

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS: QUESTIONS OF THE DAY, BY VERY REV. ALEX. MACDONALD, D. D., V. G.

A few years ago Dr. Maurice Francis Egan said, if we remember aright, that one reason why men did not read works pertaining to religion was that there were so few of them in English worthy of attention. We have, it is true, books of a sentimental character—translations from the French—and the productions of our own pious, but imaginative writers. But it is well not to harbor the thought that all the works indited by Gaelic pens are altogether beneath English mentality. The Dominican Monsignor, Monsiignor D'Hulst, would, we dare say, find favor with those who are averse to legend and rhapsody. And we should not forget that the books at which we cavil sometimes were written under other skies than our own, and for a people whose mode of religious expression was not measured and iced. It is all in the point of view.

Then again the poor man who is wandering in a bookless desert should consort for a while with Cardinals Newman and Manning. Father Dalgarin's works are a mine of richness, and Father Tyrrell can feed both mind and heart. Now we have Dr. Macdonald, who gives us the garnered wisdom of years. A devout priest and ripe scholar, he is acknowledged by competent critics as a champion of approved progress in the field of Catholic doctrine. Simple and direct are his books, but what a world of toil they represent! We have lingered over some of his paragraphs and wondered at the preparation and patient study they revealed. A man who sees but one side of a question is a ready writer, as a rule, and cooks; the man who sees all sides of a question thinks much before putting his thoughts on paper, and is dogmatic only when he is on ground as solid as are the eternal hills. The former touches but the outside of a question, but the latter goes straight to the heart of it. Dr. Macdonald looks at questions from many view-points and buttresses it with quotations and authorities which have intrinsic merit. We venture to say that he has had these books in mind for years. They have grown up with him. They are, indeed, testimony to a devotion to Sacred Science, and they are also beyond question proofs of a many-sided erudition which is as edifying as it is instructive. And in our opinion Dr. Macdonald has won his spurs as one of the ablest of Catholic writers of the present day. He affects no tricks of speech, hankers after no novelties, and, as befits a man who has sat for years at the feet of the Angelic Doctor, presents truth clearly and simply. We do not wish to pose as a prophet, but we hazard the assertion that before Dr. Macdonald lays down his pen his name will be known and honored by English-speaking Catholics. Even now there are few, we ween, who would care to tilt against him, and men who know whereof they speak place him on a level with Dr. Lambert. There may be writers who have a greater store of knowledge, but there is not one, with the exception of Dr. Lambert, who has the analytical power and luminous exposition which are stamped on his pages. Our advice to those who are wary of words of commendation is to read him and judge for themselves. We can assure them that the books contain no padding, no crude fancies, no coddling of authorities, no undue regard for traditional opinions, but facts and principles co-ordinated and set forth by a trained intellect.

It is said, besides, too, that such books are heavy and dry. As they deal, however, with subjects which have interested, and will always interest, the world, we cannot see that the foregoing remark is apposite. We do not mean to say that a fiction-drenched mind will appreciate Dr. Macdonald. Nor do we imply that they who follow after vacuous twaddlers will listen to a man who has something to say. But that is their fault and misfortune. Mayhap their taste was formed in households whose reading was confined to the newspaper of the yellow brand, to the magazine and "sporting" prints. It is certain that many a young man is more at home with the records of ball-players and pugilists than with anything else. And it is just as certain that many of them never open a book pertaining to relig-

ion. We understand that with verbal trash, eulphoric parties, etc.—it is instruments wherewith to develop a shallow and trifling generation—they have no time to spare. But there is a place and a time for everything. Minstrels and story-tellers and gayer have their uses, but it were a pity to let them absorb all our time.

Again, the policy of reading only what we can understand readily enfeebles the intellect. Here, as in everything else, effort makes for development. We do not suppose that the Parisians who thronged to the debates of the Middle Ages understood them as well as the University men, but their attendance there stimulated them to intellectual activity. They were not told that "it was over their heads." That dictum was reserved for other days when a great prelate, Archbishop Ireland, was forced to say that he was tempted to yield to pessimism when he read in so many souls indifference and inertia and heard of the trifles with which soldiers of truth busy themselves. Some educators, as was pointed out by Dr. Brownson, take too much pains to eliminate all that savors of labor on the part of the student. Hence it is that many students who have pattered with the "ologies" and literary chit-chat of English literature discover when they begin to grapple with the world that their intellect is in an anaemic condition. But Dr. Brownson goes on to say: "If the first books given to children were such as would require an effort on their part to understand them, and the same rule followed all through, the mind would be more exercised and thereby strengthened to think and to judge."

