

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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CATHOLICS AND POLITICS.

Judging from recent pronouncements we must come to the conclusion that some worthy persons imagine that a Catholic must carefully refrain from anything that can be construed into trenching on party politics. They would place a warning "Stand off the grass," on that sacred domain and order a policeman, in the shape of public opinion, to see that the injunction be obeyed. But it is a great waste of energy. Politics such as it is to day, with its personalities and scandals and disdain of all social amenities, is not a thing to invite the attention of self-respecting individuals.

PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.

In an article in the New York Journal Lord Salisbury assures the public that Protestant missionaries are devoted and free from secondary motives, but the fact that it is so does not prevent them from becoming menaces to the nations from which they come. He explains this statement by declaring that martyrdom is a relic of past ages and must not on account of political consequences that it may entail be indulged in by the modern evangelist. We were never under the impression that Protestant missionaries longed for the martyr's crown, but the English Premier thinks otherwise, and we suppose has abundant proof for his contention. But is not this adding to the white man's burden? The next thing will be a mandate of Parliament commanding British missionaries to pass an examination in rules of etiquette to be observed whilst laboring in foreign fields. This pronouncement will convince some people that Lord Salisbury is endeavoring to attain distinction in the humorous field, or makes others think of Titania saying to Bottom:

"I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again
Mine ear is enamored of thy note."

We believe, however, that the Premier is desirous of preserving pacific relations with all nations. The question of 1895 with America and of 1898 with France were settled by him without recourse to arms. The present war is due, if we may believe competent witnesses, to the petted darling of howling Imperialists. But be that as it may China has scores against England other than those arising from the imprudence of missionaries. What about the opium trade? The Chinese may not be as keen-witted as Europeans, but they had sense enough to see that opium was enervating and degrading the people. It was prohibited officially in 1796, but the English merchants and traders kept on selling the deadly drug to the natives. It meant immense profits, and this more than sufficed to quiet the reproaches of conscience. The little war of 1839 may also be remembered by the Chinese. Whatever past missionary zeal may have had in causing the present, deplorable outbreak it cannot be set down as the only disturbing element. Commercial rapacity and the brutality of the whites in their relations with the natives have done more than any other cause to pave the way for the present difficulties.

THE WAR.

Writing in the North American Review, Mr. Frederick Madison contends that the British workmen have no desire for predominance and conquest. London's Mafeking celebration might be adduced to offset that assertion. But we think that was simply a fit of hysterics caused by fire-works and different grades of gin, and no criterion of the opinion of the people. He goes on to say that the working men who oppose the war are not pro-Boers. The grievances of the Uitlanders they admit, but fall to see why the doctrine of patience preached to the masses at home should not be observed on behalf of immigrants in an independent state. What adds to the irony of the situation is the fact that the very statement who are so zealous for the enfranchisement of the Uitlanders of a foreign country bitterly opposed the endowment of their own countrymen with the full rights of citizenship. He says that the

war was begun for Stock Exchange purposes and that the veil has been dyed red to make it easier for a small clique of capitalists, in which the German Jew is conspicuous, to grow rich at the expense of the wretched Kafirs.

This theory does not at the present time find many warm supporters. Under the rule of Jingoism one must throw cap in air and acclaim the powers of the justice-loving Anglo-Saxon. What matters it that homes have been saddened and that broken men are in hospitals if imperialistic dreams be realized and soldiers return as conquerors through the long lanes of the wounded and dying! But this is sentiment, and the war was unevitable.

GOOD ADVICE FROM BISHOP McFAUL.

The letters of Bishop McFaul are causing quite a flutter in political circles across the border. Wise and venerable statesmen read them with dubious air and the amateur theologians regard them as rash and inopportune. The campaign orators will, doubtless, cite them as evidences of Rome's designs and implore the cohorts of the A. P. A. to stand firm and true in defence of their rights. Some of our separated brethren want a very little peg to hang their hat on. They are very suave so long as Catholics are content with political scraps and leavings, but as soon as we utter a word of protest the thin conventional veneering disappears and we see them in their true colors. We intended writing the above sentence in far different manner, but the fear of wounding the susceptibilities of our readers restrained us.

