

# 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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### CONVERSIONS INCREASING.

It is gratifying to note the ever-increasing number of converts in this country and England. The sheep are returning to the fold, and we look forward to the day when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. Doubt cannot long satisfy the soul, which is "naturally Christian." Protestantism is being torn into fragments by infidelity, or, rather, reverting to it, as its natural terminus. We, however, feel that many will shrink from this dreadful possibility, and turn to the Church which alone "is the way, the truth and the life."

### DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

In the current number of the Sacred Heart Messenger, Father Casey, S. J., writes of the Sacred Heart and the evils of the day. The article is instructive and timely. He says that the remedy for the three great evils which assail the intellect, will and heart of our generation is devotion to the Sacred Heart. Matthew Arnold, indeed, contends that the waters of literature have wonderful properties for the curing of all human ills, and those who read his glowing pages may be inveigled into the same belief.

De Guerin, for whom we have very little respect, tells us that he once, at a crisis in his life, sought consolation from a lily tree in his garden, but failed in his quest. And so we believe of Arnold and his votaries. Hearts only can satisfy hearts. Humanity must be protected and consoled, as a writer, says "by itself, yet higher than itself." The first evil is one that affects the intellect. It is the tendency to do away with dogmatic belief.

This is very evident, if one has any knowledge of events transpiring in the theological world. Outside the Catholic Church men believe what they please. The atmosphere of unbelief is round about us, and Catholics should be ever on their guard against its insidious and deadly effects. The devotion to the Sacred Heart will alone counteract its influence, for it brings before our minds the Divinity of Christ, the mystery of Redemption, etc. The second evil affecting the will is the tendency to substitute virtues which are merely natural for virtues based on the truth of Faith. When faith disappears, the supernatural quality of virtue vanishes, and what remains may be admired by those who see on the surface, but is totally useless for the securing of the crown of eternal life. Devotion, however, to the Sacred Heart concentrates our attention on our Divine Lord, and purging our actions of unworthy motives, gives us a pledge that our feet are on the pathway that leads to life eternal.

The third evil is the fascination of the world with its countless attractions that entrap the unwary. But those who love the Sacred Heart are proof against its seductions.

### AN OLD-TIME UNIVERSITY.

We said in our last issue that a multiplicity of text books was avoided. The student was taught how to think. A man who can do this is educated, though he may not read Virgil and Homer. The cramming process was not in vogue, and one reading the extensive educational programmes of our colleges may be pardoned the desire of beholding them revert to this primitive simplicity. We do not believe that the system in some parts of Canada is productive of anything save evil. It is almost heretical to say so, but experience proves that it places a crop of mental dyspepsies every year upon the country. We have our examinations, mere tinsel and show for the most part, which provoke long and laudatory speeches from the examiner. We have statistics also, but we fail to see how our boys and girls can master the bewildering variety of matters enjoined by the school board. Our failing to see it is of course no proof, but let anyone take the ordinary product of the school system and he will find a mind overburdened with a miscellaneous assortment of intellectual articles. How often does it happen that a raw lad from the country outstrips in life's race many a college graduate? Want of energy, industry and perseverance

may sometimes account for it, but we believe that in a majority of instances the true cause is that, whereas the mind of the college graduate is filled with undigested facts and scraps and bits of information that warp his mental machinery, the mind of the country lad is in a normal state, and can, by its own native power, do good work.

What had something to do with the influence of the University was the fact that the professors used no text books during class hours. The students took down the lectures as best they could, either by a species of shorthand or by committing them to paper after they returned to their lodgings.

And what golden rules were laid down for the guidance of the students: "They were admonished to pass from the easy to the difficult; be slow to speak, and equally slow to give assent to the speaker; strive to understand what you read; find out what you can do, and do not aim higher than your capacity permits."

The student sat at the feet of the master, not for a short time, but for years. Sojourn in a college induced many a young man, before the wise old Experience has spanked the conceit out of him, to imagine that life has no mysteries for him, but in these days the earnest student devoted half a lifetime to the fitting of his mind for ripe and manly thought. The Gospel of Dirt—that learning is valuable only when it can be made to serve a practical purpose—found few preachers. Men sought the good and beautiful, and were happy in the search. They studied and prayed as they fought earnestly, and we often think there was less sham and affectation in their lives than in our own. Their programme was short but comprehensive. What they knew was genuine. We wonder what one of the old professors would say if he were to enter the halls of some of our educational institutions. He would be surprised, no doubt, at the many appliances, at the well appointed rooms, so different from those in Paris, where students huddled without any regard for comfort or ventilation. But he could teach our generation many things. The teacher of the world, Leo XIII., uses a Middle Age text book.

