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DO "EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS" BELIEVE IN THE BIBLE?

Not since our Anglican friends achieved the great victory for "comprehensiveness" by allowing ministers to read the Athanasian Creed at Divine Service without believing it, and indenting certain passages for the still more advanced to omit altogether, has there been such a triumph of religious diplomacy—or evasion—as happened the other day in Atlantic City.

The cause of the trouble was that the New York Presbytery had admitted to the ministry candidates who do not believe in the virgin birth of Christ nor the resurrection of His body; and who, of course, have very "modern" views about many other things.

Rev. Dr. John Fox is a New York Commissioner from the New York Presbytery and one of the three who voted against the sixty-four members of his Presbytery in the matter of admitting the Union Seminary graduates to the ministry despite their "critical difficulties" in believing the fundamental Gospel facts referred to above, of Christ's birth and resurrection.

Dr. Fox published a pamphlet dealing with the difficulty in which he makes a pathetic appeal to his "Evangelical" brethren for the Bible as the Word of God.

"The tocsin of war has sounded once again in New York. Union Seminary, with its allies old and new, has moved in force on the Presbytery of New York and after reducing that sacred pact that binds the churches together—the Confession of Faith—to scraps of paper and spurning the solemn injunctions of the General Assembly, has dragged the Presbytery itself in triumph at its heels. The U-boats of unbelief—to vary the figure—have fired another torpedo at the Bible: blown the very bottom out of the books of Exodus, the gospel of St. Matthew and the gospel of St. Luke, leaving the hapless men, women and children of the churches to take to boats, rafts, and wreckage as they struggle on the tossing ocean of doubt and negation."

It is refreshing after being accustomed to the ignorant ranting of many "Evangelicals" against the Catholic Church for "keeping the Bible from the people" to read this earnest man's earnest effort to save the Bible from its friends and champions.

Dr. Fox continues:

"We are, according to this new gospel, free from the yoke of plenary inspiration, and we show our liberty by putting young men in the ministry so that they may, if they will, spread the glad tidings of a Bible true in spots, and false in spots; the only question being the size of the spots; and the story of a Saviour about the manner of whose nativity until critical scholarship has rendered its final verdict, the less said the better. It is not pleasant to reflect on the implications of this modern assault on the virgin birth, but it is high time that we faced them, for outside of the Presbytery men are asking 'If Jesus was not conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, who was his father? What were the circumstances?' Can we give such assurance confidently if we ourselves blue-pencil these stories?"

"What is the General Assembly going to do about all this?" he interrupts his argument to ask. "Will it do anything? Will it do only what it did last year?"

Alas! poor Dr. Fox's misgivings were only too well founded. The matter was referred to a Committee which brought in a report in which occurs this unctuous paragraph:

"Your committee gave this paper due consideration, and were grateful to God for the manifest leading of the Holy Spirit, which had brought the aggrieved parties together, and which we felt led us, your committee, to the unanimous approval of said papers as the basis of suitable action on the part of the assembly."

"And then this master-piece: 'We therefore recommend the adoption of this paper in the earnest hope that it will allay all misunderstanding, prevent in the future any hasty or ill-considered judgment in public print of brethren in good and regular standing in the ministry, and serve as a warning to all Presbyteries against receiving and licensing any candidates for the ministry who cannot give their assent to all the fundamental doctrines of the Church.'"

The (inspired?) Report was adopted and the press headlines tell us that Both Sides See Victory in Its Unanimous Adoption.

"And now," says a press report, "the members are undecided on the question of who was vindicated and who was censured. The only certain thing seems to be that the New York Presbytery will not be the object of investigation or punishment by the present General Assembly. While many are saying that Dr. Fox is 'gloriously vindicated,' the clergyman himself is showing every sign of dissatisfaction and disappointment."

At the present writing the report on the charges of heresy against Union Seminary was held back; and Auburn Theological Seminary served notice that it intended to conduct its affairs in future independently of the control of the church.

Now may we not expect that the Evangelicals will soon consider the question of furnishing the Bible Society with notes embodying the fruits of their ripe scholarship and indicating to the benighted believers in private judgment just what spots in the Bible are inspired, and what facts in the Gospel history of Christ present no critical difficulties to an intelligent theological student.

REVISING REVELATION

The Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States has been revising its Ritual.

