

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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Hymn to Our Lady of Good Counsel.

April 26.
O Virgin Mother, lady of Good Counsel,
Sweetest picture artist ever drew,
In my doubts I fly to thee for guidance:
Mother, tell me, what art thou to do?
By thy face to Jesus' face inclining,
Sheltered safe beneath thy mantle blue,
By His little arms around thee twining,
Mother, tell me, what art thou to do?
Life, alas! is often dark and dreary:
Cheating shadows hide thee from my view,
When my soul is most perplexed and weary,
Mother, tell me, what art thou to do?
Plead my cause for what can I refuse thee?
Give me back His saving grace anew:
Oh! I know not dost what I to lose me:
Mother, tell me, what art thou to do?
Be of all my friends the best and dearest,
Of my counsellors clearest and truest:
Let thy voice sound always first and clearest:
Mother, tell me, what art thou to do?
In thy guidance tranquilly reposing,
Now I face my toils and cares anew:
All thro' life and at its awful closing,
Mother, tell me, what art thou to do?

FOLLOWED THE LIGHT.

An Anglican Sister's Conversion to Catholicity.

Reading very recently of the conversion to Catholicism of a distinguished Anglican clergyman formerly of Philadelphia, has set me to thinking of a very eloquent letter which I have had in my possession for nine years, the impulse to give which to the world is due to strong within me to be resisted. A few years earlier than the year in which the letter is dated there came to Boston the Cowley English Fathers, as they called themselves, who settled at the West End, and took charge of the first Episcopalian High Church in Boston. Their long capes, worn over their cassocks; their peculiar, low-crowned, black felt hats excited for the first few years a good deal of attention.

These men went quietly about doing good among the fashionable and the less exclusive people at the West End. Soon there was opened a hospital in Louisburg Square by Episcopalian Sisters of English birth, and these were eventually joined by recruits from several well known, exclusive Boston families. The hospital was known then as St. Margaret's, and as such it is known to-day. I recall vividly a visit to that church one Sunday evening when I sat directly behind a very attractive young woman, the daughter of a well known philanthropist, and staunch supporter of that Church, who two years later became a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and one year later still, entered the Sisterhood of the Sacred Heart, to the wonder of fashionable society in Boston. I recall another brief visit that I made to that church upon a weak morning in company with a Ritualistic friend who enjoyed a close friendship with the estimable clergyman who presided there. I had known for a long time before that confessions were heard in that church, that the clergyman believed in the celibacy of the priesthood, that they believed in the Real Presence in their tabernacles; yet I still recall my astonishment upon entering the church to behold one of the Fathers vested, and celebrating what they termed Mass, in English, whilst a score of devout persons assisted reverentially at the service. I waited at the back of the church for my friend, who had disappeared into the sacristy.

At the close of the service there entered a small bridal party. They—six in number—stood close by me, and I heard the little running fire of harmless talk which they shook out of the folds of the stately, handsome, blonde bride's rich silver and grey travelling costume. Then this remarkably handsome pair went swiftly up the aisle, and I saw them married. How often I have wondered who they were and if they finally, as did several of those English and American Sisters kneeling there, saw through the glass less dimly and were received into the Mother Church, unable to content themselves with a "fragmentary form of religion," as a great English Cardinal expressed it.

Not very long after this pretty scene a great commotion was caused in that small community of Sisters by the departure for Rome, body and spirit, of three of its members. One was a niece of a brilliant literary woman whose name so often was seen in the *North American Review*, now and then signed to an article whose allusions to Catholic institutions were, to say it mildly, not flattering. Another was a relative of an ex-Mayor of Boston, now deceased. The third, and oldest, was a sweet-souled English Sister who had been since its opening the head and front of St. Margaret's, whose departure, after an honest avowal of her "doubts," shook the small community to its foundation and greatly disturbed the good Fathers. I believe that the distinguished Anglican convert earlier mentioned was almost at that time right there at the Bowdoin street house with the other three English Fathers. The decision of this brave English woman, therefore, doubtless went far toward influencing that clergyman to clear up his own doubts.

