

The Catholic Record.

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

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A LEADER OF MEN.

Rumor has it that Cardinal Gibbons is preparing a volume of Memoirs. Needless to say, they will prove interesting and find ready purchasers. When we hear that a distinguished prelate is engaged upon memoirs we are apt to think he is old. The Cardinal of Baltimore, it is true, is going down into the valley, but we cannot reconcile ourselves to the fact that he is no longer young. It seems but yesterday that he began to stamp his personality upon this generation, and to be, as Professor Bodley said, one of the three great men of this continent. We hope that he will be spared many years to the Church. We have need of his large-mindedness and his outspoken championship of the things that make for the betterment of humanity. A man who knows men and reads them by the light of a kindly heart—whose every word and action are invested with the charm, the dignity, the undefinable something that proclaims the leader, is given rarely to the world.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Speaking a few weeks on behalf of the Friars, Cardinal Gibbons outlined the life of a religious and paid the following tribute to the Sisters of Charity: "During the Crimean War much praise was justly bestowed on Florence Nightingale on account of her devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers. Her praises resounded in both hemispheres. And Clara Barton has been the recipient of similar eulogies in our own country, because of her zeal for suffering soldiers during the late war."

FEARLESS AS THE SIX HUNDRED. "But in every Sister of Charity and Mercy you have a Florence Nightingale and a Clara Barton, with this difference, that the Sisters, like ministering angels, move without noise along the pathway of duty and shun notoriety, and like the angel Raphael, who concealed his name from Tobias, hide their names from the world."

"Several years ago I accompanied the New Orleans eight Sisters of Charity who were sent from Baltimore to reinforce the ranks of their heroic companions or to supply the places of their associates who had fallen at the post of duty in the fever-stricken cities of the South. Their departure to the scene of their labors was not announced by the press nor heralded by popular applause. They rushed calmly into the jaws of death like the famous six hundred at Balaclava, not bent, like them, on deeds of blood, but on deeds of mercy. They had not Tennyson to sound their praises. Their only ambition—and how lofty is that ambition—was that the recording angel might be their biographer that their names might be written in the Book of Life and that they might receive their recompense from Him who has said, 'I was sick and ye visited me; for as often as ye have done it to me, ye have done it to Me.' Within a few months after their arrival six of the eight Sisters died, victims to the epidemic."

A WORN-OUT HUMORIST.

The Baltimore Mirror is wrathful because Max O'Rell said that St. Cyril of Alexandria was guilty of the murder of Hypatia. Our worthy contemporary shows commendable zeal in the matter, but it is worth while to say that Max O'Rell is, pardon us the word, "has been." Long time ago when he began to twit about the feminine and to tell stories more or less humorous he occupied a place among the entertainers of the public. But this was ages ago—so long in fact that he is forgotten by those who were wont to laugh at his whimsicalities and to wonder that a Frenchman could talk English so prettily. But he still lives, and, thanks to the enterprise of the New York Journal, emits weekly dissertations on woman. The woman must like it, because there is so much of it, but how she can stand the maudlinisms of Max passes our powers of comprehension. Any sensible woman has forgotten more on this matter than the French gossip ever knew about it. But we suppose that he has discovered during his sojourn on this side of the water that the essential qualification of a showman is the ability to humbug the public. We may surmise that he writes for the feather-brained—but the feather-brained buy the papers, and so Max is one of the assets of the New York Journal.

Now about his charge against St. Cyril. He put it in, we presume, to give body to a tissue of moonshine or to induce his readers to believe that he was getting serious. But the thing is impossible. We can never imagine Max without a society paper or a book of fashions at his elbow or his brain tissue disturbed by anything more

perplexing than the best plan of capturing the dollar, and we, furthermore, imagine that when he goes back to his dear Paris he will have many a chuckle over the asininity of that section of the American public for whose benefit he chronicles small beer.

