

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 Catholic Record.

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CONVERSIONS.

The missionary movement for non-Catholics is meeting with great success in the United States. The tide has turned Romeward. Some of the parsons are waiting anxiously for a "call of the Lord" to places undisturbed by the breath of the Catholic preacher. Why not have a similar movement in Canada? There are scores of able and zealous clerics ready to take the field, and there are thousands who would give them a hearing. Our separated brethren have been living too long in a begony land discovered by graduates from Knox College.

THE BANK ROBBER AGAIN.

Crispi is decidedly pessimistic in his view of the pending war. This, however, is not astonishing, for one can scarcely expect a man with the shadow, and a very palpable one, of robbery over him, to be in a cheerful state of mind. We suppose that he derived considerable consolation from the many and wondrous reasons that individuals with a home-made religion give in extenuation of misdeeds. He may have for the moment considered that property was theft or may have thought that his services in guarding the ill-gotten goods of his royal master were insufficiently rewarded, and so had recourse to occult compensation. However it was, he was saved from prison because his shrewdness and unscrupulousness were necessary to the government.

The venerable statesman, "broken by the storm of state," might have given us the charity of his silence. He might have retired to some solitude to devise some schemes for the wise regulation of his household, which, as everybody knows, is in a bad state of confusion. But no! He comes forward to tell us that the decadence of the Latin races is due to the retrograde spirit of the clergy.

The accusation, coming from such a source, is at least open to suspicion. The word of a man bespattered with the mud of the criminal court can carry no weight with it, especially when it is proffered against a class which he has always held in detestation.

We do not know what his idea of progress may be. He may have had in mind the progressive move made by the red-shirted Garibaldians, or the progress manifested in the erection of public buildings which are an eyecore to the Roman visitor. Whatever his idea may be, his latest utterance amply sustains his reputation for unreliability.

He knows as well as we do that it is simply to satisfy his hatred and to pander to the unthinking ignorance of anti-Catholics; and it is another proof that the eye of the prejudiced man is like an owl's—the more light it receives the more it contracts.

We do not say for one instant that all churches have been either paragons of learning or virtue, but we do say that their efforts have been mainly for the developing and perfecting of the human race. One need not go outside of Italy to verify this. Its artistic triumphs, its monuments that extort the praise and admiration of the visitors from every clime, its advocacy for the things which constitute true progress, point to the fact that the clergy have never been remiss in their duty in the matter of everything that could advance the interests and promote the welfare of man. Well does the poet say of her:

"Italia! and Italia! looking on thee
Full flashes on the soul, the light of ages still
The font at which the parting wind as suages
Her thirst for knowledge, quaffing there her
ill.
Flows from the source of Rome's imperial
hill."

And this is true of every country—in less measure—of every country that has heard the teaching of a Catholic priest. What he preaches has been designed by God as the only force that can leaven the mass of humanity. Whatever good there is in the world to day comes directly, or indirectly, from Catholic principles. Protestantism has added nothing to the sum of progress. It sometimes dresses itself in Catholic garments, but one sees through the disguise very easily.

If a nation has sunk in the scale of

progress we must look elsewhere than to the spirit of the clergy as the cause.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

It is well for Catholics to remember that the banner of civil and religious liberty was unfurled for the first time on the American continent by our brethren. Our friends the preachers are very fond just now of extolling the glories of freedom bestowed on mankind by the "Reformation" and exalting the "Roman Church" which has been always a drag on the chariot of progress. But, unfortunately for them, non-Catholics who have read the records of the past have not the same enthusiasm. The first "Reformers" such as Luther and Calvin taught the need of religious persecution.

Hallam tells us in his Constitutional History of England that "Persecution is the deadly original sin of the reformed churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive."

Buckle, in his History of Civilization in England, has the following sentences:

"It must be admitted that in Scotland there is more bigotry, more superstition and a more thorough contempt for the religion of others, than there is in France. And in Sweden, which is one of the oldest Protestant countries in Europe, there is not occasionally but habitually an inheritance and a spirit of persecution, which would be creditable to a Catholic country; but which is doubly disgraceful when proceeding from a people who profess to base their religion on the right of private judgment."

