

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1895.

NO. 879.

FOUND THE TRUE FAITH.

A Former Episcopalian Tells the Story of Her Conversion.

I had just left school when a great event, to me, happened in our family. My second brother, an officer in the United States navy, was about to marry. His affianced was a young lady of Baltimore and a Roman Catholic. Great was the distress of my mother, who had brought us up in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and with the strictest regard to truth, honor and morality, but with a strong prejudice against the Catholic Church. The less she understood of its doctrines the more she was opposed to them, and I thoroughly sympathized with her and with the Protestant teachings of the young ladies' school from which I had just been graduated at fifteen. I had never come in contact with Catholics, except as servants. Believing sincerely that this poor sister-in-law could not be saved if not converted from what I considered a cruel, superstitious, bigoted faith, unworthy of the enlightened Christian of the nineteenth century, I thought that a plain duty lay before me—that of redeeming and saving this otherwise lost soul who had entered our holier and better instructed circle.

In the futerance, however, of this duty, which, at first, in the fervor of the moment, seemed so very easy, I found a great obstacle at the very outset. How combat theories of which I was unacquainted? How contest the dogmas of a religion of which I was totally ignorant? Evidently the first step was to inform myself thoroughly in regard to the beliefs and practices of this religion before I could hope successfully to confute them.

Not having any works at hand on the subject, it occurred to me that, notwithstanding this, I might betray at once the ignorance and blind superstition inculcated by the Catholic Church by questioning the Catholic servants in our house. Filled with the importance of my mission, and with great confidence in my superior education acquired in an aristocratic Protestant school, and fresh from my Protestant histories, I confess I felt rather as Goliath may have felt when he attacked little David, and I feel bound to record that the result was not very different from the termination of that memorable battle. Seeking one of these handmaids, therefore, I determined to attack what I considered one of the most outrageous of Catholic practices and beliefs, so far as I understood it in Protestant authority, and diving into the midst of things, I asked her, "What is an Indulgence?"

"An Indulgence?" said she, looking up from her work. "Why, miss, an Indulgence is a remission of punishment due for our sins in this world."

"How much do you have to pay for one?"

"Pay for one?" she queried, looking at me in astonishment. "Why, miss, you cannot pay for an Indulgence."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that you cannot go to a priest and pay him to let you commit sin, and that, if you pay him enough, he will not give you permission to do so?"

I shall never forget the expression on that poor girl's face as she turned to look at me: it was a mingling of pity, astonishment and disgust. But she only answered: "Certainly not, miss. To gain an Indulgence you must first go to confession and confess all the sins you have been guilty of, and then, if the priest thinks you sincerely repentant, he absolves you; then you have to perform the conditions of the Indulgence, which are the repeating of certain prayers or Litanies, required to obtain it, and to receive Holy Communion."

I was astonished at this clear and concise answer. Where was the terrible sin in all this? I felt considerably abashed, but nevertheless went on questioning.

"Why do you worship the Virgin Mary and her pictures and statues?"

"We never do."

"Don't worship the Virgin Mary? Why you make her equal to the Saviour, do you not?"

"No; we only ask her to join her prayers to ours, because having been His mother in this world and the holiest of all women, we believe her prayers to have great influence."

"And the saints?"

"And the saints also, as they are in the presence of God and see Him always."

This was all so intelligent, and so different from the confused answers I had expected, that I turned away with far greater respect for this poor servant than an hour before I had thought ever possible, and with a feeling of shame that she had answered these and many other questions that I put to her far more clearly than I could have done had she asked me some questions concerning my own belief; for in our single congregation I knew there were different opinions upon some vital points, and I had even heard young men who attended the same church declare that they had no religious belief whatever. I knew, also, that what were called "High Church" and "Low Church" persuasions were widely different on essential points, though entertained by persons sitting under the same preacher and worshipping to-

gether in the same edifice. This was very disturbing, yet did not convince me that Protestantism was wrong or Catholicism right. I still considered it my duty to attack the Roman Catholic faith, and for this purpose set to work at once to read up the most celebrated works on both sides of the question. And I read with such intensity of purpose, and remembered the arguments on both sides so well, that I frequently amused myself by taking opposite sides of the question according to whatever might be the views of my opponent, for later on I became acquainted with some very learned Catholics, and on the other hand I argued with my Protestant friends for mere argument's sake.

