

The Catholic Record.

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

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HARVARD AUTHORITIES CHALLENGED.

The New York Sun calls upon the Harvard authorities to show wherein lies the alleged inferiority of Jesuit colleges. They have ignored Father Bronsahan's rejoinder and have treated the whole matter in a manner that reflects little credit either on their courtesy or courage. But now educators all over the country want to know the reasons for President Eliot's strictures. If he has been misled he should in justice to himself and to his university make the *amende honorable*. At any rate he has learned that unfounded charges cannot be made with impunity against Catholic institutions, and that Jesuits are not afraid of meeting in the public lists a champion of even such acknowledged prowess as Harvard's learned pundit.

APOLOGETIC CATHOLICS.

Frequently in these columns we have spoken of so-called Catholics who make a practice, especially in discussing with, or explaining to their Protestant friends, any important factor of Catholic belief, to soften down, or apparently apologise for, that factor. While the form in which this doubling or apologetic language is put may not be an outright denial of the faith, it is just as bad. It seems to say:

"Well, some of the less intellectual Catholics firmly believe this: for my part, I do not wish to press the matter, especially on you. For the whole world I would not offend your delicate religious sensibility by putting this matter in any but a doubtful light."

One of the worst instances of this system of compromise occurs in a letter which appeared lately in the Montreal Star, from its special correspondent sent with the Canadian pilgrimage to Paray le Monial, to the shrine of Blessed Margaret Mary.

This correspondent, as is well known, is a Catholic lady. Here is the precious sentence:—

"I shall never cease to think with pleasure of our first visit to the Chapel of the Visitation, where Our Lord is said to have appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary."

The italics are ours. This is a little "soothing syrup" to the Protestant readers of the Star, who might be shocked if a Catholic correspondent expressed her own faith, if she have any, in the miracle, on which is founded the grandest organization within the Church—the Apostleship of Prayer.

THE CHINESE TROUBLE.

The dismemberment of China is the chief problem that confronts European statesmen. Just how the trouble that seems to make it necessary has come about, is not quite apparent. Lord Salisbury blames the Protestant missionaries; others, the foreign merchants; and a few ascribe it to the construction of railways. Perhaps the sight of the Russians, French, Germans, etc., made the Chinaman nervous and gave him a fit of hysterics. He is not out of it as yet and will not be until he is cured by a wholesome dose of the bayonet.

But the talk about the partition of China is rather premature. If England required 200,000 men to cope with 50,000 Boers, how many soldiers will be needed to deal with 400,000,000 Chinamen. It taxed Gordon's resources to put down the Tarping outbreak, and the rebels at that time were without the assistance of the Chinese army.

We do not confess to any particular admiration for the Chinaman, but we fail to see why the atrocities committed by the Boxers should cause us to pour out our wrath on every Oriental. He is, of course, very conservative and looks askance at foreign mercantile activity, but that is his way, and besides he owns the country. He is not so ignorant either as newspaper scribes would have us believe. He may know nothing about higher criticism, but he is an adept in the mysteries of the silk loom and ceramic art. "There are," says a writer, "a few sickly hairs in the Chinaman's pigtail, and it may benefit him to remove them: but he will hardly be grateful if, in order to do so, we pull with both hands at the whole appendage."

CHURCH MUSIC.

When is that long-expected choir reform going to come? Competent judges declare that it is absolutely necessary, and we in our narrow sphere see no reason to dissent from their opinion. Were there a dearth of ecclesiastical music we should perforce be obliged to put up with the vocal pyrotechnics of the gifted soprano and tenor; but when we have music of rare beauty written expressly for divine worship we can discover no excuse for retaining the compositions now in vogue. They are, if we may believe newspaper reports, quite acceptable to the best musical taste. We confess, however, to an inability to see that. When we hear the "Gloria" in a setting of catchy music that is suggestive of the dance hall, and the grand "Credo" hung to the winds in a mutilated condition, twisted by repetition out of all sense and coherency, we begin to have doubts as to music's ministering to devotion. The prelates of Nice, who valiant are, and many of them, eyes dug out and hands scorched and legs disabled, came from all quarters of the earth to bear witness to the faith within them, would, were they to enter some of our churches, scarce recognize their immortal profession of belief.