Presbyterianism has urged the doctrine of religious persecution with a blind and reckless ferocity. We might go on and quote the words of historians; but we imagine these quotations have considerably more weight than the utterances of individuals who have studied Catholic doctrine in bigoted tracts and pamphlets. They point to one fact, that Protestants never became the dominant power in a land without subjecting the Catholics, to put it mildly, to some inconvenience. Up to 1876, in New Hampshire, over which the flag of liberty flutters, Protestants only could hold office.

It is very easy to show that the "Reformation" retarded the progress of civil liberty. Prior to the sixteenth century the Catholic Church had safeguarded the liberties of the masses, and had done it despite the threats and opposition of the most powerful monarchs. It was through her exertions that Parliaments sprang into being and that Republics, such as those of Genoa, Pisa, etc., protected popular liberty. Her's also is the glory of the Magna Charta, of the trial by jury. The Reformation took no notice of the people. Luther incited the Anabaptists to revolt and then told the princes to butcher them as they would wild beasts.

The king or prince was invested with absolute authority and the yearners after the liberty of the Gospel bowed the knee before them and winked at their most libidinous excesses. The student of the days of the "Reformation" knows this and calls to mind many a quotation which would perchance be offensive in the ears of our separated brethren.

"The immediate effect of the Reformation in England was," as Macaulay says, "by no means favorable to political liberty. The authority which had been exercised by the Popes was transferred almost entire to the King. Two formidable powers which had often served to check each other, were united in a single despot. If the system on which the founders of the Church of England acted could have been permanent, the Reformation would have been, in a political sense, the greatest curse that ever fell on our country."

One would naturally expect that Germany, which first broke the fetters of the "slavery" imposed on her by the Church of Rome, would afford testimony to the liberty of which we hear so much. Yet Guizot, a very impartial witness, assures us that the "Reformation" accepted the absence of liberty. It was rather opposed to the free institutions of the middle ages than favorable to their progress.

LATHROP'S CONVERSION.

The Story of It—Told in His Own Words.

Catholic Columbian.

George Parsons Lathrop, who died recently in New York, was a bright light in the world of letters and a chivalrous champion of the faith. He was of Puritan stock, being a descendant of Major General Samuel Lathrop of revolutionary fame, who succeeded Israel Putnam in command of the Connecticut troops in the Continental army. He was born in the Sandwich Islands in 1851, where his father was surgeon in charge of the Marine Hospital at Honolulu and also American consul at that port for a time. He received his early education in New York, spent some time in Germany and, returning to this country, took a law course at Columbia College and then entered the law office of William M. Everts. Law, however, was not to his liking, and he turned his attention to literature. He married the daughter of the famous novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and since their marriage both husband and wife have earned a distinguished reputation in literature. When only twenty-four years of age, he accepted the place of assistant editor of the dignified Yankee Magazine, The Atlantic Monthly. He remained with this periodical for two years and then accepted a place with the Boston Courier, where he remained until 1879, when he purchased the old home of Hawthorne, "The Wayside," at Concord, Massachusetts. He removed to New York in 1883 and remained there the rest of his days, having a summer home at New London, Connecticut, where was held the first session of the Eastern summer school and to which he lent much assistance in making the first meeting such a promising success.

HIS APPEARANCE.

Walter Lecky, in his "Down at Caxton's," thus describes Lathrop in what he calls a snap shot picture: "A man of medium height, strangely built, broad shouldered, the whole frame betokening agility; face somewhat rounded, giving it a pleasant plumpness; with eye, quick, nervous and snappy, lighting up a more than ordinary dark complexion—such is Parsons Lathrop, as caught by my camera. His voice was soft, clear as a bell note, and when heard in a lecture hall, charming; a slight hesitancy but adds to the pleasure of the listener. In reading he affects none of the dramatic poses and Delaisart movements that make unconscious comedians of our tragic readers. It is pleasant to listen to such a man, having no fear that in some moving passage, carried away by some quasi-involuntary elocutionary movement, he might find himself a wreck among the audience. The lines of Wordsworth are an apt description of him:

"Yet he was a man
Whom no one could have passed without
Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs,
And his whole figure, breathed intelligence."

HIS CONVERSION.