The Commission appointed for the purpose proposes to eliminate from the baptismal service the words "For as much as all men are conceived and born in sin," on the theory that this was a mediaeval and an unorthodox view of the subject and not worthy of the dignity and intelligence of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Whether or not the General Conference adopted the proposed revision we do not know. It really does not matter. The fact that the Commission composed, presumably, of the most learned and trusted of Methodist Episcopal leaders made such a recommendation is a sufficient indication of the trend of modern Protestantism. When Bosuet wrote his Variations of the Protestant Churches there was a common acceptance of some, at least, of the great fundamental truths of the Christian revelation. Now all sects alike seem to be coming together on the common ground of negation and scepticism.

Note the grounds on which the Episcopal Methodists deny Original Sin. It is "a mediaeval and unorthodox view of the subject." Mediaeval! The term is quite enough to damn anything with a certain type of mind. But if it is true? If Christ taught and the disciples and apostles and early Christians believed that all men are conceived and born in sin; and that Baptism was instituted by Christ for the remission of that sin; then it is true for the Dark Ages, the Middle Ages, Modern times, and for all time. And nothing is more unquestionably true than that long before the Middle Ages this "view" was universally held by all Christians. How then can it be "mediaeval"? There is something else against this fundamental Christian doctrine.

It is "unethical." The word is not in Webster; but he defines "ethical"—"of or belonging to morals; treating of the moral feelings or duties; containing precepts of morality; moral."

And the doctrine of Original Sin is "unethical." We should have given it up were it not for the illuminating supplementary reason—"and not worthy of the dignity and intelligence of the Methodist Episcopal Church!"

If you can imagine yourself at the dizzy height from which a dignified and intelligent Episcopal Methodist views such matters you will see at once that it is mediaeval and unethical to administer Baptism for the remission of original sin. If you cannot see why they bother about

Baptism at all in that case, then you have failed to notice that even dignified and intelligent Christian ministers graciously condescend to pay outward respect to many survivals of medieval superstition. In other words they clothe their naked paganism in shreds and patches of Christian doctrine.

Were it not that they feel they must as yet make some concession to such hereditary prejudices they would probably have already devised some substitute for Baptism worthy of their dignity and intelligence. They know that it is not Original Sin but the inheritance of "jungle passions" from our far off brute ancestors that makes the flesh war against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh.

Could they not find some symbolic outward sign for some such formula "crush out the beast and let the ape and tiger die."

Now read this from Westminster Confession of Faith:

"Our first parents fell from their original righteousness, and communion with God, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body. They being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature conveyed to all their posterity. From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgressions."

Variations! From the repulsive exaggerations of the early Presbyterians to the dignified and intelligent "view" of the modern Episcopal Methodists is variation indeed.

All of which is eloquent testimony to the need of the living voice of God's Church with which Jesus Christ promised to remain even to the consummation of the world and in which the Spirit of Truth teaches and abides forever.

That Church is built on a Rock, all others on shifting sands.

IRELAND

This editorial from the Irish Catholic of Dublin, Ireland, of May 6th, is quoted by the Catholic Register. It ought to make wholesome Sunday reading for excited and bellicose Irish (happily few) on this side of the Atlantic, and help to ally their overwrought feelings of indignation against that phantom of their imagination which they vaguely and vindictively label "England."

"We have no intention at the present moment of expressing at length our view of the partially Socialistic and partially alien outbreak which has just been suppressed in our midst, but not before it had inflicted grievous anxiety, loss, and sorrow on many of the most worthy among our citizens of every class and creed. The movement which has culminated in deeds of unparalleled bloodshed and destruction of property in the capital of Ireland, was as criminal as it was insane. Only idiots or lunatics can ever have supposed that it could prove successful. Traitorous and treacherous as it undoubtedly was, it was most of all traitorous and treacherous to our native land."

We have no desire to excuse the blunders nor palliate the stupid brutality of Martial Law in Ireland; but we have no sympathy with those who on this account would fan the flame of racial prejudice, closing eyes and ears to the history of Anglo-Irish relations during the past quarter of a century. There—not forgetting government weakness in dealing with Carsonism nor focussing indignant attention exclusively on this incident—is to be found the true interpretation of the term—"England"; and there, too, not in the insanity of Sinn Feinism, is to be found the meaning of "Ireland."

If both sides would only see things in their true perspective the bitter terms "anti-Irish" and "anti-British" would soon pass from the vocabulary of a dying controversy into the *alibi* aitorium of forgotten vituperative epithets which belong to conditions which we have outlived and to times that are no more.

Archbishop Ireland referring, it is true, to a different matter spoke these words so peculiarly applicable to the irreconcilables on both sides of the Irish question:

"In every historic transition there were reactionaries who would fain push back into Erie the waters of Niagara—men to whom all change is perilous, all innovation damnable liberalism, or, even, rank heresy."

