

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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"ESPIRITU SANTO."

The cordial reception extended to Mrs. Skinner's book, "Espiritu Santo," is a sign of the times. Twenty five years ago a novel portraying Catholic life would have received scant courtesy from the critics, and Harper & Brothers would have thought long and deeply before permitting it to come from their workshop. To-day, however, "Espiritu Santo," fragrant with the odor of Catholic custom and belief, is a welcome visitor to every fireside, and the publisher is, by giving it a prominent place amongst his literary wares, endeavoring to make amends for the past.

The story is well told. It is not a controversial catechism with some descriptive scenes and perfunctory love-making: but it is a record of human love and sorrow written down in graceful characters by men and women who were for the most part stumbling on life's path, feeling intensely, sinning betimes and knowing where to seek a remedy for the miseries of the soul. There is a tone of sadness in it; but above rings the clear glad notes of duty done, of repentance, of joy, that however earthly dreams and hopes may vanish, and earthly objects may elude the grasp, there is the heaven "that may be had for the asking," awaiting all true hearts when they go home.

The story is of love, not of the kind that is "a cold fury and dreary animalism, but of a love that has its roots in the reverence and reserve, in the great, all surrounding atmosphere of modesty which makes the distinction between the true refinement and barbarism, be the latter never so glided."

"I suppose," says the grandmother of "Espiritu Santo," "that her name has a strange sound to Northern ears, but the Spanish name their children after the feast of Our Lord and His saints. Our little girl's name is very precious to us. She was born on Whit Sunday morning, the feast of the Holy Spirit, in the city of Mexico. As soon as the mother saw the child she asked that the priest might be sent for at once to baptize it. Just before he came, the nuns of a neighboring convent sent over a flower, a little white flower that the Mexicans call 'El Espiritu Santo.' The priest came hurriedly, and as he entered the room, we could hear the nuns chanting the 'Veni Sancte Spiritus.' He glanced at the little pale, almost lifeless figure, holding in its hand the white flower of the Holy Ghost, and without asking us to name the child, he took it up at once and pouring the water on its brow, said: 'Espiritu Santo, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'"

Teodoro Daretti, a tall, awkward boy of fifteen, meets Espiritu at a festive gathering. He is attracted to her because she pities his loneliness, and between the two grows gradually a bond that nothing in after years can sever. Teodoro becomes a great tenor singer—and this gives the authoress an opportunity to initiate her readers into the mysteries of stage-life. Tenderly and gracefully is his love for "Espiritu" depicted. The plaudits of the audiences, the flattery of the great never caused him to be unfaithful for one moment to the maiden to whom he had pledged his troth. But their earthly nuptials were never to take place. Teodoro was speeding to Espiritu, her voice ringing in his ears, and beckoning him on to happiness; and he knew not that he would meet her in heaven.

"From the convent on the opposite height came the sound of voices singing—for it was the eve of Pentecost; the monks were chanting the first Vespers of the feast, and the bells rung with sweet and joyful clangour. Espiritu Santo opened her eyes a last time and smiled at them all. The ray sunset light touched the face that lay on the pillow: she stretched her hands towards it. 'O lux beatissima!' she murmured, and with a soft glad cry the gentle spirit breathed itself out."

And he—where was he who should have been by her side, and for whom she called in infinite longing from her

couch of pain? He was hurrying towards her, eager to reach her, singing his soul out for very gladness. High and beautiful were the tones, reaching the peasant homes far beneath the mountain path and telling them that the beautiful boy whom they loved was with his own again. But he did not notice the white mist and the cold wind that suddenly struck into his bared chest with a piercing chill. It was but a cold—but the fever came and the glorious voice was now but a hoarse whisper. "Espiritu," he murmured, "I am coming, dearest, but give me thy hand, for I cannot find the way."

Adriano, the brother of Teodoro, is more strongly limned. He, too, is a singer with a love history more complicated than his brother. And the description of his repentance is touchingly told.

May we hope for similar stories from the pen of Mrs. Skinner.

