

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1914

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CLERICAL TOURISTS

When a clergyman or a female Bible-colporteur sojourn for a season among Catholics of distant lands crafty guides look upon them as legitimate prey. They feed them on morsels of fiction, knowing that the good people will swallow them with unblinking credulity. They furnish them with statements about the Church, and, incidentally for the good of their pockets, extol the blessings of Protestantism. And then the missionaries publish all the misinformation with an air of the most vainglorious satisfaction. If they would but clothe it with the thinnest texture of originality, or put a new note into their rhapsodies, the people who like that sort of thing would enjoy it with greater zest. But they never vary a hair's-breadth from the score written by the first individual who strayed into a foreign land with a bag of preconceived theories and a shut mind. The other day we read some jottings of a tour by a pious individual who represented a Missionary Society. To judge by his remarks we may conclude that writing about the Church is one of his hobbies. But it is always well when one is going to ride a hobby to choose one that does not buck. This clerical tourist saw many things which provoked him to anger and vituperation. He saw signs of degradation and decay, and then with skill worthy of a Sherlock Holmes, traced it to Rome. He sets his stage, peoples it with apparitions vague and intangible, and surveys it complacently and raves about priestly tyranny and trae religion of which he is the exponent. He croons pathetically whenever he sees a native kneeling before a shrine. "Blind idolatry," quotes the tourist, and his very heart, developed in some two by three town, exudes sincerest sympathy. He ought to know that, according to Dr. Schaff, the charge of idolatry is "a colossal slander on the oldest and largest Church in Christendom." But between Dr. Schaff, a scholar and a tourist, and an ignorant ranter there is a gulf unbridgeable. And between the tourist who sees all things through the glasses of prejudice, and the one who views them with cultured vision, there is no comparison whatsoever. Carol D. Wright, to mention but one of this type, says in "Letters from Abroad": "When I see an ignorant worshipper kneeling in prayerful attitude before an image, however crude, I come to the conclusion that there is the evidence of a divine inspiration. It has been through the innumerable representations of the Madonnas, as brought out in the most common forms as well as the masterpieces of creative art, that religion has received in many lands its most stimulating influence."

FANCIFUL THEORIES

Many of our modern scientists, sanitary enthusiasts, medical and health specialists, seem to have lost sight of plain facts in their zeal to establish preconceived theories. Unhealthy bodies are not confined to the poverty-stricken and so-called weak anywhere, nor to the slums of the large cities. They would probably be found in larger proportions, compared with numbers, among the rich and so-called strong. We can certainly agree that they are altogether too prevalent with all humanity, but if it were true that "no sane mind can be in an unhealthy body" we should have to include in the category many, if not the most, of the brightest, strongest, and sanest minds of literature, art, science, statesmanship and religion, as well as commerce, both present and past. The time may come when a strong, bright and sane mind cannot abide in an imperfect physical organism, but may we not thank God that the time has not yet come?

ALWAYS CHILDREN

In the eyes of God, our Father, and Mary, our Mother, we are all of us always children; to them we seem never to grow old. Their love for us never changes, and even though we have passed out of the years of childhood, our hearts are still their de-

light, if we keep them humble and pure and loving and kind. Old hearts are the same as young hearts, only that the flowers that grow in them are richer and more precious, because they have been cultivated for many years. In old hearts, too, there is a flower that does not often grow in the hearts of the young. It is purple in color, like our Lord's blood-stained garment; it has its crown of thorns and its nails and its wounds, and it is called the Passion-Flower, and it is especially dear to the Blessed Mother because it springs up only in hearts that have loved much and suffered much for Christ her Son.

THE Y. M. C. A.