Notwithstanding all this, the replies I had received from the poor Catholic servant of whom I have spoken made me chary, at first, of attacking my sister-in-law when she arrived at our home, together with a sense of want of breeding in such a course.

One afternoon, as I was sitting in the drawing-room playing on the piano, the door opened and a visitor was announced. I had not heard the ring of the bell, and was a little startled at seeing an entire stranger enter the room, in the dress of a Roman Catholic priest. His presence was explained, however, when he asked for my sister-in-law. He was one of the most majestic and elegant of men, certainly the handsomest man I ever saw either before or since. The expression on his face was that of great dignity and sweetness, with a tinge of sadness that awakened at once a sympathetic feeling and drew one towards him with an unquestioning confidence and assurance that they were in the presence of a noble nature. A terrific thunder-storm coming up almost immediately after his entrance, and no one else being at home, I enjoyed a *tete a tete* with my distinguished looking guest for nearly an hour. I asked him many questions about his religion, and, above all, why priests did not marry, which amused him very much, this being another mystery of the Catholic faith to me which I thought highly un-Christian. After his explanation, however, I regarded priests more as martyrs than as the mysterious propagators of a mysterious religion.

The storm being ended and a brilliant sun illuminating the horizon, my visitor rose to take leave, promising to renew his visit at an early opportunity. Thus commenced an acquaintance which soon became a strong friendship, ending only with death.

Probably most persons would think that here was the cause of my conversion, but so far as that from the truth that my very admiration of this noblest of men prevented me from becoming a Catholic for years, lest I should be influenced in so exalted a decision by the exalted friendship I could not help entertaining for one of the purest and loveliest natures that has ever been my privilege through a long life to meet. And, again, he never endeavored to convert me to his faith, saying that, although he would answer any question I put to him, yet that my parents having received him in all good faith, he would consider it a breach of that faith should he do so without their knowledge and permission. His death occurred while I was abroad, and so much was he beloved by our late Cardinal that he desired that he alone should preach his funeral sermon, and a glowing tribute it was to that most holy and admirable life. A kind hand sent the panegyric to me in my then island home more than six thousand miles away.

To return, however, to my sister-in-law. On her learning of the visit she had missed, she said she should return it very shortly, and offered to take me with her—an offer which I readily accepted.

It was at the house of this admirable man that I met for the first time Mother Jerome, very soon afterwards Superior of Mount St. Vincent. She, more than anyone, attracted me towards the Catholic faith because, a plain, simple woman in appearance, humble in station and doubtless of humble origin, I saw that the gentleness of manner, the sweetness of character, the overflowing charity which characterized and shone in her face, and lent to it at times a halo that elevated its expression beyond all mundane beauty, could come only from the deep and beautiful faith that animated the soul within; and while I looked with wonder on this marvellous effect I acknowledged that in the devotees of no other religion had I seen the same transformation. I became sincerely attached to Sister Jerome, and thought I should like to become a Sister with her. She laughed at the idea of my leading such a life, and said I could never endure its privations and exertions, but that persons in the world and in society could do as much good in other ways, by acts of charity, leading exemplary lives and repressing evil tendencies in the thoughtless around them, as they could in devoting themselves to the life of a religious. I begged, however, to go with her sometimes on her errands of mercy, and this she did not object to, and I accompanied her on several occasions, to my great delight. But coming

one afternoon to visit her I found the Sisters all in tears and most moved. I was astonished, and entreated to know the cause of their commotion. Alas! their beloved Mother Jerome had been appointed to a new field of action. She was to be the Superior of Mount St. Vincent, and there, after the successful labor of years, having brought the institution to a standard far beyond its original scope, she died shortly before the Cardinal, who had for her the sincerest friendship.