The gifted soprano who permits her friends to write her up in the newspapers may have a fine voice, with upper register notes of surpassing beauty and brilliancy plus a collection of bravuras, but she should refrain from exhibiting them in the church. We go there to worship God and not to while away an hour or so listening to music that feeds the vanity of the vocalists and distracts the worshipper. St. Crysostom says:

"Nothing so exalts the mind and gives it as it were wings, so delivers it from earth and loosens it from the bonds of the body, so inspires it with the love of wisdom, and fills it with such disdain for the things of this life, as the melody of verses and the sweetness of holy song."

But the good saint would have used other language had holy song as rendered now, fallen upon his ears.

In looking over the annals of the past one cannot but admire the attention given to ecclesiastical music. It was deemed a part of liberal education, and we are told that the Roman Pontiffs were either musicians or men who delighted in music. Not content with cultivating it, they carefully guarded it from corrupting influences. Writing to an Abbot, St. Bernard says that Church music should be full of gravity, being neither lascivious nor rustic, sweet without being frivolous, soothing to the ear, but so as also to move the heart. It should appease sadness, mitigate anger and not diminish but fecundate the sense of the words. The old masters were men of faith who caught the echoes of the choir invisible and locked them up in the harmonies of the Church. There is no affectation, no straining for effect, but the music of a soul afire with the love of God and anxious to plant that love in the hearts of others.

During the Middle Ages music was employed to direct minds to spiritual things. "When men hear sacred songs," says St. Thomas, "although they may not understand the words which are sung, yet they understand for what purpose they are sung, namely, to praise God, and this is sufficient to excite devotion." Not only were priests endowed with the knowledge of music, but laymen as well. And it must have been inspiring to have heard within the precincts of some grand old cathedral the majestic Gregorian chant swelling up from the hearts of the faithful and upbearing to the great White Throne their tribute of love and adoration.

In the fifteenth century Benedict XIV. condemned a theatrical music, which began, as Digby says, to be introduced into churches. Satan seemed to have crept again into the paradise of men on earth, the house of God. The chants were left to profane untoured artists who substituted fanciful digressions and bombastic flourishes—a music, in a word, full of insolent grandeur, noisy, tedious and abounding in insipid repetitions—for the ancient simplicity, the dignity of the priesthood and the reverence of God.

And this is the kind of music one hears in too many churches! It may be pleasing and tuneful, but it is not devotional.

Sometimes it exceeds all limits, as when for an example some strong-lunged female indulges during the solemn Benediction service in sundry musical war whoops. We sincerely pray that our eyes may not close in death until we hear the music that fell from the lips of our forefathers and that is blessed and sanctioned by the Church—the Gregorian chant—in every place of worship.

OUR LADY'S STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

Pilgrims go Along the Way of the Cross at Jerusalem, Passing From Calvary, not to It—The Narrative of Felix Fabri (1480) gives a Devotional Reason for This. In Our Lady's Custom of Communion and Devotion.

"Our Blessed Lady was careful every day to visit the holiest places in Jerusalem and the neighborhood. In the early morning, as dawn drew nigh, after having received the Sacrament from St. John on the Lord's Mount of Sion, she went forth with her maidens and entered that great chamber which had been made ready for the last Supper, where she meditated upon the immense boon there conferred upon the human race, looked into the deepest mysteries, and kissed the place where her Son had sat. From thence she would go to the house of Annas the High Priest, and after praying there entered the hall of Caiaphas, and mused, not without sorrow, upon the sufferings undergone by her Son in that building. Thence she went down the Mount Sion out of the city, and came to the rock of the Cross, which she embraced and sweetly kissed, pitying that dearest One who was crucified there, and rejoicing nevertheless in His precious devotion to those whom He redeemed. From thence entering into the garden of the Lord's tomb, she would go to the place where the Body of her Son and Lord was anointed and preserved in spices, where she kneeled and kissed the stone, and swiftly rising from thence, made her way to the Lord's tomb, whose cave she entered, and embracing His Sepulchre, was filled on that spot with unspeakable joy. Leaving these places she went down the hill of Calvary towards the city gate, and on her way, not unmindful of her Son, how He was led out of the city along that path, burdened with the heavy cross; and in the places where she had seen her Son either fall beneath the load of the Cross, or be assailed by some special outrage, she would kneel down and pray. Thus she would enter the city by the gate of judgment, go up to Pilate's judgment hall, and kiss the places where He was scourged and crowned, with thanksgiving. Coming out from thence she would go to the house of Herod, and kiss her Son's footprints there. From hence she would go up to the temple of the Lord, and after praying there, would leave the temple on the other side, and come to the golden gate, where she reflected upon her Son's entrance on Palm Sunday."—The Month, 1st July, 1900.

