

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 Great Cardinal.

The following sonnet to Cardinal Manning was written at the time he solved the great London strike.

He heard the hungry crowd outside the gate:
Some were the Church's sons, and some not
—but—
Yet all his hundred thousand worshippers
He did not stop to reckon up the rate
With penitents in the sums of toll and freight:
He only loved the hungry—loathed the curse
Of empty pockets and of empty purse,
Where wives and babes in famine's shadow
wait.

His great Cathedral now is London Dock.
The portals of the world's wide watery way
His hands, as with the Fisherman's keys, un-
lock:
And men who, tired by toll, lack time to pray,
Feel him their advocate with God to-day,
Who dominates the Thames from Peter's
Rock.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Ave Maria.

At an Anglican synod held recently in Sydney, Australia, one of the resolutions adopted called for the establishment of communities of Protestant nuns. Commenting on the resolution, Cardinal Moran welcomed the new movement as showing the deep impression made upon Protestants by the work of Catholic Sisters, but confessed his fear that the anticipations formed in consequence would not be realized. The difference between Protestant and Catholic sisterhoods he graphically described in this wise: "There were two kinds of soldiers, the real and the theatrical. The one walked the stage with paper armor and pasteboard helmet, and to him battle was a passing amusement; the actual warrior, on the other hand, was trained and tried by service, his arms were deadly, and to him war was a stern reality. It was much the same with sisterhoods." This covers the case exactly. Such of the Anglican Sisters as seek for reality and not merely theatrical effect, will gravitate naturally into Catholic convents; the others will return to the world.

Buffalo Union and Times.

While the elite Episcopal circles of Boston are bewailing the defection from their ranks of the "Romanized" Rev. Dr. Spalding, another sensation is caused in San Francisco by the conversion of Laurence J. Kip, grandson of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California and a relative of our distinguished townsman, the Right Rev. A. Cleveland Cox. Thus, from the Atlantic to the Pacific earnest religious souls continue to follow the footsteps of Newman, Manning, Faber and the rest of their countless imitators, in finding rest and solace in the bosom of the one only Christ-founded Church.

Now we know how Father Lambert got that fighting prowess which he has wielded so mercilessly—against Ingersoll & Co., for example. Last week's Milwaukee Citizen prints a very good likeness of the famous controversialist which it accompanies with a brief biographical sketch. We find there this: "Rev. Father Lambert was born in Allepot, Washington county, Pa., Feb. 11, 1835. His father came to America in 1811, from Inniscorthy, Wexford county, Ireland, in company with his uncle, the Right Rev. Dr. Lambert, second Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland. His mother, Lydia Jones, was of English descent, her ancestors coming to this country with the colony of William Penn. She was a member of the Society of Friends until her conversion to the Catholic faith." His father was a Wexford man. That accounts for it. The men of Wexford have always been famous fighters—as the British Gen. Lake soon discovered. And so this inherited Wexford blood has given a fire and vigor to Lambert's pen, which all the gentle Quaker spirit of his mother could not diminish.

Catholic Columbian.

Years ago Cardinal Manning gave utterance to the axiom, "It is a poor will that has not God Almighty among the heirs." He died the other day, and when his will was read, it was found to give all of his available assets "to pay a loan contracted for a charitable purpose. If there be any residue, it is to be devoted to charity." He was true, therefore, to his own teaching.

Boston Republic.

Right Hon. Henry Matthews, the home secretary, is a Catholic. He is also a Tory. When an English Catholic becomes a Tory he is essentially transformed from a reasonable being to a wild and reckless bigot on all subjects affecting Ireland. The Tory Catholics of Great Britain are the most bitter foes of Irish advancement in the realm. Mr. Matthews represents the East Birmingham division in the House of Commons. Recently he addressed his constituents on a public occasion, and, during his discourse, he made use of this language: "What chance would the loyal Protestant minority in Ireland have as to fair play or justice if the control of their country was handed over, under home rule, to either of the twin factions which had been fighting at Waterford? What had been called the English garrison in Ireland would then have reason to fear for their lives, property and faith. Ulster men declared they would fight for these sacred objects, and the result of a Gladstonian majority at the next general election might be civil war in Ireland, enveloped by religious differences." Such language should be left to Colonel Sanderson or some other ranting Orangemen from the north. It should have no place in the speech of a Cath-

olic in dealing with questions affecting Catholics.