What the Bishop wants cannot arouse the ire of any reasonable individual. He intimates that Catholics must have their rights, and for the attainment of this advises a union of Catholic societies. He exhorts them to get past the progressive eucbre and 4th July oration stage and to show their strength, not by talking, but by action. There is no question of a political party; in fact the Bishop says that it would be unwise, for many reasons. He does not counsel us to contain our souls in peace or to rely upon the impartiality of our separated brethren, or to attach any credence to political bluffs and promises. That has been tried too often, and with dismal results. What is needed is a good, determined and united kick when the bigot undertakes to control Legislatures and to corral all the important offices.

This may not be considered "good form" by hickory Catholics, but it is a method that can be employed without detriment to our manhood.

THE AGES OF FAITH.

Do you ever see the phrase "the effete monarchies of the Old World"? Why certainly. You read it in newspapers and magazines and hear it from human phonographs who grind out exactly what has been put into them.

If you care, however, to look over the annals of the so-called effete monarchies you will find much that may silence gibe and taunt. And we are not perfect, you know, despite our new blown civilization. We may indeed become fairly presentable when time's alembic has done its work with us, but we are at present in a crude state. And then, being young, we like noise. The trouble is that many among us are more than Bourbons—that is, we learn nothing and forget everything. We live in houses built for us by our forefathers—never seeing the fissures in the walls, nor the signs betokening decay. It will go to pieces like the parson's one horse hay, and then, unlike the parson, we build another on the same lines.

Thus it is that many of our separated brethren are content to accept the traditional views of Catholicism. That it is a great power is indisputable; that it is the only power to be reckoned with is attested to by Huxley and Tyndal. But one to their mind irrefutable doctrine is that, opposed to science, we can have no part in the material glory of the age. The Vatican Council declared that "the Church, far from being opposed to the progress of human arts and sciences, assists, and encourages them

in many ways and recognizes that, coming from God, the Author of science, their proper use should, with the assistance of His grace, lead to God." But that, they hint, is a fluid—a mere tribute to the aspirations of the age.

We have, we know, the glorious old cathedrals voicing in stone the doctrines that inspired them, the paintings radiant with life and immortality which are at once the models and despair of modern artists, and many a wondrous bit of music that has sung its way into the heart of humanity. Nay, more, all that is best and thought-producing and life-beautifying has its source in the days when the nations dwelt in peace in the shade of the everlasting Church, united one to another by the bands of a common faith.

Sounds exaggerated!—but read what Frederic Harrison has to say about the thirteenth century, which was pre-eminently the Christian age. He says that the secret of its perfection was that all Europe was bound together in one Religion, one Church, one Faith. This faith still sufficed to inspire the most profound thought, the most lofty poetry, the widest culture, the freest art of the age: it filled statesmen with awe, scholars with enthusiasm, and consolidated society around uniform objects of reverence and worship. It bound men together from the Hebrides to the Eastern Mediterranean, from the Atlantic to the Baltic, as European men have never since been bound. Great thinkers like Albert of Cologne and Aquinas found it to be the stimulus of their meditations. Mighty poets like Dante could not conceive poetry unless based on it, and saturated with it. Creative artists like Glott found it an ever-living well spring of beauty. The great cathedrals embodied in it a thousand forms of glory and power. To statesman, artist, poet, thinker, teacher, soldier, worker, chief, or follower, it supplied at once inspiration and instrument.

But things that appeal to the artistic sense are not now classed among civilizing factors.

Still, in the domain of the natural sciences, so much vaunted by our separated brethren, the Church can boast of the prowess of more than one distinguished son. Botany and Geology had their beginnings in Catholic ages. In the various departments of Physics we have a long list of inventions and researches. The mariner's compass, the telescope, microscope, banks, clocks, etc., are the products of Catholic genius. We read at times in public prints of flying machines, and we are apt to consider it as another proof of the superiority of our age. And yet the flying machine is a Catholic invention of by-gone days. The apparatus, now so common, says Dr. Zahn, for the generation of electric light, and known as dynamo electric machines, are frequently pointed to as examples of American skill and invention, but nothing could be farther from the truth. Molet and Van Maideran of Belgium, about thirty years ago, constructed the first magneto electric machine for producing electric light, a type of machine still in use. Again, school children read in their text books that Watt was the inventor of the steam-engine. But a hundred years before Watt took out his patent steam engines had been built by Catholics. Robert Fulton is regarded as the inventor of the steamboat, and yet, as Dr. Zahn says, back in 1543 Blasco de Gavay, a Spanish sea-captain, exhibited in the harbor of Barcelona in presence of Charles V. a boat propelled by steam. In a word, there has been no field of science in which Catholics have not been pioneers who illumined the wild stretch of the mysterious and unexplored with rays of light, and who looked always from nature to nature's God.

