# 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 Catholic Record.

**London, Saturday, April, 8, 1899.**

### *NOTES BY THE WAY.*

Why is it that some individuals have to all seeming a monopoly of everything that is conducive to right thinking and right living? They plume themselves on being models—signboards in fact of civilization—and try to live up to it by opposing and thwarting any scheme that may run counter to their peculiar ideas. They do it of course on principle, but the real reason is that the scheme in question is a reproach to their sloth and indifference. But above all they are prudent—prudent in utterance—prudent in action. They walk tip-toed, so fearful are they of disturbing their neighbors. They dispute not, neither do they clamor for any right. They sit themselves meekly down at the gates of prosperity and are content with and grateful for the scraps that are flung to them. And this self abasement and cringing and unmanly truckling is called prudence. Not long since we heard one of the prudent ones declaiming bitterly against a newspaper for its stand on the school question. He became eloquent in condemnation: he would stop his subscription because an editor should be a henchman to serve him the news and not information which he sadly needed. The Toronto sheet might caricature Catholicism and hold it up to ridicule with never a word of remonstrance from the prudent gentleman. When, however, that Catholic editor had his say as became a man, "in straightflung words," there was a howl in certain quarters as if the Bubonic plague had smitten the country. He was looked upon with suspicion; he was dubbed bumptious and an overrash young man, and was denied forthwith all association with the craven hearted folk who imagine that the path to be walked in by Catholics of this country is the one traced out by idiotic cowardice.

We do not believe that, and never will. Our separated brethren will respect a man who has opinions and who will not surrender them when held up by a social or political highwayman.

Let a Catholic be loyal to his faith and ceaseless in conflict when its rights are trenched upon. Don't pay any attention to the prudent individuals. Let them cackle and enjoy their feed. They have worked hard enough for it. They have been beaten time and again, and they but smiled so sweetly: they have been thrust aside, and blessed the hand that did it: they have doled out their selfhood for a "handful of barley," and for all practical purposes they are dead. "But to be a man," says Bishop Spalding, "is to be a fighter, a combatant in the world's wide battlefield, where the cohorts of ignorance and sin wage ceaseless warfare against the soul. No one is by nature great or good or wise, but whoever attains such heights reaches it by hard toil and long struggles with temptations and hindrances of many kinds."

To be a Catholic of the real sort is to stand up for his faith, to permit, so far as he is able, no calumny to dishonor it and no violation of her rights.

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Many of our readers will remember the words of Boyle O'Reilly, written the day before his death:

"Your letter makes me smile, Puritan you with your condemnation of the great, art loving, human, music-breathing, color-raising, spiritual, mystical, symbolical Catholic Church. A great generous loving heart will never find peace and comfort and field of labor except within her unstatistical, sunlike, benevolent motherhood. I, I am a Catholic just as I am a dweller on the planet, a lover of yellow sunlight and flowers in the grass and sound of birds. Man never knew anything so like God's work as the magnificent, sacrificial, devotional faith of the hoary but young Catholic Church. There is no other Church—they are all just waystations. Your M's and C's and B's are playing at belief and polishing the outward brass work of faith. Child—child, there are scales in your eyes and a crush in your sympathetic springs—the scales and crusts of inheritance."

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Cardinal Vaughan has once more condemned the detestable custom of telling the public the names of the singers before every great festival of the Church. This pronouncement will meet with the approval of every sensible Catholic. It is decidedly trying to one's equanimity to read in a newspaper, aside perhaps the sporting news, that Miss——, the gifted soprano, will render some composition of Gounod's. That may do for alien churches, where the device of the showman has to be resorted to to draw the multitude, but it should not be tolerated for a moment in a Catholic church, which has something better than vocal pyrotechnics to offer to the worshipper. It may please the vanity of the singer and the enterprising organist, but it is humiliating to the sound Catholic mind. The Church is God's house and should be kept free from the suspicion of the theatre.

We saw some time ago in goodly print that Miss —— was booked to sing the following Sunday at a certain church. It was quite an inducement, and the good people donned their very best apparel—because everybody would be there, you know!—to listen to the musical hysterics of the aforesaid soprano. The church was crowded, and every now and then when a passage was well rendered there would be a turning around towards the organ loft to catch a glimpse of the fair singer. And this in a church where lives our Divine Master! It was inexpressibly revolting to us, and we bethought ourselves of that scene that depicts Christ driving out with scourge those who profaned the temple.

The singer intends no profanation. She has simply the desire to appear, to be seen, to be noticed, to be talked of, that springs from a barbarous nature.