And now I am going to subjoin a verbatim copy of her letter from England, written two years after her departure from Boston and St. Margaret's had caused so many who loved her to

grieve and wonder. The friend to whom it is addressed has stood for all these years upon the very threshold of the Church. Yet still she hesitates. "How long?" I sigh every morning at Mass, for her soul is very dear to me. Cardinal Manning, in that dear book entitled "The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost," speaks so pleadingly, so beautifully of those dear souls who stand afar off and hesitate, hungry, yet still held back by pride, human respect or small doubts which might so quickly be cleared away in the strong light of a childlike faith and generous surrender. Ah! the number of hungering souls who temporize with their Creator!

But here is the letter, more eloquent than any words from one who has always had the faith:

"A. M. D. G.
"St. Mary's convent,
"Rockhampton, S. W., Surrey, Eng.,
"Feb. 8, 1888.

"My very dear —: I was very pleased to hear from you, for my friends forwarded the letter to me, though the number was wrong. I am glad, too, to answer it and tell you of my present life, but, indeed, you need not keep anything I write as private, for all Boston is welcome to it. I had no false idea of honor in not writing to you and those I loved in the past, and shall always love, I trust, in the future. My not writing was owing to the fact that I had heard nothing from you in a long time before I left Boston for England. Then came my voyage and my reception three months later into the Church, and since that I have written very little except what was strictly necessary, and I have waited for you to write to me, always ready to answer. I know you want to know a little of myself, and my whereabouts, concerning which, I assure you, I have made no mystery.

"Well, dear —, when first the light of faith in the Roman Catholic Church and doubts as to my position in the Anglican-Scottish-American Protestant-Episcopalian began to grow (which was eighteen months before I left Boston), I treated them as I had other people's, not as an inspiration, but as a temptation. I was quite honest in telling them to those whom you know, Fathers —, and —, and they all treated them as temptations. I offered to tell the Superiors, but was told that I need not as it was not sufficiently serious. I left them free to tell, however, and told them at East Grinstead, and indeed told Mother — before I ever left. I myself asked to go there for rest, that I might give my own country and my own friends a last chance to re-settle me. But nothing could do it, for our Lord once speaks and gives light to follow. I suppose an honest heart will up and follow at all costs over thorns and stones, and no advisors or superiors or novice mistresses can keep them back. In my case I had, as you know, everything to lose and, apparently, nothing to gain. At East Grinstead every one was as dear to me as ever, and the poor Mother there needed me for writing and many things, so it was hard to break away; but after listening to all that could be said, and spending two months with my own sisters, where I was away from all influence, I went to a Roman Catholic priest for instruction and preparation, and I count it the best deed of my life.

"I had never spoken to a priest in my life, nor written to one, nor to a Catholic even, till then; so I cannot but feel that it was the True Light, Himself, Who guided me where I am. I am glad, too, that I knew of —'s doubts, though only three weeks before she left, and I advised her to leave and seek instruction, for I could not then have risked keeping any one back who was ever in doubt. She was unexpectedly sent home for a few days, and she took that opportunity to see a priest. She only returned to tell of her deed and fetch her things, but her visit to the priest had been heard and she was sent off at once that night. She is now a novice at the Sacred Heart Convent, near Albany. Myself, I have been through a year's novitiate here, and I have now six months' preparation before the summer, when I hope to be allowed to make my vows. And, oh, dear —, if I could only tell all the dear ones I have left of the difference in the true life that is and the unattainable kind of one which we were always trying for, imitating what we knew of and liked, and altering what we disliked, leaving out, of necessity, all of which we knew nothing. You know what the struggle was, and how we read of things, and almost thought they were dressed up to sound so good and possible. And now to find them all true and that grace is abundant—not hard to come by—and that one's life and the sacraments are alike everywhere, independent of a personal minister or superior, not changing with their individuality.