The work of the schools was done by disputation. We are ardent admirers of this method. It imparted to the student a readiness in expressing his views, and, in time, a coolness and self-possession in maintaining them. The disputes were, in early days, not models of academic dignity; but in time the ever-encroaching tide of Christian manliness and patience swept away forever the elements of riot and turbulence. The professors were also an important factor in the formation of an atmosphere of culture and repose befitting a great university.

Let us imagine that a student, having taken the various grades, presents himself for the highest dignity—the Doctorate. This was no easy matter in those days, and the individual who had the privilege of writing a few letters after his name might well be pardoned a feeling of pride, for he was of true and tried scholarship. Suppose that you are back in the thirteenth century, in one of the crooked streets of Paris. You are afire with excitement, for you are to witness the greatest sight of Paris, a display of intellectual power. Perhaps because of our utilitarian tendencies, we may not appreciate in due measure all the circumstances that invested the "act" with importance and solemnity, but we can see the groups from every clime, reckless, betimes, in statement, with a taste for sharp play of dialectics, and we can hear them discussing the merits of the candidate. You can see the bands of monks, many a goodly burgher and gallant knight, streaming towards the hall of disputation. All seem to take an interest in it, for, as it has been said, "the inhabitants of Paris seemed to have derived a species of education through frequent intercourse with busy students and sharpest professors, even as the Athenians learned much from the sophists and talkers of their day."

You see them seating themselves on benches and on trusses of straw. Then the authorities take their places, and the candidate, and announce in measured tones the thesis for discussion.

He is sure to be well drilled in the subtlety of debate, for none but a master would dare to break a lance in intellectual tourney before such a keen-witted audience. Prying eyes are upon him, quick to see a flaw in his reasoning on presentation of his proposition. Then comes objections from every quarter. This is the real test of the candidate's proficiency, and when he meets an attack successfully he is invested with the insignia of the Doctorate and placed side by side with the masters.

The professors were, as a rule, picked men, of acknowledged prowess. We do not intend citing those whose names, gemlike, sparkle on the page of history, but we may not refrain from the naming of the greatest of them all—St. Thomas Aquinas. Born of princely race, "and in a time when the cradle had to be protected against the shouts and shock of charging spearmen," he came, in tender years, and sat himself down amidst the children of St. Benedict. How he progressed in the schools until he became the glory of the University, and dominated all by his gentle genius, and wore always the white flower of a blameless life, has been often the inspiration of essay and panegyric.

They believed in the words of Bishop Spalding, "that the best teacher is not necessarily and often the one who knows the most, but he who has most power to determine the student to self-activity, for in the end the mind educates itself. Hence a strong character develops strength. A strong man who loves his work is a better educator than a half-hearted professor who carries whole libraries in his head."

Such, in a few words, is a description of the life of University men of long ago. We may differ from them in method, but we may not, with any sense of justice, refuse them our meed of gratitude for their work towards the development of the world's culture and the dissemination of truth, and the perseverance that never flagged in fidelity to that noble aim.

### IS THE WORSHIP OF MARY A MODERN ROMAN CORRUPTION?

Sermon by Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J., M. A.

London Catholic News.

On Sunday evening last at St. Wilfrid's, Preston, the Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J., M. A., professor of philosophy at Stonyhurst, commenced a series of discourses on the Blessed Virgin. The first of these was entitled "The worship of Mary a Modern Roman Corruption?" Taking for his text the words: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," (words spoken by Our Lady, Luke 1, 48), the rev. preacher said we were born slaves of the devil, but by grace we have become slaves of God. Slaves of God: for St. Paul said (Rom. 6, 22): "Thanks be to God that you who were the slaves of sin have now become the slaves of God." As God emptied Himself of His Divinity to become man, and in His Divine Son took "the form of a slave" (Phil. 2, 7), so each of us, "predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son" (Rom. 8, 29) is happy to want himself with St. Paul (I. Cor., 7, 22), "English Bibles, no doubt, in some of these passages read "servant," but the original Greek reads "slave." Between servant and slave there is a wide difference. A servant has a claim to fair wages; a slave to none. A servant is ever free to quit his master's service; a slave never. Over a servant a master has but limited rights; over a slave he has the rights of life and death. We Catholics, then, are the slaves of Christ. But more than this. We are also the slaves of the Mother of Christ. Because for thirty years Jesus was "subject to His Mother" (Luke, 2, 51), therefore, we too, the brothers of Jesus, are proud to be, our whole life-long, subject to the Mother of Jesus. Because Jesus came to us through Mary, therefore, the hope is laid up in our hearts that we may go to Jesus through Mary. That is our creed. That is our profession. That is our boast. One there is, however, who hates this doctrine: one who is a stern opponent and a subtle foe. He calls Mary-worship idolatry. He dubs it Mariolatry. Who is this enemy? It is that apostate spirit whom men call Satan. Yes, Satan hates Mary; he hates her and he fears. And not without reason. For from the twilight of the human race, in the very flush of his first victory over God and man, in the hour of his triumph over the Creator, and over those new creatures, our first parents, whom the Creator loved, there was pronounced by the unerring lips of God Satan's doom through Mary. Thus the sentence ran (Gen., 3, 15): "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; she (or "he") for the original is ambiguous) shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Mary, then, either herself immediately, or mediately through her Son, was to crush Satan's

