

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.
London, Saturday, October 5, 1901.

OTHER THINGS.
We have been sent the report of a certain literary society and invited to comment thereon—eulogistically, of course. But we refrain. We are not in the business. We are quite content to accept its own valuation and to agree that everything was lovely. The music, we suppose, was charmingly rendered, and recitations all out on the bias and very soulful. We suggest that the members after they get through with Chopin may with profit to themselves, and to others, try to tune up the hearts of the sick and sorrowful in tenement and hospital. There is a lot of music packed away in all of us. Pain and misery may prevent the outpouring of the melody, but it is within us slumbering and waiting for the liberating hand of kindness and sympathy.

SO-CALLED "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

We are told that some "Catholics" in Canada have accepted the doctrine of Christian Science. Well, a Catholic can be an idiot as well as anybody else. And then they may dearly love a lord, and the fact that a noble earl journeyed from a distant land to look upon the face of the dear old mother and to hear from her venerable lips that sin and sorrow exist and that the world is but a dream, may have convinced them that there must be something in Christian Science. Yes, there is a good deal in it, for the mother. There is no use prating about the cures effected by Christian Science. They may have been real or imaginary. Mrs. Eddy may be a daffodil woman or a clever manipulator of human credulity and stupidity. All that is aside the question. The only fact for a Catholic to recognize is that a rigmorale sublimated into a system is not sure ground for anyone who wants to enter into eternal life.

TRUE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To possess the truth, says Father Campbell, S. J., to know whence we came, and whither we are going, what are our opportunities, and what our obligations—to have the secret of converting the sorrows of life into opportunities of happiness—this is what the Catholic faith alone can give. This is Christian Science, but it is not Mrs. Eddy's.

WHO ARE THE FOES OF CIVILIZATION?

Some ministers of the Gospel over the border have been talking strangely for gentlemen of their cloth. What they would have done had they been on the scene of President McKinley's murder savours strangely of the lawlessness which they abominate. We may, however, suppose that horror for the deed swept them off their mental feet and provoked them to expressions which square neither with law nor religion.
To our mind it is futile to speak of putting down anarchy by force. That has been tried elsewhere, in Russia for example, where, despite a well-equipped secret service, a network of police, and ruthless punishment, the "reds" not only exist, but, as we are told, grow yearly in numbers and importance. Force indeed may prevent the violence that would ensue in the case of anarchists getting the upper hand, but it cannot extinguish their diabolical ideas. These are intangible and beyond reach of official and some outward manifestation may be always looked for and dreaded. We do not believe that a great many avowed anarchists are in our parts of the world. But we cannot help thinking that in the present conditions of society their principles, or at least their attitude towards civilization, will be viewed with no disfavor by certain sections of the population. And such people will be found amongst those who have been educated without fear of God and His chastisements—among the poor chafing under a sense of cruel wrong—in a word, among all those who have been taught by the selfish luxury of the rich, and by men who now deplore the sad fate of Mr. McKinley, that faith is but an illusion, and that an endless

A CONVENT "EXPOSURE."