Do you wish to know what heart will penetrate furthest into the Heart of Jesus? The most silent will be the best instructed, the most mortified will be the most tenderly cared, the most charitable will be the most loved, the most submissive will have the most power and credit in that Divine Heart; in fine, the most detached from all earthly things will possess it the most perfectly.

Every soul has a landscape that changes with the wind that sweeps the sky, with the clouds that return after its rain.—George MacDonald.

CONVERTS' LEAGUE.

Title of an Organization Established Recently in Chicago.—"Lead Kindly Light" is the Motto.

There is nothing in ecclesiastical law that warrants one in conferring the title of "Convert" upon any person won to the Catholic Church. Some Catholics object to its application. Nevertheless the use of the word is so thoroughly established that we would hardly be justified in attempting to invent a new term. Some "converts," if we must use the word, after losing their standing with Protestants, discover that they have little or none among Catholics. When an Episcopal and Ritualist comes into the Church and goes out of it after some years only to speak evil of Catholicity, the "convert" left behind very naturally inclines to ask himself what may be thought of his own case. The one newly arrived from the City of Confusion may feel at times a sense of uneasiness respecting his position; yet, if he sees things in their true light, he may realize that in the Catholic Church, or elsewhere, confidence must be deserved. It cannot be conferred by any town-meeting process. If there is nothing in particular in his known character and past history to inspire faith, he must proceed to justify trust, if he wants any, by present action.

Yet, since the Church, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever, while, to the contrary, the period of the individual is limited, Catholics need not wait until the convert is as ancient as Methuselah before entertaining some little trust in his sincerity. Too much delay is unwholesome. It was amusing the other day to hear a young Catholic who was dumped into the Church in babyhood without being consulted, say of a venerable, gray-haired priest, who fought his way in at the expense of friends and his patrimony, "here goes a convert." Two Jesuit priests in England, being asked what they had to be the most thankful for, one replied that it was the fact that he was born a Catholic, while the other said that he was thankful because he wasn't born a Catholic. The convert often buys the truth at a high price and values it accordingly.

Our Western "converts" accept the situation with a good grace, and intend to do the best they can with it, having expressed their faith by organizing a Catholic Converts' League. It is to be hoped, under the circumstances, that not many of the class who, had they been born Protestants, would never have had the spunk to venture the first step toward the Catholic Church, may not now, with the impressive wisdom of the wisecrack, undertake to discourage our Chicago brethren by attempting to impeach their good sense, in the multiplicity of societies—all of them candidates for favor—there may naturally be a disposition to elbow and even hustle the new comer. Yet every movement should be judged on its merits. It is intimated in one quarter this month that "converts don't amount to much," while those who keep in touch of journalistic expression frequently see the warning in respect to "making too much of converts." Converts can stand it if the Church can, and they have no fear of that. Holy Church in America has survived a considerable amount of poor or organization, and after coming out of it in good condition, will doubtless, as a whole, be willing now to give "converts" fair trial. The organization has its *raison d'être*, no doubt, and the Archbishop of Chicago has given the League his blessing. In other parts of the country, and especially in New York, some action in its favor may be expected after the vacation, if not before. The convert's experience should certainly qualify him in no small measure for the work of dealing with those out of the Church; while instead of withdrawing himself from the general activity, the member of the League will be eager to join in that confederation of Catholic societies advocated by the Bishop of Trenton. The aim of the League, therefore, is good, and entirely consistent with the hearty prosecution of every kind of work now carried on in the Church. For its patron saint it has selected the great Apostle to the Gentiles, while it is proud to point to Cardinal Newman as a shining example of what a modern convert should be, having arranged to place his portrait in their hall when ready. With its motto, "Lead, Kindly Light," should not the League have a welcome?