And again: "The past will not return; reaction is the dream of men who see not, and hear not; who, in utter oblivion of the living world behind them, sit at the gates of cemeteries weeping over tombs that shall not be reopened."

THE VERY REV. DEAN McKEON

The many friends of Dean McKeon, Rector of the Cathedral and Chancellor of the Diocese of London, will be delighted to hear that he is convalescent.

As it came to be known that Father McKeon had gone down almost into the valley of the shadow of death the whole community was deeply stirred, each in his own way feeling the sense of impending personal loss. Gentle, modest, altogether unassuming, Father McKeon, by the sheer force of a simple, direct and upright character, by single-minded, self-forgetting and unremitting devotion to duty, has found his way to the hearts of all with whom he comes into contact, and exercises apparently without effort a singularly wholesome and priestly influence.

With a sense of relief and in a spirit of gratitude when the crisis had passed Dean McKeon's parishioners and friends presented him with an address and a purse of a thousand dollars, insisting, at the same time, that he take a holiday until fully restored to health.

With absolute truth his people tell their beloved pastor—"You could not do an unkind deed nor speak an ungenerous word."

In the address it is also noted that Faber has said that if half the eulogies of the dead had been expressed to them while living their happiness would have been increased ten-fold. It will add at least to the happiness of Dean McKeon's friends to give expression to their affection and esteem, even if the unaffected modesty of the gentle and gentlemanly Dean of London impels him—as we know it does—to deprecate all public reference to his goodness and zeal.

This, his wide circle of friends amongst our readers, and the desire to extend to all a glimpse of an ideal priest, must be our excuse for running counter to his desire to be let go quietly about his Father's business.

A REVERIE

We had left the busy corner of King and Yonge, with its white spats, crowded street cars, skyscrapers and other evidences of modern progress, and entered the familiar gateway that leads to St. Michael's College. We found the halls deserted. No familiar voice answered our rap at any door. Presuming upon a privilege begotten of old friendship, we made ourselves at home in a professor's room. The situation was conducive to reflection; so we let our mind rest upon the scenes of a quarter of a century past, as we saw them reflected in the moonlight of memory. If at first we throw upon the canvas some incidents that may provoke a smile, we may be pardoned on the ground that a little humor is a saving grace, especially in those days when men take themselves so seriously and yet are not always so very wise.

The first scene reveals a tall, angular recreation master. He was the first person to attract our attention the day we entered college. Why he should stride along a path with the apparent determination of breaking a record, and then wheel around and stride back again, was the first problem presented to us in our academic career. We saw him again the next morning. As our head emerged from beneath blankets and mattress, we met his eagle eye. It happened this wise. We were kept awake for hours through fear of falling out of the narrow bed and consequently did not hear the morning bell. We did fall out, but not in the manner we had anticipated. We had a vision of him once again in later years at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal. True to life he was holding back, with a wave of his hand and his magnetic eye, the crowd that was pressing forward to be received by Cardinal Logue. The next view presents a white-haired optimist, initiating into the mysteries of voice-culture a number of youths, who were afterwards relegated to the preface class in the seminary, and exclaiming with apparent enthusiasm "Wonderful, wonderful, reading music at first sight!" The last scene of this series shows a rubicund youth kneeling at the foot of the philosophers' dormitory in an apparent state of ecstasy. He wasn't in ecstasy, however. He was simply performing a penance in a manner that absolutely frustrated the designs of the master.

We now come to a scene beyond which we shall not pass. It is told by the late Abbe Colin that when he

went out to see the sights of Rome and came to Angelo's statue of Moses in St. Peter's, he dismissed his guide with the remark, "This is enough," and taking a chair sat before the masterpiece for hours. When memory called up that Belles Lettres class of '90 with its familiar faces, it suggested thoughts enough for the rest of our meditation. There were nineteen students in that class. Sixteen of them studied for the priesthood, but not all lived to see their ordination day. Several of them are now prominent in the ecclesiastical life of the Archdiocese of Toronto. It was upon the professor that our interest was chiefly centred. As we see him, in our mind's eye, his biretta tilted back, his feet anchored under the braces of his chair lest his zeal might transport him, his eyes flashing with interest, his voice resonant with sympathetic delight as he declaimed the rounded periods of a Ciceronian climax, he seemed the very personification of knowledge, work, interest, enthusiasm, in fact everything that goes to make up the ideal educator. The student, in whom his energy did not arouse ambition, was stolid indeed. Other men might make their pupils work; he made his pupils delight in labour. The rays of dynamic energy seemed to scintillate from him and electrify every member of his class. The student that did not imbibe something of his love for the classics, was verily made of common clay. Other men might teach Latin and Greek; but he did what is far more important. He inspired his students with a love for the classics; he made the story of Achilles' wrath and Ulysses' wanderings and the beautiful odes of the "Minstrel of the Roman lyre" not the task of a day but the perpetual inheritance of a lifetime.