The Ave Maria, of Notre Dame, Indiana, in reviewing "Espiritu Santo," makes the following reference to the talented authoress:

Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner, author of "Espiritu Santo," is a granddaughter of Richard Dana, poet and founder of the North American Review. Her father was Richard H. Dana, author of that deservedly famous book "Two Years before the Mast." Mrs. Skinner was bred in the Unitarian faith, but became a Catholic at the age of eighteen. An interesting circumstance in connection with her book is that, though intensely Catholic in feeling, it is published by the Harpers, who say in their advertisement that "for the first time, perhaps, in the history of American fiction has a talented novelist portrayed the Catholic faith in its most beautiful aspects, and with unsurpassed sincerity and truth." To those who remember that the Harpers used to be the chief publishers of anti-Catholic books in America, this "ad" is significant.

THE ORATORY.

Just at the close of May we celebrated the feast of one of God's saints, who, while on earth, was Mary's most devoted son, St. Philip Neri, founder of the Oratorian Order. Born at Florence in 1515, he chose Rome as the scene of his future labors, and there, as the saint himself said, under the hands of Mary the Oratory grew up and all Rome was transformed by its spirit. Through a singular persuasiveness, both of nature and of grace, he converted the worst sinners, taught the poor and simple how to pray, and trained men and women to be saints in their own homes. There was conversion in his very presence and look. You remember the story of the rough soldier, burning with revenge and hatred, whom St. Philip looked at, and in an instant he became repentant and gentle as a child. He lived in an atmosphere of gladness and consoled all who came near him. Neither trial nor sorrow could dim the brightness of his joy. The highest honors sought him out, but he put them from him. He died in his eightieth year, and bears the grand title: Apostle of Rome.

Cardinal Newman after his conversion to the Catholic Church recognized in St. Philip's Institute an Order specially adapted to the needs of England, and in 1847 the Oratory was formally established, drawing souls to Jesus and binding them together by charity and lightness of heart.

As in every Catholic home of the present day Father Faber's name is almost a household word, the story of the Oratorian settlement in London is a familiar one. We have still before us that picture of the little community in King William street, startling even Catholics as well as Protestants by the nature of its services—new hymns, new prayers, and a new style of preaching. Some of those Catholics who are more Catholic even than the Pope himself, carried their grievance to the Bishop. Dr. Wiseman, as we read, took a different view. The daily preaching was continued, the processions of Our Lady went on as before, and the congregational singing was uninterrupted.

And the success of the experiment was not long in proving itself. So great was the number of conversions, and so crowded the church at the Sunday evening service, that the thoughtful, looking at the four or five priests, and comparing results, were forcibly reminded of those words uttered long ago by St. Ignatius Loyola: "Give me five men like St. Philip Neri and I will convert the world!" It was in the church on King William street that Dr. Newman, in 1850, preached his sermons on Anglican Difficulties which burst like a bomb in the camp of the High Church party.

Newman and Faber! Associated names that stand first in that line of gifted men who seemed specially raised up by God, when England was at its greatest need, to bless and defend His Church.

All this has passed into history. And a few days ago, on the Feast of St. Philip Neri, the Oratorians, in their noble church at South Kensington, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of that foundation. What Catholic who has dwelt for any time in London does not know the Oratory by heart?—and who that has been present there on St. Philip's Day can ever forget it? The Feast of the Oratorian Saint is ushered in the afternoon before by the Roman Vespers and Grand Benediction. On the day of the Feast the church is thronged with worshippers and visitors from early morning until 10 o'clock at night. From 6 a. m. Communion is given at St. Philip's altar, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated every half hour in every one of the nine side chapels, and also at the high altar, up to 10 o'clock.

Pontifical Mass takes place at 11, and all the ceremonies are conducted on strictly Roman lines. Crimson and gold, the Roman colors, are the decorations, and their rich tones bring out in bright relief the pure marbles of the altars. The Cardinal usually officiates, and in the sanctuary are representatives of nearly every Order in London. The music is of the highest order. It has always been the aim of St. Philip's sons in London to carry out the traditions of their founder in regard to sacred music—who taught, "that there is in music and in song a mighty power to stir the heart with high and noble emotions, and an especial fitness to raise it above sense to heavenly things." Wasn't it Pius IV. who exclaimed after hearing Palestrina's famous Mass "Pape Marcell!"—which stands unrivalled in sacred music for its sublimity, simplicity and beauty? "These are surely the harmonies of the new canticle which Saint John heard sung in the Jerusalem that is above!"