head. War then, war to the death, between Satan and the allies of Satan on the one hand, and Mary and the allies of Mary on the other hand. The enemies of the Mother of God do on this charge we Catholics shall have to stand our trial at the throne of God. Let us try to picture the scene. Let us suppose that at this hour and in this place God called me to my account. The imperious summons of the dread chamberlain, Death, thunders at my door, and in the twinkling of an eye I stand at the bar of Divine Justice. Here the Court is met. Jesus is my Judge. My angel guardian and my patron saint take their places to my right hand and to my left. Mary is my advocate. My accuser stands over against me, Satan, the Father of Lies.

The trial opens. Read the indictment. Lucifer begins, "Thou hast paid exceeding honor to this woman. Moreover, thou hast in public and in private moved others to honor her." "What music in my ears! Fiend, I thank thee for that charge. Satan, I am deeply obliged to thee. Prove thine accusation up to the very hilt, and I thank thee will redouble. Yet stay, I plead guilty. For once, O Father of Lies, thou hast spoken truth. To Mary I have paid some honor; I do confess it; but not enough, not enough! Would that ten thousand times a day I had paid her ten thousand times more honor! In Mary's praise I have publicly spoken; I do confess it; but not enough, not nearly enough! Would that my sluggish tongue had been tipped with the fire of Divine, and that my voice like the Apocalypse Angel's had rung through realms of earth, to publish the prerogatives and proclaim the praises of Mary! Proceed! I do confess the fact! What of it?"

The accusing spirit continues: "Mary worship was thine own invention; the coinage of thine own brain. Foolish fiend! Devotion to Mary I drank in with my mother's milk. I learnt it from my playmates. They too, wore the scapular of Mary. They, too, told the beads of Mary. They, too, morning, noon, and night at the Angelus bell invoked the sweet name of Mary. Nay, no invention of mine. We Catholics love no novelties. I did not invent the doctrine. I received it. "Received it," retorts the Fallen Spirit, "received it from whom? From one man. From thy priest." "Not so, I reply, a Catholic priest is not merely one man. He is a host in himself. To him it is not given in his teaching to pick and choose as he likes, to take and leave as he lists. No solitary witness is he, but a mouthpiece of the Church, whereof he is a minister.

THE HERESY OF MARIOLATRY. Have they ever studied the Third General Council of Ephesus, A. D. 431; one of those General Councils which our adversaries find convenient to recognize as Ecumenical and infallible? Have they ever read how that heretical Patriarch of Constantinople attacked the doctrine and assailed the devotion of Mary worship? Are they quite aware that that General Council solemnly defined, and declared it heretical to deny Mary to be Theotocos, Deipara, Mother of God? Have they ever considered how the people of Constantinople tarried the live long day without the Council Chamber to hear the dogmatic definition was pronounced, how in transports of joy, with music and dance and torchlight procession, they escorted the Conciliar Bishops to their lodgings, making the city resound with the jubilant cry: "Mary is Theotocos! Mary is Mother of God!" And St. Proclus, soon after elected Patriarch of Constantinople (A. D. 434), called "Mary in triumph" "the unsullied shell which contained the pearl of great price; the Church's diadem; the expression of orthodoxy." He says: "Run in thought through all creation and see if there be one equal to Mary, Mother of God." And Cyril of Alexandria, president of the Council of Ephesus, representative of the Holy See, Archbishop, scholar, orator, saint, doctor of the Church, gave eloquent utterance to the thoughts of the people in these words: "Hail, O Mary, Mother of God, majestic treasure, the possession of the whole world, unquenchable lamp, crown of virginity, staff of orthodoxy, dwelling of the infinite God, Mother and Maid, through whom He in the holy gospels is called Blessed who cometh in the name of the Lord, through whom angels and archangels rejoice, devils are put to flight, and fallen man is received into the heavens." (Opera Cyril., Tom. vi., p. 325.) That assuredly is Mary worship yet who will say it is unwarranted, and who will say it is new? Give to Mary the title of Theotocos, Deipara, Mother of God, and every other title pales in comparison as a star pales in presence of the noontide sun. Once realize that Mary bore, suckled, and nursed the Infinite and Eternal God, in the guise of a little Child, and what mind with power to think at all, what heart with capacity to feel at all, could resist the awe and surprise, would stem the flood of reverential thoughts at the sublime dignity which such a fact involves! Mary, Mother of God! No modern Roman corruption is that: it is the dogmatic doctrine of a General Council, recognized alike by East and West, confessed by Protestants to be infallible. Not new is that glorious title of Theotocos, Mother of God. It was solemnly proclaimed by the divided Eastern and Western Church just 1467 years ago!

