

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1902

1227

The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, April 26, 1902.

U. S. INCONSISTENCY.

Some of our United States contemporaries are making a great deal of fuss over the proposed embassy to King Edward's coronation. If, however, they cannot give any better objection than that it will be a tribute to the monarchial principle, they had better leave off wasting good ink and paper. With the Sultan of Sulu in the pay of Uncle Sam, they should not be too squeamish about the granting of money, even if some of it has to be spent in knee-breeches and a braided coat.

PATRIOTISM AND SUPERSTITION.

There is a thriving trade done in buttons, etc., that are supposed to have come from South Africa. Some good people who look upon us as relic mongers are buying them as souvenirs of brave deeds and men. And we do not blame them. Possibly these things, of little intrinsic value, may inspire many a tale for the family sitting-room, and recall to those who will be making history when we are gone, the memory of Canadian heroism. But why do they look upon the matter in the same light when they hear of us treasuring the bones of our saints and of everything that belonged to them? Why should they collect soldiers' buttons, and be termed patriotic, and we superstitious when we collect souvenirs of saintly men and women?

A SAMPLE "ROMAN CORRESPONDENT."

There are different kinds of Roman correspondents in this country. For some time past they have been predicting that such and such a Cardinal will succeed Leo XIII.; and, with an ease bred of experience in partisan politics, have given us sundry details of wire-pulling at the Vatican. This is one kind, due largely to the New York dailies and an overheated imagination. The Free Press of this city has another. Instead of employing the scribe who has a wondrous stock of information of things happening in and around Rome, it presses its sporting editor into service. And, though this gentleman is not very well versed in the art of doing Roman business, he does manage to hand us out some pretty hot copy. He tells us that the contest for the appointment of a successor to Cardinal Martinielli has apparently narrowed down to two candidates—Archbishop Falconio and Monsignor Zalinsky. We thought he was going to say that the Archbishop had his opponent "groggy" but he contented himself with "Falconio in the lead."

We do not expect the Free Press to wean itself instantly from the notion that ecclesiastical appointments are necessarily contests, but it might begin to understand that "discretion of speech is more than eloquence."

THE CHURCH AT HOME EVERYWHERE.

We notice in our contemporary the Westminster a lengthy extract from an address by Mr. Robert E. Speers on the "Resources of the Christian Church." Judging from his remarks the gentleman is enthusiastic and convinced that he and his brethren can wipe out the historic failure of trying to propagate Christianity by distributing Bibles. But he is not so narrow-minded as others who are in the habit of orating at similar conventions. Some of his statements grate harshly on our ears; but they are, we imagine, not due so much to bigotry as to obliquity of mental vision—a disease with which even good men are affected. For instance, he says that the Roman Catholic Church is afraid of nothing—misery, sickness, disease, martyrdom; but here is the little rift within the lute) the Roman Catholic Church is afraid of Islam. Just why, he does not say. What other terrors besides these he enumerates has Islam to intimidate the Catholic missionary? If martyrdom were no repressing influence upon the zeal of the Catholic herald, why should he be afraid to endure at the hands of the Mohammedan? One place is as good as another to die in; and when our missionaries strip themselves of everything for Christ's sake and go out to the unbeliever with the authority and truth of the Catholic Church, it is a matter of little consequence where they may be called upon to give up their lives. Besides, who ploughed and fertilized the arid wastes of the world long before Pro-

testants began their missionary work at the end of the seventeenth century? There were all kinds of men to be preached to, every kind of persecution which could be devised by human ingenuity to face, and yet there is no record of any place having obstacles enough to stay the progress of the Catholic missionary. Time and place do not affect the Catholic Church, because, as Cardinal Newman says, she has her source where there is neither place nor time—because she comes from the throne of the Illimitable, Eternal God.

