

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### JOTTINGS.

Capt. O'Leary, the famous gubernatorial magnate of Guam, has bade farewell to the cares and dignity of office. The trying climate and the worry entailed by the enacting of many statutes has undermined his constitution and forced him, unfortunately for the Guamanites, to resign. He was not content with leading his subjects into new ways. That might suffice for a man of mediocre talent; but O'Leary's far reaching genius was concocting plans for the uplifting of the various domestic animals. Hens, dogs and pigs received the benefit of his fatherly wisdom and were gradually learning the amenities of western civilization. There is doubtless bitter grief in hen-house and kennel, but O'Leary has made his mark as a celebrated if not a celebrated individual.

Britons have not been unsparing in their tributes of respect to the memory of the late General Joubert. Even Kipling has sung his praises in some wooden verse. We say "wooden" because the patriotic Rudyard is pining out and should avoid for a time at least all literary labor.

Joubert entered upon his career in the Transvaal with little or no education. His indomitable will and ambition, however, would not suffer him to remain in ignorance, and he attained in after years a certain proficiency in languages and history. Constant skirmishing with the native tribes developed his military talents and made him no unworthy opponent of the best European generals.

His exploit of Majuba gave him a place among the great generals of the present day: and this war showed that the valor and foresight displayed by him in previous campaigns had in nowise diminished.

His chivalric conduct towards his enemies is deserving of remembrance and the greatest respect: and we are glad to find that Sir George White, the defender of Ladysmith, referred to him in a speech at Cape Town as a soldier and a gentleman, and a brave and honorable opponent.

Our ultra-Protestant friends will receive a shock if they happen upon Harper's Bazaar and read the beautiful tribute by Cardinal Gibbons to the Blessed Virgin Mary. But a short time ago and it were a thing impossible, but the reorganized firm of Harpers has signified its intention of welcoming articles from Catholic writers. It is a decided change from their old policy, and we are content to ascribe it to a new-born spirit of impartiality.

The pastoral of Cardinal Logue's anent the want of Catholic chaplains in England's navy, is occasioning much comment and surprise. The subject has been aired before with the result only of a few speeches and newspaper articles. Now that it has been brought forward by Cardinal Logue it should receive some favorable attention from the individuals who talk glibly of equal rights and freedom. The Cardinal says that Catholic sailors are allowed to pass out of life without these spiritual aids and consolations by which Catholics justly set such store: "Protestants, if I mistake not, have their chaplains in each ship: a Catholic chaplain does not even accompany each squadron. The result is that our Catholic sailors, being left without spiritual guidance, may live as they please, and die as if they were not Christians." After warning intending navy recruits he goes on to say that parents who permit their boys to join the navy before this crying want is provided for are recreant to their duty as protectors of their children's salvation. The demand of the Cardinal is eminently reasonable. No one but an irreclaimable bigot will assert that the sailors, because they are Catholics, must be deprived of spiritual consolation and aid. One would imagine that the matter would receive the unanimous and strong support of the legislators who are protesting against Boer intolerance and who are placing themselves on record as friends of the oppressed. We know, of course,

it is cant of the most cowardly kind; but we did not think that the ministers when dealing with the question would give such abundant evidence of it.

They admitted the grievance but they refused to redress it; and when a conscienceless automaton worked by Austin Chamberlain declares that Catholics have no right to expect navy chaplains, and will never have them, he was greeted with enthusiastic applause. What a magnificent proof of their boasted love for equal-rights! They pass gladly any measure in behalf of their down-trodden brethren in Africa or to keep aloft the flag that Rhodes calls the greatest commercial asset in the world, but a movement calculated to redress an admitted injustice is set contemptuously aside. And yet there are people in the planet who believe in Chamberlain's assimilation scheme.

Some of the best English newspapers are not the least hysterical over the capture of Cronje, nor are they inclined to believe that Lord Roberts, as his admirers claim, is a second Napoleon. Cronje, too, turns out to be a matter of fact a Dutchman. He was credited with wonderful ability as a strategist, but the erection of wire fences around impregnable positions does not make a Von Moltke. But he was a brave man who played out in manly style his part for the fatherland. True, he surrendered after days of shrieking yd-dite and bayonet charge, but the scene of a handful of burghers laying down their arms before overwhelming numbers does not lend itself to eulogistic description.

Pilgrims from many lands are going homeward. The spectacle of so many who, different in language and customs, learned as well as ignorant, are wending their way to the Eternal City for the same purpose—to lay their tribute of love and filial respect before the Holy Father—should suggest some thoughts to our Protestant friends. It has been ever the same during the course of the centuries.