After her removal to Mount St. Vincent I never saw her again. My entrance into society drew me for a time away from all such thoughts though at certain moments an unsatisfied longing after the infinite world take possession of me, which even the blandishments of society could not still. Questioning my reverend friend very earnestly one day in regard to the Catholic belief of transubstantiation, he referred me to the sixth chapter of St. John and to the eleventh chapter of First Corinthians, verses 27, 28 and 29. It was strange, as often as I read and heard read these words before, their real meaning had never occurred to me! I felt that seeing, I had not seen, and hearing, I had not heard. A new light dawned upon my soul, and I said, only the Church which recognizes these words as St. John evidently understood them (and who better than the beloved disciple, who leaned on Jesus' breast at the Last Supper, could understand them?) can be the true Church, that Church of which Christ said, "I will be with you always."

Oh! all other beliefs seemed trivial in comparison with this, and the hitherto perplexed feeling with which I had asked myself, why the Son of God was called upon to undergo such cruel sufferings merely to be as one of the prophets, teaching and predicting only as they did, vanished. Now I understood the great and glorious benefits of that ineffable sacrifice. Only the eternal God could institute such a sacrifice to unite our mortality to His immortality. And should I throw away this great boon which had at last been placed before me so clearly, with testimony so indubitable? Should I also say, "This is a hard saying, who can hear it?" No, never. I, too, will taste of this bread of eternal life—and live!

I was determined to let doubt and the distraction of contending polemics influence me no longer.

The Rev. Dr. Forbes, who was then a convert to Catholicity, having been of my own Church, I was recommended to him as most apt to understand the difficulties I might find in my way. Accordingly, I called upon him, and discussed with him many different points of belief, such as confession, penance, etc. After a long debate he said he thought the best thing I could do would be to make a general confession to him. This proposition surprised me very much, but I told him I did not object, and at once knelt down and made a confession of all the sins of my life that I could remember. His exclamation when I finished, to my great surprise, was: "Would to God every life were so blameless!" He requested me to call again, but I was not favorably impressed, and did not do so. I afterwards learned that his proceeding was very irregular. I decided now to go at once to Archbishop Hughes, then Archbishop of New York. He received me with the utmost courtesy, and undertook the task of my instruction himself. He made appointments to receive me, and went with me through the whole catechism, stopping with gentle patience at whatever was a stumbling block to me, and reasoning and explaining away with his clear brain all doubts and misunderstandings.

Those were very happy hours spent with this illustrious man, who did not disdain a witticism on either side, or a little gaiety when the lesson was over. I remember on one occasion he asked me if I had ever seen his pictures, and upon my answering in the negative, led the way into his large drawing-room. We passed picture after picture, none, I am constrained to say (though of pretentious size), having particularly attracted my admiration; he at last stopped before "The Flight into Egypt," which he informed me was said to be a Murillo. After looking a little at the picture I turned to him with an incredulous smile. "What," he said, "you do not think it a Murillo?"

"I do not think," I replied, "Murillo ever saw it."

He laughed and said: "Likely. It was given me by an officer in the navy, however, who believed it to be by that distinguished Spaniard."

I inquired who the marble busts in the hall represented, and learned they were those of St. Peter and the Holy Father.

He then asked me if I would like to see a bust taken lately of himself, and took me into the rear drawing room, where the bay window had been draped entirely in red in order better to display what the sculptor doubtless considered his *chef d'oeuvre*. I did not like to say it was not a good likeness, so only remarked, "I see your Grace has left St. Peter and His Holiness in the hall, while you occupy a canopyed space in the drawing room." "Oh," said the quick-witted prelate, "I

keep them there to keep out evil spirits."

"I see, however," I replied, "they have been ineffectual in my case."

"That," said he, "is because all evil spirits left you when you entered."