As we thought of that class and of the many subsequent classes upon which he has left the imprint of his personality, of the influence that he has exerted upon the Catholic life of Canada and the United States, an adequate conception of the results was too great for the mind to grasp. In this day when we hear so much about university endowment and high-salaried professors, it would be well, we thought to ourselves, if the Catholics of Ontario would realize the depth of gratitude that they owe to the self-sacrificing, unassuming yet learned fathers of the Basilian Community for their work of more than half a century in our midst.

At this juncture our meditation was disturbed. The halls and campus were again alive. We learned that the unwanted stillness was due to the fact that a distinguished litterateur had been lecturing in the college hall on his favorite theme, "Shakespeare," proving no doubt that he was a devout Catholic and spoke the Irish brogue. We missed the treat, but would not have exchanged it for our reverie. Soon we were receiving cordial greetings from old friends. Among them were some of the actors of our dream, who seem to enjoy a perennial youth like the Church that they have served so well.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ANGLICAN Bishop of Carlisle, whose ignorant and vituperative essay against the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century and After a few months ago occasioned much comment, has lately issued a "Pastoral" in which he expresses the hope that the War will prove the bankruptcy of the Christianity "whose riches come not wholly from Christ." As the Right Reverend Father in God Himself enjoys an income of over \$22,000.00 a year, it is reasonable to suppose that he had that fact in mind when he wrote the Pastoral.

IT HAS BEEN opportunely remarked, time and time again, that one of the benefits which the War is destined to confer upon Great Britain and upon every part of the British Empire, is the increased facilities for foreign trade which the practical withdrawal of Germany from the world's markets for an indefinite period, will render possible. There are, notwithstanding the scarcity of shipping and the dangers of navigation upon the high seas contingent upon the War, certainly signs of a new development in this respect and this is made evident especially in Canada, by the marked increase in imports and the swelling of Customs receipts at almost every Port of Entry throughout the country. The latter may be accounted for in part by the additional duty levied as a

THE GLEANER.

War Tax, but that does not by any means tell the whole story. Canada has already awakened to a new life, and, emerging suddenly from colonial obscurity, has stepped into her legitimate place among the nations.

BUT, AS it has likewise been remarked by trade authorities, if after the termination of hostilities, British manufacturers wish to keep the place which they have thus been able to wrest from their greatest rivals, they must change their whole system of doing business, and adopt the system which in the past has been the secret of German success in foreign trade. Anyone who has had dealings with English manufacturers knows what an almost hopeless task it has been to contend with that spirit of insularity and conservatism in business which has been their characteristic for generations. "We have been making this product in this way for a hundred years or more and we don't see why we should change;" or: "We cannot see why what suits a gentleman in England should not suit a gentleman in Canada," are assertions familiar to the ear of the importer—assertions, too, it must be said, which pointed more to the shipwreck of British commerce than the combined menace of Prussian militarism and the more remote Yellow Peril.

FROM THIS spirit of tense conservatism and inveterate self-sufficiency, the great World-War has been a rude awakening, and out of the stupendous upheaval a new spirit—we might almost say, a new nation is being born. The old order is passing away, and above the horizon of time arises the sun of new nations beyond seas upon whom must in time descend the mantle of world prestige. That Canada, Australia and South Africa are among those of whom this may be predicated is surely in harmony with the lengthening shadows which, thrown across the pathway of time, seem to mark the gradual march of empire into the West.

ONE OF THE marked features of the new commercial development we have referred to is the expanding and strengthening of trade relations between Great Britain and France—an expansion from which Canada must reap considerable advantages. We already possess a commercial treaty with France, and as the War has had and must continue to have a deleterious effect upon German trade, France, so far as Canada is concerned, must correspondingly benefit. The eyes of Old France have naturally been attracted once more to what once was her own dominion, and having welded close the bond of friendship with Great Britain, she looks forward to a period of still closer commercial relationship with this outlying portion of the Empire. There will be reciprocal trade between the three which will redound to the benefit of all.