Doubtless when the woman read his indictment of St. Cyril, she muttered "how dreadful" and then went on eating caramels. It is dreadful that any individual should display such ignorance in what is styled an "up to date newspaper," but what else can one expect from a worn-out humorist who seeks to tickle the jaded appetite of his public with a morsel fished out of the sewers of historical calumny. The R-v. Mr. Kingsley endeavored to soil St. Cyril's garments with the blood of Hypatia, but he, as all the world knows, is about as reliable an historian as Anthony Froode. Had he used his gifts wisely he might have made a bid for enduring fame. With the exception, however, of one or two works which show what he can do when not possessed by the devil of bigotry, he has left nothing of any interest to this generation. His insane hatred of Catholicity earned for him the unenviable privilege of being trounced and put into the rogues gallery for all time by Cardinal Newman.

What he had to say about St. Cyril is pure fiction. So reputable historians decide. He copied the slander from Voltairne—and Max O'Rell, after some strenuous minutes among dusty archives planks down the same old slander as a gem of historical research. But the people who are charmed by his glittering inanities deserve all they get. They exist for the purpose of making the O'Rells possible. If non-existent Max would be at work on a Parisian journal and not posing as the guide and teacher of the crazy female.

OBJECTIONABLE ADVERTISING.

Some of our contemporaries have published reviews of the year's achievements. The automobile, the syndicate and trust, wireless telegraphy, the slaughter of the innocents in the stock market, have been awarded a due share of space. But nowhere have we read a word about the patent medicine. And to remedy this neglect we take this opportunity to say that the patent medicine is testimony, and to spare, to our gullibility, and that the individuals who advertise it are firm upholders of the doctrine that most of the people can be fooled all the time. The advertisements are couched in language persuasive enough to convince the most lofty is that ambition—was that the recording angel might be their biographer that their names might be written in the Book of Life and that they might receive their recompense from Him who has said, 'I was sick and ye visited me; for as often as ye have done it to me, ye have done it to Me.' Within a few months after their arrival six of the eight Sisters died, victims to the epidemic."

Then clergymen sing the praises and incidentally recount the ills from which it has freed them. It is, of course, very kind of them to do so, and we rejoice to learn that, after having suffered from kidney or liver, health came to them in the shape of such and such a medicine. Rather gruesome reading for the family, but it takes hold of the imagination, and soon afterwards one must needs try the remedy. We have seen it stated that all these testimonials are solicited, and paid for, by the managers of medicine companies. But it may be a calumny, because we should not like to believe that gentlemen whose words of approval are, as they assure us, prompted by a desire to do something for suffering humanity, are fakirs. Nor are we willing to admit that Sisters of Charity are in the habit of giving their photographs for advertising purposes and in furnishing us with an account of their various diseases. But the photograph flourishes in various sheets, some of them under Catholic auspices; the humbug-captured public pays over good coin; and the manager smiles at a growing bank account.

This kind of advertising should be stopped. Certainly it would be stopped in five minutes if we have any spirit or sense of the fitness of things. But it will go on far some time longer. The advertiser is convinced by an experience of years that he may publish photographs of Sisters of Charity, along with exhibitions of their garrotty, without a protest from any quarter. It strikes us that the Sisters can do something in this matter. It must be

as offensive to them as to all sensible Catholics, and if they wish to disclaim all connection with these testimonials, our columns are open to them or to their friends.

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

About the beginning of every year writers, generally anonymous, gravely inform us that the Church of Rome is in need of reform. They pose as Catholics, and try to give one the impression that their effusions are for the good of the Church. They are, of course, deep students, excessively cultured, and would naturally like to see things which offend their fastidious eyes in order. And so they write articles, and receive as recompense the admiring cackle of their own set. A few newspaper scribblers refer to them as "original" thinkers, and then they retire to prepare the same old growl for next year. It is about as old as Simon Magus, and is simply adapted for our times.

They tell us that the Vatican is medieval in its methods; the educated classes are falling away from the true fold; there is an intimate union between superstition and piety in the lower orders.