A Secular Journalist Inspects a Good Shepherd House.
The Albany Argus did a very clever and a very commendable thing recently during the prevalence of a crusade in that portion of New York state conducted by the notorious impostor, Margaret Shepherd. Mrs. Shepherd made her usual demand for the inspection of convents and other religious establishments, and told the prurient females who attended her "for women only" lectures that startling revelations would be made through such inspection. The Argus deputed one of its reporters to inspect the house of the Good Shepherd and to "expose" the iniquities there practised and perpetrated. "And for the benefit of those who have not penetrated inside convent walls," says the investigator, "to listen to the main and angelus in the little chapel, or visited the shrine in the sunny garden with the blue lines in the Helderbergs on the horizon, or looked into the faces of the women who had found sanctuary there from the under side of the cities, or talked with the nuns, who bear the purity of their lives in their faces and sorrow for the slights they see in their pitying eyes—for the benefit of those who are curious of convent life this chronicle given."
The Order of the Good Shepherd was founded in 1861 at Caen, France. Under the patronage of the late Bishop McNierny, a colony of religious from East Nineteenth street, New York city, came to Albany in the year 1884. Here they commenced to build, but for want of funds very little progress was made, and the interest on the money necessarily borrowed has ever been a heavy drain on the meagre resources of the institution. Through generous, kind-hearted friends the work went on slowly and unobtrusively up to the present date. Constant earnest efforts are made still to wipe out these present debts.
The school and reformatory were approved and incorporated by the State Board of Charities in 1887. General Selden E. Marvin, commissioner, in his report, said: "In the examination I have it seems to me that these institutions which are under more successful management of Sisterhoods are the most successful of any other kind of institutions and requirements of these institutions than those of any other kind of life."
A SISTER GIVES UP HER LIFE
To this kind of work. She is freed from needs of personal gain; her whole interest is in the work she is assigned to perform. Whatever it is, it is done with the simple desire to fully and freely discharge all its functions. It is no sacrifice to her; it is the work she has consecrated herself to God to discharge. My examination has led me to the belief that in very many instances the efforts of these Sisters have been successful."
Once a philosopher suggested that there was a need in the world for an orphan asylum for grown folk. The House of the Good Shepherd is "an orphan asylum for grown folk," and the principles on which all reforms are accomplished in these women is that which is as old as the world—mother love.
At 5:30 a. m. in winter and at 5 o'clock in summer the day begins with Mass. Then comes breakfast. At 8 o'clock the inmates go to the laundry or to the sewing room to begin their day's work, which ends at 9 o'clock, with a long nooning, and there are evening classes in the three R's, illiteracy being the rule with these unfortunates, though there are notable examples of refinement and culture. The most pitiful thing about the faces of the women is their youth. Closely related to the affectionate care of the "children," as they always call them, is the fidelity of the guardian of the honor of the families whose discredited members they have received. The penitent drops her family name at the threshold, not to take it up again till she has retrieved her right to it. Her baptismal and family name are never breathed within the convent inclosure. She bears, instead, the name of some saint, under whose protection she is placed, whose virtues she is encouraged to follow even at humble distance. In the laundry modern methods make work easy. In the sewing room the girls sing at their work, and their voices are sweet. There is sunshine everywhere. There are no bolts and bars in evidence. Yet here girls come direct from police stations, rebelling, wretched. Stories of their commitments are familiar reading in the Albany papers.
What becomes of them when they go forth? What is the inner life of this convent, the heart of the work? The Mother Superior brought out a package of old letters—a great bulky package—from the midst of others. She united it hesitatingly. "These are very sacred and precious," she said; "I can only let you have extracts, but if you wish, if it would help the work to let the public look into some of these hearts and see how hopeful our ministry must be with the compensation of such good results, you can put into your paper what I can give you without violation of the trust my children have put in me."
Mothers of the world with their

THE MISSION TO NON-CATHOLICS.

Great interest is being manifested in the mission to non-Catholics, which begins at St. John's cathedral, Milwaukee, on Oct. 6, ending Oct. 20. It will be the first mission to non-Catholics given by the Paulist Fathers in this city or state. It is a decided innovation in this section—lectures by Catholic priests to non-Catholics on the Catholic faith in a Catholic Church. Judging by the complete success of these missionaries in other cities, there is no doubt of their success in Milwaukee.
Missions to non-Catholics were inaugurated by the Paulist Fathers, under the leadership of Father Elliott of New York, several years ago. At first there was grave doubt of their success. Would Protestants attend lectures in a Catholic church? Would any results be obtained, or would non-Catholics, having satisfied their curiosity by attending a few lectures, cease to be interested? Might they not give rise to dispute and controversy? These were some of the interrogative doubts thrown in the way. Experience proves that they were not tenable. Non-Catholics have crowded the missions and shown a deep interest in them; instead of causing friction, they have established the best of feeling between Catholic and non-Catholic. This is not the least of the good results obtained.
The missions were given at first in the eastern states. They then spread to the south, which is a rich field. Father Brannan took up the work in Texas, with splendid results. Through Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina remarkable work has been done. So successful was the work that last year the Catholic Missionary Association was formed, with Archbishop Corrigan at the head, to better conduct the work. The chief laborers are the Paulist Fathers, but many secular priests have taken up the work. As a headquarters for the work, the Paulist Fathers have purchased an estate at Winchester, Tenn., from which the missionaries will radiate, particularly in the south, which is regarded as a most fruitful field of work. Last week the first congress of missionaries to non-Catholics was held at that place attended by nearly all the missionaries.
Writing of the missions and the success obtained, Father Elliott the well-known Paulist, says:
"Let me realize as an actual fact that we can get a hearing. Accept our evidence, accept the evidence of many other priests from all sections of the country; we are witnesses who have tried the experiment and who have succeeded. The condition of things is therefore this: The Catholic Church in America is among the non-Catholic people who are willing to listen to Catholic truth. Stop at that fact and square your conscience with fact and the duty of a priest, recite it. As laymen, priest or prelate, recite it. As laymen, priest or prelate, recite it. As laymen, priest or prelate, recite it. As laymen, priest or prelate, recite it."
He declares that the duty of a Catholic is not confined to making converts outright. "It is to remove bitterness, to set aside delusions, to overcome prejudices," he says. "If you cannot make converts of your Protestant neighbors, you can, at least, make good natured Protestants of them. There is no obligation to set about doing this? If you cannot get a hearing, it may be that you cannot gain an immediate victory, but you can reduce the warfare to a friendly contest. You can put an end to polemical scalping. To establish our belligerent rights is to establish our peace."