"The institute I have entered is one of the lowliest of its kind, yet it seemed to me to be the one that reached my ideal—the Nazareth life—of works and prayers and hiddenness. It is called the 'Institute of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God and the Poor.' When you write tell me of yourself and your life, and I shall be glad indeed to hear that the tempta-

tion has returned. If it does, look into it and pray before you reject it. If you ever see Sister — or any of them, give them my love and tell them I pray for them always.

Your affectionate sister in Jesus Christ,
Sister Mary C."

THE EXPANSION OF THE INNER LIFE OF CHRISTIANITY.

The fifth sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Shaugh of the Catholic University of America, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, last Sunday was on "The Expansion of the Inner Life of Christianity." There can be no reasonable doubt that Jesus Christ intended to found a society among men that should grow, by soliciting the adhesion of all mankind, or that He intended to endow it with all the powers of organic social life. The similes of the ship, the house, the body, the city on the mountain top, alone, persuade us that He meant the society to be capable of expansion. That this expansion was to be after all an increase in each soul of the spiritual life is proved by many sayings of Jesus Himself, but especially by His interpretation of the mission of the Holy Spirit. Nor did the first disciples understand it otherwise, as the words of St. Paul (Coloss. ii, 5-9; Ephesians iv, 12-16) conclusively show and the correspondence of the latter's disciple, St. Ignatius of Antioch confirms the same.

It was only that the transforming spirit of the new religion should first show itself in the family, the nucleus of all social life. The Epistles of St. Paul, the Shepherd of Hermas, the little book of Tertullian in his wife give us admirable historical sketches of the purity and innocence of primitive Christian domestic life. One high ideal, the person of Jesus, and one common hope, were impressed on each soul. Their mutual conversation was on the highest plane attainable to man, where self sacrifice is the law of life, and where the hate or the scorn of inferior ignorance binds still more closely the divine lines of natural affection and sympathy.

The heart of the typical primitive Christian was life a coal of fire, and it radiated in all directions a hitherto unheard-of energy and ingenuity of love. While the little communities did not pretend to heal the economic ills of the State, they taught the same how they must one day be cured. The poor, the widows and the orphans were looked on as brethren of Christ, and privileged brethren of the society. After every weekly meeting a collection was taken up for their benefit, and the wealthy members were urged to consume their surplus in the relief of distress. The horrid prisons of antiquity, the sad state of the captives, and the emancipation of slaves, attracted their attention from the beginning. Indeed, there was scarcely any form of human misery that the Christian society had not learned how to assuage before its victory under Constantine. Even the unfortunate insane for whom the ancient State had no bowels of mercy were gathered together and housed near the Christian churches under the care of deacons and wardens and employed in various ways suitable to their diseased condition. So perfect became the Christian system of caring for all human ills that when the great pestilences of the third century fell upon Carthage and Alexandria, the Christians alone were equal to the task of providing for the sick, burying the dead, and holding together the social organism of their persecutors. Such unselfish sacrifices raised them in the general esteem of all higher minds, though their condemnation of frivolous and shameful amusements, the vanity of dress, and the parade of luxury, continued to make them hated by the multitudes.

Continual reflection on the teachings of Jesus led many at an early date to follow the counsels of virginity and poverty. To be like Jesus and His disciples, and to be free from the entangling cares and the growing vexatiousness of the social life, seemed a blessed thing, and there can be no doubt that the gospel counsels were followed by a multitude of Christians who were moved and guided by such men as Clement of Rome, and by the beautiful homilies on virginity attributed to him. The later long persecutions drove many to mountains or desert places, especially in Egypt, where we find the Christian hermits established before the ends of the third century, the historical precursors of the monastic system which was so far from being ungenial to Christianity that it took root at the first opportunity.