Lathrop and his wife were received into the Church in New York, on the feast of St. Joseph, 1891, by Rev. Alfred Young, the Paulist, and were confirmed two days later by Archbishop Corrigan. Naturally, their reception into the Church created a stir and commotion. Within the week after his baptism, Mr. Lathrop wrote to his friend, James J. Roche, editor of the Boston Pilot, a letter in which he said: "No one ever suggested my becoming a Catholic or tried to persuade me; although a number of my friends were Catholics." He further states that he examined the claims of the Church with the same candor that he would use towards any other subject upon which he heartily desired to form a conclusion. He closes the letter by saying: "The Church revealed itself to me as broadly liberal and gentle towards all mankind; thus worthily justifying, in my estimation, those titles of Catholic and of Mother Church by which she has always been known. Moreover, the present active and incessant spirituality of the Church does not stop with this life, or end in that pagan acceptance of death as an impassable barrier which one meets with in Protestant denominations. It links together religious souls of all periods, whether now on earth or in the world beyond, by a communion which is constant and transcends time. The Church retains all, living or dead, in a great company, which connects earth with heaven at every moment. This is what one might naturally expect, if Christianity, and the spiritual are supreme."

LATHROP AND O'REILLY.

Lathrop and John Boyle O'Reilly were fast friends and O'Reilly's death had much to do with hastening Lathrop's conversion, which occurred within six months. Lathrop wrote to a friend these words: "Except for the loss of my father, and that of my own and only son, I have never suffered one more bitter than that inflicted by the death of my dear and noble and most beloved Boyle O'Reilly. He is a great rock torn out of the foundations of my life. Nothing will ever replace that powerful prop, that magnificent buttress. I wish we could make all the people in the world

stand still and think and feel about this rare, great, exquisite-souled man until they fully comprehend him. Boyle was the greatest man, the finest heart and soul I knew in Boston and my most dear friend."

WHY HE BECAME A CATHOLIC.

The Christian Register once having asked Lathrop to state his reasons for becoming a Catholic, he answered in a three column article that makes most interesting reading, touching with a keen pen all the important doctrines of the Church. Space will permit only a few extracts from this letter, which is a fine piece of Christian literature. He opens the letter by saying: "What I am about to write is neither an apology nor a challenge. It is merely a short record made in good faith, which if others take in bad faith, they may do so to their own detriment but hardly to mine."

HIS YOUTH.

"In the churches of man I found, at last, only weariness, and so came as though inevitably—yet not weakly, but with my whole understanding—in to the holy Catholic Church, the Church of God founded by Christ. Baptized and confirmed in the Protestant Episcopal communion, as a boy of fifteen, I drew much good from it. Yet, from the first, I was troubled by the difficulty which Anglicans and Episcopalians seemed to have in making out clearly a divine commission to their Church; the laboriousness with which they toiled over their apostolical succession, and their apologetical details which produced a mass of not very coherent, and never became at all inspiring. After some years of devout communion, what appeared to me the shortcomings and inconsistencies of Episcopalianism and became still more oppressive. It was a gentlemanly, cool, respectable form of religion; but with all its apostolic claims, it somehow did not disclose in itself the great, over-growing spirit of Christ. Although it acknowledged the virgin birth of Jesus, it, nevertheless, treated His mother, the Blessed Virgin, with a chilliness approaching disdain, that gave me shame for it and myself and even cast a sort of shame upon her. It confessed the communion of saints; yet that communion was practically as dead to it as the saints themselves were in a physical sense. To some extent, the High Church made up for the deficiencies of the Low by a certain purity and beauty of services, exaltation of worship, and sometimes—A KINDLY MINGLING OF RICH AND POOR in one congregation. But the High Church dwelt in isolation; and it suffered, as the whole Episcopal organization appeared to, from limitedness—a lack of height, breadth and depth, a want of firmness as well as of universality."

"Much latitude of individual opinion was allowed in the Episcopal Church; but latitude of that sort does not constitute universality. For universality needs to have a central and all comprehensive view, depth, fixity and simplicity of principles, as well as harmonious correspondence between the whole and the parts. Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians I had known well for a long while before my baptism and confirmation. I had gone to their services innumerable times, heard their explications of doctrine publicly and privately, and for two years attended a Presbyterian Sunday school and church. But now, when the Episcopalian faith and forms and general position continued to seem so inadequate, I revisited from time to time some of these other organizations, hoping still that, with further experience, and with an intelligence matured at least by the passage of a number of years and by considerable thought I might yet see in them some outline of that great realization, that living embodiment of true Christian religion, which every one in the very nature of the case has a right to expect. I even went often to the Unitarian meetings, not despairing of the possibility that, even where the divinity of Christ and the trine nature of God was in whole or in part denied, the flower of perfect faith might still be found springing up unawares. Finally, for a number of months, I attended a Congregational church."