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Viewing the recent utterances of Anglicans and Methodists on the worthlessness of the Bible as a rule of faith, we wonder what message will be delivered by the missionaries to the benighted individuals who have been annexed by Uncle Sam. We remember that Judge Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States said that "even from Puritan New England there have gone more hogsheads of rum than missionaries, more gallons of whiskey than bibles. If anyone imagines this order of things will be changed when we come into control of the Philippines—that thereafter only missionaries and Bibles will pass thither from America—he sadly underrates the locomotive capacity of the devil."

But the Bible that has been ridiculed by prominent churchmen, and discarded by others, will be given to the native with the assurance that he has but to read it to find the way to eternal life. If the divine himself cannot do that the chances are against the native.

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### CHARITY AS IT WAS AND IS.

H. M. Beadle, one who has made a very close study of social problems from a Catholic point of view, makes a very striking comparison between the public charities as they were administered in old Catholic times through the monasteries, and the heartless aid that is given by the unsympathetic hand of the state official at the present day. Charity is not mere giving, but it is giving in the name of Christ, it is giving to the poor who represent Christ, it is sharing what belongs to the poor with them. The old Catholic principle taught that a man of wealth held his possessions as a steward, and that he was an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence for the dispensing of the goods of the world among the poor. We have gone very far away from the old Catholic ideas in the modern strife for the golden fleece, and much of the blame for the prevailing thirst for gold is due to the religious principle that makes this world the end of man's desires. Mr. Beadle, in the Catholic World Magazine for April, states that:

"The people of the middle ages founded monasteries that they might relieve the poor and teach religion at the same time. They believed they were thus providing a sure relief for the poor for all time. It was the rule, especially in England, to give one-third of the tithes to the relief of the poor. There were also foundations in almost every parish which yielded a revenue for the relief of the poor. Of Germany Martin Luther wrote: 'Our fathers and forefathers, kings, princes, nobles, and others, gave generously, lovingly, and overflowingly to churches, parishes, institutions, and hospitals,' and the great German historian, Janssen, supplements Luther's statement thus: 'The voluntary offerings for good works were so constant and abundant that there was never any need anywhere, in town or country, for government or public donations, for the levying of poor-rates or school-rates, or for house-to-house collections.' Every noble or wealthy family gave relief to the poor every day. The guilds supported their own poor and often gave relief to others. There were no poor houses or hospitals conducted by the State, but the poor and the sick were taken care of in both, though the far greater number of the indigent poor were cared for in their own homes or in the homes of others. The poor were not shut up from their neighbors and friends as has become necessary nowadays, because the people not seeing in them the image of their Saviour, turn them over to the care of the State. Often the alms for the poor were in excess of their needs, and the excess was appropriated to other pious uses. The Black Death destroyed one-third of the people of Europe, and Rev. Augustus Jessops, who has studied the conditions of the people of the middle ages for many years, seems to be of the opinion that this terrible plague, if it prevailed to a like extent in our day, would disintegrate society to a greater degree than it did five hundred years ago."

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### A PRIEST ADDRESSES MASONIC MOURNERS.

**Very Rev. Father Dedigan's Remarks at the Funeral of the Late Thomas McCully.**

Standard and Times

The novel spectacle of a Catholic priest officiating at funeral services held in a private residence and delivering a discourse of considerable length to the assembled relatives and friends of the deceased was witnessed on Thursday of last week at Bala, which is about fifteen minutes' ride from the Broad Street Station. The funeral was that of Thomas McCully, who died on March 27 in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and the residence in which the services were held was that of his son, Charles P. McCully. The deceased had been a non Catholic almost to the moment of his death, when he expressed a desire to die in the faith. He had been a member of the Masonic fraternity, and among those assembled to pay their last tribute of respect were a number with whom he had become intimate in the lodge. It was to these that the officiating priest, Very Rev. John J. Fedigan, Provincial of the Augustinians, addressed his remarks and to whom he bluntly, but without offense, stated the position of the Church with regard to secret societies. In the priest's remarks will also be found the explanation of the holding of the services in a private residence and not in the church. Interment was at St. Denis' Cemetery, Haverford, Pa.

Father Fedigan read the text:

"A good name is better than precious ointments, and the day of death than the day of one's birth." (Eccle, vii., 2)

He spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I cannot say 'dearly beloved brethren', as that might be a dubious expression on this occasion and it might reach the ears of our Most Rev. Archbishop, who might construe it to mean that I had become a Freemason. It is my duty to state, however, that it is owing to his kindness and that of the local pastor that I am here to say a few words to you and give Christian burial to our departed friend. The full solemn and beautiful ritual of the Catholic Church is reserved for those who during life proved themselves good practical Catholics, and, therefore, entitled to it. This is in very truth consonant with right reason and the practice of every society in regard to its members: the better member in life, the better for you in death.