Pittsburg Catholic.

Is there such a thing as a sneak in religion? The sneak is the one who lacks backbone. He may attend church, receive the sacraments. When he is with good people he is a very fair specimen of a Christian; when he gets in with bad company he has not the moral courage to shun their sinful revels, but joins them, laughs loudly at the impure joke, manipulates his glass as deftly as the rest. A brave, generous Christian is quite the reverse of this. God's honor and love is first and last with him all the time, and in every place. The other is the sneak in religion. Do you know any such?

Catholic Telegraph.

Religious prejudice is the most stubborn and unyielding of all—the most unreasonable and bitter. Under its influence a man seems quite deprived of the capacity of understanding argument. He would give the lie to God Himself and renounce reason, rather than doubt what he wants to believe, or believe what he wants to doubt. How unreasonable this is, appears from a comparison between the common mode of acting in this matter, and in others. When a man has money to invest, he makes a careful examination of the resources and securities of the concern in which he invests; but when he invests himself—his soul and body—he chooses the concern that suits best his feelings, without thinking or caring about the prospects of utter failure in the "great run" of the Final Day. Religious prejudice has always been most bitter when directed against the Church. Since the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, there never has been a time when His Church has not been the object of unreasonable hate. The spotless sanctity of her doctrines naturally arrays against her the sensual, the proud, and the unprincipled; the unchanging oneness of her teachings of course offends the restless and innovating; but what makes her enemies gnash their teeth with rage, is the serene energy with which she pursues her undeviating course, regardless alike of frowns or smiles, whether from monarchs or mobs.

TWO REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

BY THE REV. FATHER EDMUND, C. P.

I have just read, in a Spanish paper (*La Esperanza*), a striking instance of conversion to the faith, under the singular title of "A Protestant's First Communion." The narrator had inquired of a lady the cause of her recent reception into the Church; and she had answered: "My only reason for first wishing to become a Catholic was that I might go to Communion." Then follows her story, given in her own words:

"I was visiting some friends in France. One morning, as we were strolling through the neighboring country, I entered a poor little village church. The cure was at the altar, and I saw a young woman get up and go to the sanctuary gate. The priest turned round, holding in his hand a small white Host. He approached the young woman, and gave her the Host. Deeply moved by what I saw, though without knowing why, I waited impatiently till the communicant arose from her knees; and as she returned, with eyes cast down and hands joined, her whole figure seemed radiant.

"I had partaken many times of the 'Lord's Supper' in Protestant churches at home; and, in spite of all my efforts at a lively faith, had always performed the act as one of obligation, but a duty rather irksome than otherwise; whereas here I beheld a Communion that had something bright and joyous about it.

"I rejoined my companions, who were waiting for me in the churchyard, and wondering what has kept me so long in the church. But to my self the time had not seemed long at all; and I shall never forget that first quarter of an hour spent in a Catholic church.

"The next day I went there alone. The young woman was at her place as before. I knelt down to pray as she was going; and when she arose, I felt a mysterious impulse to follow her. In short, I placed myself by her side at the rail; and the priest, not knowing who I was, gave me the Sacred Host. I knew not what was going on around me at that moment; but within my soul I seemed to see a glory, and rays of light from the Host I had received illuminated my interior.

"When I rose from my knees there was no one in the church. I was frightened, and ran to the priest's house and exclaimed: 'Monsieur le Cure, I am a Protestant, and have received Communion! Have I done wrong? As to my own feelings, I have experienced great happiness, and my heart is still burning.' The good priest asked me some questions, and then said: 'My daughter, it is only Catholics who can communicate worthily; and had you asked me before-hand, I should have told you you could not receive. However, your good faith is so great, and the whole affair so extraordinary, that I would not dare to say you have profaned the Adorable Sacrament.'