"Here let me say explicitly that I did not give up my faith, and that I had no intention whatever of formally 'joining' any of these religious associations; for to me, at least—and on this point I used my own intelligence, as far as it went, with honest purpose and earnest sympathy—they all seemed very partial and far from fulfilling the idea of a universal Church. Yet I thought that, if I could find in any one of them that which I would have been glad to see—namely, a serene ardor, a sincere humiliation, a true devotion coming somewhere near the ideal of a great Christian Church—I could at least worship with them happily. None of them, on re-examination, offered even that much to my mind."

PROTESTANTISM

is the Faubourg St. Antoine of religion, always on the eve of revolt or in open rebellion. I despaired of finding there the realization of order, the stability of a complete and unchanging truth. Yet, when I began inquiring into Catholicity, I expected to find in it only the opposite extreme of a bigoted and somewhat unreasonable conservatism. History, of course, has made aware that much, and perhaps the most

of our modern enlightenment and civilization originally sprang from the Church—the revival of learning, the glory of painting and sculpture, many of the first schools of physical science and the grandest architecture the world has known,—that of the cathedrals. Still, so tough is the prejudice planted in one's mind by books, periodicals, friends and old associations all hostile to the Church, that I still dreaded this great institution, with a terror of holy water and the sign of the cross, such as is said to be felt by a certain unpleasant personage: I had been taught in many quarters to suppose that the Catholic Church was a menace to American popular institutions. Now that I knew something of it, I am quite at ease on that point."

The letter then enters into a plain, forcible explanation of some chief points of Catholic doctrine. In one place he makes this statement of his experience: "Nothing struck me with greater surprise or impressed me more powerfully than the preaching of Catholic priests. When they spoke from the pulpit, their words, instead of flowing out discursively in general essays, intricate erudition or sensational discourses, seemed to be wholly subordinated to the Lord and imbued with His spirit, in simple unconsciousness of self."

He closes this charming letter with these striking words: "If I were asked why I embraced Catholicism, the shortest answer would be: I did not embrace it at all, for the same reason that I do not embrace the sky. Catholicity is so universal, like the encircling heaven through which the earth moves, that I found it also included me. Some persons say they would be Catholics, if anything, but they have never felt the need of professing a faith.' This, to me, appears about as reasonable as for any one to say that, while he is grateful for air and sunlight, he does not feel the need of acknowledging it, for an American to remark that he never felt the need of declaring his loyalty to the republic."

These lines, perhaps the last he wrote, appeared in the N. Y. Times, a few days after his death:

Shakespeare and Booth.

On Avon, flowing calm by Stratford town,
Two faces of the vanished great look down.

There Shakespeare's eyelid mute still keeps
O'er the church tomb wherein his body sleeps.

There, in the new Memorial to Will's fame,
He who gave lustre to another name—
Our gentle Edwin, postive, sad, yet strong,
In silence watches life with vision long.

A Player's picture, by the Players sent,
A greeting from the western continent,
Watch on, watch on, O Shakespeare, heart of
truth;
And thou, too watch with him, brave Edwin
Booth!

So shall you stand to men, from age to age,
Reminders of the poet and the stage—
Great forces, rightly moved, with blessing
to us, to us, to us, to us, to us, to us,
To give us beauty and enable thought.

So now these two, upon the Avon's side,
Behold the quiet river current glide
Like that long stretch of flowing time that set
A barrier 'twixt them, fill in art they met,
And life and art blend in eternity,
Flow, Avon, softly onward to the sea!

R. C. Gleaner.

QUESTION BOX.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

The queries sent to the box this week are few in number, but not lacking in interest, and it is probable that the usefulness of this department will soon be appreciated.

T. C. L. sends a clipping from the Ledger, credited to Harper's Weekly, which states that "the Roman Catholic Church considers that a member of its Church who is not married by a priest of the Church is not married at all." The statement is more inaccurate than its grammar. A member of the Roman Catholic Church's Church (that is who commits a great sin by marrying outside the Church, yet the marriage is valid. The clipping enclosed goes on to say: "That attitude makes further connection with the Roman Catholic Church inconceivable for a Catholic who has been married by a Protestant clergyman or a civil Magistrate." "Inconvenient" is a very good word to go along with "inconspicuous," which furnishes so many with a pretext for breaking with the Catholic Church is "inconvenient" from a purely worldly point of view at all times to all persons, but from a spiritual point of view it has great advantages. The joint commission of the Episcopal Church appointed in 1892 has submitted a report which recommends, among other changes, one that forbids any Episcopal minister to solemnize the marriage of either party to a divorce during the lifetime of the other party." Five of the commission dissented.