These studies were twice interrupted, however—once by the death of my noble father, and a few months afterwards by my marriage. All doubts in my mind having been removed, the Archbishop sent me to Father Deluynes, of St. Francis Xavier's, for my confessor, and here I found a true comforter and adviser, with whom I held intimate correspondence during my travels in foreign lands, and at last, after eleven years' absence, returned in time to receive his blessing once more before he left us forever.

Returning from a walk one morning, I was accosted by a gentleman, shortly after my conversion, who said: "I wish to speak to you; here is my house close by. You see I have moved." I looked up and beheld the Rev. Dr. Forbes. In great amazement I went with him. Entering the house, which was a handsome one, more comfortably furnished than the one he had left, he said: "Do you remember the afternoon you called upon me, and our conversation?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, do you know your arguments had a great effect upon me?" I felt horrified. That a man of his age, supposed solid education, and superior mind could become a convert to any religion upon convictions so unstable as afterwards to doubt them, and that I should be in any way mixed up with such vacillation, even in the remotest degree, shocked me beyond expression. I regarded him with sorrow and astonishment.

"I have left the Church," said he.

"And I," I replied, "have joined it. I wish you good morning." And I immediately left the house.

MARGIOTTA'S LEMMI.

III.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Before proceeding with the history of the revolution in Central Italy let us glance at the doings of the agitators in the South. Lemmi's double attempt to murder Ferdinand II. of the Two Sicilies having failed, Mazzini sent Crispi, the present Prime Minister and Dictator of Italy, on the same errand. Crispi, an intimate friend and co-laborer of Lemmi, was born in Sicily, October 4, 1819. From his youth he took part in all the insurrectionary movements against the Bourbons, acting with truly diabolical hatred according to the motto of the caputious degrees of Scotch Freemasonry: "Destroy the lilies (the Bourbon emblem) by crushing them under your feet." In 1849 he fled to France, whence he was expelled after Ossini's bomb throwing, to join Mazzini at London, the seat of the international Masonic revolutionary committee. Mazzini had secured a man trusted and honored at the court of Naples to poison the king. He administered the poison in a slice of melon and slowly brought the king to a horrible death—May 22, 1859. His son, Francis II., was too young and inexperienced to govern the kingdom with a firm hand, and, unfortunately, trusted his generals, especially Nunziante, too implicitly. Now Crispi carried on an agitation throughout the island, teaching how to make explosives and bombs. In September he returned to London to render an account of affairs and then went again to Messina. Lemmi was in the meantime engaged by Cavour to watch things in Central Italy. After the abolition of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, public opinion there leaned towards autonomy rather than to annexation with Piedmont. Parma, Modena and the Legations favored a central Italian league. Lemmi directed the local revolutionaries according to orders from London, and succeeded to gain the cause of annexation, by means of bribery and violence. Then he was ordered to join Crispi, in Sicily. But before leaving Parma he instigated a mob to murder Anviti, a brave officer, who had publicly declared that the murder of Duke Charles III. was the work of Masons—October 6, 1859. Then he went to Sicily, where an attempt of revolution, on the 12th October, failed. Maniscalco, the director of police, instituted an investigation, and received a threatening letter from Lemmi, to withdraw at once from the island. The police director did, of course, not obey. Three days later he was stabbed in the heart while promenading a much-frequented street of Palermo.

On May 11, 1860, Garibaldi, General Grand Master of the Masonic rite of Memphis and Misraim, landed at Marsala on his "campaign of the Thousand." This campaign would have failed had not the principal officers of Ferdinand been bought with Piedmontese gold. Cavour publicly disowned Garibaldi's expedition, which was prepared by Dr. Bertain, but secretly he furnished the necessary funds.

William de Rohan, the United States Commodore, brought a second expedition of three thousand four hundred Garibaldians, to Sicily, and then returned to Genoa to carry a third detachment of volunteers to Palermo.