But it is in the Oratory night service that St. Philip and his children meet heart to heart, and most especially on his feast. As the twilight deepens the saint gathers about him his own special friends and in that irresistibly winning voice tells them of Mary's love. And a goodly number he can claim. The great church is packed. Every seat is free: crossing sweeper and duchess sit side by side, their voices uniting in the hymn that must sound very sweetly as it reaches the great White Throne. There is a procession in honor of Our Lady. Her statue, surrounded by gleaming tapers, is carried around the church. In her train follow the Cardinal, several Bishops and the Fathers of the Oratory. Then come the Brothers of the Little Oratory in their habits, and they are followed by members of the congregation. The hymn still goes on, and Mary, as she looks down on the vast assemblage, "knit together in charity," thinks of those first days in King William street, and is well content. Under her hand the work grew and expanded. It was the grain of mustard which has grown up a noble tree, and under those spreading branches Mary and Philip have gathered their children. The procession winds onward, past the beautiful Lady Altar, and ends at the Sanctuary. At Benediction the "O Salutaris" ascends from hundreds of voices, and as you kneel and adore the Spirit of the Feast descends upon you and expresses itself in one word—love. One last hymn and the day is ended:

"Philip! strange missioner thou art,
Bidding us still at home,
Content with the evening star
Scouts to thy net will come.
O bless us, Philip! Saint most dear!
Thine Oratory bless
And gain for those who seek thee there!
The gift of holiness!"

THE GUARDIAN AND THE "OPEN BIBLE."

The Christian Guardian returns to the subject of the "Open Bible" with a certain amount of hilarity. He reiterates the twaddle that appeared in a recent issue, and gives us, moreover, a specimen of what some Christian editors can do in the line of unblushing mendacity. He says that the "open Bible" is the life of Protestantism. We admitted they had a Bible open to the

unhallowed hands of every strippling who had a mind to go into the mission field and to distribute it to the millions who could hardly read it, much less understand it. It is this senseless scattering of God's word that has bred fanatics and illusionists, and that has shorn it in the eyes of many of its dignity and sacredness. When we read that four hundred Methodist ministers at New York applauded one of their number who declared that the Bible could no longer be regarded as divine: that Protestantism in the presence of Rationalism is like an iceberg gradually melting before the sun, we are at a loss to understand what the editor means when he says that the "open Bible" is the life of Protestantism. "Three centuries of exterior life," says the pastor of Geneva, "must not deceive us with regard to Protestantism. It still lives from the first and vigorous impulse which it received in the sixteenth century; it lives through its political antecedents; it lives through its element of nationality. But this impulse is becoming exhausted; the beams of the edifice are falling asunder; the edifice itself is cracking in every part. There are Protestants; there is no longer Protestantism. It is a kingdom divided against itself—rent by divisions and subdivisions—a refuge for every theory, no matter how fantastic—and in all this there is life."

The "open Bible" has, in the opinion of the Protestant Archbishop Bramhall, done more injury to religion than all the restraints of Catholics. It is the open door to infidelity—and our esteemed contemporary need not go far for the proofs. The day that Protestantism removed the Bible from the protection of the everlasting Church, it bereft itself of the oneness of heart and soul that should be the essential characteristic of the followers of Christ. Nay, more; it is a noted fact that no body of men were ever held together permanently without a recognized authority to legislate for them. Where no such provision is made there is always disorder and anarchy. And in face of this fact the Christian Guardian would have us believe that the life of the religious society depends upon the "open Bible" interpreted and expounded by individuals who are accustomed in affairs of human moment to be directed by human authority. It is no wonder that the state of Protestant Christendom is, according to their own writers, one of subdivision and chaos.