Most of our Catholics are alive to the fact that the Y. M. C. A. has no use for them, except in so far as they may lend a helping hand, but some Catholics are yet unacquainted with the principles of the organization. These kind, good people will receive the poor, ignorant Catholic into their halls and gymnasiums and swimming pools—be very nice to him, with a view, no doubt, to his final redemption from the bondage of Rome, but they will open wide their eyes in amazement if any one suggests that this Catholic member ought to be taken in and placed on a level with a solidly Y. M. C. A. member—while it is a by-law of the society that no Catholic can hold office therein. Once a Catholic knows this it is safe to suppose that he will not be over-generous in his contributions to such a superior organization—one that looks upon him as being very low in the social world and considers everything about him as tainted except his money. It is a mighty poor kind of man that will associate with men who despise him.

THE OTHER SIDE

If the people who prate so much about the alleged cruelty of vivisection would reflect a little they would realize that all the operations done upon animals by studious men, seeking for means to perfect treatment for human maladies, or to increase the sum of knowledge upon bodily functions, do not equal the cruelty displayed in one day in some of our cities towards horses, dogs, cats and birds by brutal, thoughtless or malicious persons, to say nothing of the cruelties visited upon women and little children by human brutes. Practically every meat they eat has died a lingering death—their furs are taken from animals which have struggled for hours or days in traps without food or water; their plumes are often plucked from birds while alive; their laces have caused the blindness of the makers, and many more of their articles of attire or ornament have brought suffering and death to the producing workers. Noting these facts they might then realize that a little personal service for the relief of human suffering, disease and overcrowding is of vastly more importance in the world, and of more help to the progress of humanity, than the sentimental gush they are so fond of quoting, can ever accomplish.

A PROVERB

A pessimistic proverb tells us that the road to hell is paved with good intentions, by which we must suppose is meant a very different proposition, namely, that the road to that place is paved with the broken fragments of those intentions. So, too, for that matter, is the road to heaven, since there was never yet a saint who did not constantly and consistently fail in the carrying out of his intentions. But the truer aphorism would be to say that the road to the less desirable goal was paved with good resolutions made with reservations. For the treader of the most precipitous downward path, so long as he knows it is downward, seldom abandons the luxury of decent resolves; he only grants himself larger reservations. A bad habit seems at first to have so little hold on the practitioner; he tells himself, and with justice, that he can easily break it, and that tomorrow, or at the latest on the next day, he will have no more trifling with it. Very likely, too, on the tomorrow in question he puts his resolve into practice, with the effect that the next day and the day following see him blameless in regard

to it. Then on the fourth day he sees how entirely he is master of himself, tells a drowsy conscience that he has been disquieted in vain, and slips around by the back-door, so to speak, over the threshold of habit again.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK

In a beautiful little book that should be a precious treasure to all Catholic mothers, the gifted authoress shows how our Lord's life and mission may be taught effectively to very young children in picture, story and simple verse set to easy music. "The Life on Earth of Our Blessed Lord," by Grace Keon, is as novel as it is captivating. From the birth of Our Lord to His Ascension, the chief events are given in rhyme which may be read or sung to the child who is too young to read. At the top of the page is placed the text from Holy Scripture to which the rhymes refer, and at the bottom a brief account in story form, in simple words that very small children will readily understand and very easily read. Thirty-three full page illustrations will help to impress the facts on the mind of the child and create additional interest in the "story." These pictures are exquisite, and neither the genius of artist nor the expert work of engraver, have suffered at the hands of the publisher. The authoress in a foreword says "That it may help," is the reason of the little volume. All who have seen the book are convinced that it will be a wonderful help in stamping on tender souls the all-important truths and of bringing them in loving faith close to the Master Who commanded, "Let little children come to Me."

THE CAMPAIGN OF SLANDER

The account of the libel suit entered by Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty against two men who printed in Philadelphia and circulated through the country the bogus Knights of Columbus Oath makes instructive reading. The men admitted, says the Philadelphia Record, "that the circular was a base calumny and absolutely without foundation," and agreed with Mr. Flaherty that "this alleged oath is a tissue of falsehood from the first word to the last." But "they had been duped," and this is where the instruction comes in. They had got the oath from the Menace—we regret to have even to mention its name—and their lawyer applied it for proof. The unscrupulous baseness shown in the editor's reply is in keeping with the matter of his organ:

"The alleged oath which your clients in Philadelphia were arrested for distributing was circulated in practically every State during the late campaign, and the demand upon us for this document was something great, and we had received copies of them from so many sources we simply printed and handled them as we would any other job of printing to supply the demand, and while we have no apologies to make for so doing, we do not have any evidence that the oath is one which is taken by the members of the Knights of Columbus. We feel sure it would be folly for you to base your defence on the authenticity of this document." To complete this picture of unblinking baseness, the writer coolly admits that he has never seen the Knights of Columbus ritual, "and a statement in a recent issue of the Menace, which led you to believe we had it in our possession, while somewhat of a bluff on our part, was based on the fact that we know where it can be had." The Judge in suspending sentence against the libelers, at Mr. Flaherty's request, paid a suitable compliment to the Supreme Knight and his Church and Order, and the case was over. It was established in public court that the Knights of Columbus take no oath of any kind, but make an affirmation of loyalty to their Church and to their country, which does them credit as Catholics and citizens; but the confessed liar, the distributor through all the States of the Union of a million weekly slanders on sixteen million citizens got off scot free, and the next day his foul sheet was selling on the streets of Philadelphia.

In a masterly analysis of the causes of bigotry and its widespread campaign of calumny—which he attributed mainly to jealousy of our growth, indecency's hatred of decency and decent living, the debauching of public morals by a licentious press, and the consequent commercializing of slanderous obscenity—Archbishop Glennon recently deplored the fact that the laws, while prohibiting libel against an individual, permitted the vilification of the many, the distant and the dead, of a whole State and Church and people, and thus render the vindication of our dearest rights

impossible by legal process. There are many jurists who hold that the law is quite capable of stopping the transmission through the mails of this deluge of foulness and slander if only its guardians were resolute to enforce it; and much can be done to stimulate their resoluteness. Meanwhile we can give calumny the answer which Archbishop Glennon rightly deems the best in the long run: "It is, that every Catholic shall so live, so speak and act that no just criticism can be pronounced against him. Every Catholic can so inform himself that he can make an intelligent defence of his faith; he can answer lies by telling truth, and show in his life to all the world that the standard of faith and morals that he follows is as high as Calvary and as sacred as the Christ Who was there crucified," and he can solace and strengthen himself with the thought that "the very persecution we suffer is, in the words of the Master, a proof of the divine origin of our Faith."—America.

ANOTHER CONVERT FROM THE ANGLICAN MINISTRY

The Rev. Leonard Allan Corsbie, formerly Anglican curate of St. Andrews, Plaistow, and lately of St. Lawrence's, Northampton, England has been received into the Catholic Church, and intends to study for the priesthood. In a letter he states that the reasons which led him to submit to the Apostolic See are similar to those which influence many others to do the same, viz., the want of authority in the Anglican Church, and the realization that authority in matters of faith and morals lies in the See of Peter. He adds that the little faith which he had in the "continuity" myth was finally shattered by reading Dr. Gairdner's "Lollardy and the Reformation," the author, although an Anglican himself, showing clearly that Lord Chancellor Thomas More and Cardinal John Fisher laid down their lives for the sake of vital principle, viz., the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope, for which they saw the Royal Supremacy was being substituted. They, unlike the majority at that time, were able to see the far-reaching consequences that the change involved. Mr. Corsbie, whilst unsettled, consulted Dr. Langford James of "Catholic League" fame, and afterwards stayed at Caldey before the monks there had made up their minds to become Catholics. He plunged into parish work again, but the submission of the Caldey community brought him face to face again with the old doubts, and he decided to leave Anglicanism forever.

THE BIRTH-RATE IN IRELAND

One of the readiest and truest tests of a country's progress, material as well as moral, is the birth-rate. Mr. Roosevelt said truly to the doctors of the Sorbonne that "the chief blessing for any nation is that it shall leave its seed to inherit the land. It was the crown of glory made up of their minds to become Catholics. He plunged into parish work again, but the submission of the Caldey community brought him face to face again with the old doubts, and he decided to leave Anglicanism forever.