"Mr. McCully was not a Catholic during his long life, except perhaps in heart, compelled thereto by the good example of his Catholic household, of which he was a constant eye witness, thus proving the true and trite saying that 'example is stronger than words.' I knew him years ago, and I was then pastor or spiritual director of his family, with which arrangement he in no way at any time ever interfered. He was content to be as he was and to leave them as they were—good practical Catholics. So much so that he sent his sons to our college of Villanova, where where they were confirmed in their faith and drank, as from the fountain source, the true and saving principles of Christianity. Such and so great was the piety of that family that God gave the greatest of His gifts—a religious vocation—to one of the daughters of that father, and she became one of the Sisters of Notre Dame. Why wonder, therefore, if the heartfelt prayers of mother and children brought the grace of conversion to the father upon his death bed. 'Wonderful beyond finding out are the ways of God.' The pleading of that mother before the throne of heaven and the religious spouse of Jesus Christ on earth brought about that glorious result, although it was at the last hour of his mortal existence in this 'valley of tears.'

"I should feel very much disappointed if it were otherwise, for I have been taught to believe that prayer is all powerful before the throne of God; that the prayer of man ascends and the grace of God descends in answer to it. He left, therefore, no record of Catholic practices behind him, but he did leave a good name, which is better than precious ointment, and as a man, a citizen, a neighbor, a brother in your society, a father in his family, he was without reproach. The day of his death was, in the words of my text, better than the day of his birth, for then stood by his death-bed the priest of the Prince of Peace who came on earth to call sinners to repentence and who said, 'Whosoever believeth in Me, even though he were dead, yet shall he live.' There and then, my friends, stood the minister of Jesus Christ pleading between the sinner offending and God offended, for mercy for the dying man. Ah! my friends, the good priest is a welcome guest at the bedside of the departing Christian. His power, then, is great beyond our understanding; it is that of the Saviour who said: 'As the Father sent Me I send you' to save poor sinners for whom Christ died that they might have life everlasting. Thank God, who has given so great power to man, His representative.

"His body is laid away to day in mother earth, from which it was formed, that in accordance with the Divine command dust to dust may be gathered, but on this very day Holy Church commemorates the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, wherein Christ gives Himself to us to be the spiritual food and life of our immortal souls, and so great is the joy of the faithful believers in this greatest gift of God to man that no regular funeral service can take place in any church, no matter how good and holy the deceased may have been.

"Just a word to you of the fraternity of which for many years he was a member. I imagine you asking me, 'What fault have you to find with us, are not we all good fellows?' Yes, you may be, but bad Christians, because you do not obey the representative of Christ, the supreme visible head of the Church of Christ on earth. 'But why should he condemn us?' Because he knows you better than you do yourselves. He knows you in your principles. That is just the difference between you and us. We have good principles, but do not always live up to them: you may be good fellows, but your principles are bad. You ask why? Well, I don't want to make you laugh at a funeral, but I tell you it is because one half of you know nothing about masonry and cannot lay two stones properly together; if you can, come up to Villanova and I will give you a job. You do not follow what you profess, or did in the beginning profess. If you doubt this, read your own historian, Mr. Gould, who in the third volume, speaking of the chapter of Claremont, tells us that on the feast of St. John—June and December—you should go to Mass. Why don't you do it? That a member behind in his dues or not regularly attending the lodge meetings shall give to the altar of the Virgin so many wax candles. Why don't you observe your statutes? You are different now from what you once were, and that is why the Church condemns you."

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### THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE BURGLAR.

At the home of Mrs. A. Westervelt, No. 7 West Fiftieth street, in New York, city, one afternoon two or three weeks ago, Archbishop Corrigan praised the prison work of Mrs. Foster, the "Tombs angel," and then told this story:

There came to the archepiscopal residence one day a man of middle age and athletic build. He was cleanly shaven, was comfortably clad and had the manners of a gentleman. His forehead was high and white and under it were gray eyes, keen, capable and set far apart. The nose was aquiline, the lips firm, the chin heavy and the jaw underhung. It was the face of a man who might have been a lawyer, a professional pugilist of the higher class, an actor of robust parts or a soldier. Whatever his trade or calling, aggressiveness was stamped all over him. One hand was neatly gloved, but the other showed crooked fingers and a calloused palm. Seeing this, the archbishop mentally appraised him as a superior workman and waited for what he had to say. The man took a seat without invitation, cleared his throat and began:

"This is your sitting room, bishop. Back of it is your bedroom. Back of that is the dining-room. Your carpets are soft carpets. The foot sinks into them almost ankle deep. They are a rich man's carpets. They are noiseless. I like them."

