

# 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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### THE END APPROACHING.

With the Archbishop of Canterbury publishing pastorals on Confession and with John Kensit making an onslaught on the Romish tendencies of Anglicanism, the end seems to be very near. Macaulay's New Zealander should hurry along with his sketch book before even the ruins likewise disappear.

### DA COSTA AND PROTESTANTISM.

We have not yet heard of the "disciplining" of Dr. Da Costa for his sweeping condemnation of Protestantism. The episcopal authorities may think twice before tackling the outspoken divine, and in doing so will be wise in their generation. The doctor has said nothing but what is well known, and he has simply the courage of his convictions. Moreover, the crowd will always flock to hear something sly, and we venture to say that he could throw off the Anglican yoke and be financially none the worse for it. However, we acquit him of a seeking after sensation; we believe him to be sincere, and hope that he may be convinced that the sect that is powerless against the ever encroaching tide of irreligion cannot possibly be the "Bride of Christ."

### CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

We are told that all the Paris newspapers are in favor of Dreyfus' liberation. The dramatic incidents of his arrest, the touching letter of his wife to the Holy Father, and his consignment to the unhealthy prison island, are some of the things that prey upon the sentimentally inclined, and claim the compassion of even those who believe him to be guilty. But the fact that the Paris newspapers are clamoring for his release counts for very little. They are principally in the hands of the Jews and Freemasons, who are everywhere and have an unlimited command of money. They naturally desire the pardon of a compatriot, and French tribunals will inform us very soon if justice can be bought or sold.

### A UNITED IRISH PARTY.

Reports from various meetings in the old land convey to us the pleasing intelligence that Irishmen have done with dissension and disunion and have resolved to display the unselfish and truly national spirit that made the united party of 1886. It was Ireland first and self last. They have seen also that the discord was effected by but a few and they have made up their minds that the few must slip down and out or get into line. The enemies that have retarded the cause of Home Rule and bereft the Irish Party of influence and power were caused by those who preferred personal aims to their country's good. All manner of charges were directed against men who, whatever their capabilities might be, were justified in their claim to the respect of reasonable Irishmen. But this seems now like past history. The clouds of anger and passion are fast disappearing under the rays of the sun of unity. Old friends who battled side by side a decade ago are shaking hands again and are prepared to commence another page of the history of Home Rule.

### A DEATH BED DENIAL.

A subscriber sends us a letter informing us of the death of an individual who refused to receive the last sacraments. He was moral and charitable and was at one period of his life a fervent Catholic. He became infatuated later on with his own ideas and then the end. No one can read the secrets of the invisible world, but from what we know from Revelation the chances are against that individual.

A Catholic may have opinions in all things excepting Faith. That comes to him from the Giver of all good, and he has no rights except to guard and protect it. He cannot lose it save through his own fault. He cannot indulge in opinions contrary to faith without committing sin. We speak of reasonable individuals and not of lunatics. The Catholic, therefore, who has any desire for eternal happiness should

avoid anything that might tarnish the beauty of the treasure confided to him by God.

### THE ALLIANCE.

We suggest that three representative men should be appointed to explore the country inhabited by the mysterious individuals yeelp: Anglo Saxons. The question as we are not given to antiquarian studies, interested us but little, but since hearing of the "potentialities of the Anglo Saxon," a burning desire to know something about him has taken possession of us. We did learn that the Anglo Saxons were helped to the great unknown by the Normans and we were satisfied they were buried.

But here they are at the present day entering into an alliance. Some of them have emigrated to the United States and the others dwell in Birmingham, England. Are they descendants of the men who died on the field of Hastings? Are they whom we have looked upon as Irish and German extraction but Anglo Saxons who have for centuries kept themselves hidden, waiting anxiously for a favorable moment to emerge from obscurity?

