to follow Christ and the saints. As Christians we should ask ourselves the questions: 'What am I here for? Why did God create me? What is my mission in life?' When we find the answers to these questions we shall realize that it is our duty to be as Christ was. What is a Christian? A follower of the disciples of Jesus. One that endeavors, by reading the gospels, and practicing what it teaches—one who endeavors to devote his life to the services of God, the upbuilding of the Church of God and the spread of God's word. These are the duties of all Christians."

"Fidelity to God does not mean injustice to one's self. The effort to be saintly does not injure a man, as a man. The pursuit of sanctity is no hindrance to material prosperity. Rather it is a help. The successful man in business or the professions is one who most fully puts into practice the teachings of the Holy Scriptures and most faithfully follows the example of the patterns of saintliness, in whose goodness, as a Christian, he believes."

Only greatness can make itself little without losing its dignity.—Father Ryan.

God never made an act more grandly free than the decree of the Incarnation.—Father Ryan.

They have sounded together from all eternity—Jesus and Mary—the divine note and the human note, in the glorious hymn of God's mercy.—Father Ryan.