

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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THE CHURCH THE MOTHER OF SCIENCE.

The editor of the Presbyterian Review rises to make, as Bill Nye used to say, some pungent and radical remarks, anent a Catholic University. It refers to a tranchant article denying the possibility of conducting a truly Catholic University, owing to the hostile attitude of the Church towards all modern science, and gives us a triumphant proof that it comes from a Catholic source.

Well, all we can say is that, no matter from what source it comes, it furnishes ample evidence of ignorance as dense as that displayed by our worthy contemporary.

A very superficial knowledge of history would have shown him the appalling gravity of his unpardonable error. It is one more instance of a gentleman pledged to the advancement of truth, given over by bigotry to the dissemination of calumny. The annals of science brand the statement as false. We are not actuated by any partisan spirit in rebutting the words of our learned friend. We are ashamed that any respectable editor at this stage of the world's history should give shelter in the columns of a "religious journal" to a statement that has not a shred of truth to cover its naked deformity.

If he will inspect the records of science he will find that the children of the Catholic Church have contributed more than their share to the intellectual development of the world. Long before John Knox appeared in the land great Universities, truly Catholic indeed, were founded and became centres of intellectual activity—homes, as Carlyle said, "in which nearly all the inventions and civil institutions whereby we yet live as civilized men were originated and perfected."

Who founded the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Salamanca, Heidelberg, Paris and many others, which were claimed as "Alma Mater" by thou sands of students and whose professors taught every branch of art and science? They were not built by the hands of those whose preaching, as Hallam says, appealed only to the ignorant and who believed with Luther that "the devil never invented more cunning and pernicious means to root up utterly the gospel of Christ than the design of founding the universities."

That the Church is hostile to modern science is a fairy tale based on the vagaries of overheated imaginations. The Catholic Church is now, as in the past, unceasing in her efforts to promote the advancement of mankind. "We often hear it said," remarked Macaulay, "that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened, and that this enlightenment must be favorable to Protestantism and unfavorable to Catholicism. We wish that we could think so. We see that during the last two hundred and fifty years the human mind has been in the highest degree active; that it has made great advances in every branch of natural philosophy; that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the convenience of life, etc. Yet we see, during these two hundred and fifty years Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that, as far as there has been change, that change has, on the whole, been in favor of the Church of Rome."

Brownson tells us that he never in a single instance found an article or dogma of faith that embarrassed him as a logician: "I have as a Catholic felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic."

"Compare," he says, "an Irish or Spanish peasant with an English or German peasant; the learned Benedictines of St. Maur, or the Ballandists, with your most erudite scholars or critics, or the great mediaeval doctors with your most-lauded Protestant theologians; the difference in mental lucidity and acuteness is so great as to render all comparison almost ridiculous."

The editor shows his venom when he talks of the "creatures of the Jesuits." His assertion is, of course, without

foundation, but that matters little to a gentleman who has no regard for truth or justice. For the benefit of our readers we quote the views of Dr. Littledale, an impartial witness, who, despite his antagonism to Catholicism, could not withhold his admiration for the sons of Loyola:—

"The Jesuits alone rolled back the tide of Protestant advance, when that half of Europe which had not already shaken off its allegiance to the Papacy was threatening to do so, and the whole honors of the counter Reformation are theirs singly. They had the sagacity to see, and to admit in their correspondence with their superiors, that the Reformation, as a popular movement, was fully justified by the gross ignorance, negligence and open vice of the Catholic clergy, whether secular or monastic; and they were shrewd enough to discern the only possible remedies. At a time when primary and even secondary education had in most places become a mere *effete* and pedantic adherence to obsolete methods, they were bold enough to innovate less in systems than in materials, and putting fresh spirit and devotion into the work, not merely taught and catechized in a new, fresh and attractive manner, besides establishing free schools of good quality, but provided new manuals and school books for their pupils, which were an enormous advance on those they found in use, so that for nearly three centuries the Jesuits were accounted the best schoolmasters in Europe, as they were, till their forcible suppression the other day, confessedly the best in France, besides having always conciliated the good will of their pupils by mingled firmness and gentleness as teachers. And, although their own methods have in time given way to further improvements, yet their revolutionizing instruction as completely as Frederick the Great did modern warfare, and have thus acted, whether they meant it or not, as pioneers of human progress."