The Christian Guardian says that the Catholic Church is the enemy of the "open Bible." This assertion is a deliberate calumny, or a proof of the grossest ignorance. Any unprejudiced reader of history appreciates the efforts of the Catholic Church in preserving and safeguarding the Bible, and knows, therefore, what intellectual status to assign to the editor of the Guardian. He would not know there was a Bible but for the Church which he endeavors to besmirch with his un-Christian bigotry.

Why did not the Catholic Church destroy the Bible if it were a menace to her vitality? And yet she has stood as a sentinel over the word of God, defending it against those who would fain lay a sacrilegious hand upon the sacred deposit, and maintaining it in our times intact against all the onslaughts of modern infidelity.

If the Catholic Church is so afraid of the Bible will the Christian Guardian explain why there were more than seventy editions of it in the different languages of Europe printed before the time of Luther? In 1877 Mr. H. Stevens published at South Kensington a "List of Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition." He says: "This catalogue will be very useful for one thing at any rate, as disproving the popular fable about Luther finding the Bible for the first time at Erfurt, about 1507. Not only are there many editions of the Latin Vulgate long anterior to that time, but there were actually nine German editions of the Bible in the Caxton Exhibition earlier than 1483—the year of Luther's birth—and at least three more before the end of the century." (Quoted by Desmond.)

We could cite more testimonies to the same effect, but they would, we fear, be unappreciated by the editor, who has no regard either for historical truth or the amenities of civilized life. He further says that Anglo Saxon

superiority is due mainly to the "open Bible." He would have his readers imagine that worldly greatness is an unmistakable sign of God's approval, and the sign of orthodoxy. We asked him what he would say to the stuttering Moses when confronted by the magnificent Egyptian civilization: or to the first Christians, who were materially and intellectually inferior to the Romans; but we have received no answer to the question. Look in your open Bible and you will read that the Founder of Christianity denounced riches, restrained the ambitious and bequeathed them the legacy of woe and persecution, that in a word He came to teach truth and to save souls. Wealth and conquest have nothing to do with religion of any kind, and we are rather surprised to see the gentlemen who wax hysterical over their spiritual form of worship holding up the grandeur of the British Empire as a proof of the divine approval of the "open Bible."

We said that if Englishmen are enterprising and powerful it is due not to the Bible, but to their fearlessness and resourcefulness, to the magnificent natural endowments of their country, and we challenge the Guardian to disprove it.

He claims that the English people are the most thoroughly Christian people upon the earth, because they have the "open Bible." What a vivid imagination the editor has! He must strike an attitude when he gives vent to such a powerful remark. Sidney Smith does not coincide with the Guardian's views, and from what we know of them, we are constrained to believe the talented author. He says: "There is no doubt more misery, more acute suffering among the mass of the people of England than there is in any kingdom of the world: but then they are the great unwashed, dirty, disagreeable and unfortunate persons. There are thousands houseless, breadless, friendless, without shelter, raiment or hope in the world: millions uneducated, only half-fed, driven to crime and every species of vice which ignorance and destitution bring in their train, to an extent utterly unknown to the less enlightened, the less free, the less favored and the less powerful kingdoms of Europe. There is no population on the earth, says Mr. Lester who live so near Christianity and know so little of it; that see so much luxury and have so few of the necessities of life; that dwell in such filthy holes and dens that bask so little in the sunlight of heaven."

When we read that the laboring classes of England have reached a point of degradation unequalled in any civilized nation on earth; that the masses in London and Lancashire are as heathen as those of whom St. Paul drew a picture in immortal though dreadful colors; that there are hundreds of thousands to whom God is practically an unknown Being, we must regard our contemporary's assertion as the veriest claptrap.

The editor tells us that the English never take possession of any portion of the earth's surface without improving it. It is all the result of the "open Bible! He must imagine that it is a species of an improved guano bed, plus, of course, a moral code.

"The condition of the native races is improved." Let us see how this is borne out by facts. Speaking of British rule in India, Mr. Seymour Keay, quoted by Father Young, to whom we are indebted for the foregoing quotations, says that "in the course of a few years we have succeeded in destroying whatever of truthfulness and honesty they (the natives) have by nature, and substituting in its place trickery, chicanery and fraud."