How is all this to be explained? If it were a plan and a system, says Balmes, "devised by man, we should ask, What was the mysterious power of Rome? How did the Roman Pontiff if he be only the chief of a sect manage to fascinate the world to this extent? Men have long declaimed against his religious despotism? Why has no one been found to wrest the sceptre from his grasp? Why has not a pontifical throne been raised capable of disputing the pre-eminence with his, and of maintaining itself with equal splendor and power?"

Landless, divested by all that monarchs consider indispensable conditions of prestige, Leo XIII. exercises a sovereignty that never was greater than that of the present day. We who understand it should pray that those who are wearied of schism and sectarian division may also be brought to understand it.

### DECLINE IN METHODISM.

In view of the decline in membership of their sect, the Methodist Bishops have issued a circular calling upon their flocks to consecrate the week ending April 1 to prayer and penance. It is earnestly hoped that the brethren and sisters will respond to this pious call; for prayer and fasting are most wholesome practices. Some of the church papers, however, think that the trouble is with the pulpit, not with the pew. "The so-called 'practical sermon,'" says Zion's Herald, "that simply seeks to lead people to be decent or charitable, has about driven people out of the churches. In too many pulpits the great underlying truths of revelation, which give birth to elemental convictions that are to character what beams and posts are to a house, have not been proclaimed. A genuine revival of religion without a doctrinal basis is unthinkable." The good old Methodist adjuration, "Amen, brother!" best expresses our entire concurrence with our esteemed contemporary. Religious life without a doctrinal basis is just as unthinkable as a statue without form or a picture without color. Zion's Herald identifies us by saying so and "speaking out bold." We are also edified by a remark of the Congregationalist: "If the Methodist Bishops had postponed this week of prayer two weeks, it would coincide with the time when a large part of the Christian Church will be meditating on the scenes of Our Lord's suffering and crucifixion for the sins of the world."—Ave Maria.

### THE INVITATION HEADED.

Two Notable Converts and Their Work in the Master's Service.

During a recent flying visit to New York we had the pleasure of meeting two notable converts to the Church—Mrs. Rose Lathrop and Father Fidelis, the Passionist, formerly Dr. James Kent Stone.

Your New York correspondent, Miss McCabe, who is making for herself a notable name in journalistic circles, has been chatting so kindly and gently about the work of Mrs. Lathrop, now known as Sister Rose, among those afflicted with cancer in the down town district of New York.

In company with some friends, we found ourselves, after treading our way through a perfect labyrinth of narrow streets, ringing for admission to the modest little home dedicated to St. Rose. The transition from the street, crowded with traffic and its bulk of moving humanity, to the little home was a marked one, it was in fact so notable as to be remarked at once by all of the party. Soon we were in an animated conversation with Sister Rose, and it was difficult to realize that this gifted daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, America's great novelist, was chatting so kindly and gently about her old friends the poor women of the home, afflicted with cancer and taken from their gloomy homes in the surrounding tenement houses and transferred to these pleasant and homelike though small and cramped quarters.

As is so well known, Mrs. Lathrop and her husband, both of whom were distinguished in literary circles, became children of the Church some nine years ago. The husband died recently, and the wife turned her attention to the care of the incurable cancer patients among the old women of the crowded down-town district in New York. She is now a member of the third order of St. Dominic and has three assistants. The house is small but every portion of it is utilized. The tiny little chapel is neat, the rooms airy and the poor old women cheery, and as we passed from one patient to another, it was touching to note the sparkle of the eye of those poor old creatures as their benefactress spoke to them. Next to leprosy, I know of no more divine-like charity than nursing and caring for incurable cancer patients.

It seemed almost impossible, without being rude, to draw Sister Rose into any other topic of conversation except her patients; and just once with a ripple of laughter she said: "Yes, for many years I was interested in all the things and sayings of musical, literary and art circles, but now my little kingdom is just with my cancer people." The child like simplicity of this woman is very marked, but she cannot avoid manifesting to any one, though without the least sign of being conscious of it, her talent and her mind; as I noted when she entered into a medical discussion with the doctor of the party concerning the alleviating remedies administered to the patients. Her word receives support from interested friends, and when the treasury runs low, she seizes a pen and makes a public appeal in every way and shape, and it is not unheeded. This, she says, is all the literary work she engages in now.

As we bade her good by the words written by her husband to James Jeffrey Roche of the Boston Pilot, on the occasion of their conversion to the Church, came most forcibly to mind: "The Church revealed itself to me as broadly liberal and gentle towards all mankind; thus worthily justifying, in my estimation, these titles of Catholic and of Mother Church by which she was always known."