Frederic Harrison, as competent a judge as our contemporary, has the following to say of the thirteenth century, which was remarkable for its mediaeval ideas:

"The century was in nothing one-sided, and in nothing discordant. It had great thinkers, great rulers, great teachers, great poets, great artists, great moralists, and great workers. It was equally poetic, political, industrial, artistic, practical, intellectual and devotional. And these qualities were united in a uniform conception of life, with a real symmetry of purpose. There was one common creed, one ritual, one worship, one sacred language, one Church, a single code of manners, a uniform scheme of society, a universal art, something like a recognized standard of the good, the beautiful and the true. One half of the world was not occupied in ridiculing or combating what the other half was doing. Nor were men absorbed in ideals of their own, whilst treating the ideals of their neighbors as matters of indifference and *res gestas* of power. Men were utterly different from each other as were Stephen Langton, St. Francis, Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, Dante, Giotto, St. Louis, Edward I., all profoundly accepted one common order of ideas, equally applying to things of the intellect, of moral duty, of action, and of the soul—to public and private life at once—and they could all feel that they were together working out the same task. It may be doubtful if that has ever happened in Europe since."

The secret of all this social harmony and perfection was that all Europe was united together in one Religion, one Church, one Faith. "This faith," once more writes Mr. Harrison,

"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 in it the stimulus of their meditations. Mighty poets, like Dante, could not conceive poetry unless based on it and saturated with it. Creative artists, like Giotto, found in it an ever-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 laborer, it supplied at once inspiration and instrument."

THE CONDITION OF LABOR.

We had a few weeks ago an opportunity of listening to some remarks of a gentleman of commercial fame, on the influence that Christian homes must have upon society. The speech was, according to the daily newspaper, very eloquent and timely, and enlivened by those flashes of humor which characterize the public utterances of the gentleman.

The remarks on the influence of home were quite orthodox if not original, but they were sadly out of place on the lips of that commercial nabob.

We thought, as we listened to his oily platitudes, of the men who were in his factory harnessed to the car of labor, and receiving as wage but a miserable pittance, barely sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. He has a home—but the human machines that furnish his luxuries know not the meaning of domestic life.

How could they when their every thought is concentrated in the gaining of bread? We sit betimes and watch them as they homeward come from the rich man's factory or slave den. We watch them file past our doors, big, broad-shouldered, hollow-eyed fellows—men indeed in the eyes of God and of the Church that preaches the gospel to the poor, but not men according to the present industrial system which is the legitimate offspring of the Reformation.

The orations of persons who are

doing all in their power to undermine and to destroy the home are nauseating to every man of moderate intelligence. Better for them to come out under their true colors as dealers in flesh and blood, who care more for a break in the machinery than for a break in a human heart, and who have as much practical regard for their neighbors as for the dust of the highway.

We have heard them compared to the Roman slave owners. We do not like the comparison. The Roman, merciless as he might be towards his dependents, had a taste for art and literature; but the modern commercial pirate is soulless—absorbed in stocks and dividends—a mere human ledger, dead to the true and beautiful, which, thank God! cannot be bought or syndicated.

"You talk," said Bishop Ketteler in 1863, "to the workman of self help, advise him to improve his condition by his own efforts: it is mockery of a man who can hardly make out his daily bread." And the prelate goes on to say that we have our slave market in every country of Europe, modeled upon a plan sketched by an enlightened anti-Christian liberal and our humanitarian Free-Masonry.

No one observing the trend of society will deny that the existence of gigantic corporations, dominating laborer and consumer alike, are a menace to national stability. They are alien to charity and justice and reminds us of what Carlyle said "that the beginning and end of what is the matter with society is that we have forgotten God."

Years ago the devoted friend of the workingman, Cardinal Manning, pointed out the dangers of our present system. "If," he says, "the domestic life of a people be vital above all: if the peace, the purity of homes, the education of children, the duties of wives and mothers, the duties of husbands and fathers, be written in the national law of mankind; and if these things are sacred beyond anything that can be sold in the market—then I say if the unregulated sale of men's strength and skill shall lead to the destruction of domestic life, to the neglect of children, to turning wives and fathers into living machines, and of mothers and husbands into—what shall I say? creatures of burden who rise up before the sun, and come back when it is set, wearied and able only to take food and to lie down to rest—the domestic life of men exists no longer. The accumulation of wealth in the land—the piling up of wealth like mountains in the possession of classes or of individuals—cannot go on, if these moral conditions of our people are not healed."