Fidelity to this fundamental virtue has contributed more than any other natural cause to the continued and exceptional increase of the Catholic population wherever its people are Catholic in practice as well as in name. The fact that, as a whole, Catholics preserve that virtue and Protestants do not explain the phenomenal growth of the one and the decadence of the other in New England. One can appraise the vitality or decline of faith in the various provinces of France by comparing their birth-rates. But the birth-rate is not always an infallible test. If for compelling or sufficient reasons a considerable portion of the population abstains from marriage, it may happen that those who do marry have large families, and yet that the general average is low.

Ireland is one of the countries where Catholicity is vigorous and the fecundity of the race is proverbial; yet the statistics make her birth-rate one of the lowest among the nations, and only a few points ahead of France. Father Thurston, S. J., explains the puzzle in the London Tablet. Partly because of emigration, which carries away the young and vigorous, leaving behind an undue proportion of the aged, and partly because of the poverty and lack of means that have been widely prevalent, there is a greater proportion of unmarried adults in Ireland than elsewhere in Europe, while at the same time the birth-rate among those who marry is the highest in the world. The crude birth-rate, that is, taken in relation to the whole population, married and unmarried, was 22.7 per 1,000

in 1901, but calculated in regard only to those who are married, it rises to 36.1; and though the number of marriages had decreased in the decade, the proportion of births to a marriage had increased, while the corrected birth-rate of every other country had fallen in the interval. This is particularly honorable to Ireland, owing to the fact that the same causes which make marriages infrequent necessitate the postponement of many until late in life.

Father Thurston is considering the census of 1901, but the latest shows that the Irish birth-rate has advanced statistically and otherwise. Improved conditions have enlarged the number of those who have sufficient competence to marry, and there is good reason to believe that with the industrial revival that self-government will foster its young men and women will live and marry and prosper in their own country. It is one of the strongest indictments against misgovernment that conditions could have been such that in 1901 over 32 per cent. of marriageable women were single; and it is the highest testimonial of Ireland's purity that its rate of illegitimacy remained, nevertheless, the lowest of all nations. We may, therefore, hope that when normal conditions are restored it will receive the Biblical blessing in its fulness, and its seed shall plentifully inherit the land.—America.

CONVERSION

We learn with pleasure that on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, Jan. 25, Miss Caroline Davenport Swan, the poet, was received into the Catholic Church. The ceremony took place at the Cenacle, New York City, where Miss Swan was confirmed by Bishop Northrop of Charleston, S. C., the Rev. Phillip A. Best, O. C. C., of St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J. acting as sponsor. In a personal letter to us, Father Best expresses his happiness at the conversion of this gifted woman, whom he has known and respected for many years. Miss Swan celebrated her seventieth birthday only a little while ago. For years, the tone of Miss Swan's verse, and the fact that she chose to contribute so largely to Catholic papers and magazines, suggested that she could not always remain out of the Church whose spirit she expressed so admirably in her writings. Her conversion Father Best ascribes to the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God whose Rosary Miss Swan devoutly recited in her non-Catholic days.—Sacred Heart Review.

IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY

We hear occasional expressions of surprise because of the present wave of anti-Catholic poison that overspreads the country. But it is not at all surprising. It is merely a repetition of history. Many of the present propagators of religious rancor point with pride to the Puritans as their ancestors. If they are descendants of these early settlers their hate is hereditary, and possibly they are not so much to blame after all.

The history of the Mayflower contingent is intensely interesting. It demonstrates how tremendously illiberal these people were. They came to this country "to escape persecution," and when they reached our shores established laws as unfavorable to religious liberty as possibly could have been conceived.

Their "Platform of Church Discipline" was the absolute limit of hidebound intolerance. According to Article IX of that document, "when an offender is cast out of the church, the faithful are to refrain from all civil and spiritual communion with him."

Then the "Laws and ordinances" adopted by them were most intolerant. A Catholic priest would not be permitted to live in the colony, and the law said "Whoever can't clear himself from suspicion is to be banished, not to return on pain of death, unless by shipwreck, or in company with any unbusiness, with whom they are to return."