The society is now organized with the following officers: President, B. V. Hubbard. Vice presidents, Mrs. Alma MacDonnell, Alex. MacMillan and William L. Smith. Secretary, William Stetson Merrill. Treasurer, Miss E. Brownell. Chairman of finance committee, C. S. Edwards. Recorder, Miss Harriet B. Lehman.

It is not alone local, but all Catholics in the United States are especially interested in its work, and branch leagues will be formed in all parts of the country. While this organization is composed principally of converts to the faith, any Catholic is eligible to membership. "Lead Kindly Light" appears upon the pin worn by mem-

bers throughout the State. Negotiations are being made for permanent quarters, and a fine portrait of Cardinal Newman has been donated to the society by Mrs. C. Vinton Henry, who is a convert, and was personally acquainted with His Eminence.

Through the courtesy of Rev. Hugh McGuire, the first public celebration of the Converts' League was held at St. James' Church, corner of Twenty-ninth street and Wabash avenue, on Sunday, July 1. By request, "Lead, Kindly Light" was sung by the quartet. This solemnization received the approval and blessing of the Archbishop. Rev. Thomas E. Judge, well known in Catholic literary circles, delivered the first sermon for the League.

The objects of this society, as set forth in its by-laws, are to enlarge among its members the accurate knowledge of their religion and to stimulate them to the regular practice of its duties; to propagate the faith by personal example and social intercourse. It has been stated by outsiders that when a person becomes a convert to Rome he is more or less ostracized by Protestant friends, and to some extent at first ignored by Catholics, or at least treated with a slight suspicion, consequently he finds himself standing alone. One of the principal motives of this organization is to do away with any such ideas, for it has been formed on the broad basis of fraternity. The leading Catholic clergymen are much interested in this movement. At stated intervals prominent divines will deliver public lectures on stirring theological subjects: "The Inspiration of Holy Scripture," "Free Will" and "Higher Criticism." Bishop Keane, formerly head of the University at Washington and recently appointed Archbishop of Dubuque; also Rev. F. G. Lenz, the gifted writer and missionary, will speak for the Converts' League. This progressive movement has a sincere friend in Henry Austin. As yet no regular chaplain has been appointed for the League, but rumor has it that the choice lies between Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., and Rev. T. E. Judge.

CATHOLICS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

With pleasure we copy the annexed article from the Catholic Universe, of Cleveland, Ohio, for the reason that the editor's criticism of the treatment of Catholics in public life is as applicable to Canada in quite as great a measure as to the United States:

Long-suffering is the badge of our tribe. The outer world is a unit when there is a question of meddling with Catholic advancement, and the sleek solidity with which our neighbors stand over against us is the evidence of latent bigotry or suspicious dread, which seizes those not of us at the mention of the Catholic Church. There is no party when the Church is to be opposed; and no party will risk the carrying of a candidate suspected of leaning towards Rome, even if his closest inclination be through sympathy with his wife's relations. The man that deals with us in business, or, as he solicits our votes, tells us of intimacy with Catholics and his regard for the consistency of our Church, shakes his head when he is asked to promote measures for a later day emancipation, and talks about bad politics; while, to his intimates, he confesses a fear of Catholic control that is not entirely reconcilable with the exuberant professions of admiration which, in a more private capacity, he bestows upon those who may not too closely question the purpose of men gifted with fair speech that vetts a threatening intention. From those high in the councils of the nation to the true and tried leader in the ward, the same system of duplicity is an accepted method, which, it is known, will find favor with a majority of the people. There is no proclamation, no convention, no rousing to a sense of danger: mention the word Catholic, and all is said.