### UNHAPPY FRANCE.

France is about to take the name of God from her coils. She has banished Him from her schools, her parliament and her families, and she declares that her path is through the desert of Infidelity. No nation ever went far without God. Years ago France was within the grasp of the invader, and her path was that of the slave: to-day she is within the grasp of the Jew and Free-Mason, and she is fronting annihilation. Years ago Joan of Arc kindled into white flame the dying flame of patriotism and Frenchmen were free again, with their own laws and that mass of perfidy and ingratitude called their king. But they believed in God and confided to Him their destiny, and handed down to their children the memory of the brave deeds done by Heaven through the maid of Domremy. To-day, however, the outlook is darker than in the days when the sons of France were awaked from sleep to battle with their hereditary foe. They have lost seemingly all virility. They have done with the traditions of the past and they are content with the abject slavery of the present. Thirty-eight million are controlled by one hundred thousand Jews. There are, we are told, many pious Catholics in France. We believe that. But the Catholicity that allows its rights to be violated and its cause to be disregarded does not lend itself to much admiration.

### IT IS OUR DUTY.

Every Catholic, we think, should take a practical interest in live questions—that is, questions which concern them, temporarily or spiritually. We have been too remiss in this respect: we have been too quiet, thinking it probably to be the best plan; but we should awaken to the fact that we are here by right and not by sufferance, and that we also have to take our share in the work of upbuilding our nation. We should be on the platform when any subject comes up for public discussion. We should do our own thinking. We owe it to our manhood not to permit ourselves to be duped and deceived by the gentlemen who talk eloquently of what we have done and of the beauty of our holy religion. We are not now, of course, always deceived. We are beginning to have sight keen enough to pierce through the flimsy sophistries of the politicians and of the "model Catholics" who become furious at any assumption of jurisdiction by the Church. We have our principles, not man-made, but God-made, and it behooves us to hold to them with all our energies. If we are in doubt with regard to them, we have those whom God has placed over us to teach and to guide us, as our sources of information.

We do not insinuate for one instant that our taking part in public questions should make us aggressive in a way that would be calculated to arouse the enmity of our separated brethren. We should take our stand as Canadians interested in the welfare and progress of our country. It might get us out of the rut or the "don't care" habit, and might also convince us that we are not serfs but citizens—not to be led by the

nose to the polls and to vote as our political dictators command us, but to exercise the franchise in a way that becometh our intelligence and freewill.

We are not "talking politics." We leave that to the ward heeler and professional politician. "Politics" is one of the curses of Canada. For statecraft, the direction of the destinies of a country, we have but admiration, but for politics, that is, the scheming and lying and sham, the sundering of friendships, the conversion of sane men into hopeless lunatics for the time being, we have but pity. It blinds us to our common interests and makes us an easy prey to the spoiler. It prevents united action and deprives us of the powers that we should have in the community. We do not want "one party," but if any section of men of our political religion should endeavor to thwart us in our efforts to secure our rights, then we say principle is above any party and that we should cut adrift from it and start on new lines. If Catholics, then, would take an interest in public questions, the formulators of laws, who have generally an eye on the public, might exercise due discretion. When we speak of Catholics, we have no intention of referring to the "hickory" kind, but to the Catholics who know what they want, and are not to be cajoled into forgetting it or be prevented from demanding it by oratorical blandishments.

### CONSECRATION OF ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER.

The liturgy of our Holy Church has many a ceremony which uplift her children into a region beyond the land of sight, but there is none more impressive and solemn than that of the consecration of a Bishop. As we gazed on the inspiring scene in the Cathedral and beheld the venerable figures of our separated chiefs and heard the solemn words of the celebrant and the assistant Bishops, we knew no empty ceremony was taking place.

The two thousand years that have elapsed since the time of Christ were bridged over and we seemed to hear the words "As the Father hath sent Me, so I send you." No, it was no empty ceremony—or a tribute to the zeal and learning of him who was to be created with the insignia of Episcopal power. It was a divine work—the creation of an apostle—the fashioning of an instrument whereby faith might be implanted and guarded in the souls of men. It was the endowing of the pastor chosen by the Supreme Pontiff with power from on high by the infusion of the Holy Ghost. He came into the sanctuary a priest and left it a Bishop—one endowed with the plenitude of the priesthood, given the power to confirm and to ordain, bequeathed the supernatural fitness to be a ruler, and anointed, and blessed, and transformed so as to be able to stir up, for the profit and guidance of his spiritual children, the grace received by the imposition of hands. We were carried back in spirit to the far-off time when the first Bishops received their commissions, and were endowed with the power of binding and loosing, and were sent into the world to preach to every creature all things whatsoever the Master had commanded them. One more link was forged and riveted to that Apostolic chain that has never been broken since the days of Pentecost. One more captain was given a commission in the army of God, that is advancing towards the gates eternal. Its serried ranks fear no defeat, for Christ is with them, and its work will remain whilst there is a human soul above ground, because it is the very energy and life of the Son of God.