**FATHER FIDELIS, C. P.**  
A trip across the river by ferry from New York and a ride up the side of the protruding rocks of Jersey by a circuitous electric line lands one at St. Michael's Monastery, Hoboken. The church is a magnificent one, beautiful in every way and except for the pews one might easily imagine oneself in some European basilica.

The monastery attached is the home of the Fathers of the Order of St. Paul of the Cross, commonly known as Passionists. Father Fidelis was soon ushered in, when we called, and we stood in the presence of a magnificent looking man; his hair is as white as the driven snow, but his features are still youthful and the pleasant gleam in his eye tells you he is still young, even if years have crowned his head with the mark of advancing age.

James Kent Stone—is a native of Massachusetts, was a soldier in the Civil War, losing a brother, who fell by his side in the same war. He became in the late sixties, President of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, and later went to Hobart College, Geneva, New York.

Pius IX.'s letter convoking the Vatican Council was the trumpet call that led Dr. Stone into the true fold, for he found that up to that time he had been "playing Catholic." He became a member of the Paulist Order, and finally a Passionist. Some years ago, in company with a member of the Passionist Order, who had been novice-master to Father Fidelis, I visited

and when we entered the beautiful church of that village, a church that

looks so Catholic, only one thing missed—an altar; we found—for it was Monday—the large Bible open on the reading desk at the 15th chapter of St. John's Gospel: "I am the true vine. Abide in Me and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you, unless you abide in Me."

"This," said my reverend companion, "is a striking coincidence. For it was this very chapter that Father Fidelis often told me had been the subject of much thought on his part and read in connection with the letter of Pius IX., had been the cause of his serious resolve to go to the Mother Church and abide in the vine." He subsequently wrote his well-known book, "The Invitation Heeded," in which occurs this gem of logic, "Let us go back to the sixteenth century. Either there was a Church of God then in the world or there was not. If there was not, then the Reformers certainly could not create such a Church. If there was they certainly had neither the right to abandon it, nor the power to remodel it."

His panegyric on Pius IX. delivered in the Cincinnati Cathedral was a magnificent discourse and his address at the dedication of the Catholic University at Washington a gem of pulpit oratory. Let me quote a few sentences from the latter. His subject was "The Vitality of the Church, a Manifestation of God." "For a hundred years, the Church has been here and she is at home in this land. Look upon her, I say, and tell me, what think you of Christ's Church? Whose spouse is she? Is her form bent and her forehead wrinkled? Are her sandals worn or her garments moth-eaten? Is her gait halting or feeble and does she walk with trembling steps? Oh, see! her face is radiant and her brow erect and starlit and on her lip is the smile of peace; her robes are beautiful with variety and fragrant as with spices, and the step with which she advances is elastic in the triumph. Her movement betrays her divinity. She is the Daughter of the King. The Church has accomplished in this country is the same which she has done in other ages and other lands, but she has done it in a new way and in her own way. And mind you, she has not done this by any cunning adaptation of policy, but simply because she is a living force, capable of acting in all time and in all places, so that she has become American without ceasing for a moment to be Catholic and on the other hand, in endeavoring us with all that is truly hers, she has not thwarted or crippled, but rather appropriated and vivified all that is best and noblest in our national character."

In an address, delivered a few years ago at Harvard University on "FIDELITY TO GRACE RECEIVED," he thus described the fortieth martyr of Sebaste:

"When Rome still held her own against North and East, and the legions under Licinius kept the outposts on the Armenian frontier, forty soldiers of the guard were denounced as Christians, and therefore—so it was held—traitors to the empire. They were plucked up to their necks in the slime of a half-frozen march. And in the dead of night the sentinel who watched them, as he paced the margin of that hideous swamp, beheld a sight that stayed his steps. The martyrs were chanting their death song, when lo! the glory of God shone over them, and that Roman legionary saw, or seemed to see, angels descending bearing crowns. He counted them—thirty-nine. And where, said he, with hated breath, where is the fortieth crown? While yet he gazed, one of the fated band struggled by the fire that blazed there, seized the soft clothing, and gave himself in the tepid bath set there to allure him. In that instant a great decision was made—that missing crown shall be to me! Rousing his comrades of the guard, the rough soldier spoke: 'I too am a Christian!' And losing his belt, the symbol of his allegiance, he waded in, joined his strong voice in the last notes of that triumphant chant, and shall we not say it?—won his crown and is honored to day as the fortieth of the forty martyrs of Sebaste. Whatever we may think of that 'golden dream,' the main facts of the story cannot be doubted, and they are consonant with Christian doctrine and with the law of grace."