"I went away sorry for my rashness, yet the sadness was only on the

surface. A sweet and profound joy filled my soul. From that moment I had but one thought—to become a Catholic in order that I might go to Communion. With much difficulty I obtained my husband's consent; and two months later made what is called my first Communion, but what was really for me the second."

Here ends this simple story. It reminds me of another case of conversion, which was told me some years ago by an English priest, who knew it to be a fact. The circumstances, however, were very different, except that the convert was another English lady. This lady was a member of the Church of England; and quite a devout one, as being a monthly communicant. She lived in London, and moved in "good society"; but, evidently, was not infected by the worldliness which hardens so many against truth.

She was making her first visit to Paris, and attended the English church there. When her regular Sunday for communicating came round, she performed that duty in this church. Now, she had a habit of wiping her lips with her handkerchief after receiving the wine; a practice which proves that she was not particularly "High Church," since she had no belief in the Real Presence. And on this occasion she was startled by observing a stain of blood on the handkerchief. There it was—unmistakably—a stain of blood! She was sure that her lips were not bleeding, and what had just happened made an impression upon her mind which she could not get rid of. However, she said nothing about it until, a few days later, she returned to London, when she consulted her favorite clergyman. This worthy gentleman pool-poohed the affair. "My dear friend," quoth he, "your lips must have bled, or else it was your gums. Such an accident may easily happen from some slight cause we do not notice at the time. I beg you to dismiss the thing from your mind at once," etc., etc.

But the lady could not act, she found, on this excellent advice. She continued going regularly to Communion in churches of the Anglican rite; and kept up the practice of wiping her lips; and looked at the handkerchief carefully each time—which showed the stain of wine, perhaps, but never of blood. And so the year rolled round, and she visited Paris again, again went to Communion in the English church there, and again—beheld the stain of blood on the handkerchief!

Observing that it was the same clergyman as before who officiated as celebrant at the Communion table, she made up her mind to keep silence again until she should get back to London; and then to call upon the Bishop of London, who had charge, she was aware, of Anglican clergy on the Continent. Accordingly, she did approach His Lordship of London, and asked him the very plain question, "If the clergyman she had seen officiate in Paris had been formerly a Roman Catholic priest?" "Yes," answered the Bishop, "he was." "Ah, thank you!" quoth she. "It is, then, as I thought." Whereupon she proceeded to explain to His Lordship the motive for her question; and, in spite of all that the prelate could urge to the contrary, she stood convinced of having witnessed a proof of Transubstantiation; the apostate priest having really consecrated by using the words in the Anglican liturgy which are taken from the Catholic missal. And her next step was to put herself under instruction for reception into the Church, which she entered in due time.

Now, here are two very striking instances of conversion to the faith by an act on our Lord's part—by a manifestation of His Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist.

If Anglicans really had, as many of them now think they have, this Sacramental Presence in their form of the Lord's Supper, could our Lord have allowed that Presence, which is Himself, to be ignored and even reviled as it was so generally until the Tractarian Movement, and as it still is by the vast majority of people who profess adhesion to the Church of England? Nay; He would have made His Presence felt, by all in good faith at least, as He has done all along in the schismatical Greek churches, and even in the heretical ones of the East.

Again, those Anglicans who believe in the Real Presence, and feel sure they have it in their Churches, base their theory of unity upon it. They contend that "we all"—Anglicans, Greeks, Romans—are "one in the Blessed Sacrament." Then why does our Lord draw chosen souls away from the Anglican communion by manifesting to them His Sacramental Presence within the communion of Rome? He thus makes Himself responsible for a secession which Anglicans declare an act of schism. And why, on the other hand, does He never draw dissenters into the Church of England by showing Himself sacramentally present there?