Dr. Macdonald's books will exercise the mind and strengthen our intellectual vision and soothe our anxieties and nourish us with the food of solid doctrine. For the cleric they contain matter for many sermons. To all they can give "that fuller knowledge of our belief, and as far as may be that clearer understanding of the mysteries of the faith which Augustine and other Fathers praised and labored to attain and which the Vatican Synod itself decreed to be very fruitful." Surely the books which enable us to cherish our heritage of truth more intelligently are worthy of attention. The author puts his matter within small compass, writes tersely and meets difficulties squarely. In a word, Canadians should be proud of Dr. Macdonald, and should manifest it by giving his works the greatest circulation possible.

In "The Sacrifice of the Mass" the author throws new light on the fact that the Holy Mass is identically the same Sacrifice once offered in the Last Supper and on Calvary. It is needless for us to remind our readers of the importance of being able to give reasons for our faith in this mystery of love.

The author gives us the true idea of sacrifice, notes the difference between gifts and sacrifice, and traces the history of the sacrificial idea of the Mass from Apostolic times to the present day.

Touching the Mass, Dr. Macdonald says two things are of faith as defined by the Council of Trent: (1) that it is a sacrifice in the true and proper sense of the word; (2) that it is essentially the same as the Sacrifice of the Cross, the only difference being in the manner of offering. It is not enough to account for the Mass being a true and proper sacrifice. . . . There is question, therefore, of determining not merely what makes the Mass to be a sacrifice, but that which is of far more vital moment, what makes it to be one and the same with the Sacrifice of Calvary. He tells us what is the intrinsic and formal constituent of the Mass as a sacrifice. He shows how the action inaugurated by the High Priest at the Last Supper, the Passion consummated by the death of the Victim on Calvary, coalesce into the one sacrifice of the New Law.

"And that Death thus renewed in mystery still operates in the Mass, and continues to produce in the souls of believers its sacrificial fruits, and makes every altar a Calvary, not only because the Action of the Mass is the same as the Action which brought about the Death of the Cross; but because, though undergone but once, that Death has an everlasting power of sanctifying; and because to him who takes in the whole course of time at one glance, that death is an ever present fact. Thus are the Cross and its commemoration, without any hazard to reason and consistency, one and the same sacrifice; outwardly indeed and to the senses wholly different; inwardly, to the eye of faith and in the sight of the Eternal, one and the same."

In "The Questions of the Day" we have an important paper on the Biblical question, the Virgin Birth,

Mary ever a Virgin, The Assumption of the Virgin Mary, Bridging the Grave. Luck of space prevents us from noting the book in detail. Suffice it to say that it is one more proof of the sturdy scholarship of the Anglican scholar. Dr. Macdonald's books should be in every library, and on the premium lists of every college and convent.

The books are published by the Christian Press Association Publishing Co., New York.

HOW THE FAITH DIED OUT IN WALES.

Very Rev. Canon Richards.

When at the Reformation the old clergy were dispossessed to make way for strangers, the Welsh people clung to the old faith and the old tradition with tenacity like to that with which they still cling to the old language. In their churches they no longer heard the familiar voices of the old pastors speaking to them of the old truths in the old tongue, they missed them at the altar, in the pulpit, in the confessional, in their homes, in their schools, and repelled by the cold formality, the want of sympathy, the unintelligible speech of the men who had replaced them, abandoned the churches, and held meetings in their homes, reciting the old prayers, singing the old hymns, cherishing the old books, and thus the earliest form of Dissent in Wales was a protest of the people in favor of the old faith against the new; and thus the first Dissenters were Roman Catholics. And so they remained for generations, and they would have remained to this day, like their Celtic cousins in Ireland; Roman Catholic, but for one cause: viz., the priesthood were exterminated by the sack and the gibbet, till at length the Welsh mountains and valleys knew their footprints no more, and sacrifice ceased from the impoverished altar and there were none to break the Bread of Life and the word of truth to them. And thus the old faith died. But it lingered long in men's hearts and memories, nor was the chasm that separated the Welsh people from the old church ever bridged over by the new. When at length at the beginning of the last century, men of new-born zeal and love for souls came and stirred up the land by the vigor and earnestness of their preaching, they found an ignorant, but a religious minded people, ready to embrace any doctrine which came on persuasive lips, clothed in their own speech; and yet even at that date, two hundred years after the Reformation, the new preachers found a people that still retained many of the practices of the old religion—a people that rested on their foreheads the Sign of the Cross, that still sang the legend in honor of the Virgin Mother of God; that knelt on the fresh sod of a lost one's grave to breathe a prayer for the departed soul, and, most touching of all that bent the knee in the churches in reverence of a Sacred Presence that once had dwelt on the dismantled altars, in days when they were in very deed the houses of God. These were but empty forms that had lost for the most part their meaning; but they betokened a religious sentiment which soon passed into new forms and new beliefs, till at length Dissent assumed the aspect and grew into the vast proportions of today.