The gentleman's remark anent the duty of evangelizing Islam being laid upon the shoulders of Protestant men and women, because it is the hardest work, is absolutely without meaning. Were it not for the fact that we credit the speaker with sincerity we should imagine he was disbanding himself of returned missionary talk. Why should it be hardest and a duty? Perhaps he was indulging in mild criticism of his own people, because we all know that Islam's love for Christianity has not been increased by the example given them by so-called Christian Englishmen. If, however, he thinks that Protestant missionaries are in quest of "hardest work" he is in a class all by himself. There is nothing to warrant us in supposing it, and there is much to give color to the statement that they prefer a good, safe thing in the shape of a shady bungalow, a pony carriage, a wife, and a yearly allowance.

We believe with Mr. Speers that if men like Chinese Gordon went out to the heathen, there would be a different story to tell. We hope that he will return the compliment of agreeing with us that Gordon was not far wrong when he found that none but the Roman Catholic came up to his ideal of the absolute self-devotion of the apostolic missionary.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.

For some time past The Casket has been hammering in its own vigorous way the daily press for spreading broadcast the seed of all kinds of scandal. There cannot be too much plain-speaking on this matter. We know that some dailies have occasionally a sneer at "Yellow Journalism," but the difference between them and The Casket is that the Casket is sincere, whilst they, if one may judge from their ordinary journalistic trend, are not. If they were sincere they would not allow the dirt from New York courts to filter into their columns. If they were desirous of counteracting the influence of the criminal-making newspaper they would endeavor to give us the news without embellishing it with the descriptions of foreign space writers. Even then they might fail, but we should have some respect for their denunciation.

One thing to remember is that the owner of the sensational newspaper is not in business for his health. He keeps his finger on the pulse of the multitude; and so long as he finds its throbbing for the staple he gives it at present, so long also will he, undisturbed by rebuke or outcry, go his way. He may have visions of a newspaper fit to be read by everybody, but he will not publish it so long as the cold hard cash comes from the sale of the present style of journal. If we were all convinced that the yellow journal contains much that is degrading and corrupting we could put a brake on its rapid circulation. But we are not all convinced, that is to say noticeable extent. Some of us are somewhat like the character in Oliver Twist who gave his son a bad book to read in order to make him a criminal. We do not of course intend to do anything like this, but every time we bring a sensational newspaper into the household we are taking risks, and laying ourselves open to the charge of being a maker of criminals. Our children are of the same nature as the boy in Oliver Twist. Good or bad literature must have a good or bad effect upon them. And if we venture to supply them with stuff that must needs paint upon plastic minds the pictures of vice and crime we are as recalcitrant to our responsibility, as blind to the true interests of the children.

It may be alleged that the typical yellow journal publishes articles from the pens of eminent writers. We admit the fact, and confess our inability to understand why men who are supposed to stand for morality, give it this kind of encouragement. But one thing, to quote our esteemed contemporary, we do understand is "the hypocrisy which wants moral discussions in the editorial page of a paper, and at the same time allows circumstantial ac-

counts of flaunting vice on other pages or brazen recommendation of imported prurience."

Not long since a bitter cry was raised against the sensational journal. When President McKinley went to his death at Buffalo men looked askance at it, on account of the scurrilous cartoons and paragraphs tending to weaken the people's reverence for their Chief Executive. But we thought at the time, and we think so still, that the finger of condemnation could well be pointed at those who made this kind of newspaper possible by their support. The family is the nursery of the citizen. The State cannot rise higher than the morality of the homes which constitute it. And therefore anything which tends to weaken the authority and to defile the sanctity of the home must be regarded as a deadly foe to national stability. May Germany's wise policy of forbidding the publication of morbid details of divorce-court proceedings and murders be adopted in our own country.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

Lecture by Henry Austin Adams at the New Orleans Winter School, New Orleans, Louisiana.