All these assertions are put forward without a grain of evidence to support them. Because some sore-headed liberal Catholic has been touched on the raw by authority or that striving after a dignity has resulted in failure, we must take a farrago of nonsense as an impartial statement of existing conditions. Where, for instance, are we commanded to take our politics from Rome? Where are all the Catholics who sent the danger of disruption unless they and their opinions prevail? If they exist at all they are to be found among those who lure Dr. Mivart to his inglorious ending. And this same Dr. Mivart put himself on record in his palmy days, as declaring:

"Now I must distinctly declare to you that I have found nothing in the Catholic faith—nothing that is *de fide*—that, through it, I have obtained conceptions which have much broadened my mind and strengthened my intellect. I am indeed certain that everyone who has not become acquainted with Catholic theology (whether he accepts it or not) is and must be, so far, in an intellectually inferior position."

Mallock, who is regarded as a representative of advanced religious thought, says: "If the Christian religion holds its own at all times in the face of secular knowledge, it is the Christian religion as embodied in the Church of Rome, and not in any form of Protestantism that it will survive in the intellectual contest."

Rome has a unique capacity for defending the Christian faith, and without being false to any of its principles. The Hon. Mr. Oskish of Oklahoma was run down—in fact had a complication of diseases, and two bottles made him a new man. There can be no doubt of it. For proof you have his benevolent visage staring at you from a newspaper, and his declaration that never shall his family be without the medicine. It is all very touching—to the extent of one dollar per bottle.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

It is not often that one finds in the secular paper or magazine so sensible an opinion expressed concerning mixed marriages as that given in the Ladies' Home Journal for January by Mrs. Margaret Sangster. Usually the people who conduct departments devoted to such questions in non-Catholic publications are, so to speak, long on sentiment and short on sense; and so they lay great stress upon all difficulties, including, among others, the difficulties arising from a difference in religion between husband and wife. "No church and no creed and no priest," they seem to say, "should come between two souls with but a single thought." The Church's regulations concerning mixed marriages and her hostility to them, these high-strung advisers of youth look upon as tyrannical and intolerable, and, like blind leaders of the blind, they fill the minds of Catholic young people who read their incantations with foolish ideas on this grave subject.

In no such gib and off-hand manner does Mrs. Sangster dismiss the question of mixed marriages. Answering a correspondent who has evidently asked her advice on the matter she says: "Your indecision about your suitor, who is of a different and opposite creed from your own, is very natural. You say you can not be of his religion, and he is equally determined not to accept yours. If, already, you have discovered that in a matter so vital as religion you differ in an irreconcilable degree, I think you would far better not try to go on. There can be no happiness in a marriage when one subject of great importance must either be ignored or must be the occasion of continual argument. Say good-bye to one another now, and let your suitor seek a wife of his own faith."

This is common sense. Even from purely human standpoint mixed marriages are a risky experiment. A Jesuit priest speaking to a representative of the Evening Post the other day in New York amply corroborates this view. He said:

"Of all the marriages between Protestant and Catholic parties which I have performed (say from thirty to thirty-five), I have not known more than

two to have happy results. Two people have a hard enough time to get along together all their lives without the added burden of religious differences. Most decidedly we set our faces against them. . . . Persuasion is our best weapon. But what would you have? I have known cases where the priest and the whole family have almost gone down on their knees to beg the young person to reflect on what he or she was about to do, and all with no effect. And they very likely, in a year or a month, or even a week—I have known it so—the same young person will come to the priest for advice or consolation, praying to be released; then it is too late. . . . Perhaps the greatest sufferers are the unhappy children of such marriages. The first disagreement of married life will often be over the christening of the first baby. The poor children, in the unhappy discussions of their parents, will, as like as not, grow up without any religion at all."

Another priest told the Post's representative: "Such marriages are nearly always unhappy in their results, and the Church makes the conditions of obtaining a dispensation hard to fill, in the hope of deterring as many as possible from undertaking it."