Is there an oasis in this Sahara of unreasoning prejudice? Catholics are good citizens as long as they ask nothing, oppose nothing. But ask or oppose, and we hear complaints, loud and loud, against encroachments and Jesuits, until we ourselves are moved with compassion at the terrible plight of those whose grotesque imagination boots and spurs every Romanist, and casts the Pope into a Colossus beside which that of Rhodes would be a child's mud man. Did we suppose our friends on the other side of the religious wall to be of minds as crafty and cruel as they sometimes profess to believe of us, our nights would be hours of suffering and anxiety running into days of nameless dread. Neither do we believe that our generally passive bearing has helped to relieve us of this burden of opposition. "Catholics are not united." "Pit them against one another." "They will stand against anything." And the "say nothing" Catholic asks us again to be patient and hope—and we hope till our hearts are made sick. Not knowing ourselves nor our strength, we trust, like fatalists, to the changes of fortune, and fortune favors not us, but those that direct it. Who shall deliver us from

the body of this death? Make legislative action that favors our interest good politics? Remove the handicap that goes with the profession of Catholic faith? Make us equal to others, not in declaration only, but in fact, wherever a religious test is not required? Not the man that tells us to "have patience" when he means "do nothing"; nor the man who thinks the opposition too great to be overcome, but the one who will move us to stop babbling about a faith for which we will not make an effort, and will put us in the ranks of practical believers. When we shall not be strangers to Catholic purposes nor inessential to hurtful intrigue; when we shall get over thinking that the only unity necessary in unity of faith; when spiritual interests shall be as important, at least, as our material concerns; when we shall consider principle before persons, we may look for the dawning of better things. Let us take counsel one with another.

OUR DEPARTED ONES.

The First Duty of the Catholics Toward His Dead.

It is our belief that in God's prison house the soul of the sinner is detained until it is paid the last farthing of the debt of sin or until it is so purified as to be worthy to be admitted to the presence of God. We believe, too, that by our prayers and good works offered for these souls in purgatory we can shorten the time of their suffering and bring them the sooner to God. Here, then, is our first and greatest duty toward our departed ones—"to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." This duty is often insisted upon by the Church, and it is well that it is, for our common lot is to be "Thrust into the ground to be forgot."

This is a matter of conscience with Catholics, and we leave its treatment to the pulpit, but there are a few other matters on this subject to which we wish to call earnest attention. The first concerns wakes. Thank God, we are far from the time when this vigil with the dead was turned into an occasion of revelry and dissipation, but our watch is not yet all that Christian piety demands. These few precious hours are too often passed in idle talk and silly gossip instead of in prayer for the soul of the departed. How much more befitting it would be to divide the hours of the night by exercises of piety, such as the recitation of the beads, the litany, the prayers for the dead, and the like!

Another bit of bad taste and useless extravagance is a lavish display of flowers and floral pieces with the names of the donors attached and duly mentioned in the daily paper. For what purpose this can serve it is hard to say, unless it be to satisfy the vanity of the living rather than honor the memory of the dead. Flowers are for times of sunshine, seasons of joy, and are sadly out of place at a funeral. Catholic societies are too apt to follow the senseless custom of non-Catholic ones and express their respect for their deceased members by elaborate floral offerings. Would it not be much more in keeping with the true spirit of charity to tender a spiritual bouquet, which knows no fading, promising so many prayers, Holy Communions and Masses for the soul of their late associate?

Many there are whose greatest ambition in life or death, let us say—is to have a big funeral. This, too is utter vanity and an extravagance the family can ill afford. A few days after a notice appears in the paper duly signed by the bereaved family thanking all the friends for their expression of sympathy. For bad taste this latter can hardly be surpassed. Here, however, their extravagance ceases. The show is over, and their dead, their dear ones, are forgotten. The lot in the cemetery is neglected, often remains unmarked by a tombstone and rarely or never visited. Perhaps once a year, at the feast of All Souls, the names of the dead are given to the priest to be remembered in the Mass of that day, thus shifting upon another even the burden of praying for them.

Among these neglected ones are a father and mother to whom we owe our life, husband or wife, brother, sister or child, for whom, when living, we would hunger or die to save them from pain or misery, and now that we can save them both we must be devoid of all sentiment of love and gratitude to neglect so grave a duty.—Guldon.

THE FUNCTIONS OF FAITH.

Faith has not only a special function with reference to the justification of the individual, but is also the universal bond between the redeemed race and God. It must, therefore, affect the whole soul, and be the health of every part, penetrating all the virtues, and imparting to them its own unity and stability. It is an adamant which God diffuses through man's whole being. It must enlighten the mind, erect the will, warm and purify the heart, live in every affection, kneel in our humility, endure in our patience.

Evil is like cold: a negative, not a positive, thing.—Austin O'Malley.