A GAELIC PRIEST AND HIS ISLAND PARISH.

Mary Bronson Hart tells us in a recent issue of the Boston Transcript, that when Miss Amy Murray, a singer of Gaelic folk songs, determined, last summer, to go seriously in pursuit of these lyrics, she was directed to go to Father Alan McDonald, on the little island of Eriskay, in the Outer Hebrides, as the one man in all the world best able to aid her. Miss Murray did so, and was greeted by the good priest most cordially. Six weeks she was installed in the priests' house at Eriskay, and the people brought over to her in their old songs, brought over, and their organs are indulging in just now.—New York Freeman's Journal.

A LIFELONG FIDELITY TO MASS UNDER DIFFICULTY.

In the "God's acre" of a small town in the Midlands, England, are the graves side by side of a brother and sister. Owing to circumstances which they could not change, they had lived seven miles from a church, and yet never had been absent from Sunday Mass. From childhood to old age, summer and winter alike, had they gladly tramped, every Sunday morning their fourteen miles, seven in and seven out, to hear Holy Mass. Moreover, every first Sunday of the month they walked in fasting, so as to get to Holy Communion; nor did they break their fast till half way back on the road home, when sitting down beside a spring, they would eat the bread they had brought with them from home, and drink from the bubbling spring. A few hundred yards from their halting place was a Protestant nobleman's house; and they always prayed as they passed by, for the conversion of the family to the Catholic Faith. The years came and went, and the answer to the prayers came, as come it always will to prayer. For the aged couple, brother and sister, have gone to their reward; the once Protestant nobleman's family is now Catholic, and a beautiful Catholic church has been built within a stone's throw of the spot where the good Catholic old man and woman were wont to break the fast after Holy Communion.

than six feet tall, with the carriage of a chief, this unpriestly looking priest in tweeds was the true shepherd of a flock of two thousand souls; for his parish stretched over two islands, South Uist as well as Eriskay. And not an emergency but Father Allan would be called in! Not a soul could pass on either island without his offices. Many a time they would meet him with, "Douzal couldn't die till you got here." And perhaps before the last rites were performed for Dougal a hard pressed messenger would summon him miles away. And the tired priest must make all haste to get there before the beds were burning. For the smoke from the seaweed bed borne out and lighted before the house gives faithful warning in Eriskay of the passing of a soul.

"In time of epidemic Father Allan would say, 'I'd be sorry for the man that had to walk with me these days.' In storm and shine his signal fire would be seen on the shore between the islands, 'the priest was wanting over,' in the fishing boat with the great brown sail.

The struggle told. At forty-six he had spent his life, and his people laid him to rest, filling his grave little by little with their empty hands. "Poor Father," said they, "he broke his heart." "But they meant it literally. He was not heart-broken. He was the happiest man," says Miss Murray, "that I ever knew."—Sacred Heart Review.

FRENCH MASONIC VAPORINGS.

The organs of French Freemasonry frankly declare that the fight between the Catholic church and Freemasonry will be a fight to a finish. They regard the separation of church and State as only a beginning that will be followed up by more drastic measures. La Lanterne, a Masonic organ, thus outlines the anti-Catholic programme: "The war between the Republic and the Roman theocracy can only end by annihilation. One or the other of the combatants must disappear. Yes, we intend to destroy utterly by law the last vestiges of the privileges accorded to the church, just as we also intend by propaganda and by political and social influence to fight against the church so long as she survives. It is absurd to hope, we shall not say for a reconciliation, but even for a truce. Whether the clericals accept the present law, or defy it, we shall go on fighting them mercilessly. There can be no doubt that if the church refuses to submit to the decrees of the legislature she will facilitate what we have undertaken to do: the decisive struggle that will enable us to get rid of her altogether."

This is very plain talk. It fore shadows what is in store for the church of France. Her enemies in the country have stripped for what they believe will be the final contest between them and the one great spiritual force that must be overcome before they can carry out their avowed purpose of Christianizing the French people. There can be no misunderstanding of the motives back of the anti-Catholic legislation of the last four years. Its aim is not simply to impede the church in the carrying out of her divine mission. It is to make that mission impossible in a land which at one time held the foremost place among Catholic nations. The Masonic organ we have quoted above declares that it is to be a war of extermination. In other words, either the church or the anti-Christian organization that has got possession of the government will have to surrender. We are told there is not room for both in France. Of course the church in the twentieth century, as in all the centuries that have come and gone since she came into existence, possesses an invisible strength that her enemies are utterly incapable of appreciating at its true value. She may be harassed for some time to come in a land that she Christianized and civilized, but she never will be conquered. The promise of Christ to be with her to the consummation of all time will not fail. She has survived greater perils than those now confronting her in France, and therefore she will not be dinned by such vaporings as the Masonic judges and their organs are indulging in just now.—New York Freeman's Journal.