SOME RECENT CONVERTS.

Men and Women Prominent in All Walks of Life Return to Mother Church.
Miss Helen E. De Master, a student of Chicago University; the Rev. A. J. Bratt, who was a curate at St. Matthew's Church, Shefford, England; Miss Howard, an English lady who was received into the Church on her deathbed at Florence, Italy; Mrs. Alfred L'Euyer, formerly Miss Rose of Butte, Montana; Miss Petererson, of Butte, Montana; Miss Emma Madonia, and Miss Maria Cristina Asplet, John Asplet and the Misses Lucy and Josephine Salvatore, all at Tulsa.
Lord O'Hagan died a member of the Catholic Church. Father Bradley, a Catholic chaplain, attended Lord O'Hagan at Springfontein, South Africa, and received him into the Church.
Dr. Mary J. Putnam, of Boston, a physician of note, the beautiful resignation of whose daughter, Mrs. John C. Clair, on her deathbed impressed Dr. Putnam with the deep religious nature of the Catholic Church. Mrs. Clair was the first fruits of the non-Catholic mission given in Boston a year ago by Father Doyle.
The late Alfred Martin Ebsworth, the highly esteemed publisher of the Melbourne Argus and Australasian, had the consolation of being received into the Catholic Church before he died. He had been a member of the Church of England (says the Advocate) but a man of considerable culture and of a singularly just and generous disposition, he had for many years shown in a marked degree an appreciation of the holy work accomplished by the Church. On the day of his death he expressed a desire to see a priest, naming the Rev. G. A. Robinson, B. A., of Camberwell, in whose district he resided. Father Robinson was immediately sent for, and he had the happiness of receiving the deceased into the one True Fold.
The ranks of the Church of England clergy in Sheffield were furnished another convert in the person of the Rev. Hugh Nanney Smith, of Walkley. Mr. Smith has been received into the Church of St. Gregory, Longton, Staffordshire. Mr. Smith held his first curacy at Caverswall, near 1802 to 1894. He then went to Walkley as curate to his father, the late Rev. Thomas Smith, a position which he occupied until the death of the vicar a few months ago.
Clay M. Greene, the New York playwright who arranged the "Passion Play" that was twice rendered at the recent jubilee of Santa Clara College, has become a Catholic.
Recently Bode College, established for English convert clergymen studying for the priesthood, was the scene of a most interesting ceremony when the diaconate was conferred upon Rev. Mr. Chase, a well known Anglican clergyman for thirty nine years, and Rev. Mr. McDonald, a Protestant chaplain in the navy. Rev. Mr. Goldenbird, late secretary to Lord Halifax, was ordained a subdeacon.
Madame Arabella Goddard, whose music was sweet to our fathers' ears and our grandfathers'—known to her friends as Mrs. Davidson—is alive and alert enough, it seems, to take her own initiative, for at Folkestone the other day she presented herself for admission into the Church.
The well-known lawyer, Colonel A. B. Hotchkiss, and his wife were received into the Church at Santa Monica, Cal., by Rev. P. Hawe two weeks ago.