These are considerations, surely, which ought to weigh with inquirers after truth. Ah, but people who flatter themselves that they have the truth already are not in a mood to inquire! And it is notable that those whom our Lord chooses out for such manifestations as the two here narrated are simple, earnest souls, who are using

what light they have, and are well disposed to receive further light and to follow its leading. How forcibly His own words come to our mind here! "I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent" (*L. c.*, those who are such in their own eyes), "and hast revealed them unto little ones." Even so, Father; for so hath it seemed good in Thy sight. —*Ave Maria.*

ANOTHER NOTABLE CONVERT.

Bishop Kip's Grandson Embraces the Catholic Church.

San Francisco, Jan. 25.—Lawrence Kip, grandson of Bishop William Ingraham Kip, of the diocese of California, will be baptized into the Roman Catholic Church in this city to-day. The step that Mr. Kip intends taking is of especial interest on account of the high place of his family in Episcopalian circles both here and in the East. His grandfather ranks as the second Bishop in America, Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, being his senior. Young Kip has been bred a lawyer, but in assisting his grandfather he was brought into close relations with several Roman Catholic clergymen, including Father Sasia, the head of the Jesuits, on this coast. They converted him, and now he proposes to make public profession of his new faith. He says he had to choose between Agnosticism and Catholicism, and he selected the latter because he believes it is the true faith that the bible teaches. The news of his conversion has not yet been broken to his grandfather, who will be greatly shocked, as he is in feeble health.

Young Kip's mother was a daughter of Mr. Kinney, a former United States Minister to Tunis, and a cousin to ex-President Cleveland and to Bishop Cox, of Western New York. Her half-brother is E. C. Stodman, the banker and poet. The old Bishop came out here in 1854. Just before he sailed for California he was married to Miss Lawrence, of New York, sister of the famous "Don't-Give-up-the-Ship" Lawrence, who commanded the frigate Chesapeake, and cousin of William Beach Lawrence, the jurist. Bishop Kip is noted as an author, his textbooks on religion being used in Oxford and Cambridge Universities in England, and in the Universities of Canada. Of late years he has been assisted in the diocese by Assistant Bishop Nichols.

A CONNEMARA P. P.

Father Tom Flannery and His Work for the People of Carna.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Carna, with its rocks and bogs in far Connemara, will long mourn the death of its energetic parish priest, the well-known Father Tom Flannery. There was no other parish priest like him west of Lough Corrib nor between the Killarney and Galway Bay. Imagine an active, little, dark man, full of fire and vigor, having always some project in his mind or in actual progress for the good of his people; thin, of nervous organization, and never for a moment at rest, speaking fluently and preaching in the native Celtic language, by which alone he could reach the minds and hearts of his parishioners, travelling to any part of the British Islands at a moment's notice for the promotion of their interests when no one else could be found to do the work, pushing forward projects of land reclamation, afforesting, home industries in wool, in needlework, in weaving patterns, in knitting, and so forth, obtaining the co-operation of benevolent English people in giving an impetus to the fisheries, getting bridges and causeways constructed over impassable places, and roads through bogs and morasses—in short, doing all kinds of work to promote the material interests of the otherwise up to his time neglected population of his remote parish. Such was Father Tom Flannery. The village of Carna consists of a hotel, two or three shops, and a most wonderful fortified police barracks, built like a castle, with outworks, numerous loopholes for rifles, and every device for destructive warfare that could be compressed into the space available. What the object of

THIS LOFTY FORTIFICATION — a landmark for great distance — could be it would puzzle wiser heads to determine, but it is the most prominent object among the bogs of that remote district, if we except the light-houses on the rugged coast. Such was the capital city of Father Tom, and it is the custom to call Carna "The City." The chapel, a plain, whitewashed building, is about half a mile from it, and a little further are the two parochial houses—one abandoned, the other inhabited. The former, a thatched cottage, was the dwelling place of Father Tom until he was able to get the latter built. In both he has entertained all kinds of distinguished personages. His parish has a winding coast line of about fifty miles, but in a direct line from his house to its most southern part it may be about twelve. To facilitate communication with this portion was erected the Flannery bridge, the opening ceremony of which some years since attracted crowds to the spot and attention everywhere else where the Irish press extended its operations

or influence. A Freeman reporter was down there, and described it fully. Before the building of the bridge people had to wade a long distance through the sea, in danger of the rising tide sweeping them away. Mweenish island, too, where there is a celebrated ancient burial place much patronized for interments, was a source of difficulty to the bearers of the corpse. Now, through Father Tom's means, it is joined to the mainland by a solidly constructed causeway, the roadway of which, however, is not quite completed. And so on with various