THE BIBLE AND ITS INTERPRETER.

Dr. De Costa is writing a series of articles for the Catholic World on "The Place of the Bible in the Catholic Church." The first of the series—the leading article in the magazine—is on "The Bible and Its Interpreter." The doctor starts out with the proposition that the Catholic Church is the only competent authority to answer the question: Is the Bible inspired? And that competent authority has answered the question, through its councils and its supreme head, in a manner that leaves no possible doubt about the attitude of the Church towards the Bible.

Inspiration, whether in book or man is an attribute that falls under none of the senses, and consequently must become known by means of authoritative, infallible teaching or it cannot become known at all. Individual reason private judgment concerning a fact must rest on the testimony of the senses or on the testimony of authority. In the case of inspiration the judgment cannot rest on the testimony of the senses, because the fact is super-sensible, falls not under the senses, is beyond their province. They are therefore not competent to give evidence, either affirmative or negative, in the case. The senses being thrown out of court, there remains only the testimony of authority. And the weight of this authority—its convincing force—depends on its nature. If it be a purely human authority it is, in the last analysis, nothing more than the authority of the senses, which we have seen is utterly incompetent; for the testimony of many men (in council or synod) based on the evidence of their senses as to a fact that falls not under the senses, is as incompetent as the testimony of one man based on his senses as to a super-sensible fact. Where both are utterly incompetent there are no degrees of comparison. There must therefore be an authority competent to justify a reasonable

or reasonable belief is impossible. The only authority competent to induce reasonable belief in a revealed fact that be known only through authority is an authority resting on the infallibility of God, and by His commission and promise rendered incapable of error in delivering His revealed truth to mankind. Only such an authority can justify a reasonable faith in the inspiration of the Bible. And such an authority has spoken and affirmed the inspiration of the Scriptures.

This is the ground of the Catholic's belief; the only reasonable ground of belief in a super-sensible and supernatural fact. In the last analysis the Catholic's faith rests on the veracity of God, the only ark in the wide waste of erratic speculation and harrasing doubt.

The fact is that Protestantism in the beginning took the inspiration of the Bible on the word of the Church, even while rebelling against her authority. It was not long before some of its leaders realized the absurdity of their position. Luther was one of these, and it was not long after his rejecting the Church's authority and falling back on his private judgment that he rejected the authority or inspiration of some of the books of the Bible. He was, as Dr. De Costa truly observes, the first of the formal Higher Critics.

But the Protestant masses, more pious than logical, still cling to the old Catholic faith as to the Bible, and reverence it as inspired. Masses of men are slow to work out logical conclusions from an accepted principle, whether the principle be true or false. The Catholic belief concerning the inspiration of the Scriptures which Protestants received from the Catholic Church has lingered among them—more, however, as an inherited habit of thought than from firm, positive and logical conviction—for more than three hundred years. But the reason of the belief being rejected, the belief itself has been growing weaker as time passed. The logic of the original false position of Protestantism has been working its way slowly through Protestant society, until of late years the Higher Criticism in its more virulent form has accelerated its speed to a veritable Niagara current; with the result, in the words of Dr. De Costa, "that the bulk of the (Protestant) people have drawn away from all religious organization and from belief in the Bible, which is ridiculed in thousands of Protestant pulpits."

It has taken over three hundred years for the seed of infidelity, buried in the core of the original false principle of Protestantism, to grow to its full development and bear its legitimate fruit, scepticism, agnosticism, infidelity. The fact that it took so long to eradicate the Catholic belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures from Protestant peoples is, to the philosophic mind, a striking proof of how profoundly the Catholic Church had impressed that truth in the minds of Christian peoples in the time just previous to Luther's revolt.

Dr. De Costa's article is mainly devoted to an account of the origin and progress of the Higher Criticism and its disastrous results. He knows whereof he speaks. His presentation of the Catholic attitude towards the Holy Scriptures—so far as he gives it in this first article—is clear and correct.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE CATHOLIC CONVERTS' LEAGUE.