In time, the apostolic institutions and the provisions made by the successors of the apostles took shape in a logical public discipline of life, for the society was endowed with a certain coercive power that lay in germ in the direction of Jesus as to the treatment of those unruly members who refused to hear or obey the Church. It has been well said that the Christian authorities were "not merely teachers of morality, or ministers in sacred things, but also Jurists administering a code." Excommunication, or the cutting off from the mystic body of Christ was

at once the dread penalty of insubordination and the sure means of restoring peace and health and concord to the disturbed members of the society. Yet it was not a hopeless exclusion, for the dead member might revive by penance, i. e., by long fasting and prayer, by public confession of his sins, and a solemn reconciliation at the hands of the Bishop and his priests. Thus there grew up within the society a law or code known as the canons or the ordinances or the teaching of the apostles and rightly so called, for its details were conceived in apostolic spirit, and imposed by apostolic authority in keeping with the traditions of the apostolic churches.

By virtue of the mystic union of the Church with Jesus Christ, the sublime spiritual expositions so eloquently described by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians, there is a constant communion of the life of grace or divine love with all the living members of the Body of Christ on earth. This was the recognized principle of the sacraments of the primitive Church, those divinely-appointed means of grace by which Christian life was "nourished and compacted growing into the increase of God." They affected the daily life of every Christian and his entire existence from the cradle to the grave. They drew within the circle of their influence every state, the married and the single, the cleric and the layman, the free and the enslaved. They exercised a direct action on every condition and rank in Christian society. In them, and especially in the Blessed Eucharist, is to be found the true secret of the unbroken progress, the manifold expansion of the spiritual life of the first Christian generations. Connected with them in the institution of public prayer, the official reading of the Old and New Testament, especially of the psalter and the gospels, which was one day to develop into the ecclesiastical hours or divine office and which was one of the many heirlooms that Christianity took over from Judaism.

With the growth of the society grew also the occasions of public meeting. To the Resurrection, Ascension and Pentecost, were added in a short time commemorations or anniversaries of the martyrs, feasts of the apostles, feasts of the Blessed Virgin. At the same time we find the Church year interspersed with fasts and vigils, special preparations for the great festivals. The ceremonies of the Church increased: baptism, marriage, burial and the liturgy are each provided with certain fixed rules that have never varied substantially since their first adoption. Even the fine arts undergo Christian influences. The Christian basilica is already in embryo, either in the palatial hall of the Christian noble or the little apsidal overground chapels of the Catacombs. Painting, especially in fresco, enters the service of the Church, and later on the art of sculpture. Even the human voice is learning that spiritual gravity which will one day fit it to be proper missionary for the great truths it so splendidly adorn. Above all, Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin are the subjects of the artists' efforts. More than any other figures they recur in the ancient Christian cemeteries, always in close relationship, and always in a manner that emphasizes the divinity of the one and the sublimated humanity of the other. We are to-day under the artistic spell of the heads of Christ and the groups of the Madonna and Child that are yet to be seen in the Catacombs, after the lapse of sixteen or seventeen centuries.

No one needs to maintain that these three centuries were absolutely free from human weakness. There were extremes of laxism and rigorism, sad examples of human ambition, intrigue, jealousy and envy. Human passion struggled with divine grace in face of the block and the stake. The noblest characters are occasionally stained by human frailties. It was not another Church from that of to-day, but the same in all essentials, and depending on human agencies to deal with a humanity that remains to a great extent the same in nature and tendencies. Nevertheless, it affords the unique spectacle of a society pursued to death from within and without, moving calmly on its predestined way, calling forth all its innate strength in proper time and place, making headway against excess and stirring up the lathargic, conscious of all its own possibilities and keeping its present development ever in line with its past history. No society of men has ever presented the like spectacle, or has ever so justified the apt comparison of St. Paul who likened all Christian growth to the even organic development of the human body, in which is found a parallel growth of all the elements, with consciousness of self identity and of future greatness.

The *Ann Maria*, of Notre Dame, Indiana, has begun the publication of *Aurelie Vere's* autobiography. Mr. de Vere is, beyond question, the greatest of living poets. His conversion to Catholicism, the popularity of his work, and his close friendship with the moral and intellectual leaders of the last half century, ought to make the story of his life especially interesting to all English-speaking Catholics.

MONASTERY OF ST. BENEDICT DE URBE.

From our own Correspondent.

Rome, April 3, 1897.