Father Fidelis is a most interesting and genial talker, you run along with him without being conscious of the varied fields into which he is drifting with you and time slips by before one notes it. The rays of the evening sun were crowning with gold the heights of the Jersey shore and glinting the cross of St. Michael's all too soon when we had to bid goodbye to genial, manly, magnificent Father Fidelis, whose life might have been cast into what the world would consider honorably fields; a well-paid Episcopalian divine or bishop—had he not listened to God's call, the call of his own mind and conscience and "Heeded the invitation."

"But now in his dark brown robe of a religious of St. Paul of the Cross, he towers higher than all the luxury and easy places the world might elevate

him to; and whether in the pulpit or the confessional, whether conducting a retreat for nuns, or leading a mission in some great sin-infested part of a populous city, he is far greater as the simple Father Fidelis, than all the honors the world could give him had he been unfaithful to God's call and left the invitation unheeded.—R. C. Gleaneer, in Catholic Columbian.

### THOS. ARNOLD'S CONVERSION.

There is pathos as well as manly dignity in the way in which Thomas Arnold returned to his temporary defect. He is a convert, joint author of the scholarly "Catholic Dictionary," the son of "Arnold of Rugby," and the brother of Matthew Arnold, (though that does not count then) he is the father of Mrs. Humphrey Ward; hence when he lapsed from the Church which he had entered shortly before, there was grief among all earnest Catholics. In his autobiographical work just published, "Passages in a Wandering Life," he writes of that sad experience in this edifying way:

"From what has been said it will be seen that I could never condemn Liberalism in politics; but its extension to religious questions, of which I did not in 1865 discern the mischief and the danger, I should now repudiate and reject. But I had been weakened by a succession of illnesses; for weeks together it had been impossible, or very difficult, for me to approach a Catholic altar; the Protestant clamor about the Marston case drew from me a certain amount of involuntary sympathy; and the misgiving which had long slumbered in my mind that no clear certainty could be obtained as to anything outside the fields of science, again assailed me. Again the mists of Pyrrhonism, of which I spoke at a former page, closed round me. Nevertheless, I can not doubt that this period of uncertainty would have passed away in due time if I had adopted the means proper for dealing with it. One of those means indeed—labor—I did not put from me, and this was my salvation in the end; but the weapon of prayer—being attacked by a certain amount of restlessness and disgust and weariness of existence—I began, unhappily, to use less and less. I did not, like Milton, 'still hear up and still steer right onward'; but wavered—doubled—and fell back. Only after a long time, and with much difficulty and pain, did I get to the firm ground of Catholic Communion."

Upon these matters, however, having made an avowal which, I need hardly say, has cost me much to make, I shall no further endeavor. The instability and weakness of my proceedings do not mean to palliate or undervalue them. The only plea that I can urge in my defense is, that I acted in good faith, and that I acted in self-interest never attached to what I did. With fully weakened, ordinary, plainness I may be charged, and more or less justly; but no one can say that any one of my changes was calculated with a view to worldly advantage. If it were not so, I should not feel that I had a right to hold up my head amongst honest men."

### DEATH OF A NOTED PRIEST.

The Rev. Alfred Young, C. S. P., Well Known Musician and Writer.

The Rev. Father Alfred Young, the member of the community of the Paulist Fathers whose name has been most closely associated with the restoration of the use of the Gregorian chant throughout the services of the Catholic Church and the renewal of the custom of congregational singing, died April 4th at St. Paul's Convent, in West Fifty-ninth street, New York.

Father Young was born in Bristol, England, in 1831. He came to this country in his youth. He was graduated from Princeton College in 1848, and in 1852 he was graduated from the medical department of the University of New York.

His conversion to the old faith, he embraced the Roman Catholic faith. After becoming a physician he practiced medicine for a year, and was then sent to Paris by Bishop James Roosevelt Bayley of the Catholic Diocese of Newark, where he studied for the priesthood at the Seminary of St. Sulpice. Returning to this country, he was ordained a priest, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, at Newark, Aug. 24, 1856.

He was Vice President of Seton Hall College in 1857, during the Presidency of Bishop McQuaid, now of the see of Rochester. He was afterward rector of the Catholic Church at Princeton, and later at Trenton.