Young people with a mixed marriage in mind may imagine that the Church is intolerant, hard and unsympathetic in placing barriers in the path of their desire, but, after all, if they could only see it, the Church's attitude is based upon the soundest of sound common sense, say nothing at all of the spiritual wisdom which she brings to bear upon all matters affecting the faith of her children.—Sacred Heart Review.

CIVILIZING SASKATCHEWAN.

The late Bishop Grandin, of St. Albert, was a notable landmark of the Church's progress in the Canadian Northwest. He was, in age and office, the senior of the eight prelates found assembled in his house last Low Sunday for the consecration of the eighth of them, the Bishop of Mackenzie and Yukon. Forty years before he was the eighth Oblate priest in all that territory west of the Red River, under the "Boy Bishop" Tache. His See, St. Albert, nine miles north of Edmonton, originated in being selected, in 1861, by Bishop Tache and the famous Father Lacombe as a site for a Catholic mission.

Like the other missions of the country, St. Albert was built up by the Oblate missionaries, Fathers and Brothers, with a frugal use of only the strictest necessities, at the start, and with years of hard labor. Giving a typical account of such a mission Bishop Grandin once said: "A wooden shed about 30x20 feet had a small alcove at one end which the missionaries kept as private as possible. There they placed the altar and the God of Bethlehem, who came to share their poverty, and make it endurable and even delightful. * * * It was the carpenter's workshop, the kitchen, the reception room for Indians and other visitors, our dining room and bedroom, and, with the alcove thrown open, our church. The roof strips of bark weighted down with stones, our beds buffalo or caribou skins stretched on the floor; the windows panes some transparent sheep skins."

The whites living in the Northwest then had for two generations become lost to Christian civilization and its practices. Even the French Canadians, employees or agents of the trading companies, who had been brought up in childhood in the strict practice of their religion, through long separation from religious ministrations, and through the surrounding bad example, often forgot completely the Christian law and contorted to all the ways of the savages. Wives were merchandise to be bought, traded, gambled for and divorced for any passing whim. From the union of such and the Indians came the half-breeds.

But of even such material, what has the preaching of the Catholic religion wrought! To day the one hundred and seventy-five families of St. Albert's parish, averaging four or five persons each, fill the line cathedral for the Sunday services; godly congregations crowd to the altar rails at the 6 o'clock Mass every first Friday of the month; still larger crowds come to the Leuton Way of the Cross; three a week the pastor is hearing confessions from 5 o'clock till 8. Last year's first Communion class had sixty children.

The diocese of St. Albert comprising the territory of Alberta and part of Saskatchewan and of Assiniboia, has now 18,000 Catholics, the majority half-breeds, in whom the second half is French-Canadian, Scotch or Irish. Three languages are in daily use, but chiefly Cree (Cree). Latterly there has been a considerable influx of Poles, Hungarians and Galicians. These last are liturgically Ruthenian Uniates, with a special rite and language, the Paleon equipment is: Bishop Legal, O. M. I., 10 secular priests, 42 regulars, 13 mission churches, 36 stations, a petty seminary with 20 students representing 7 or 8 different languages, 4 hospitals, 2 orphan asylums, an industrial school, 8 Indian boarding schools, 4 academies, in all 1,212 pupils.

A great moral uplift came to the half-breeds in 1890 in the raising of one of them to the priesthood, the Rev. Edward Cunningham. Another young half-breed witnessing the ordination, felt impelled to follow after, as he bids fair to do, for Brother Patrick Baudry, O. M. I., is already in deacon's orders.