We wish *ad multos annos* to Most Rev. Dr. Gauthier, whom God has chosen to bring forth good fruit and whom He has placed with the Princes of his people. We take this opportunity to give expression to our respect for his many admirable qualities of mind and heart, of our gratitude for his unwearied and faithful devotion to duty and of our veneration for his undimmed and untarnished priesthood that is our pride and his glory.

More might we say, but the ceremony of the 18th inst. is more eloquent and expressive than the words that come unbidden to our lips. We take, however, the liberty of assuring him that we shall ever cherish in

fond remembrance the memory of his labor in upbuilding the Church of God. Years have come and gone and we know that his early fervor has been but deepened and intensified, and that he knows no other aim than self-sacrifice and recognizes now no loftier motive than that which inspired him to consecrate every faculty and energy of his being to the service of God.

He will meet with trials, for the discipline is not above the Master, but in stress and storm the Lord knoweth who are His. The prayers of his predecessors, the fearless prelate who was all patience in rebuking the ignorant, but aflame with Apostolic zeal in resisting all attempts to minimize the Episcopal authority, will strengthen him. His spiritual children will give him consolation by the purity and fervor of their lives and his priests, whom St. Francis de Sales calls the arms of a Bishop, will be a rampart round about him. They will be loyal to him—ready to second his designs and to look up at all times to him as their Father.

And whilst we wish him many years of work for God's honor and glory we pray also that the wisdom "that sitteth by the throne" may labor with him and guide him and give justice to his rule.

### EPISCOPALIAN CONVERTED.

New York, Oct. 18.—Mrs. W. H. Shields, of 200 West Fifty-fifth street, New York, has lately returned from Paris, where she had been received into the Catholic Church. She is a sister of John Spencer Turner, jr., a former Episcopal clergyman, whose conversion to the Catholic Church took place last summer.

Mr. Turner was born in Brooklyn, and was ordained to a deaconate in the Episcopal Church in 1892 and to the ministry in 1894. He was the rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Rochester, N. Y., when he incurred the displeasure of the late Bishop Cox, because of his Ritualistic practices. The Bishop forbade him preaching in that diocese, and in answer he caused a black flag to be displayed from his residence.

After leaving Rochester, Mr. Turner became rector of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Hoboken, N. J. He was later an assistant in the Holy Cross church, this city. He subsequently went abroad and was received into the Catholic Church in Paris last July by Cardinal Richard, the Archbishop of Paris. Mr. Turner will study for the priesthood in Rome.

### THE MANNER OF SAYING THE ROSARY.

There are different manners of saying this prayer well. The first is to attach ourselves to the sense of the words, such as we have explained them, to enjoy them, to penetrate into them; the mind tires and is wearied, the heart never. A second manner is to propose to ourselves, before commencing each decade, a special intention, which by occupying the mind and the heart whilst reciting it, obviates the weariness of repetition by means of the particular interest attached to each intention. For example: One decade may be said for some fault which needs to be corrected. Another for such or such a virtue to be acquired; the third for such or such a grace which we desire; a fourth for the conversion of sinners or some particular sinner, and a fifth for the souls in purgatory. A third manner is to occupy ourselves with the mysteries of the rosary: one day with the mysteries—the Annunciation, the Visitation, Christmas, the Purification, and the finding of Jesus in the Temple; the second day a meditation may be made on the sorrowful mysteries—Jesus in the Garden of Olives, scourged, crowned with thorns, bearing His cross, crucified; the third day it will be the glorious mysteries—the Resurrection, the Ascension, Pentecost, the Assumption, and the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin in heaven. Is there not abundant and varied matter for our meditation in all these great mysteries, and shall we still dare to speak of monotony? A fourth manner of reciting the rosary is to consider the Blessed Virgin in the first decade as daughter of the Father; in the second, as mother of the Son; in the third, as spouse of the Holy Ghost; in the fourth, as Queen of the Church triumphant; in the fifth as Queen of the Church Suffering; in the sixth, as Queen of the Church Militant. These are new points of view eminently suited to sustain piety during the recitation of each decade. Have we recourse to these different means for saying the rosary well?—St. Boniface Calendar.