BUT, REVERTING to Britain's part,

as has been pointed out, if, after the termination of hostilities, her manufacturers wish to keep the place in the world's markets which they have thus been able to conquer, they must adopt something of the business methods which were the secret of German success in foreign trade. They must send their commercial ambassadors abroad, with instructions to make minute enquiries as to the class of goods required instead of trying to impose their own accustomed products upon other nations. They must correspond in the language of the country they are dealing with and have their catalogues printed in that language also. And they must study the tariff of the country to which they are shipping, and familiarize themselves with freight rates and conditions. It is assiduous attention to these details that has characterized Germany's prosecution of trade in the past and if the British manufacturer wishes to reap permanent benefit from the present crisis he must not be above taking a leaf—nay, several leaves, out of the former's note-book. Otherwise, as so impressively remarked by the British Chamber of Commerce Journal, in spite of all the animosity which may exist against the Teuton for many years, the latter will gradually regain his position in the World's markets.

AN ASSOCIATION of German schoolmasters, the "Union of Roman Catholic Schoolmasters," has just issued

a protest against the imputation of cruelty, rapacity, and atrociousness so freely levelled at the German armies since the outbreak of the War. We propose dealing more fully with this in a later issue. For the present we confine ourselves to the basis upon which the argument of the Union is erected, viz., that the barbarous way in which Germany is accused of carrying on the war cannot be true since it is incompatible with the flourishing state of scholastic institutions in Germany.

THIS PLEA is made no doubt out of chivalrous regard for the honor of the Vaterland and in the light of the Catholic instinct for truth and justice, but it fails entirely to take account of the boasted spirit of Prussian militarism, which has been the overmastering influence in Germany for at least fifty years, and which required only the outbreak of hostilities to bring it to the surface. The world at large, doing reverence to German scholastic achievements, was before that time just as ready to repudiate in her behalf the barbarism which has since disgraced her as any section of her own people could be, but in the light of subsequent facts every such plea has broken down. It is no longer a question of likelihood, for, after almost two years of war, the whole world knows how Germany has conducted it. And even German state apologists have ceased to deny it, and have fallen back entirely upon the plea of military necessity.

IMPOSSIBLE, INDEED, it seemed to be, says the answering manifesto of France, that one of the Great Powers, having duly signed the Hague conventions, should assume the right to infringe them—to bombard non-fortified cities—to blow up without warning merchantmen and their crews—to shell hospitals and ambulances—and, systematically revive practices of war which had been abandoned for centuries, such as sacking cities, looting public and private property, setting fire by hand, with lavish expenditure of petroleum and chemicals, then prohibiting under penalty of death the extinguishing of the fires thus lighted—making use of prisoners to serve as shields for the invaders, taking non-combatants into captivity en masse, and, moreover, the shameful practice of soldiers and officers laying hands in private houses, country-seats and castles, on every object they could find to their taste, and deliberately heaping up all this booty for their own aggrandizement. Yes, all this seemed impossible, and yet, how real it is! These are facts of daily occurrence—so commonplace indeed in this War as to be its characteristic feature, and not denied by German authorities themselves, but "explained" and "excused" on the one plea of military necessity. This being so, the manifesto of the Catholic School Union of Germany can be accepted not as the voice of a national conscience, but only as a chivalrous attempt to shield the honor of the Vaterland.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

Paris, May 24.—Since Saturday the Verdun dead-lock has changed to the most terrific pitched battle in history. Fully half a million men are engaged altogether without a respite from slaughter. Whole regiments melt in a few minutes, but others take their places, only to perish in the same way.

"It is a battle of madmen in the midst of a volcano eruption," is the description given by a staff captain, who left the fortress on a special mission yesterday afternoon. "The furious and incessant fighting on the northern front of Verdun during the past ten days is dying down (May 27) probably because of the utter exhaustion of the surviving combatants. On Thursday night the French directed a vigorous attack upon German forces that had obtained lodgment in some French positions east and south of the Wood of Handremont. The captured trenches were retaken. Yesterday the enemy centred his efforts on that part of the front adjacent to Fort Douaumont. The German lines, after the recapture of the fort, had been advanced somewhat to the south, and 600 prisoners and twelve machine guns had been taken. Hoping to make still further gains along the Douaumont ridge, and perhaps menace from it the French works on the Hill of Vaux and on Pepper Hill, the Germans yesterday afternoon launched another strong attack southwest from Douaumont. The midnight French official report says 'it was completely repulsed, with heavy losses to the enemy, by our machine gun and infantry fire.'"

The situation after ten days of the most sanguinary warfare since the war began is entirely satisfactory to the defenders of Verdun. The Germans have lost not less than