The doctrines and devotions of Mary-worship are, we are told, new, a recent corruption.

A MODERN INVENTION. New! Are the Roman Catacombs new? Yet the Roman Catacombs bear eloquent witness to the doctrines and devotions of Mary-worship. Go down into those underground cities, the homes of countless saintly dead, the hiding places of the infant Church, where tyrant persecution compelled the first Christians to lurk from the light of day. Thread your way through those antique corridors and on every side you shall find proofs of love for Mary. There in rude designs, drawn by holy hands long before the Roman legions had departed from English soil, the pathetic figures of the Virgin and Child look out into the gloom of those subterranean vaults, the Mother with hands extended wide in prayer, the Divine Son with hand uplifted to bless in response to His Mother's petition. If this implies corrupt doctrine, that doctrine is indeed Roman, but say not that it is new! Turn again to that Accusing Spirit and ask him if yet he be satisfied. No, my brethren, no! He is never satisfied. You cannot quench the devouring fire of his calumnious tongue. He is like those unbelieving Jews of old who asked our Lord for a sign. Christ worked a miracle. This sign, they said, was not convincing. They wanted a sign from heaven. Christ gave them a sign from heaven. Still they would not believe. They could not deny the prodigy, but our Lord had worked it, they said, by compact with Belzebub. Christ bowed them that between light and darkness, between truth and falsehood, between Himself and Satan, no compact was possible. Did that silence them? Quite the contrary! They clamoured only the

not we. It is the unchanging East, and not the Church of Rome. If, then, you choose to call honor paid to Mary by the name of Mariolatry, at least be consistent, and do not call it new. For whatever Roman doctrine the Eastern Christian now holds has come down to him from ancient times, from what all Christians agree to call pure times, from the days of primitive Christianity. The Mary-worship of the Greek is stamped with the hall-mark of antiquity. It is over a thousand years old.

The accusation is made, my brethren, that the honor paid to the Blessed Virgin is a modern Roman corruption! HAVE THE ACCUSERS EVER HEARD OF THE HERESY OF MARIOLATRY? Have they ever studied the Third General Council of Ephesus, A. D. 431; one of those General Councils which our adversaries find convenient to recognize as Ecumenical and infallible? Have they ever read how that heretical Patriarch of Constantinople attacked the doctrine and assailed the devotion of Mary worship? Are they quite aware that that General Council solemnly defined, and declared it heretical to deny Mary to be Theotocos, Deipara, Mother of God? Have they ever considered how the people of Constantinople tarried the live long day without the Council Chamber to hear the dogmatic definition was pronounced, how in transports of joy, with music and dance and torchlight procession, they escorted the Conciliar Bishops to their lodgings, making the city resound with the jubilant cry: "Mary is Theotocos! Mary is Mother of God!" And St. Proclus, soon after elected Patriarch of Constantinople (A. D. 434), called "Mary in triumph" "the unsullied shell which contained the pearl of great price; the Church's diadem; the expression of orthodoxy." He says: "Run in thought through all creation and see if there be one equal to Mary, Mother of God." And Cyril of Alexandria, president of the Council of Ephesus, representative of the Holy See, Archbishop, scholar, orator, saint, doctor of the Church, gave eloquent utterance to the thoughts of the people in these words: "Hail, O Mary, Mother of God, majestic treasure, the possession of the whole world, unquenchable lamp, crown of virginity, staff of orthodoxy, dwelling of the infinite God, Mother and Maid, through whom He in the holy gospels is called Blessed who cometh in the name of the Lord, through whom angels and archangels rejoice, devils are put to flight, and fallen man is received into the heavens." (Opera Cyril., Tom. vi., p. 325.) That assuredly is Mary worship yet who will say it is unwarranted, and who will say it is new? Give to Mary the title of Theotocos, Deipara, Mother of God, and every other title pales in comparison as a star pales in presence of the noontide sun. Once realize that Mary bore, suckled, and nursed the Infinite and Eternal God, in the guise of a little Child, and what mind with power to think at all, what heart with capacity to feel at all, could resist the awe and surprise, would stem the flood of reverential thoughts at the sublime dignity which such a fact involves! Mary, Mother of God! No modern Roman corruption is that: it is the dogmatic doctrine of a General Council, recognized alike by East and West, confessed by Protestants to be infallible. Not new is that glorious title of Theotocos, Mother of God. It was solemnly proclaimed by the divided Eastern and Western Church just 1467 years ago!

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