But Bertain, the organizer, assured Rohan that he had no funds. Rohan went at once to Turin, saw the King, Victor Emmanuel, personally, and received from him a letter saying: "Commander: Enclosed are two letters to the Medici (Garibaldian General), put them in other envelopes and deliver them to Cavour. I have already given three millions to Bertain. Go at once to Garibaldi to tell him that I shall send him Valerio instead of De La Farina, and that he must advance immediately on Messina. Francis, the king of Naples, is about to give a constitution to Naples."

"Your friend,"

"VICTOR EMMANUEL."

These facts were related by Commodore Rohan himself and published in the newspaper *Fanfulla*, of Rome, in 1881, without a protest from any one.

The Government organs always protested that Victor Emmanuel was forced to act against his will, but the facts prove that he and Cavour had pre-arranged and directed everything in the Garibaldian campaign of 1860. But appearances had to be saved, and Russia and Austria had to be deceived. Nunziante, the Neapolitan General, was bought by Cavour, for 4,000,000 francs. Other leaders at the Court of Francis II. were similarly bought, or had already been, as Masons, in secret understanding with Garibaldi and Mazzini. Thus Cavour and Lord Palmerston dethroned the Bourbons of the Two Sicilies. Garibaldi, with his revolutionary friends, would never have succeeded without men, money, arms and ships from Piedmont.

They were, indeed, working under the belief that they were leaders, and with the object of establishing a republic; but in reality they were only used as tools by Cavour, for whom Lemmi was forced to act as a most important agent, as will be shown later on.

Freemasonry influence brought about all the agitation and revolution in Italy. The three principal actors were Grand Masters. Lord Palmerston, the patriarch of Freemason politics, directed their operations throughout Europe. Under him Cavour and Mazzini worked in Italy for the destruction of the Papacy and the Bourbons and the unification of Italy. Cavour wanted the union, but under a constitutional monarchy of the house of Savoy. Mazzini desired union, but under a republic. When he failed, in 1848, he had to bow to Cavour and Palmerston, and await more favorable circumstances to realize his projected republic. Garibaldi, another Grand Master, was merely the tool of the military captain of Mazzini, and consequently of Cavour and Lord Palmerston. As to Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel, the former proceeded against his will. He regretted his oath as Carbonaro, and still was forced to obey the secret society masters. Yet in doing so he alienated the sympathies of the Catholics, whom he wished to conciliate. This strange position explains Napoleon's conduct, so full of hesitation, doubt and contradiction, which ended at Sedan. The latter, Victor Emmanuel, works boldly and zealously at the unification of Italy, for his own benefit, and, through Cavour, skillfully uses Mazzini and Garibaldi to pull his chestnuts out of the fire. Cavour's principal secret agent is Carloti, while Mazzini uses Lemmi. As soon as the Grand Duke of Tuscany was put out of the way Lemmi established himself at Florence as banker. In the service of Kossuth he had made some little money. This he skillfully increased by his frands during the Crimean war, and when the government plundered the Church Lemmi got a good share of it as his own. Mazzini and Kossuth, who always had plenty of money, either from the Masons or from Lord Palmerston, used Lemmi to handle most of these secret funds—to be sure, at a fair commission. As banker he is known to have made as much as 200 and 300 per cent. interest per annum. At the same time he did not neglect politics. When Garibaldi had become master of the Two Sicilies, Lemmi directed him to issue a scandalous decree, giving a national pension to the family of the assassin, Agessiano Milano. At this period Victor Emmanuel feared very much that Garibaldi and his republican friends would cheat Piedmont out of the fruits of the revolution. Moreover Garibaldi and his friends wished to take Rome at once, while Victor Emmanuel feared at this moment to offend the Catholic powers if he allowed Rome to be attacked.