The largest audience of the season—fully one thousand people—paid Henry Austin Adams the merited compliment of their presence and of their undivided attention and frequent applause as he made his third and concluding talk last night on that very interesting and pleasing theme, "The Middle Ages." After rising to a point of personal explanation—the request that he should remain one more day and deliver another lecture, and stating that previous engagements made it imperative for him to leave New Orleans the next morning, Mr. Adams said:

"The subject of this evening is, 'The Middle Ages.' My opinion is that there is no teacher so dangerous and so mistaken as the one who would lead contemporaries to despise their own times; to ask the man of to-day to look back to yesterday, because to-day is not so good as yesterday.

"I say this thing at the outset, because I love the middle ages. History is a conspiracy against the truth, for it has calumniated the middle ages. I thank God, with all my heart, he has allowed me to live here, and now I say there are no times quite as glorious as these great times of ours. When God picked me out of chaos and destined me to live in these times, I say God was right, because He makes no possible mistake, and His love is as infinite as his mercy and His wisdom.

"How miserable is the man who feels as if he ought to have lived in another age; who thinks that his times are out of joint.

"I maintain that it is right that I should be living now and trying to do a little bit to set them right. The middle ages were but the marble steps leading to the glorious now. The great men of the middle ages prepared the way for us of the present century, so that we might have grand and illustrious models to look up to.

"Modern education is erroneous in many critical respects. I am only just beginning now to exercise my mind from the obsession of misconceptions. My early youth was spent in being stupefied with myths. For instance, the glorious myth of Anglo-Saxonism. The Angles were a lot of drunken libertines, and all we know about the Saxons is that they were an undesirable lot. But the accepted theory is that all that is Anglo-Saxon is desirable, and that the Latin races of the world are to be classed as the retrograde people of the earth.

"Another myth was that anything that was stamped modern was vastly superior to anything marked medieval. The dark ages were pointed out as a fearful example of the tyranny and despotism of Popery and of the monastic orders.

"Historians never failed, in writing up any petty history, to put in a jab at the monks, a sneer at the Pope, and a jeer at the middle ages.

"But where, in this cold and calculating world, can you find room enough for all the glorious men and the wonderful deeds of that period?

"Look back into the middle ages by way of setting up a contrast between them and our own times.

"The sources of our knowledge of the middle ages have been so muddled that it is almost an impossibility to get a good look at them. Even the Catholic is apt to feel that during the whole period of middle ages it would be best to leave out a great many things. If that is true, it is because the sources of our information are so muddled. The historians are determined to lie.

"There is only one authority to give any clear insight into the middle ages, and that is a Protestant divine, Dr. Maitland, who wrote 'The History of the Middle Ages,' whose book is one of the most beautiful and deep philosophy. And we can point back to these very same dark ages for everything worth keeping that we have now.

"The people of the United States are now recognized as the leaders in universal freedom, and yet if you go back to the Middle Ages, you will find that Magna Carta and the writ of Habeas Corpus were the creations of Roman Catholics. Medieval furniture and decorations, and books are now all the

rage. The further back you go into the Middle Ages for anything, the dearer you have to pay for it."

Mr. Adams next humorously compared the fine old chairs of medieval make with the weak, flimsy, pretentious furniture, now manufactured.

In the matter of architecture and building, the old artists and artisans erected and built for all time. Why? Because they belonged to guilds which afforded them more protection than any trades union of these times can give. So they put care and love and skill in their work, and they took pride and honor and glory in it. Thus they produced magnificent, durable and skilled work.

Mr. Adams drew a picture of the last days of the Roman empire, and of the hordes of savage barbarians that swooped down upon Rome. And who met these wild people, and educated, refined, polished and regenerated them? The Roman Catholic Church. She met them and conquered them by her gentleness and mercy and supernatural grace, and made knights and heroes of them.