Mr. Lester tells us that Protestant English domination in India has demoralized India:—"Perhaps there is no feature in the whole system so painful as the degradation it brings upon women. The Mohammedan and Hindoo religions always treat women as inferior beings—as slaves; but the Christians of England carried the system infinitely further than that. Under the various forms of domestic or field slaves, eunuchs, concubines and dancing girls are kept for purposes of prostitution, the lawless gains of which go into the hands of their masters."

He concludes his article by referring to the impartial administration of law, etc.

Must this be ascribed to the open Bible? Does it not come from our Catholic forefathers? "We may truly say," remarks Monsignor Vaughan, "that all that is best and grandest about England, even at the present day, has come down to her from Catholic days, when she was known throughout the world as Merrie England. Thus: 1. Her glorious constitution. 2. Her representative form of government. 3. Her two Houses of Parliament. 4. Her trial by jury. 5. The charter of her liberties, the Magna Charta. 6. Her noble Universities.

We do not think for one moment that the editor of the Guardian is voicing the opinion of his brethren.

We did not intend to pay any attention to his effusion, but the deliberate falsehood that garnished his exordium induced us to make this rejoinder. It will have, we know, little effect upon him, because he belongs to the Old School of controversialists, who believed that any argument, however baseless, can be wielded against Catholicity. He may wonder at our unparliamentary language; but any man who resorts to calumny must not arrogate to himself the rights of honest citizens. Let him read his Bible and shudder at the doom that awaits those who bear false witness against their neighbor.

When he has some leisure time, will he kindly inform us in what does Anglo Saxon superiority consist? Is it based on race prejudice or facts? We are aware of the merits of the Englishman, but we must be excused from admitting his universal superiority.

POPE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Leo's Great Zeal in Promoting the Beautiful June Devotion.

The present illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII., besides the title the "Pope of the Rosary," has merited a still grander and more exalted one as the "Pope of the Sacred Heart." The Holy Father, in his glorious reign, has let no opportunity pass to impress upon the faithful the beauty and efficacy of the sublime devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is chiefly owing to his incessant recommendations that this devotion has become so popular and it promises to be, as it verily should be, the grand devotion of the new century. It is essentially a devotion to the personal love of Jesus, that love which He showed for us in His life and death and still manifests to us in the Real Presence, that love, which is symbolized by His most Sacred Heart.

There is no more gratifying sign to-day than to see that this devotion is becoming more and more popular, especially among men. The men love this devotion. They take to it more than to any other. At the Communion and devotions on the first Fridays in our churches there is always a splendid representation of men.

The Holy Father has just published a letter, in which he plainly shows to the whole world his love for this devotion to the Sacred Heart by the following additional enactments in its favor: 1. His Holiness wishes that the feast of the Sacred Heart this year be preceded by a solemn Triduum. 2. He sets aside the Litany of the Sacred Heart as one of the four approved by the Holy See, the other three being of All Saints, the Holy Name and Blessed Virgin. 3. He wishes all Bishops to dedicate their dioceses this year to the Sacred Heart. 4. He recommends the Rosary of the Sacred Heart. With the first of June, Thursday, we enter upon the "month of the Sacred Heart." Surely it should be a most precious month for all devout Christians.—Catholic Columbian.

MR. BOWNS TO BE A PRIEST.

George M. P. Bowns, a former preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, who became a convert to Catholicity a little more than a year ago, has been enrolled among the students of the college of St. Thomas Aquinas, Washington, D. C., to undertake a course of preparation for entering the Catholic priesthood; with the ultimate intention of joining the Congregation of the Paulist Fathers, in whose church he was converted.

Mr. Bowns comes of a long line of Methodist ancestry, and is the first of his family to set aside the religious traditions of his forefathers. His maternal grandfather, the Rev. William Noon, was a personal friend, adviser and supporter of John Wesley, under whom he was a local preacher in England.

To arrange the things among which we have to live is to establish the relation of property and of use between them and us; it is to lay the foundation of those habits, without which man tends to the savage state. I distrust both the intellect and the morality of those people to whom disorder is of no consequence. What surrounds us reflects more or less that which is within us—Emile Souvestre.