After this, to be banished under pain of death."

The Puritans of to-day are the Guardians of Liberty. Though using liberty as a cloak, these self-constituted defenders have not the faintest conception of the meaning of the word. They are endeavoring to deprive what the men of the Mayflower did when they first established their colony into New England. They would banish every priest; they would proscribe every sisterhood; they would make it a capital crime for any man to acknowledge that he is a Catholic.

But thank God, we have progressed since the Puritans took their abode in the vicinity of Plymouth Rock. New England is not now what it was then. Now the priest is welcomed everywhere, and in every town and city the Catholic Church is solidly established. The Puritans of the present may save to their hearts' content, but they cannot stop the wonderful growth of Catholicity. They are simply kicking against the bricks.—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

AID THAT IS NOT WANTED

Writing in the Churchman, the Rev. Ernest M. Stires referred to "the millions of foreign-born, who largely make this city." He asked how the hundreds of thousands who land each year are to be received and he conjectured that the great leaders of the "Roman Communion" will bewail their inability to deal adequately with such a gigantic task. "They will feel that they should have the aid of all people in their effort to care for these multitudes; and in this they would speak reasonably," Dr. Stires asserts. He concedes:

"There are hundreds of thousands of these people who, because of their previous training, would develop better in the Church of Rome than in any other Christian body. All should agree upon this, all should help to accomplish it. But Rome must help too; must help and not hinder."

Rome, we suppose, is hindering when she vigorously protests against such discreditable tactics as some of our Anglican brethren employ to delude ignorant, bewildered strangers into membership in a Protestant Church. For the rest, it is very regrettable that a man, calling himself a minister of Christ, should descend to such subterfuge as pretending to help the Catholic Church to care for her own children, while all the time the purpose in view is to rob the poor strangers of their one possession—the gift of the true faith.

Dr. Van Allen was more frank when he said that adopting the name "American Catholic Church" would give them "the best weapon with which to attack foreign Catholics."—Sacred Heart Review.

A FRENCH CONVERSION

The following are the musings and memories of a fallen off French Catholic, a man of letters, recalling his return to the Church:

"I arose and that morning—it was Sunday—I went to worship during Mass at the Cathedral of Bordeaux. In the depth of my soul a sense of joy began to make itself felt, and I asked myself if it could be possible to experience such joy. For the first time, pagan that I was—I felt—how shall I express it?—the movement that God causes in the depths of souls that seem so far away from Him. For the first time I recognized Thee, O God! as my Father.

"But the gleam of grace that had penetrated into the narrow fissure of that block of clay that I was, had not yet completed its work. Scruples of the most terrible kind assailed me, and I asked myself, in doubt, if confession and Communion were possible for me. Then reason came to my aid, and I argued that God could not turn from a soul that sought to reach Him, and in spite of the thorns and serpents that I felt under my feet, I made up my mind to go as a pilgrim to Christ to ask him to accept the sufferings that perhaps some spiritual guides in their ignorance might prevent me from offering.

"I see now the petty little room where Father Michel heard my confession and gave me Holy Communion. It was July 7, 1905. Claudel was there and he served the Mass. His countenance seemed transfused as he stood near the sacred chalice. I recall the melancholy of that moment, and my memory still clings to the pleasant picture of the vineyard and its caretaker, and how sweet was the odor of the vine.

"You, Paul, my spiritual father who went off to China in those days of the blistering heats of the Fete-Dieu, know that I have persevered; you know that I have continued to be strong; you know that when many of my faint-hearted friends doubted of my fidelity, I wrote my 'Christian Georgics'; you know that the Lord of Cana has blessed me; you know that I have fixed my tent, and that one of my children is your god son held by you in God's shadows over the baptismal font. There he was called Paul, after you, Paul Claudel."

CATHOLIC NOTES

After a week's "Whirlwind Campaign" the Sisters at the Cleveland Charity Hospital received \$297,000—\$47,000 more than the mark set.