The Catholic Converts' League of America is doing a good deal of active work in Chicago. It has held several meetings, during which the question box received a good deal of attention and papers on important topics were read. The gathering of converts as such is an important feature in our work, for it serves to bring to the notice of the great body of Catholics and non-Catholics the high character of the men who come into the Church through intellectual conviction. They have all, though, severally and individually, worked their way out from the prejudices of early education and the restraining attachments of friends and relatives into a position in which very often their only consolations are the rest and peace of heart that comes in the possession of the truth. Usually they are men and women of strong conviction and resolute character as well as courageous heart.

"I never meet a convert but I am ready to take off my hat to him. I honor him for his courage of heart, as well as for his rectitude of purpose," said one of the best known prelates in the country.

That there is a sufficient number of converts in Chicago to constitute a league is not only evidence of good work done, but it is a most striking proof of the necessity of accomplishing a still greater work on the same lines. What has attracted men of such high character will continue to attract still others. There are seeking the light, and there are only a few who are ready to devote their energies to make it known to them. There are numbers of hearts who are longing for the rest and peace that they only can get in the Catholic Church, and there are only a compar-

cross roads to point out the way, or are near the door to open it unto them.

The real good this Converts' League will do, besides the personal advantage derivable from membership, is the constant announcement of the fact before Bishops, clergy, and people that there are still other converts ready to come if only the way is prepared for them.—The Missionary.

TALES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Interesting Incidents of the Non-Catholic Propaganda.

The current issue of the Missionary contains its usual complement of interesting incidents narrated by the enterprising Fathers of the Catholic Missionary Union, who are carrying on the crusade among non-Catholics throughout the country. The following incident is well worth republishing:

The Catholic Missionary Union often hears, through its priests, of life stories as strange and entertaining as romance. An incident that recently came to its notice will, doubtless, prove generally interesting. Toward the end of a non-Catholic mission, recently given, a poor laboring woman, shawl clad and wrinkled with incessant cares and privations, approached the missionary and asked if she could bring him a friend of hers who was not a Catholic. Upon his assurance of a welcome she went to fetch another poor creature even more needy, from a spiritual as well as worldly standpoint, than herself, and placed her before the priest, somewhat as a cat would a mouse. The good Samaritan eyed her rather uncouth-looking charge with complacency, and in an awkward assumption of *savoir faire*, introduced her and tried to make her feel at ease. The effort, however, was beyond her powers, for the recruit proved to be a veritable quintessence of blind bigotry, preserved intact through many generations of moral perversion. The priest's kind words and patience, however, gradually exorcised the malevolence with which he had first been regarded, and the "born Catholic" had the gratification of witnessing in her friend a change of heart toward the Church which would inevitably lead her to the desired goal, full conversion.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN'S REWARD.

This instance of the missionary spirit, so beautifully exemplified in the life of one of the world's despised, led to further questioning by the priest, and the facts of her life embody the spiritual romance so often shown us in the marvellous dispensations of reward and punishment by the hand of God. Her great grandfather was a young man of a famous and highly respected family in the South who, with a heroism as beautiful as any deed of chivalry, suffered disinheritance and the loss of all friends and worldly prospects in order to become a Catholic. His fortitude, preserved in his present hard-working descendant, has been a far greater wealth, according to the eternal values of things, than the fortune he relinquished. But God is not unmindful of His own even in those lesser interests, as recent news seems to prove. It now has been found that the Protestant branch of the family has died out and a sum of about \$75,000,000 is to be divided among a few persons, of whom our poor day laborer is one. Facts like these are a startling commentary upon the theory that the laws of cause and effect are independent of an all-seeing God.

IN PROVIDENCE.

In the neighboring diocese of Providence the missionaries were Rev. Dr. Stang, Rev. M. J. McCabe and Rev. Dr. Blessing. They write: "The Fathers of the Providence apostolate have been doing good work ever since the inauguration of the movement last February. They have been busily engaged in giving missions in some of the larger churches, and in each instance following up the mission to Catholics by one to non-Catholics. In the beginning of May they invited Father Younan, C. S. P., to associate himself with them for a great mission in the cathedral. At its close the mission to non-Catholics opened. Bishop Harkins gave the address of welcome.

The Bishop is very sincerely and actively interested in the success of this work. At a conference to the clergy he stated that so deeply did he feel the need of this apostolate of preaching to non-Catholics in the diocese that he would be pleased to take the work under his special protection. So much was he interested in its success that he would be pleased to look upon the establishment of the work as one of his choicest projects for the diocese.