For the last two years a community of English ladies who recently welcomed their first recruit from the United States, has been taking monastic shape under the direction of Lady Abbess Pynsent. On Sunday, the 21st of March, the feast of St. Benedict, the house was solemnly inaugurated as the Monastery of St. Benedict de Urbe. The sanction of the Holy Father to its canonical erection as a Benedictine monastery under this title was given on the 15th in the audience of Cardinal Vanutelli, Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. On Thursday the ecclesiastical deputy of the Monastery, Mgr. Campbell, in audience thanked His Holiness in the name of the Abbess and community, and was charged to convey to them the consoling message that the Holy Father had watched their formation with interest from the beginning, approved their scope and given them this mark of his favor because he thought their foundation was destined to produce important fruit, being the first new blossom called forth by the recently revived vigor of the old and venerable Benedictine Tree. The constitution embrace the Benedictine rule in full perfection, combining the contemplative and active life in so admirable a manner that they blend into one, like the life of Our Lord Himself. The official enclosure of St. Benedict predicts a happy return to the most flourishing times of the Order, gives ample scope to the broad, large spirit of the Holy Rule, which so fully provides for the carrying out of all good works. Those performed at the newly inaugurated Monastery are manifold, and their number will increase with the growth of the community.

Foremost, of course, stands the singing and recitation of the Divine Office, the "Work of God," which is carried on both night and day, for the community keep the canonical hours in full rigor. Study, literary works, writing and translating of books, educational work for young Catholic girls in danger of falling a prey to the ever increasing efforts of English-speaking Protestants to make presbytery in the Eternal City, form the occupation of a great part of the day, whilst artistic embroidery of vestments and other skillful manual work is not neglected, nor indeed are the poor forgotten: at an average six hundred people a month come to seek relief from the Monastery kitchen.

The solemn inauguration was not the only important feature which marked that memorable Sunday; eight novices made their Profession, and six Postulants were presented to the Holy Father himself. The Holy Father himself said Mass for them and thus entered in spirit into their joy, sending his blessing with the assurance of his prayers for the increase and prosperity of the House and expressing his expectation of great things from the Community. The rings of those to be professed had been previously blessed and touched by him. Masses were also being said at Monte Cassino, Subiaco, and all principal sanctuaries of the Order, and wherever the same possesses the treasure of an incorrupt body of one of its saints, whilst at St. Benedict's itself the Masses went on without interruption, by special permission, from 6 a. m. till 12:30. The Cardinal Vicar of Rome, Lucide Mario Parrochi, from the beginning a true father to the new foundation, wished to perform both ceremonies himself and preferred to have the clothing on the same morning before the Mass of the Profession:

The Oratory, in itself a little gem of beauty, its ground strewn with myrtle and exquisitely draped in cloth of gold and silver and countless snowy blossoms the effect of which was still enhanced by the bridal whiteness of the Postulants, presented a truly fitting and worthy aspect for the magnificent ceremony of the Profession, which was carried out in strict accordance with the Roman Pontifical, following the rite of the consecration of virgins with which all the Anglo-Saxon Nuns and so many of the greatest Saints of the Order were espoused, and which is so widely known through the exercises of St. Gertrude. No heart remained unmoved at the touching sight, and the clear young voices, as they sang their successive antiphons at each step and sign of their Profession, mingling with the distinct, solemn voice of the celebrant, will not easily be forgotten by any one present. The oratory, as well as the localities around and leading to it, were crowded. Present in the sanctuary, besides the assistants at the altar, who consisted, in the first place, of Mgr. Campbell and several members of the Sacra Congregazione, were Mgr. O'Callaghan, Archbishop of Nicolaia; Mgr. Thomas, Archbishop of Adrianopol, Abbot Fingi Procurator General of the Camerinese Congregation of the Primitive Observance. The English congregation was represented by Don Placid Turner, of St. Anselm's, Rome; the Order of St. Francis by Father Bayd, O. S. F.; the Redemptorists, by Father Magnier, C. S. S. R.; the English College by Mgr. Giles; the large number of ecclesiastics there