"Glad of that," said the bishop. "Doubtless you know about such things. You have the plan of these rooms accurately enough. Are you an upholsterer?

"I am what I am," responded the visitor slowly. "I am a product of these times and conditions. I am a manufactured product, but the industry which made me is not protected by tariff. I am a housebreaker."

The bishop started slightly from the depth of his easy chair and glanced swiftly at the call bell which stood near to his hand. Then he settled back, joined the tips of his slim, aristocratic fingers and said softly: Ah! "Do you find that it pays?"

"I haven't a cent," was the reply.

"I did not mean financially! I mean do you find yourself any the better for it? Are you happy in it? Do you get good out of life? If you had a son would you advise him to follow your calling? I take you to be a man of experience. Looking back over the years, are you glad or sorry that you learned to use a jimmy? Would you rather be a housebreaker than the driver of an express cart, for instance, or a gripman on a cable car?"

The man thought a little while. A wrinkle like a swordcut, marred his white forehead. "It has not paid," he said finally. "I do not get good out of life. Yes, I would rather drive the cart."

"Why don't you do it, then?"

"Where is the cart?"

The bishop stopped, puzzled. He was casting about for a reply. The man smiled grimly, "I can give you a note to the manager of an express company," said the prelate finally. "It would get you employment. I do not say that I will give it."

"You may spare yourself the trouble," the fellow answered. "I might drive the wagon a half a mile before a policeman's hand would fasten in my collar.

"I have done time at Sing Sing, bishop. You should understand that I am a professsonal criminal. My face is in every rogues' gallery in America, and in England too, for that matter. The law has a good memory."

"There are other employments?" the bishop suggested tentatively. "You are a strong man. This is a working world. A good pair of hands it one of the most valuable things in it. There should be room for you somewhere.

"There may be. Certainly it is not here, nor in any large city."

"Have you tried to obtain employment?"

A flush came to the man's sallow cheeks. "I have walked the streets of New York for forty eight hours without food in the struggle to be honest," he said. "I have eaten garbage that would have sickened a dog. I have slept upon a park bench when the snow was on the ground. I had my choice of possible pneumonia or the vermin of a police lodging-house, with an order next morning to leave the town. I have pleaded for odd jobs and been refused, with curses. I have lied a like coward to obtain work for these hands which are so strong and so useless in anything save crime. The rich man, on his way to his club, has dammed me from his pathway. The policeman on the corner has ordered me to move on. The plain clothes detective has leered into my face in the dusk turned and led me to the station to undergo the old round of questions, tell the old falsehoods and receive the old command to make myself scarce. I have had no encouragement, except from the 'fence' who disposes of stolen goods, and no home except the dive. Who, I ask you, in all this huge town, would believe tonight in the reformation of a man who had worn the striped clothes of the convict? You wouldn't hire me to polish your silver would you?"

"No," said the archbishop, promptly, though it irked him, "I wouldn't."

"There you are," and the man became apathetic again. "Yet you are a churchman. It is your mission to console. You teach the doctrine of the man who raised up the hariot and died between the thieves. In you, if in any man, I am to look for charity and condonation; where else shall I turn?"

"There are charitable organizations," said the archbishop gently, which "would have fed you."

"Not one," was the sturdy reply. "They are 'investigators,' those people. They do not believe in indiscriminate charity.' They look over and beyond the fact that a man has a tiger in his belly that is gnawing his vitals. They must be assured that he belongs to the 'worthy poor.' I have tried them, Bishop. I was 'investigated' and I got nothing to eat. I have been saved from starvation more than once by standing for three hours in the line of outcasts which stretches for two blocks from Fleishmann's bakery in lower Broadway and when I got my loaf of stale bread I tore it like a wolf."

The bishop shifted uneasily. "That seems hard," he said.

"Hard? It was so hard that I turned to the jimmy and the skeleton key as my only friends. What was the threat of the penitentiary to a man like me? I never went hungry in Sing Sing. I turned to the jimmy and the key. When the door swung wide to a rich man's house I was happy. Why should I perish while he slept in linen and silk?"