THE PEOPLE WE MUST UNIL-ITZE

Dr. George G. Greff, late secretary of the board of health in the island of Porto Rico, writes as follows in a recent issue of the New York Independent:
"Porto Ricans are honest, sober and very hospitable. As a proof of their honesty, the writer did not have his rooms nor his trunks locked in two years; nor, although he has been in hotels and boarding houses all over the island, has he yet to miss the first article, large or small. In eating and drinking they are temperate almost to a fault."
"They will share all they have. The farmer will kill for his guest the calf or the kid, and will accept no pay for the entertainment. A clean cut will await the stranger in the poorest house. As to religion, the people seem to pay the same respect as in other countries. The fundamental truths of the Christian religion they believe. The practice of their belief has made great crimes rare, and the people tractable and lovable. But if the inquirer looks for a superstitious people he will not find one here. They seem to be as nearly free from superstition as any people can be. Even the poor Africans have forgotten the superstitions of their continent. The people—white and black alike—are all members of the Roman Catholic Church, except a few thousand Spiritualists and a few who claim to be Postivists."
It is not lawful to reveal the secret faults of others without necessity.
A man's character is his property. A good name is more valuable than earthly goods. What injustice, therefore, to take it from him or destroy it!

CHRISTIAN LIBER E.

I am Liberty—God's daughter!
My symbol—a law and a torch;
Not a sword to threaten and slay,
Nor a flame to dazzle and sear;
But a light that the world may see,
And a truth that shall make men free.

I am the sister of Duty,
And I am the sister of Faith;
Today, adored for my beauty,
Tomorrow, led forth to death,
Heroes suffered and martyrs died,
For whom the world was betrayed for.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE INNER LIFE OF THIS CONVENT.

The Mother Superior brought out a package of old letters—a great bulky package—from the midst of others. She united it hesitatingly. "These are very sacred and precious," she said; "I can only let you have extracts, but if you wish, if it would help the work to let the public look into some of these hearts and see how hopeful our ministry must be with the compensation of such good results, you can put into your paper what I can give you without violation of the trust my children have put in me."
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THE CULTIVATION OF MY MIND.

I have spent here for three years and have spent here far beyond all the education of literature and science of nature which was the result of five years of my school life. I am on firm ground now and starting anew.
"I suppose you think that I have forgotten you, as it is nearly four years since I saw you, and your dear face is just as fresh in my mind as when I left your care. I always look back to those days when you would advise me to be careful of myself. I took some of your advice and now I am glad of it, dear mother. I have and my little baby. It is a boy, and my little Ida is nearly 4. Do not forget me, dear mother, and will you please send me a medal of our Blessed Lady to put on my little girl's neck?"
"I write you these few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I am well, and hope you are the same. O, mother, I thank Almighty God for the year I spent there. I learned a great many things, and when my auntie asks me to do this or that thing, I can't say, 'I don't know how to do that,' but I can say, 'Give it to me, auntie; I'll do it, auntie.' I go to school every day and to Mass every Sunday. I don't care for many lessons any more. I learned to do things for God for it that I had been put away in time. I am trying to be a good girl, and I will be good, too. My auntie never said a cross word to me since I have been home, and she seems very much pleased with me, for I try to help her all I can. My brother and little sister go to school with me every day. They are very glad to see me home, and they tell me all about my father still I begin to cry. Then they won't see me and were glad I was home and said I grew big. Love to all the mothers and all the girls and please write as soon as you get this."
"I am home safe and my dear sister and my dear children were very glad to see me, and it seems very good to be home again. Dear mother, please accept of the little Christmas card I send you, dear mother, that is only a little token. I could not send you anything valuable enough to pay you back for all the kindness you have shown to me, and I see
I AM PROFITING BY YOUR EXAMPLE
and advice and pray God to bless you all, dear mother. I would like the happiness of hearing from you. We are going to have a Christmas tree for the children and they are delighted."
"No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, but I am so unhappy that I thought that I would write and tell you and ask you to please pray for me, as I feel as if I had lost all devotion. Mother, forgive me, but I have been very wicked for the last year. I had not been to confession for two years until two weeks ago. Then I went with true sorrow for all my past. Since then I have made many good resolutions and tried to be good, but it seems as if I was almost helpless. Perhaps it is because I do not wear the scapulars, although I have not been really wicked since my confession, still I have done very wrong. Mother, I have so often longed to come and see you for the last year, but I was so wick d I was afraid to come near, although I have often gone as far as the convent, but only to stand outside and gaze, and long to go in and speak to you, my dear mother, who has been so good to me, but I dared not."
The devil makes the Rosary a special subject of temptations, weariness, contempt, and the like. Persevere in it, and it will itself be the chain of your final perseverance.—Father Fal. r.

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