Then we begin to see the spires of Gothic cathedrals; we begin to see the illuminated missal; we begin to admire the wonderful paintings and statues, the masterpieces of the Catholic artists of the middle ages. If it had not been for the monks and priests, we would never have heard of Horace and Virgil and other ancient writers. They kept those ancient records in the recesses and in the cells of their monasteries and convents. The reason that some people do not like the middle ages is because the middle ages were baptized by the Roman Catholics. While finding so much glorious Catholicity in the middle ages, we ought to become introspective and ask our conscience, in all seriousness, if we are treating Catholic institutions as they deserve. We ought to feel ashamed at the poor support we are giving Catholic institutions of learning, when our Protestant friends are endowing and building and maintaining magnificent universities, colleges and schools.

There were three glories in the Middle Ages to which I desire to briefly refer: The glory of idealism; the glory of unselfishness; the glory of romance.

Idealism—Little by little the practical spirit of to-day is crushing idealism out of us. Family life has only succeeded in shaping the child in accordance with the views and ideas of this or that member of the family; so that at twenty-one a young man whom God made a tailor-maker. A boy's or a girl's aspirations are too rudely crushed by matter-of-fact practical parents. Colleges are being turned into preparatory schools for a utilitarian life. Now, what would this age have to say to such an emotional age as the crusades, which took kings, nobles, soldiers, merchants and artisans from their homes to distant Palestine, and for what purpose? To wrest from the possession of the infidel the stone cross in which our Saviour died. How ridiculous would this seem in this present practical age!

And yet the returning crusaders brought back the ancient manuscripts which opened the eyes of all Europe and brought about the awakening of education! And we owe to the Middle Ages the ideas of chivalry and the respect for woman which was illustrated in the rallying cry, "God and the ladies."

The romance of idealism was magnificently portrayed by Mr. Adams, as he spoke directly to the ladies in the middle ages, and told them about the delicious dreamy, poetical youths and maidens of the middle ages; the plumed knights—the Sir Galahads—always on horse back, always armed "cap-a-pie" to fight for the glory of God, the honor of country and the fair names of their lady loves. And before going to battle the knights spent the night in vigils on their knotted knees at the shrine of the Mother of God, that ideal of pure womanhood, and swore eternal fidelity to principles of honor, purity and chivalry, for whom—

for women.

Here in New Orleans you have more of the spirit and chivalry of the middle ages than I have seen in any other spot I have ever visited.

Many a wearied mind has found, in the romances of the middle ages, a soothing balm and solace to relieve it from the humdrum routine of every day life. Life is glorified, transfigured each time the soul is connected with the middle ages. Being—not having—such was the motto of the middle ages. Let us take the inspirations of that period and strive and resolve to be up and doing for the spread of all that is good and noble and merciful and helpful and charitable. This is the time to live, and borrowing the chivalry and the ideals of the middle ages, let us combine, in this great crusade in the promised land of the present century and rear Gothic cathedrals and paint wonderful paintings, carrying truth to larger domains, and spreading the evangel of love, mercy and charity throughout the world, and reviving and perpetuating the romance of chivalry and truth.

A Lourdes Marvel.

A remarkable thing happened last January at the famous Grotto of Lourdes (says a Morning Leader telegram), for the rose tree of the grotto suddenly burst forth into full leaf and flower. Lourdes is certainly situated far south, but even then such a blooming has never been known before so early in the year.

Tremendous enthusiasm said a telegram in the Gleaner, has taken hold of the pilgrims at the Grotto, who acclaim the flowering of the rose tree as a miracle, and point to it as proof of the lasting favor of Our Lady of Lourdes.

THE STORY OF A RECENT CONVERT.

The Missionary.

Among the most notable of recent conversions is that of Mr. Rudolf Clement Altschul and his entire family, seven in all. For some years he exercised the ministry in the Protestant Church, and at the urgent request of the Editor of The Missionary he presents a short account of his religious history.