It is very gratifying to notice that the people are as religious as they are honest and industrious. Their religious teachers, recognizing the growing precariousness of the chase as a way of living, have taught them, by example, to find one surer and more abundant, in the soil and stock. On the Bishop's estate, the seminary and the parish farm, whose product supplies his household, not only the Brothers, but the Fathers and the Bishop himself, in the intervals of their missionary tours and ministrations, have worked hard the whole day long, hewing trees, plowing, moving, reaping, storing the grain, and the bran for their oxen, cows and horses. So, too, what other groups of buildings comprising the Grey Nuns' convent and school, the village school, and Indian school, an orphanage, a home for old men, a hospital, represents thirty-three years of the Sister's self-denial, thrift, good management and hard work as farm hands, farm work for years relieved by nothing more modernly labor-saving than an ox-team and an ox-cart. And to-day still, it is their farm that must support over 150 persons and benefices sheltered by their roof.

THE MEMORIAL CHALICE.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

Kalamazoo Augustinian.

It was suggested, after the great Redeemptorist Mission of 1902, that some Sovereign of the Mission be left in the church as a lasting remembrance of gratitude for favors received. It was decided that this ought to be something more than what money would buy; and following the promptings of grateful hearts, contributions were solicited for a Memorial Chalice, whereby the Unbloody Sacrifice of Thanksgiving would be continually offered, to the great good of the many merces vouchsafed to His faithful children. The material of which this was to be made, jewels, gold and silver, were to be the gifts of the parishioners, not in money, but in kind; a place where new, as well as old jewelry, heirlooms, family keepsakes and treasures would be added blended; an emblem of the unity existing in the parish, and offered to the greater honor and glory of God.

The material contributed for this monument in this parish, has been forwarded to the great goldsmiths, Messrs. W. J. Feeley & Co., Providence, R. I. The members composing this firm are practical Catholics, and conscientious gentlemen, who will see that every thing contributed to the chalice, in sorting out the jewelry, before it was sent away, some interesting and valuable contributions were noted. Among the items forwarded was a gold nugget, one of the first that ever came from the Klondyke. On the occasion of Father Lebel's twenty-fifth anniversary, 1874, one of the gifts, and brought in proportion the largest sum of any single article for the new church, was a gold dollar, bearing on its reverse side the Lord's Prayer; such a piece was in the collection, and we wonder if it was not the same as was given Father Lebel on the occasion of his silver jubilee, gold used for nearly a century; a gold dollar, the first money which Mrs. Hipp ever earned in America, nearly fifty years ago, a dainty gold watch, almost too good to be thrown into the crucible, so bright and new and beautiful, which was the parent's offering in behalf of a beloved child, who quit this valley of tears, for we trust a happier home, purchased with the first money he ever earned. Diamonds from a Protestant lady, and a number of articles from non-Catholics; a magnificent gold badge, awarded by a grateful city to a faithful servant; a medal awarded for heroism, a number of society badges, including a handsome C. M. B. A. badge, the property of a deceased member. A tiny silver medal which had been carried throughout the late Civil War by a prominent officer in the army, and which had been the means of saving his life at one time; precious souvenirs as it was to the family, they made the sacrifice, and sent forward to the mass. Engagement rings, handsomely jeweled rings, for many years in families, a handsome ring which Mr. John Hastings, jr., wore on his hand when killed at the fire by the explosion; also jewelry worn by Mr. Patrick McHugh, the brave fireman who perished on the same sad occasion. Some of the gold rings furnished weighed as much as sixteen pennyweight, and others were but mere threads. A magnificent seal ring furnished by Mr. Blank, containing ten diamonds, thirty-two plain rings, twenty jewel rings, eleven watches, eleven bracelets, seven thimbles, five chains, five watchguards, sixty-five brooches, one silver comb like our grandmothers used to wear; a gold spoon, nearly a hundred years old furnished by Father

DeBever; a beautiful wrought gold cross about as large as a pectoral cross, manufactured in Ireland; shirt studs and buttons, scarf-pins, and a lot of trinkets too numerous to inventory. All this gold will be thrown into the crucible, and come out refined and purified for its future consecrated use. Undoubtedly our chalice will be one of the grandest in the state, and none will be more emblematic of the unity, love and gratitude of devoted children.