We lack will rather than strength; are able to do more and better than we are inclined to do; and say we can not because we have not the courage to say we will not.—Bishop Spalding.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.—George Eliot.

### A CATHOLIC BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Practical Suggestion Ament the Work of Refuting Slanders Directed Against the Church.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The editor of Scribner's Magazine, when forced to admit that one of the writers in his monthly has made a grave mistake which might injure the much slandered friars of the Philippines, expressed his regret that Scribner's has no department for correcting such errors, as if his private letter and apology could do more than show he was aware of the injury done, but unwilling to repair it. Father Yorke, editor of the Monitor, would not have let the matter rest here. Not long ago he organized a crusade against two of the San Francisco daily papers, and by inducing Catholics to withdraw their subscriptions forced the editor of one of them to drop an advertisement as indecent in itself as it was meant to be damaging to Catholics. Lately he has done good service by letting Catholics know the true character of Funk & Wagnall's trade issue known as the Literary Digest, which, though published as a literary periodical, has a department entitled "The Religious World," quite as unfair to the Church as the Independent, which is professedly Protestant. We cannot have too many of The Standard and Times or too many Monitors, or at least too many editors of the ability and zeal of the men who edit these thoroughly Catholic weeklies. The Century for October prints an article from some irresponsible writer who has little to say but the mean things that have been already published in Ainslee's and in the Independent.

### IS IT WORTH WHILE?

"Is it worth while," some well-informed Catholics ask, to try to detect every false or injurious statement and to correct the same? It is very difficult, no doubt, far more so than to invent or retail the falsehood, since truth always requires conscientious study. It is also an endless task, since so many papers and magazines seem to make it a point to misrepresent the Church, while few of their editors seem to know when their reporters or writers are correct or mistaken in their statements about her. Then, may it not be that the harm done by their errors is purely imaginary or at least not serious enough to notice? Slight as the harm may seem to be and difficult as we may find it to correct, the errors daily printed by the press, the worth while doing, and the Catholic editors who devote themselves to this work deserve all praise and support. Since the secular press will not "impinch its own articles," as one of our prominent editors expressed it lately, and since even Catholics, in spite of the sad lessons we have had lately, are disposed to give some slight credit to what their daily newspaper reveals to them, the Catholic editor at least must keep track of their errors, as much to instruct his own as to leave no excuse to secular journals for not learning the truth, or to non-Catholics for forming false impressions of the Church.

### A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

In this connection Catholics often complain that we have no great Catholic daily to which editors generally and Catholics all might look for a true account of religious as well as secular news. It takes more than a complaint to establish such a newspaper, and since it would need to be something more than an organ for advertising, as all our secular journals have become, it would have to struggle for money support, even were the editor or editors competent to publish it to be found. What is needed is a Catholic bureau of information to which all publicists might apply for a knowledge of Catholic matters, and to which we could look for a prompt contradiction to every false statement about faith. There is such a bureau in England under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society, and a society of the same name exists in San Francisco. Every serious error in the newspapers, books or magazines is promptly reported to a committee appointed for this purpose and referred to some competent person, usually a specialist on the topic treated, for correction, published if possible in the offending paper, or else in other secular journals whose editors are glad to call attention to a rival's errors. It takes more than a suggestion to establish such a bureau, but at any rate the suggestion is practicable, and that of founding a Catholic daily is not clearly so.