Conversions—returns to the Mother Church—are more numerous, by far, in England than in the United States. England is fast returning to her first and only true faith.

The Association of Physicians of Upper Bavaria has requested the Government to investigate the cures alleged to have taken place in Lourdes in connection with the pilgrimages made there.

Baptist ministers of Manhattan, Brooklyn and New Jersey voted a few days ago to urge all Protestant churches to copy the Catholic plan of seeing that school children get religious instruction.

A great shrine of ancient Ireland is that of Clonmacnoise, founded by St. Ciaran. Its ruins stand on the banks of Shannon, ten miles from Athlone. St. Ciaran was born about the year 512.

The Austro-Hungarian Government is issuing a postage stamp on which the design is Pope Pius X. crowning the Emperor Francis Joseph. It is the first time that the image of a Pope has appeared on a postage stamp.

Mrs. Alexander R. Lewis of Metuchen, N. J., the only living sister of the well-known novelist, Frank H. Spearman, who is also a convert to the Catholic faith, was received into the Church recently making the third conversion out of the five children of Simon Spearman of Smyrna, Del.

With about two million of so-called Protestants, Berlin has in its 68 churches sitting room for only 68,000 worshippers. An exchange says "religious belief is apparently vanishing among the non-Catholic people of Germany." This is true. Berlin as far back as forty years was the most non-religious capital in Europe.

In Spain, the solemn entry of a Bishop into his diocese is still observed with ancient ceremonial. It is a triumphal entry. The authorities of the city, mounted on horses, meet him, escort him through the principal streets, and then a grand procession is formed which conducts him in full pontificals to his Cathedral.

Lady Galway, the wife of South Australia's new Governor, is a Catholic, being a daughter of Sir Roland Blennerhasset, formerly Commissioner of Education in Ireland and M. P. for Galway and Kerry. Her grandfather was a convert to the Church and a friend of Newman. Her mother, Lady Charlotte Blennerhasset, is the only daughter of Count de Leyden of Bavaria. She has gained distinction as a writer and linguist.

The Rev. Leonard Allan Corsbie, formerly curate of St. Andrew's, Plaistow, and lately of St. Lawrence's, Northampton, has been received into the Catholic Church, and intends to study for the priesthood. In a letter he states that the reasons which led him to submit to the Apostolic See are similar to those which influenced many others to do the same, viz., the lack of authority in the Anglican Church, and its perfection in the Church of Rome.

Undaunted by the implacable opposition of the Anglican bishops to the invocation of Our Lady the bolder spirits of the Romeward movement within the Anglican Church have founded a special society and publication devoted to St. Joseph whose glories are set forth by the founder, the Rev. A. H. Baverstock, vicar of Hinton Martel. He writes of the Foster-Father of Our Lord as being the patron of the dying, of workingmen, priests and of the Catholic Church.

Miss Katherine M. Nicholl, long associated with the Sacred Heart convent school in Buenos Aires in Argentina, died early this month. Miss Nicholl, who belonged to a well-known Merthyr Mawr family, was the youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Nicholl, who was the Parliamentary representative for Cardiff for a period of twenty years. General Rice Nicholl, of the Manor House, St. Hilary, Cowbridge, near Cardiff, was a brother of the deceased. Miss Nicholl, who was eighty years of age, was converted from Anglicanism fifty years ago and since that time has been associated with the Sacred Heart convent.

The Right Rev. Dr. William Turner, Bishop of Galloway, died a few days ago, in his seventieth year. Born at Aberdeen in 1844, the deceased prelate was educated at the Gregorian University, and was ordained in Rome in 1868, and twenty-five years later was consecrated at Dumfries by Archbishop Angus MacDonald. The See of Galloway, founded in 397 by St. Ninian, was extinct from 808 to 1189, and vacant from 1558 to 1878. The modern diocese comprises the whole of the ancient one, together with large portions of the old Glasgow Diocese. The late Dr. Turner resided at Dumfries, where he had his Pro-Cathedral church, St. Benedict's.