And how are they going to be healed? Various remedies have been given, but they are in the main destructive of the right of private ownership and tend to disorder and lawlessness. There is but one way to alleviate the woe of the laborer, and that is by returning to the principle which made the rich man the guardian of his less favored brother and which made no provision for either aims houses or strikes.

Leo XIII., noting the isolated and defenceless condition of the workingman, the callousness of employers, and the greed of unrestrained competition, the rapacious usury in vogue and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, has in his encyclical on the "Condition of Labor," declared that these things will go on if society does not embrace again the principles from which it sprang.

"If Christian precepts prevail, the two classes will not only be united in the bonds, but also in those of brotherly love. For they will understand and feel that all men are the children of the common Father, that is, of God; that all have the same last end, which is God Himself; that all and each are redeemed by Jesus Christ and raised to the dignity of children of God, and thus united in brotherly love both with each other and with Jesus Christ 'the first born among many brethren'; that the blessings of nature and the gifts of grace belong in common to the whole human race, and that to all, except to those that are unworthy, is promised the inheritance of the Kingdom of Heaven."

FATHER RIVINGTON.

The late Father Luke Rivington took great pleasure in recalling the fact that Mr. Newman—afterward the venerated Cardinal Newman—was in the house visiting his father at the time of his birth, and prayed for a special blessing on his opening life. That prayer was certainly answered. When he reached the estate of manhood, Father Rivington resolved to de-

cate his life to the service of God in the ministry of souls; and who shall say that, as an Anglican curate or one of the Cawley Fathers, he did not "gather with God?" His influence for good did not begin but was only increased when he passed from the twilight of Anglicanism into the broad daylight of Catholic truth. Who will dare to say that one so bent on serving God and doing the divine will was ever, for one moment, in bad faith?—Ave Maria.

VOLTAIRE AND THE JESUITS.

Voltaire hated the Jesuits, and did his best to obtain their suppression, but it was because he hated the religion whose boldest defenders they were. Nevertheless, even Voltaire speaks well of them. In a letter dated February 7, 1746, he says: "During the seven years that I lived in a college of the Jesuits, what have I seen there? Lives the most laborious and the most frugal, the hours of the day divided between their care of us and the exercise of their austere profession. I call as witness the thousands of men educated as I was. Therefore it is that I am loath in astonishment at any one daring to accuse them of teaching a relaxed or corrupt morality. I make no scruple in proclaiming that there is nothing more iniquitous, more shameful to humanity than in Europe of relaxed morality men who live in Europe the severest lives and who go seeking the most cruel deaths to the settlements of Asia and America."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

MARY ANDERSON.

Personal gossip is not always so edifying and interesting as the following paragraph from Mr. T. P. O'Connor's journal, M. A. P.:

On a Millford train the other day we were telling of great actresses we had seen in their favorite parts. We waxed eloquent over them; but one elderly "commercial" told the following: "I have seen something better than any of you gentlemen, and I think you'll agree with me when I tell you. I happened to be staying in Malvern one week end, and on the Sunday morning I went to a little Catholic chapel on the hillside—not that I'm religious, for I went only out of curiosity—and I saw Mary Anderson kneeling close by me, deep in her devotions. It did me more good than the sermon."

It can not be questioned that "our Mary's" pious and unselfish life behind the scenes has had its share in establishing her so securely in popular favor. There have been greater actresses than she who is now Mrs. Navarro, and when they retired from the footlights they were promptly forgotten or only languidly remembered. But Mary Anderson has continued, after years of retirement in a foreign land, to command the enthusiastic admiration and esteem of all Americans, as was plainly evident the other day when she made a brief visit to our shores.—Ave Maria.

THE VAGARIES OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

It is hard to explain how certain phases of religious thought develop and why it is that persons otherwise very intelligent are carried away by fads. It makes us wonder whether or not some day or other, as people seem to be moved in throngs, there will not be started a movement toward the truth. The Catholic World Magazine for July, besides printing an extremely good yet rather theological refutation of Christian Science, makes a strong and cogent argument against it in its editorial notes. It attempts to explain the causes for the rise and spread of this latest religious craze in the following way:

"In all probability Christian Science has a partial reason for its existence in the materialism of the medical profession. One extreme invariably originates the opposite. A reaction always follows the affirmation of error. The medical profession has made very little of the soul, and has taken into account in a very small degree the psychological influences of mind over matter. It has depended on the knife and almost entirely. Christian Science has obtained not a few of its adherents on account of the revulsion against the failures of the doctors who have depended upon medicine alone, and have made very little of the soul. It, of course, can point to a number of well-authenticated cases of 'divine healing.' In this it is not by any means unique. So can the most innocent quack medicine in the market. A large volume of letters full of most truthful and sincere statements, from many who have been really cured, can be offered in testimony of the efficiency of any proprietary medicine on the market. Anything from a bread pill to a rabbit's foot carried in one's pocket may stimulate the psychological agencies to bring about a cure.