I have been asked to define my reasons for entering the Catholic Church, and I confess that the task is a most difficult one. There are certain questions which will not yield to human arguments. There are certain questions which will not be subjugated to our reason. Yet the question, "Why are you a Catholic?" is put to me by both sides. Catholics and Protestants alike desire me to explain why I gave up my ministry and my prospects for the future, and "went over to Rome." But it is possible to state with mathematical exactness the reasons which will bring about such a change? Can we define the influences which will produce such a transformation? In some cases the reasons are purely theological. Some men are actuated by exact logical deductions. With others early associations induce convictions, which sooner or later are bound to assert themselves.

My reasons were certainly not purely theological. I have never failed to convince myself that one or the other passage in Scripture favored Protestantism to the detriment of Catholicism, or vice versa. I simply took it for granted that Protestantism was right in every respect; that Rome and Romanism were equally wrong, and that my duty as a Protestant minister demanded and justified such a course.

I took it for granted, not on account of being convinced of the correctness of my position, or because my inmost convictions dictated such a course; but because I lacked the opportunity of comparison, and because I lived with and among people to whom the words Rome and Pope were abominations.

Thus when I entered the Protestant ministry, and was ordained in the lowest of low churches in England, I was *ipso facto* at war with everything which even nearly smacked of Romanism, vestments and candles. I admired Kensit in his crusade against the High Church, and applauded his courage of pulling the crucifix from the altar of St. Paul's Cathedral. I considered it my bounden duty to arraign the Catholic Church and to stigmatize her teachings as false and misleading.

Yet in spite of all this a sneaking, shamefaced liking for Rome and Romanism made itself felt as time wore on. A liking which defied the rules and regulations of my church, a liking which I could not analyze, but which prompted my admiration where I should denounce, which made me love and bless where I was supposed to curse.

I was born in Prague (Bohemia), one of the most ultra-Catholic cities in the world. From childhood I associated with Catholics, and while my home atmosphere was one of perfect religious indifference, I was neither encouraged nor forbidden to enter Catholic places of worship. Well I remember how I used to steal into a church to hide behind the high, dark pews, watching with awe and wonder the priest at the altar, the figures and pictures of the saints!

How I used to envy the people and my schoolmates for being entitled to enjoy all these glories so freely and so openly, and how the fragrance of the incense had to me the flavor and the sweetness of the forbidden fruit! But *tempus fugit*. Soon school and boyhood days passed away; the family removed to Vienna, and in that gay city, among new surroundings and new aims, the impressions of church and altar and incense faded away like a mist. I was preparing for civil engineering, travelling all over Europe, and had to serve my regular term in the army.

This passed, I went to England, married and settled down to the humdrum life of the average man, without a special aim and without faith in anything but a well filled purse. But it should not remain thus.

One day I passed a building where "Gospel Meetings" were held, and entered. As the darky said: "I got religion" there and then, or a least what I suppose to be "religion," and a short time after I decided to study for the ministry. In due season I was ordained, and for some time acted as assistant to Bishop Richardson, of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

Then the old restlessness came over me again, and for many years I travelled around lecturing and preaching. My travels extended to Southern Germany, Bavaria and Switzerland, and there again I came into contact with Catholicism and Catholic priests. Once more the recollection of days gone by, the memories of boyhood became animated, and the soft vibrations of chords long untouched, almost forgotten, made themselves felt and demanded recognition. In the first instance I was inclined to ascribe the sensation to a disordered mind. I hoped and prayed that the sensation would pass by, and leave me again in a proper "Protestant" frame of mind. But it was not a passing sensation. It was not a momentary emotion. Deep down in the heart the still small voice was pleading day and night, demanding recognition, refusing to be comforted with the old worn-out phrases, with the vain protests of a divided, shaly apathy. I knew and I felt that I would have to make a clean breast of my doubts, and that I could not possibly go on in an unsettled state of mind, for I felt it would be to live a lie. Thus, on returning to the States, instead of arranging for

lectures or continuing my literary labors, I spent my time in searching the Scriptures and in preparing myself for the final, the unavoidable step.