further assisted Abbot Paganelli and his monks, members of the Canadian College, and Father Walsh of the United States. Amongst the English visitors to Rome were present Lady Airlie, Lady Herbert of Lea, Lady Kennmare, the Ladies Beatrice and Katharine Thyme, but as all the most distinguished members of the British Colony were assembled, it is impossible to mention many names. Although the ceremony had already lasted four hours, the Cardinal could not abstain from addressing the new Spouses of Christ in words that will be ever remembered by them and by all who had the privilege to hear them. He exhorted them in burning language to be true to their sublime calling, to complement the activity of the highest kind with deep humility and promised them that if they faithfully followed out the Benedictine Rule and their own Constitutions, the fruits of their work for the Church in Bornea and their own noble country would be immeasurable. The ceremony closed by the Cardinal delivering up the now consecrated Virgins to the Lady Abbess, addressing to her the grand words of the Pontifical, as, with crozier in hand, she awaited her children at the enclosure door.

CARDINAL MORAN.

The *Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for March thus refers to His Eminence Patrick Francis, Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales, whose Silver Jubilee in the Episcopate fell on the 5th of the month. His Eminence having been on that day twenty-five years before the consecrated Confessor Bishop of Ossory (in Ireland) by his uncle, the late Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin.

His Eminence's vocation to the sacred ministry manifested itself at an early age, for he was only twelve years old when, in 1842, he entered the Irish College at Rome, and there he lived, almost without interruption, for the next twenty-four years. For some years he attended lectures at the famous Roman College, the chief educational establishment of the Society of Jesus, but during the Revolution of '48 the Jesuit houses had to be closed, and the Irish students thenceforth attended lectures at the Propaganda. Having finished his theological studies, during which he was selected to make two public "defensions" in theology before the assemblage of the Cardinals of the Congregation de Propaganda Fide, he was ordained priest in 1853. In 1856 he was appointed Vice-Rector of the Irish College, and Professor of Hebrew in the College of the Propaganda. During the years he spent in the Eternal City he devoted himself with such untiring energy to the study of Irish historical records in the Roman Archives that he published no less than twenty valuable works.

In 1866 he was recalled to Ireland, and became Private Secretary to Cardinal Cullen, holding at the same time the Chair of Hebrew and Scripture in the diocesan College of Holy Cross. In 1872, as already said, he received Episcopal consecration, and ruled the Diocese of Ossory for twelve years, when, in 1884, he was transferred to the Arch-episcopal See of Sydney, N. S. W. Perhaps in the history of Australia no more magnificent and enthusiastic reception was ever witnessed on these shores than that accorded to Archbishop Moran on his arrival in Sydney harbor on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity (8th September, 1884). Over one hundred thousand persons took part in the demonstration, including delegates from all the dioceses of New South Wales.

In the following year His Grace was summoned to Rome, and received the Cardinal's Hat at the hands of Leo XIII. It may be said that Australia, and especially New South Wales, felt honored by this distinction, and on his return to his adopted country Australia's first Cardinal was overwhelmed with congratulations.

In November, 1885, he presided, as Apostolic Delegate, over the first Plenary Council of Australia, held at St. Mary's, Sydney, and in November, 1895, he directed the deliberations of the second Plenary Council at Manly. Through his exertions St. Patrick's Ecclesiastical Seminary, one of the noblest piles overlooking Sydney harbor, was erected, and his energy in pushing on the building of St. Mary's cathedral has never flagged.

The *Messenger* also gives an excellent photo-type portrait of His Eminence.

McKinley's Granduncle Hanged.

Outside Coleraine a Presbyterian farmer named McKinley was hanged for high treason, and it is a notable fact that one hundred years to the day after the first declaration of war against Ulster by the officials of the Castle (March 4, 1797, letter of Pelham to General Lake), the grand nephew of the Northern rebel entered upon his duties as Washington's successor in the Presidential chair of the United States of America.—Dublin Freeman's Journal.

The Pharisee's righteousness consisted in the "not doing evil"; Christ superadded that we must "do good."—St. Clement.