"As a religious system Christian Science is founded on radically erroneous principles. It flourishes partly through the fatuous tendency of many to try to grasp what they cannot understand, and partly through the inherent passion for the novel and the strange. It will soon outlive its popularity and some other fad will cater to public taste."

THE CAUSES OF SELF-MURDER.

Some of the best authorities on insanity attribute the frequency of suicide to infidelity; but few of them trace the want of religious faith, which makes self murder possible, to the principles of the so-called Reformation and the influences of Godless education.

Faith and the exercise of private judgment in the things that concern dogma and morals are incompatible, while education without religion makes men unbelievers. Demosthenes, Mark Antony, Cleopatra, Hannibal, Cato, Socrates, Seneca, Rousseau, De Stael, Gibbon, Hume, Montaigne and Montesquieu were highly educated infidels, who believed in suicide and thought it preferable to disgrace or pain. Education, then, is not a sufficient moral barrier against suicide: on the contrary, Godless education leads to it.

Seldom or never does the Catholic laboring man commit suicide. He looks on God as a father, and however hard is his lot, he does not raise his hand against the sovereign dominion of the Creator. With full faith in the divine goodness and mercy he learns from our divine Saviour how to comply with the will of God, and draws strength and consolation from the contemplation of the truths of faith. Divine faith teaches him that God never imposes upon him a burden which he cannot bear. He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. The humblest Catholic knows that he who cheerfully carries his cross will see the afflictions and trials of this life succeeded by an eternity of happiness, for he will one day be borne by them to Heaven.—American Herald.

NON CHURCH-GOING MEN.

Rev. Edward McGlynn, D. D., writing on "What is the Good of Going to Church?" in the June Ladies' Home Journal, says that "it is a good thing to go to Church, because religion is a good thing—in fact, the best and greatest thing in the world; and the Church is peculiarly the home of religion and of its expression in worship. The men who do not go to Church need most the good things the Church would give them. They are living in their lower natures—lives, at best, of refined or aesthetic animalism, but more probably immoral, corrupt and sensual. Loss of religion, or lukewarmness in it, results commonly from violations of the moral law—from the loss of honesty, chastity or sobriety. Honest, non-hypocritical, church going would bring men back to virtue and piety through instruction, prayer and worship, through purifying and strengthening sacraments and through sympathy, good example and mutual help. Right reason teaches the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, the filial relation of man to God and the moral law graven on men's hearts by the Creator. Right reason also teaches that obedience to the moral law is necessary for man's happiness here and hereafter, and for the best good of human society. Therefore, if there were no Christian revelation no Christian Church at all, wise and true men would form ethical and religious societies, to have the aid of association in the greatest of all concerns."

ONE OF OUR PRIVILEGES.

The Catholic who observes with curiosity, if from no other motive, the constantly recurring dissensions and disputes to which the Protestant Churches and their members are subjected, must feel consoled and grateful when he reflects upon the fact that in the Church of which he has the happiness of being a member, there is a divinely appointed authority to settle all such disputes, if they ever arise, and whose decision is final.

In mere worldly matters, when uncertainty arises which of two contradictory courses is the right one to choose, grievous anxieties, burdensome cares and annoying perplexities all ways ensue. One fears to go this way lest the opposite direction be the path he should choose; and while this state of uncertainty lasts there can be no peace for the mind, no contentment for the heart. How much worse must the situation be, though, when matters of the gravest religious importance, questions of vital spiritual interest, are at stake! There are undoubtedly hosts of honest, sincere Protestants whose frame of mind must be pitiable in these days, when doctors in their various churches diametrically disagree upon fundamental points of doctrine—when, for instance, they hear men like Dr. Briggs, Dr. McGiffert and others advancing opinions regarding the Scriptures, which are generally regarded as the Protestant rule of faith, which other divines of equal reputation pronounce false and heretical. What must be the condition of mind of honest Anglicans now when their Church is rent to its centre by the disputes going on between the Ritualists and their opponents!