### TIME WELL SPENT.

It took a long time to make the editor of Scribner's Magazine admit his error referred to above, and it would take as long to make the editor of the Century admit that his knotty problem article in the October number contains an ignorant and wholly unfounded paragraph. It took more than six months to show that the "Lottery of Souls" reported in the leading Protestant weeklies was a pure fiction—and still the Catholic Champion (Ritualist) repeats it in its issue for October—it is taking time to spread abroad the letter of Cardinal Vaughan denying that "Jesuits in disguise" are striving to pervert the Anglicans; it will take some time to know all the truth about Catholics in the Philippines, though

we learn enough every day to know how the newspapers and the Protestant weeklies have deceived us; it would take three weeks at least to learn whether General Merritt did accord the interview given in the New York Herald for October 1, and whether he is correctly reported though no reasonable man believes that a gentleman or one of his official standing could possibly utter such foul things in such an insidious way. It takes time and labor, but every lie nailed injures the credit of a deceiving press and puts us on our guard against its impostures.

### PROBLEMS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

What Father Doyle Would Do If He Were in Authority.

After the rampant, bitter and ill-disguised bigotry shown in many of the current statements about the religious condition of the Philippines with which the press is teeming to day, it is like a breeze of fresh air in a close room to read the fine, frank statements of Rev. A. P. Doyle, in an article on the subject published in the October Catholic World Magazine.

The Filipinos originally were but little removed from savagery. In no sense were they a homogeneous race, principally of the Malay type, with low forehead, high cheek bones and a reading nose, but still with a very large mixture of the Mongolian race among them. In the process of elevating such a mongrel class there is no agency so serviceable as the Catholic religion. It appeals to their sense of the dramatic through its gorgeous ceremonies. It gives them saints to honor who are in no sense abstractions, but near unto their very lives. It replaces their old idolatries by a living, vivid and realistic devotion to a God living among them, coming into close touch with them. In regard to morality, too, such has been the success of the Church that very few nations can throw the first stone at these poor children of nature. They gamble and fight their "gallos" at every opportunity, but the marriage tie is well preserved among them, and their sense of justice is so strong that there is very little need of bank locks or safety deposit vaults, while their deep sense of religion is evidenced by their numerous feasts.

It is an easy matter for a conscienceless correspondent who knows nothing of the rigors of discipline in monastic houses to imagine a rotten state of affairs, or even to pick up a floating story concerning one and generalize it, or even to accept the fabricated stories of the enemies of the monks and launch it before the civilized world as the gospel truth, and find ready believers. They that know are confident that affairs are not as the newspaper correspondents detail. It is possible that there may be some indolence. It is possible that, possessing considerable wealth, many of the priests have been content to sit down and do nothing. While in no sense condoning such inactivity when the interests of souls are at stake, still it must not be forgotten that the Philippines are but little removed from the equator, and that the torrid season lasts nearly all the year round. With but a suggestion of the same provocation in our own northern cities, when the days of summer come, almost without exception, the Protestant churches close their doors and go out of business, leaving the devil to run riot through the souls of their people all summer long, while the shepherds are off to Europe, the seashore or the mountains enjoying themselves. It would not be a very lamentable thing if the Church in the Philippines did have to awaken a few more energies and strain a few more sinews to get along.

Were I in authority I would persuade every Protestant minister to stay away from Manila. I would select the most thorough Americans among the Catholic priests of the country and establish an *entente cordiale* between them and the civil authorities. I would appoint as governor-general a broad-minded military man—one who understands the inner workings of the Catholic religion. He need not be a Catholic, but he should have no antipathies against the Church, and should strive to gain the sympathetic adherence of the ecclesiastical authorities. He should proceed in the establishment of courts and tribunals on the American plan, he should look out for the sanitation of the cities, suppression of rampant vice, and, as he is in duty bound, leave religion to his own devices. Proceeding on these lines we shall not conquer the Philippines so much as we shall win them to our way and methods, and not many years will have passed before we shall have planted among the Orientals the seeds of the freest and best government on the face of the earth.

On the great clock of Time there is but one word, and that word is "now." "Now," says a good authority, "is the watchword of the wise." "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Keep this little word always in your mind; and whenever duty presents itself, and should perform it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us.