SAN ANTONIO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Three years ago the Oblate Fathers opened, in San Antonio, Texas, a Seminary for the training of their own subjects and of such ecclesiastical students as the Right Rev. Bishops might confide to their care.

Since its establishment a fair and steadily increasing number of students have registered; but not so many as we had reason to expect in view of the exceptional advantages offered. In many seminaries there are young men whose health is not equal to their courage or to the exigencies of a rigorous climate. These are obliged, in consequence, either to discontinue their studies or to pursue them under great difficulties; they cannot do justice to themselves or to their professors; the little they do attain further injures their health, and it sometimes happens that after three or four years they leave the seminary with imperfect education and impaired constitutions.

Could such students be transferred, in good time, to a benign and salubrious climate, could they prosecute their studies, for example in the dry, bracing atmosphere of South-western Texas, they would not only recover their health and vigor and be able to continue their studies without interruption. We have, in fact, had many examples of this in our Seminary, among students who were sent here from various dioceses of the North and East.

San Antonio is deservedly famous throughout the country, as a health resort. The Seminary buildings are located on an elevated plateau, known as "Laurel Heights," one of the most healthy and desirable sites in and around the City.

Students desiring to spend the vacation months in Texas may do so at the summer home of our community, situated on a ranch near the Rio Grande, where they may enjoy such recreations as riding, hunting, swimming, fishing and other outdoor exercises. In connection with the Seminary, and offering the same advantages, is St. Anthony's College and Apostolic School opened in September last, for young boys desiring to take a classical course.

In bringing the Seminary and Apostolic College to the notice of the Bishops and Directors of Seminaries the Oblate Fathers believe that these establishments offer very exceptional advantages, the use of which will not only be of considerable assistance to many worthy young men, but redound also to the material benefit of the Church at large. And in inviting you to avail yourself of their offered services in favor of your students, they ask you, at the same time, to accept the assurance of their grateful appreciation of your patronage.

A. ANTOINE, O. M. I. Sup.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER ON THE PROTESTANTISM OF TO-DAY.

The Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, son of the late Harriet Beecher Stowe, and pastor of the Central Square Congregational Church at Bridgeport, deprecates the condition of Protestantism to-day. He says there are in England and America one hundred and twenty-five different Protestant sects, exclusive of the various kinds of Baptists and thirteen kinds of Wesleyan Methodists. "Protestantism," he says, "is a kind of modern Cerberus, with one hundred and twenty-five heads all barking discordantly, and is like the mob of Ephesus. Thoughtful Christians looking on and beholding with sadness this confusion worse confounded can not fail to ask: 'Did our Lord Jesus Christ come in this world to establish this jumble of debating societies, or a church of the living God capable of making itself felt as a pillar and a ground of the faith?'"

UNREST IN PROTESTANTISM.

The Rev. Mr. Stowe says that there is great unrest and hunger in the Protestant world to-day that refuses to be allayed by the chattering of critical parrots, or the buzzing of esthetic gaudies. He describes the insignificance of the Plymouth Colony in numbers and material wealth, and says: "How then account for the stupendous influence which this tiny commonwealth has exerted and still exerts on the history of mankind? There is one, and only one, possible answer to this question: It was their devotion to the invisible, the eternal, the moral order of the universe, the glory of God! They endured, and yet endured, as seeing Him Who is invisible! All the history of mankind for them centered about His cradle and His cross, and for them there were none of these unusual benefits and privileges, which we enjoy in this enlightened age, of being illuminated by the dark wisdom of the blind mules and bats of a goddess, Christless scholarship that burrows in the holy ground of Sinai and Calvary alike, finding there only common dirt.

"Emerson remarks in his 'Sovereignty of Ethics': 'Father would out his hand off sooner than write these against the Pope if he suspected he was bringing on with all his might the pale negations of Boston Unitarianism.' In the same spirit, and with the same limitations with which Mr. Emerson's remarks are to be understood by discriminating readers, I say that our Puritan Fathers never would have made the break that they did with Catholic Christianity could they have foreseen as a result thereof the Christless, moribund, frigid, fruitless Protestantism that can contribute neither warmth, life, inspiration nor power to lift us above the weight and weariness of sin."