Let us thank God, then, that He has made us members of His own true Church, in which there is a divinely appointed head to adjudicate infallibly all matters of faith and morals and with which, in fulfillment of its Divine Founder's promise the Spirit of truth

abides forever, to guard its children from the misery and slavery of falsehood and error. Let us appreciate this great privilege of ours, which, to paraphrase St. Augustine, invests us with unity in all necessary matters, gives us liberty in doubtful ones and makes us charitable in all cases.—Catholic Columbian.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY ON CARDINAL WISEMAN.

The following passage we take from Justin McCarthy's voluminous but somewhat inconsequential "Reminiscences":

Cardinal Wiseman I remember well. I saw and heard him often, and I had a slight personal acquaintance with him. I first heard him preach in one of the London Catholic churches before I had become a resident of the metropolis, and afterwards he paid a visit to Liverpool, where I was then a journalist, and he attended some of the meetings of the Liverpool Catholic Institute, and looked with evident pleasure at the performance from "Fabiola" by the boys of the school, with many of whom he talked afterwards, talked in a bright, genial, fatherly sort of way which put the boys at their ease and won them into frank confidence. On another occasion Cardinal Wiseman came to Liverpool to deliver a lecture at the Philharmonic Hall, and I well remember that the strength of the antipathetic feeling at the time manifested itself by the gathering of a crowd of roughs, who hung stones at the Cardinal's carriage as he drove up Mount Pleasant on the way to the hall. I had several opportunities afterwards of observing Cardinal Wiseman. He impressed me as especially a discreet man. He was calm, plausible, powerful. He was very earnest in the cause of the Catholic Church, but he seemed much more like a man of the world than Newman. There was little of the lofty spiritual in his manner or his appearance. His bulky person and swollen face suggested at the first glance a sort of Abbot Boniface; he was I believe in reality an ascetic. The corpulence which seemed the result of good living was only the effect of ill health. He had an imposing and persuasive manner. His ability was singularly flexible. His eloquence was sometimes too gorgeous and ornamental for pure taste but when the occasion needed he could address an audience in language of the simplest and most practical common sense. The same adaptability, if I may use such a word, was evident in all he did. He would talk with a Cabinet Member on terms of calm equality, as if his rank must be self evident, and he delighted to set a band of poor children playing around him. He was a cosmopolitan—English and Irish by extraction, Spanish by birth, Roman by education. When he spoke English he was exactly like what a portly, dignified British Bishop ought to be—a John Bull in every respect. When he spoke Italian at Rome he fell, instinctively and at once, into all the peculiarities of intonation and gesture which distinguish the people of Italy from all other nations: When he conversed in Spanish he subsided into the grave, somewhat sturdiness dignity and repose of the true Castilian. All this, I presume, was but the natural effect of that flexibility of temperament which I have attempted to describe. I am satisfied he was a profoundly earnest and single minded man; the testimony of many whom I know and who knew him would compel anyone to that conviction. But such was not the impression he might have left on a mere acquaintance. He seemed rather one who could, for a purpose, be believed great, be all things to all men. He reminded one of some great, capable, worldly-wise, astute Prince of the Church of other generations, politician rather than a priest, more ready to sustain and skilled to defend the temporal power of the Papacy than to illustrate its highest spiritual influence.

A KNIGHT OF OUR LADY.

The fifth annual Catholic procession at Peckham, London, on Sunday, was disturbed by a rival Protestant gathering, and the provocation was so great that a young Irishman named Casey, who was defending the banner of Our Lady, knocked down five aggressors one after the other. George Wilson, one of the disturbers, was brought before Mr. Hopkins at Lambeth Police Court, and the Magistrate, who said he knew him to be a ruffian, fined him forty shillings, the alternative being a month's imprisonment. Casey, who was also brought up, was bound over on one security of £10 to be of good behavior.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

THE TEST OF REAL CATHOLICISM.

Wherefore, if anybody wishes to be considered a real Catholic, he ought to be able to say from his heart the selfsame words which Jerome addressed to Pope Damasus: "I acknowledging no other leader than Christ, am bound in fellowship with Your Holiness; that is, with the chair of Peter. I know that the Church was built upon him as its rock, and that whosoever gathereth not with you, scattereth."—Leo XIII.

There is no washing away of iniquity, except in the Precious Blood of our most dear Redeemer.—Faber.