OTHER PUBLIC WORKS.

too numerous to enumerate here. In out-of-the-way Carna is also to be found a convent, inhabited by five nuns, who are truly cut off from the world. But one does not feel solitude when fully occupied, and these ladies are conducting an industry in needle work of a varied description. Then down at Kilkerran is an establishment devoted to the woolen industry, and another at Carna, connected with English houses. Father Flannery had the talent of attracting the active interest and participation of benevolent English ladies in his plans for the amelioration of the condition of his poor people. One of these devoted herself to the benefiting of the fisher folks, two others stationed themselves at the Kilkerran establishment, while an English gentleman looked after the one at Carna. And then there is a plantation of one thousand acres where for centuries trees have been unknown. And all these things proceeded originally from Father Flannery. He was indefatigable. Wherever a half-penny could be collected for his people there he went to obtain it, wherever an influential member of the Government could be interviewed in their behalf he was to be found pleading their cause. And after all he was yet but a comparatively young man, scarcely over forty. About the middle of this month he paid a business visit to Clifden, the capital of Connemara. He informed the writer that the influenza was so rife there at the time that he could not get one in the house he was stopping at to make him a cup of coffee, all being struck down with the fell disease. From there he must have

BROUGHT THE INFECTED

along with him. He was very unwell on Christmas eve, but said the two Masses on Christmas day, after which he retired to the bed from which he never arose. At first everybody thought it was nothing serious, only a rather severe feverish cold, from which he was sure to recover, and the shock which his death gave to all who knew him can scarcely be described. But his constitution had been weakened by overwork, for he never spared himself. It will be a dreadful loss to his flock, for it will be hard to find another priest with the same energy and power of work and with such enlightened views in the ways and methods of benefiting his people. His sister, resembling him in many respects, kept his house, and the blow must be a dreadful one to her. The people of the parish will have cause to remember the influenza epidemic. The young, but accomplished and highly skilled, doctor of the district did everything possible to a medical man to save the life of his distinguished patient, but it seems without avail. And such is the uncertainty of life. One day a man, in some respects absolutely necessary for the good of the district he inhabits, is seen active and full of energy, another he is borne to his last home amidst the tears and lamentations of hundreds whom he has actually saved from starvation. Connemara will long bear grateful remembrance of Father Tom Flannery, the model of a western parish priest, and will have cause to lament his loss.

A Protestant on Manning.

The *Transcript*, at the time of Cardinal Manning's death, published editorially an estimate of his character which was palpably unjust. While giving him a modicum of praise, it laid stress upon the fact that he was a bigot of the worst type. Of course, this was entirely untrue, and so evidently so as to need no refutation. However, Rev. William Gray Brooks, an Episcopal clergyman of this city, has seen fit to write a letter to the editor of the *Transcript* about the matter, and his appreciation of the character of the great minds who directed the Tractarian search for truth in England is so keen that it is worthy of reproduction. He says:

"In justice to the memory of the great Cardinal Archbishop who has just deceased, permit me to answer the assertions in the *Transcript* of Jan. 14, that 'he knew no mercy for members of the Church of England, and bitterly hated the whole Protestant world,' and that 'he was not a Tractarian.' In reply to the first assertion I would refer to the files of the *Transcript* for the winter of 1874-75, where, under the caption of foreign news, the scheme of the Cardinal for the reconciliation of the Church of England with the Apostolic See of Peter is briefly given—a scheme which possesses the merit of not involving the sacrifice of any cardinal principle on either side, and which has been adopted by an influential number of

Anglicans, represented by Rev. Fred George Lee, D. D.