RETURNS TO THE FOLD.

A RECLAIMED APOSTATE'S LETTER TO CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

At frequent intervals in recent years The Rock and other Protestant papers published in England have held up to the admiration of their readers the Rev. Count Campello, formerly a canon of St. Peter's, Rome, who gave up the faith and lectured in London against the Church. The Count has repented and returned to the fold, and the London Catholic Times invites its Protestant contemporaries to reproduce the following letter addressed to Cardinal Vaughan:

"Your Eminence, with a heart full of holy joy I write to inform you what has taken place here in Rome this morning, the 8th of December, feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the handsome chapel of the Collegio Pio-Latino Americano. After having gone through the holy spiritual exercises in this venerable college, I have had the supreme grace to solemnly abjure on this day at the hands of His Grace Archbishop Adami, Delegate of His Holiness Leo XIII., the Old Catholic sect to which the year 1881 I have had the misfortune to belong. The happiness I experience at this moment, in which I find myself again as a prodigal son in the true Church of Jesus Christ, would not be complete if I did not inform your Eminence of what has occurred, and through you all the English Catholics whom I have so much scandalized by my unhappy apostasy. Whilst I discharge this agreeable duty I cannot find words strong enough to condemn my past conduct and to express the depth of my sorrow for having given pain to all the faithful in England, and especially to your Eminence and your worthy predecessor, Cardinal Manning, when by my presence in London I, as it were, triumphed in my infamy, otherwise my apostasy. God be thanked that by a special act of His mercy He has touched my heart and led me back to the Church which I should not have abandoned! May He grant me grace to lead back by my example those souls who through my unhappy work have been induced to wander from the right path—a fact which now causes me inconceivable remorse. I am certain that your Eminence, following the example of our merciful Lord, will pardon me the serious annoyance I formerly gave you, and I hope that this my sincere return to the one true Church of the Saviour may move those distinguished Anglicans whom I have known, to embrace the truth, and that my sad conduct may not confirm them in the error in which they were born and which but for me they would perhaps have abandoned owing to their virtuous lives, as did Newman, Faber, Manning and others not a few. I shall be immensely grateful to your Eminence if you make public this expression of my most sincere feeling. Thus in my great sorrow for the erroneous course I have pursued I shall at least have the satisfaction of having done all in my power to make reparation where great scandal was formerly given through my blindness. With a heart overflowing with joy at finding myself reconciled with God and His Church, I pay my homage to your Eminence's dignity and with profound reverence have the honor to remain your Eminence's devoted servant in Christ.

"REV. D. C. ENRIKO DI CAMPELLO." The letter is dated Collegio Pio-Latino Americano, 8th December, 1902.

A BOER CONVERT TO CATHOLICITY.

The current number of the Annalen Van Het Missiebisdom, the monthly organ of the Apostolic School of Rozendal, gives an interesting and edifying account of the conversion to the Catholic faith of Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet, great grand nephew of General Louis Botha, to whom he acted as staff orderly during the late war. Joining the Boer forces at the age of 17, young Emmet served throughout the struggle until captured by the British in 1901. After a short stay he was transferred with 500 other prisoners of war, including a son of General Joubert, one of Princeloo, one of ex-States Secretary Reitz and a brother of Kriztzioger, to British India.

After a few months at Sialkot the Boer prisoners were settled in the camp of Upper Topa, close by Murree, a station served by the Mill Hill Fathers, who also act as chaplains to the British forces. There were some Catholics among the Boers, and every Sunday morning they walked to Murree, a distance of three and a half miles, to hear Mass and assist at Benediction. This seems to have made a great impression upon young Emmet, and he became acquainted with Father Cunningham, with the result that he put himself under instruction, and was eventually received into the Church. In September he had the happiness of receiving his first Communion from the hands of Father Cunningham. The convert is described as a well-built, active and intelligent young man, and full of zeal for his new faith.—Glasgow Observer.