The archbishop is a churchman of many years. He is a man of the world. He has brain. He knew that talking religion to this man would be religion wasted. At the same time he deemed it necessary to assert his priestly calling. He had a feeling of outrage, though he could not have told why.

"Your sufferings have been severe," he said, "and no doubt you have persuaded yourself that you have been unjustly treated. The fact remains, however, that you were initially to blame. You began the war on society. Society has endeavored to protect itself. You have some education. One can see that. Since a boy you have been able to read the bible. You have read it. You have turned from the most human story, the most beautiful story in the world's history. It is the story of a man and a God in one, who suffered more in one day of His life than you have the capacity to suffer in a century. You would have found in His divine endurance and resignation the healing for your own hurts. You have chosen to be an Ishmael, and the hand of every man against you has proved too strong for your hand. I would not say to you even now that you have been fittingly punished. I would not deny that you have been overpunished. But I say that you have made your punishment a necessity. I am sorry for you and I would that I could lift you up. Every man has the seed of good in him if we can only find it and water it and watch it spring into sprouting and blossoming. It is in you."

The burglar had not blanched. His underhung jaw was hard set and his light gray eyes gleamed, but he had listened with perfect attention and courtesy.

"I deny all that," he said simply. "I deny it utterly. I was a boy of twenty-one when I was sent to prison for a crime that I did not commit. My worse offense was association with older men than I. I came out of jail a marked being. The hands of my kind were raised against me and they stoned me in the public places, not for a thing I had done, but for the place whence I had come. The law imprisoned me without reason. The law branded me. The law said to me: 'Thou shalt not earn a living!' Self-preservation is our first statute. I would not starve, and I stole."

"Christ," said the prelate softly, "would have fed you. He would have clothed you and made you strong. You did not turn to Him."

The bandit of the city rose. His powerful figure towered above the gray man in the chair. He looked down moodily. Then he said abruptly: "I was in your room last night. You were sleeping quietly. It was after mid-night. I did not know who you were. I am glad you did not awaken."

The archbishop asked steadily: "Were you armed!"

"Of course," was the response. "Men of my business do not go unarmed. They use weapons only as a last resort, but they are used. Murder is preferable to capture. If anyone bars our flight he is apt to get hurt."

The man of the church looked curiously at the man of the jimmy. "Well?" he asked.

"I found much jewelry," the other continued. "It would have made me comfortable for a long time. It would have been mine to-day, but for the fact that, lying on the little table which stands near to your bed, was your watch—a very handsome watch. I lifted it and admired it and then I saw that it bore your archiepiscopal seal and the insignia of your Church rank. I have never robbed a priest or a physician. I came away."

"I am obliged to you," said the Archbishop heartily. "I value that watch."

The burglar hesitated, and, for the first time, his steady eyes shifted to and fro uneasily. He cleared his throat busily and made two attempts to speak. At last he blurted out, talking so fast that his words ran together:

"I want a fresh start. I want to go west where I am not known. Will you lend me $500?"

Without an instant's hesitation the prelate rose from his chair, walked to an escretoire, unlocked it, counted out the required sum, handed it to his strange visitor and said:

"Go! God bless you! Be a man! I will pray for you earnestly. Let me hear from you if you are strong. If I do not hear I will know that you have fallen in the strife. I do not know that even then I will blame you. The fortune of battle is not to all of us."

The Archbishop's story was told, but the women about him wanted more details. "What happened?" they asked. "Did he write? We just know that he wrote."

"That was years ago," he said with a laugh that showed his happiness. "He did as he had promised, went far away and started a new life. Within a year I had received $100 from him. Each year thereafter he sent me a bill pinned to a slip of paper on which he had written only the words: 'Honestly earned,' and the original debt has long since been repaid. And I have my watch still," the Archbishop added as he patted his fob.—Chicago Chronicle.

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### "POPISH INNOVATIONS."

The Ritualist controversy being beyond the depth of the rank and file of the average congregation, we often wonder how the English laborer looks on the "Popish innovations." A story told by the Liverpool Daily Post has helped as well as amused us. A relic of old-time orthodoxy, who was first called parish clerk, then (as "Catholic feeling" progressed) sexton, then verger, and finally sacristan, was found sitting on an old gravestone and asked what he thought of the crisis in the Church of England. "Oh, nothin' much!" he said. "I used to be the parish clerk. Then the new pa'son ca'd me a sextant; then he went, and another came and ca'd me a virgin; and t' last un ca's me a sacrilege." The unwelcome inference is that the pew is not so strong as the pulpit in ritual.—Ave Maria.

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**Brave souls are not afraid to tell themselves the truth about themselves.**