"For the formulation of this scheme the memory of the Cardinal deserves to be cherished in grateful remembrance. The activity displayed by him in great moral and social reforms, in union with those of widely different phases of religious thought, proves that he did not regard the whole Protestant world with hatred. The late Dean Church of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in his book on the Oxford movement answers the assertion that the Cardinal was not a Tractarian." The dean says, "When Newman left the Church of England, the movement passed into the hands of younger men, the two Wilberforces, Manning."

"The great Cardinal will ever be associated with the sainted Cardinal Newman, the pious Dr. Keble and Dr. Pusey—the quartet of great leaders who organized the Catholic revival or New Reformation within the Church of England."

The *Transcript* is evidently not very well informed regarding the great Cardinal's life and works.—*Boston Republic.*

CHASING FALSEHOODS.

The following correspondence appeared in the Ottawa *Citizen* of a recent date:

Sir—Will you please insert the enclosed correspondence referring to a cable despatch published some weeks ago. The story was, we believe, contradicted some time since, but we have not noticed a contradiction as specific as the enclosed in any of the Ottawa papers. The incident should serve to teach the public to be extremely careful about placing any reliance on press despatches bearing on Catholic subjects. Agents of the Associated Press seem to take a special delight in misstatement and misrepresentation when they purport to supply news on Catholic subjects. Instances of this might be cited by the hundred. A glaring one occurred during the recent exposition of the Holy Coat at Treves. It was announced through the press that Professor Winschied of Leipzig, an eminent German Catholic, had left the Church and become a Protestant because he "could not accept the authenticity of the Holy Coat." The facts turned out to be that Professor Winschied was one of the followers of the late Dr. Dollinger and had therefore not been connected in any way with the Catholic Church for twenty years. Another silly story, evidently without any foundation whatever appeared on Friday last to the effect that a priest in the east end of London who had learned of the identity of "Jack the Ripper" under the seal of confession, had on his death-bed sent to the chief of police a sealed packet containing the information and inscribed, "This is to be opened after my death; my lips must never reveal it." It is scarcely necessary to say that the seal of confession is absolute and applies with the same force to written communications whether to be read before or after death as to spoken words. Undoubtedly the "East London Priest" is as great a myth as the "Hatfield Jesuit."

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

Ottawa, Jan. 25, 1892.

November, 27.

My Lord—The following telegram is clipped from a prominent paper in an Ottawa paper of to-day's date:

[Here follows the press cable despatch as published, setting forth the story alleged to have been told by a lady visitor at the house of the Marquis of Salisbury, to the effect that he recognized in an upper servant a man who once in the grab of a priest had conducted her over the Vatican. It went on to allege that the suspect cleared out of the house the morning after her arrival, and the conclusion arrived at by Lord Salisbury's family was that the missing suspect was "a Jesuit agent, and that he had insinuated himself into the Premier's family for the purpose of discovering secret matters concerning the Vatican."]

As such stories are only too readily believed by a certain class of people and do much harm in fostering unfounded prejudices, I take the liberty of writing to ask Your Lordship what foundation, if any, there is for the story.

With my apologies for troubling Your Lordship, I remain,

Your Lordship's most
Obedient servant,
W. L. SCOTT,
Secretary of the Catholic Truth
Society of Ottawa.

The Most Honorable, the Marquis of Salisbury, K. G., etc., London, Eng.

Foreign Office, 7th Jan., 1892.

Sir—I am directed by the Marquis of Salisbury to acknowledge the receipt of your letter enclosing a cutting from the Ottawa *Daily Citizen* in reference to a story circulated about the Jesuit at Hatfield. In reply I am to say that it is an entire invention, without any foundation. I remain,
Faithfully yours,
SIDNEY GREVILLE.

Mr. W. L. SCOTT.

The Bishop of Bristol wants to wear a mitre, and the people of the town say he shall not. Public meetings have been held to denounce this bold step Romanwards.