JOINED THE PAULIST FATHERS.  
Attracted by the life and aims of the newly founded Paulist community Father Young was received as a member of the congregation in 1861. He became a missionary of great zeal and noted eloquence. He was also a musician and composed many devotional hymns. He was enthusiastic in restoring the Gregorian chant for the entire services of the Catholic Church. He wrote a long series of articles in favor of this movement, and delivered many lectures on the same subject.

He trained a choir of men and boys, which has used the Gregorian chant in the services of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle in New York city for the last twenty-seven years. He was also an urgent advocate of congregational singing.

A WRITER OF RECOGNIZED ABILITY.  
Besides many magazine articles on various religious topics, and a series of epigrammatic poems on Scriptural texts in The Catholic World, he was the author of "The Complete Sodality Hymn Book," "Catholic Hymns and Canticles," "The Office of Vespers," "The Catholic Hymnal," and "Carols

for a Merry Christmas and a Joyous Easter."

Much attention was recently attracted by a controversial work from his pen, entitled "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared."

### DECLINE OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

In speaking recently of the large number of non self-supporting Presbyterian churches, as reported by Dr. Patterson, we said, "The question suggests itself, Is this large number of non self-supporting churches the result of having built more churches in the first place than were needed for the accommodation of the members, or the result of a falling off in membership? As people are not given to building more churches than they need, it is to be inferred that the hundreds of non-supporting Presbyterian churches are the result of decreasing membership. Were the Rev. Mr. Patterson's statistics true of the Catholic Church that is, we think, the way he would reason."

Commenting on this Dr. Patterson denies the correctness of our inference and attributes the increase of non-supporting Presbyterian churches to two causes: the unitation of population and the organization of new churches out of them, and that more churches were organized than were needed.

"The great mass," he says, "of those which are now not self-sustaining never were self-sustaining, and generally those which were once self-supporting, but now are not, were brought into their present position by the unnecessary creation of new organizations."

This explanation is doubtless so simple and correct, but it is hardly sufficient to account for the enormous increase of non-self supporting churches as reported by the Doctor himself. For instance, he tells us that of the 7,673 churches under the Northern Assembly 4,311 or far more than one half are self-sustaining." Much may be allowed for ill-regulated building zeal and for changes of population from one place to another, but not enough to account for so large a decrease.

To say that the thrifty Presbyterians, who know the value of a dollar as well as their neighbors, have built 7,673 churches of which 4,311 are not self-supporting is straining credulity to too great an extent. It would be to attribute to them a phenomenal lack of judgment.

As Dr. Patterson states—and his statement is verified by the Independent's annual religious statistics—that Presbyterian membership has not decreased, the cause of the increase of non-supporting Churches becomes an interesting problem, independently of any polemical considerations. The number of decadent Churches—4,341 out of a total of 7,673—is too large to be accounted for in the way suggested by Dr. Patterson. What then is the cause? Is it because Presbyterians are not as liberal in support of their Churches as formerly? Or, while continuing in nominal membership, have they become affected by the skeptical or agnostic spirit of the age and ceased to take that practical working interest in their Churches which they did heretofore? Or has modern Protestant scholarship, known as the Higher Criticism, weakened their faith in the Bible and all that it means to a Protestant? Or, again, do they take greater interest in foreign missions to the heathen and devote to them the money needed for home improvement?

If this last be the cause it is to be feared that there is little hope for the decadent Churches in this country; for besides China, Japan, Turkey, Italy, Spain, the South American countries and Mexico, which the boards of foreign missions have on their hands, there are the Philippines, the Porto Ricans, the Cubans, the Guamanites, and last but not least, the Sultan of Sulu and his people and harem to be looked after. With this additional white man's burden on the shoulders of the missionary boards their appeals to the brethren will be loud and persistent. But after all we think that the members of those many non-self-supporting Churches, good American Presbyterians that they are, deserve as much consideration and help from their more comfortably circumstanced brethren as do the opium eating heathen Chinese, the unspeakable Turks or the greasy Sulu Mohammedan.

Whatever the foreign missionary boards may do about it, we who are not partial to Presbyterian theology, think that an American Presbyterian has as good a right to a fighting chance of salvation as any pig tailed mandarin in the Flowery Kingdom has, and we cannot understand why the Boards should make a distinction in favor of the latter, and other ignorant and unassimilated foreigners. As charity begins at home the Boards should devote their funds to the languishing churches at home.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

When men and women arise from prayer and find themselves feeling better, that prayer is answered.—Anon.

Practical piety is not much cultivated but greatly needed. Sentimental piety is common, and not uncommonly of little worth.—Philip Freeland.