The attendance of from four hundred to five hundred non-Catholics greeted the missionaries the first night, and as the evenings went by both the interest and the numbers increased. Providence has not a very great reputation for the interest it takes in religious matters, and one who knew ventured the assertion that "three converts in Providence would be a miracle." A priest who looked in one night said that he was surprised beyond all measure at the attendance of non-Catholics. There were

TWO MINISTERS WHO CAME EVERY NIGHT—one had himself replaced in his own

single lecture. A lady expressed herself to the rector in this way: "Now we know the truth about Catholic teaching. For what purpose have we been deceived all these years?" This lady and her daughter followed the sessions of the inquiry class in order to get a fuller knowledge of the Catholic faith, and to disabuse her mind of all these false notions about the Church. The meetings of the inquiry class were held for two weeks after the mission finished. After the first three evenings a man, his wife and two children, aged six and fourteen years respectively, were baptized. A Catholic told one of the fathers of the house that he was coming back after being away for thirty-five years.

Two weeks of good work in the inquiry class brought it twenty-one converts, and there were sixteen who were sure to come, while thirty-four others were left under the care of Father Lowney.

CHURCH EPISCOPALIAN RECTOR.

The priests who conducted the mission in Norwich, Ct., write:

To show the effect on some outside the fold it is only necessary to allude to the conduct of an Episcopalian rector. Hitherto the ministers have been uniformly gracious; if unwilling to attend in person, they have not deterred their charges from accepting the invitation. But Norwich was to be the exception. There may have been local incentives that caused the minister to act churlishly, however. The church over which he now presides gave three former pastors to the Catholic Church, one of whom is Henry Austin Adams. Whatever made him wroth, the gentleman resented being called a non-Catholic, and in the letter which answered the invitation to come he took it upon himself to read Father Smith and the missionaries a lesson in theology. The good which came forth from this otherwise disagreeable episode was the unmasking of the minister. Many Catholics lauded him before as "the most liberal of men," but they discovered that liberality is a somewhat shrewish creature when pet notions are threatened.

BAPTIST RANTER'S DISCOMFITURE.

Rev. P. B. Brannan had one interesting experience in Mena, Ark. His missions to non-Catholics in the town had been so successful as to alarm the Protestant ministers. They sent for a Baptist preacher who had some reputation as a controversialist. He got in on Friday night while I was speaking on Transubstantiation, writes Father Brannan. I was expecting a challenge which I did not get. Saturday night was a vacant night for me at the opera house, as I had to hear confessions. He circulated hand bills all over town Saturday, inviting all, especially Catholics, to come and hear him. I was asked by several Catholics if they would go. I told them I had no objection, but if you go into a polemic den you must take the consequences, and that if they could stand it I could. They went and they got the "consequences." He invited them to go again Sunday afternoon, but "they didn't go there any more." All were in eager anticipation for my last lecture Sunday night. The house was crowded as it had not been before. I saw the "old offender" himself come in and take a seat in a conspicuous place in the audience. He appeared to be a man about sixty-five years of age, with many wrinkles, long gray whiskers, a head fringed with gray hair, with much unproductive space on his cranium. He put on his gold spectacles and looked intently at the speaker. I talked for about an hour and a half on my subject, and all began to think that I would make no allusion to him. For the next half-hour I attended exclusively to "his case." I would that the pen of another should tell the balance.

The enthusiasm of the audience was such that they could no longer suppress the rising volume of intense gratification, and they made the rafters ring with vocal, manual and pedal demonstrations of delight. As the speaking proceeded the old man's head started on a journey to his knees, and when all was over his whiskers were resting on his lap. I have had many exciting experiences.

BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS.

In all my missionary travels. Next day a ponderous Missourian came up and shook hands, and said: "Well, mister, I ain't on your side—that is, I haven't been—but jee whiz! you give that old fellow —, and he deserved all he got." Next day the old man left town, and I think it is safe to say that he will not interfere with my missionary work right soon again. The confessional was most prolific in good results at this place. I have other interesting things to say, but must reserve them for a future occasion, as I find I am taking up too much space.

We must bear our crosses: self is the greatest of them all. If we die in part every day of our lives, we shall have but little to do on the last. Oh wretchedly will these little daily deaths destroy the power of the final dying!—Fenelon.

How beautiful is sacrifice! Ever since the Divine Martyr made selfishness abominable, they who rise to high purposes are lifted to them.