"A Steady Reader" wishes to know if a Catholic can join the "Order of Red Men."

This society is not, so far as known, formally condemned by name, but it would be well to consult your confessor. There is such a variety of Catholic societies that it seems scarcely necessary for one to join a society concerning which such a question need be asked. The Irish coachman who was competing for a position in which the test was to see how near each com-

petitor could ride to the edge of a precipice got the place by saying his would keep as far away from the danger point as possible.

"Curious" heard a Methodist preacher deliver an eloquent sermon on the reason why Christ appeared to Peter individually. The view held by the preacher was that He did so to teach us that He is ever ready to forgive those who repent of their sins. A Catholic gave the inquirer his view, in which he stated that it was because Peter was head of the Apostles that Christ appeared to him first. Is Peter's leadership proved by this text of the Holy Bible?

The incident which formed the subject of the preacher's discourse was no doubt that related in Mark xvi., 7, and is but one of a series of Bible references which should prove even to the staunchest of upholders of private interpretation that Peter was chief of the Apostles. No point is more clearly proven in the New Testament than this. Take the list of Apostles as given in Matthew, Mark, Luke and the Acts, and note the order of the names. It is manifestly design which invariably places Peter first and Judas last, though no uniformity marks the arrangement of the others:

Matthew: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

In Matt. xiv., 28, 29, Peter answers for all the Apostles. In Luke v., 10, Christ addresses Peter by name, though James and John are present. Luke vii., 45, names him alone. In Luke ix., 28, Mark ix., 2, and Matthew xvii., 1, Peter is named first in the scene at the transfiguration. In John i., 41, Andrew finds Peter before going to Christ. John xiii., 24, John obeys Peter. John xx., 2, 8, John does not enter the tomb, but allows Peter to precede him. John xxi., 15-17, Christ names him as shepherd of the flock. Acts iii., 6, he performs the first miracle after the ascension of Christ. I Cor. xv., 5, Paul speaks of Peter separately from other Apostles. These are only a few of the New Testament texts which show Peter's leadership. They not only show the forgiving spirit of our Lord, but also that Peter was made head of the Church and so acknowledged by the Evangelists and Apostles.

Communications for this department should be addressed to "Question Box," Catholic Standard and Times, 211 South Sixth street, Philadelphia.

THE PRIEST WEPT.

Impression Produced on Entering a Lazaretto of Lepers.

The light that meets one's gaze on entering a lazaretto of lepers produces on the mind an impression of the most profound melancholy. Indeed, to find oneself all of a sudden in the presence of hundreds and hundreds of human beings, from the babe in arms to the decreed old man, some of whom are without hands or feet, others whose faces are almost eaten away, and others, again, who are covered with ulcers from head to foot so as to resemble breathing carcasses more than anything else, one cannot restrain an overwhelming sense of horror nor refrain the tears from flowing. Father Garbari was no exception, for on catching sight of Contratone in the distance, at hearing the bells of the chapel ringing merrily and especially on meeting the first group of lepers who had come out to welcome us, I saw him start and then tremble and finally burst into tears. This was only natural: he had never seen a leper until that day, and although I had attempted to describe what was awaiting him, and although his imagination had painted things bad enough, still, when he beheld the poor creatures with his own eyes, I saw that his conception had fallen far short of the reality.—Salemian Bulletin.

Sisters Ever Watchful.

We hear of another band of Sisters who are going to Klondike to nurse the sick and minister to the dying in that bleak region. Many a miner, far from home, will bless these noble, self-denying women, who will assist them with all the faithfulness of a mother in the hours when the shadow of the great beyond will lie heavy on their souls. The divine character of the Catholic Church is manifested in a striking manner in the self-denying labors of her religious, for though there are others who play the part of the Good Samaritan, through purely philanthropic motives, there are none who from pure love of God are willing to sacrifice their lives in caring for His creatures. At the present moment, too, Sisters are in readiness to give their services on the battlefield or in the military hospitals. Their mission is one of eternal watchfulness for the opportunity to perform deeds of mercy.

God created us without our co-operation, but He will not justify us without it.—St. Augustine.