Garibaldi is said to have declared: "We will make Italy, even with the aid of the devil!" Lemmi, who heard it, replied: "Indeed, above all, with the aid of the devil." But Cavour cut short their plans. Mazzini and Garibaldi, as well as Crispi, were ordered to leave Naples. Lemmi, who was very devoted to Mazzini and the republican cause, was left to himself, but closely watched. Cavour feared him. But having found out his crime in Marselle he requested Napoleon to furnish him with authentic documents proving that crime and the sentence imposed for it. These documents were Cavour's means of checking Lemmi in his republican ardor

and directing him according to the wish of the Piedmontese. To anticipate: When Crotti fell on account of the bank scandals Lemmi, who hated to see those documents in the government's hands, offered Crispi to make him Prime Minister if he would give him up those troublesome papers. Crispi entered into the agreement. But when made Prime Minister, those papers had been spirited away into the hands of Miss Diana Vaughan, for the price of 30,000 francs. This lady had them photographed, and placed into the hands of the delegates at the Grand Convention of Rome in 1893, to thwart Lemmi's election as Supreme Pontiff of Freemasons and Luciferians, as indicated in a former article. But in vain.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION AT LORETTO ABBEY.

Among the many enterprises undertaken at Loretto Abbey for the furtherance of educational development, the convention held during the past week has proved the grandest achievement of all. The system of education is at present undergoing such a revolution as will undoubtedly be classed among the glorious advances of the period in which we live; consequently religious as well as secular teachers must grasp the situation and realize that the vocation to ascetic life does not, of necessity, presuppose the ability to instruct youth in this age of modern improvements. Fully conscious of this fact, the ladies of Loretto have ever encouraged the attaining of knowledge requisite to cope with the present requirements, therefore the convention was held to analyze the various methods of imparting knowledge, consistent with this enlightened age.

Beginning with Mr. White, to whose wise and systematic arrangement the success of the proceedings is mainly due, we do not hesitate to say that the learned lecturers on the different subjects were persons whose names alone give assurance of success in school matters.

The opening discourse by Rev. F. Ryan, on the manner of imparting Christian doctrine, was delivered in his usual charming manner, and could not fail to be useful, instructive and interesting.

The Hon. Minister of Education addressed his appreciative audience on the necessary qualifications of a successful teacher. He spoke in a most entertaining manner, interspersing among the serious facts such happy reminiscences, such pleasant illustrating anecdotes, that he was listened to with rapt attention. Mr. Tilley's lectures on Psychology were fascinating. His charming delivery and genial manner, his delightful way of dealing with his intensely interesting subject, made him the recipient of a cordial welcome.

Mr. Scott's lectures on school management were admirable. Speaking from a long experience, he is fully competent to deal with such an important subject; and his ideas, if fully realized, convert the proverbially tiresome school days into halcyon days. "The Reign of Terror" in school is a thing of the past, and our rising generation should merge into men and women ruled by a law of love. The grandeur and dignity of the vocation of teacher, portrayed by Mr. Scott, filled his audience with enthusiasm. His lectures on teaching elementary subjects were likewise very interesting and instructive.

Mr. White also treated of the elementary branches in words replete with wisdom, eminently practicable. Mr. Houston on literary analysis and Mr. Prendergast on annuities imparted much wholesome knowledge on these subjects in a most entertaining manner.

The Sisters were highly complimented by the Hon. Mr. Ross and his colleagues, also by Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V. G., and Rev. F. Trefy, on the zeal they manifested in the work of education, thus contributing to make the educational system of Ontario surpass that of her sister provinces, and even of the United States.

The convention closed in the most interesting manner possible. The lecturers expressed themselves highly pleased with the marked appreciation evidenced by the Sisters throughout, showing in the most convincing way their zeal in the good cause, for which they have nobly sacrificed all worldly advantages, devoting themselves wholly to their high vocation.

PROFESSOR EWING, of Notre Dame University, delivered a very interesting lecture on Magna Charta and the Church, before the members of the Columbian Summer School. The professor explained the part Pope Innocent took in the dispute between King John and the Barons. Innocent declared the Magna Charta null and void, for the reason that it was extorted from John by unjustifiable means. He did not condemn the contents of the Charta, nor did he judge the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the demands of the Barons. He simply proclaimed that revolt against lawful authority is not only treason in the eyes of men but is moral guilt in the eyes of God.