My reasons? The intuitive, the satisfying knowledge that I was doing right, that the Catholic, and none but the Catholic Church was the Church of Christ, and that the Holy Father and nobody else is, or could be, the visible head of His Church. Some months ago I wrote to His Grace Archbishop Corrigan, asking for an interview. I explained to him my position, my state of mind.

With his natural kindness and grace he met my difficulties, and introduced me to Rev. Father A. P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers, who instructed myself and family in the doctrines of the Catholic Church.

On the 22nd of February, 1902 (Washington's birthday), I, my wife and five children, were received into the Church at the Paulist Fathers' Church.

On the 24th of March we were privately confirmed by His Grace in the vestry of St. Patrick's cathedral.

Almighty God and the Blessed Virgin have been wonderfully good to me and mine.

I dare not contemplate what my feelings would have been if any member of my family should have opposed my desire to join the Catholic Church.

As it is, we are all in the fold, all happy.

RUDOLF CLEMENT ALTSCHUL.

A STRANGE CONVERSION.

Experience of a Man who fell in a fit on a Dublin Street.

The story of a remarkable conversion is told in the Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary by a priest who signs himself "L. C. P. F." It occurred many years ago in Dublin, when the narrator was attracted by the gathering of a crowd in Sackville street and found it had collected to watch a poor man fallen in a fit. It was evident from his style of dress that he was a gentleman, but as no one could identify him, his religion of course remained unknown. Under these circumstances, the priest gave him conditional absolution, had a cab called and sent him to the Jervis street hospital. He tells the sequel as follows:

"On the following day I was told that a gentleman, was in the parlor who wished to speak to me. On going to see him he told me he had not sent me his card because I did not know him. He then told me that he was the same who had a fit on the previous day in Sackville street, and that I had done something to him before I had either taken him or sent him (I forgot which) to the hospital. He continued his relation by begging me to tell him what I had done for him. After I had explained what was meant by the conditional absolution and the Sign of the Cross which was made over him, he concluded by first thanking me and the good Sisters of Mercy who had so kindly nursed him, and then asking me to give him the necessary instructions, as he determined to become a member of the Catholic Church.

"I found that he belonged to one of the leading mercantile firms of Dublin, and to a family that was conspicuously among the proselytizing circles. After due preparation I gave him conditional baptism, and as he remained in Dublin for more than a year subsequent to that time, I had ample opportunities of knowing that he became a model, practical Catholic, and he assured me that although previous to his conversion he had been subject to epileptic attacks, sometimes as often as two or three times a week, he had never once been troubled in that way since I had done something to him as he lay on the ground in Sackville street."

HONEST JOHN DILLON.

The King, one of London's leading illustrated weekly magazines, pays the following tribute to Mr. Dillon:

"You can read the history of Ireland in Mr. Dillon's face. The pathos and struggles of a lifetime have left their mark on him, and you think, as you see him, of the bitterness and hopelessness of all the agitation and strife of twenty years and more. He is the most loved man in Ireland. As honest as the day, he is exactly the man he looks, a man with a big heart and a wise head, a man of culture and deep religious faith, a man who is ready to go through fire, if need be, for the cause he has made his own. Has he not been through fire? He was thrown into jail with Mr. Parnell, and the companionship in suffering made them one as they had never been before. But he snapped the tie which linked them when Parnell fell; he was not prepared to sacrifice Ireland for his own affection's sake.

"But, somehow, we all like him. He is not the rude, unlettered apostle of revolution. He belongs, indeed, to eminently fashionable society. He married the daughter of a judge, though he himself has slept in a prison cell; he was educated at a university; and he is a member of the Irish Royal College of Surgeons. He is one of the few men in the House of Commons whom the House of Commons has sincerely welcomed back from jail, and would welcome back from jail again."

Honors Archbishop Ryan.

Washington, D. C., April 14.—The president has appointed Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia a member of the board of Indian commissioners. He succeeds Bishop Whipple, the eminent Episcopalian, who died recently, and is the first Catholic prelate appointed on the board.