Mr. Stowe is thankful that this is not

true of all Protestantism.

"But, alas!" he says, "it is only too true that the heavenly city, which our Puritan Fathers yearned for, and sought with prayers and tears, has become to many of their Christless descendants a frigid city of ice palaces, built of pale negations, cold, cheerless, shining in a pale winter sun with an evanescent glitter of a doubtful and unsubstantial intellectual worth."

"The full, rich, glorious Christ of Catholic Christianity has been dragged from His throne by these 'advanced thinkers' (God save the mark!) and reduced to beggary. A pale, bloodless, emaciated Syrian ghost, he still dimly haunts the icy corridors of this twentieth century Protestantism, from which the doom of his final exclusion has been already spoken."

TRADING TO THE CHURCH OF GOD. Then in their boundless arrogance and self assertion they turn upon those of us who still cry with Thomas before the Risen One, 'My Lord and my God,' and tell us that there is no middle ground between their own vague and sterile rationalism and the Roman Catholic church. If this be so, then for me most gratefully and lovingly I turn to the church of Rome as a homeless, homeless wanderer to a home in a continuing city.

"We are hungry for God, yes, for the living God, and hence so restless and dissatisfied. The husk of life's fruit is growing thicker, and its meat thinner and dryer every day for the vast majority of our people. In many and important respects, life was brighter in the so-called 'Dark Ages' than it is to-day. The seamless robe of Christ is rent into hideous fragments and trampled in the dirt."

MR. STOWE'S TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The foregoing arraignment of the Protestantism of to-day by this Congregationalist minister is a striking contrast to the following poem, "The Ancient Church of Rome," which appeared from his pen recently in the Hartford Times, and in which he pays a fine tribute to the Catholic church:

As I pass Tiberis' banks
Thee I see, O Sea of Rome,
So looms above earth's chance and change
The Ancient Church of Rome.

Majestic 'gainst the sunset sky
The Titan mountain stands,
Frowning while ocean giants die
Upon its frowning base.

So bold against the lurid past,
Yet stands the Church of Rome,
Unchanged when all is changing fast—
The storm tossed pilgrim's home.

O'erwhelmed by the barbarian hosts
The Earth City fell,
But laid on her rude conquerors
The magic of her spell.

Thus facing countless future years,
And ages yet unborn,
Rome rises over all haunting fears,
And dreads no coming storm.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who writes letters to the New York Sun, is a fair specimen of the latter day agnostic. He reads the scriptures with a view of finding all the fault with them he can. He has, of course, drunk too deeply of the fountains of wisdom to give credence to what his less cultivated fellow-men cherish as the dearest hope to them in life. He is a scientist, too, and for that reason sees more clearly than most men the deep gulf between religion and the conclusions of chemistry and physics and geology and astronomy.

Like all other agnostics, moreover, Mr. Smith never has either the brief or the inclination to show us just where and for what reason the scriptures should be put side by side with the myths of the Greeks and Romans, or in what particular science sets itself against religion. He contents himself merely with stating that it is so, and imagines, doubtless, that enough has been said.

Like all other agnostics, also, he has made himself adept in their art of getting rid of objections who ask unpleasant questions. A wave of the hand, an epithet of the by-way, an appeal to some immortal expression of Loggia is supposed to settle forever the old comparisons or "my orthodox friends." When taken to task for an erroneous statement regarding Church history Mr. Goldwin huris back such shibboleths as "St. Bartholomew's Day" or the "Spanish Inquisition." When galled in scientific matters Mr. Smith regales us with a nauseating list of materialistic speculators. From science to scripture, from scripture back to science, from history to myth and from myth back again to history the cunning quarry dodges in and out until breathless from exertion and impatient of the williness of the game, and despairing of ever bringing him to bay, one by one "my orthodox friends" retire from the chase and leave the fox free in the woods.

Mr. Smith has been writing so long for the New York Sun that we could hardly make ourselves believe we were reading the reliques of Dana if Mr. Smith's name were not written on some page thereon in "bold caps." With all that, however, he has already said all that he is capable of saying. That reservoir of human wisdom has run dry; even the reserve supply has long since been exhausted. So that we wonder the public still finds delight in looking at the mouldering walls of an antiquated cistern. If "my orthodox friends" would only leave Mr. Smith alone he would soon be covered out of sight by the greensward.—Providence Visitor.

Sin is an offense against God. It is the creature setting itself up against its Creator. And this comes from pride. O what can we be proud? All our gifts are from God, but how often have we used them to offend Him!