

The Catholic Record.

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

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THROWING BOUQUETS AT CLEMENCEAU.

In Everybody's Magazine, for February, there is an article on the French Premier, by the Paris correspondent of the London Times. It is easy to put M. Clemenceau on a pedestal and award him a halo and burn incense before him; but, despite all this, the pedestal is in the wind. The Times is but a shadow of a great name, and today, so far as the French crisis goes, it is neither mould nor guides public opinion. At the most it but reflects the opinions of those who misgovern France. It must be said, however, that it presents these opinions in a subdued light so as not to shock the average Englishman, who looks upon the French atheist in much the same way as he looks upon his own Swinburne—as a monstrosity. It would not be good business to record either the speeches of the atheistic demagogues, or to declare itself the avowed ally of those who use Clemenceau as their tool. It would not do to advert to the systematic method adopted by the Government for the purpose of driving Christ out of France. And so, too, by a judicious use of the imagination, it gives us a picture of benevolent gentlemen, clean as to heart and hands, and spinning phrases for the ear of the foreigners. Hence, we are not surprised to hear from this correspondent that M. Clemenceau is a dapper old gentleman, very learned, very brave, far-sighted and intensely patriotic. We can pardon him his friendship for the Gourcourts. We forbear to comment on his love of ancient Greece, but he might give some attic saint to future panegyrist. The article in Everybody's is mere froth. Towards the end of it the correspondent tells us that when half of the French Chamber expected him, longed for him to begin a war to the knife against Catholicism, M. Clemenceau's reply was: "I am anti-clerical, not anti-Catholic." Yet members of his cabinet boast of driving Christ out of France and blaspheme God. He is not anti-Catholic, but this has not prevented him from stealing thousands of Catholic churches, glebe-houses, hospitals, etc. He is not anti-Catholic, but a member of the clergy, accusing or criticizing in public any official, will be fined 500 to 3,000 francs and imprisoned from one to twelve months. (Art. 24 of the Separation Law.) Clemenceau says that all Frenchmen are free to worship God as they like, but he tells them that "as they like" must conform to Government standards. They may have worship associations, but these associations must be antagonistic, in principle and practice, to the organization of the Catholic Church. In case of a dispute the Council of State will act. The members of the associations may be atheists, nominal Catholics, men of any shade of opinion who enter into an organization for the exercise of the Catholic religion. It matters little that all this means the enslavement of the Church and acknowledging the State as the dictator of divine worship. Another thing gained by forming associations would be the approval of State robbery. "Frenchmen can worship God as they like," but the exercise of the Catholic religion must, in every particular, conform to the sacraments, be conducted according to the "liking" of the atheistic officials. The Holy Father is willing to submit to a separation from the State such as obtains in the United States, Brazil, Great Britain and Holland. But he is not willing to prove recreant to his duty, to war against religious liberty, to obey the men of the moment rather than the eternal God.

MONEY AND THE LAW.

When a millionaire of the United States commits murder he is labelled a degenerate, or one morally insane. He may be merely morally depraved, the willing victim of unrestrained passions. His life may be a poor tawdry affair, filthy with the abominations of the human beast, but the criminal is hedged round about with excuses and appeals for sympathy, and we are deluged with floods of hysteria. For instance, Lombroso, who makes much ado over his improved theories, assures us that the wretched young man, now on trial in New York, is a degenerate. Why this young man should have been selected as a subject for analyses passes our comprehension. And what does this crim-

inalist know about it? The fact that a man has money may allure the wisdom of the expert, but it does not make him a degenerate. To our mind it is a waste of time to take seriously the men who rush into fields of investigation, where others more gifted, but less disposed to self-advertising, walk circumspectly. Money may do many things, but it cannot make murder a mere eccentricity, or cause us to have more respect for the millionaire murderer than for the moneyless murderer.

SHOULD BE SUPPRESSED.

Two great nuisances are the retired millionaire who talks platitudes anent success in life and the "family" paper that chronicles the sordid details of murder trials and divorce suits.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN BACKS M. CLEMENCEAU.

The sorry spectacle of a religious weekly, the Christian Guardian, championing the interests of atheists, warrants a suspicion that in some sections of Canada bigotry is as virulent as in the old days. To talk of carrying the Gospel to Quebec, etc., is but an exhibition of ignorance or mad fanaticism. But to come out in the defence of men arrayed against Jesus Christ, to designate their acts as reasonable measures, to aver that Protestants see nothing reprehensible in attacks against Christianity—to say all this, and to rail at Rome should evoke a protest from those who do not boast that they are driving Christ out of Canada. The non-Catholic should tell the public that he does not approve of the maunderings of clerical gentlemen who bear false witness. They ought to find out why some preachers are under the standard of the atheist. The non-Catholic, Dr. Starbuck, arraigns men of the type of the editor of the Christian Guardian in the following fashion:

"They show their real feelings by their unholty glee over the present persecution of the Catholics by the devil and his Jacobinical accomplices in France. They try to disguise their malignity by imputing to the Catholics charges which Beelzebub himself does not venture to bring, such as that they are plotting treason against the State. . . Their moral complicity with Satan's own servants is something which they are ashamed to say to themselves, but which they are inwardly determined not to give up."

TOO BAD.

The home of a Catholic should have something Catholic about it. It is no excuse to say that pagan adornments are artistic—a word, by the way, borrowed from the critics who preach the gospel of flesh. To the pure all things are pure, is no argument to prove that we may have indelicately representations. There are, however, Catholic homes which are pagan as to pictures and ornaments. There is no manifestation of faith. Pictures of Christ Our Lord, of His Blessed Mother and the saints, are refused a place on their walls. They are not, we assume, ashamed of their religion, but they are ignorant of what constitutes art, and ignorant also of the fact that the most beautiful works in the world have come from men who knew how to pray, and who, as true artists, made their genius the handmaid of the beautiful and pure. These pictures are reproduced to-day. We ought to buy them.

Lenten Reminder.

It is needless to reiterate that practical Catholics will be still more exemplary during the Lenten season—faithful in fasting, if they are able, attentive and regular in attending devotions. As many as conveniently can should attend Mass every day, or if that is not possible, perform some special act of penance or devotion. It is only forty days out of the year when the Church exacts this of us, and all should be willing, yes, and anxious to mortify the spirit a little bit, for Christ's sake. See to it, then, that the penitential season does not pass and find you still as spiritually poor as you were at the beginning.

No God in French Oaths.

Paris, December 1.—The divorce between State and Church will soon take a further step toward completion. The Minister of Justice has drafted a law, modifying the judicial procedure. The present law makes every jury man, whether he is a freethinker or not, swear: "Before God and man I swear to examine," while the foreman announces the verdict with hand on his heart by saying: "On my honor and conscience, before God and man, the verdict is." These references to the Deity the Minister now intends to abolish, as has been done with the ordeal, which was formerly in every law court.

The most dangerous force in this country is the fortune with no character behind it.

ST. PAUL, APOSTLE

CARDINAL GIBBONS ADVISES READING HIS EPISTLES—THEY CONVERT MANY. Although still feeling the effect of a slight attack of grip from which he suffered earlier in the week, his Eminence the Cardinal preached at the Cathedral High Mass last Sunday with his usual force and vigor.

His subject was "St. Paul, the Apostle," and his text was taken from II. Corinthians, xi. 19 to xii. 10. The Cardinal spoke as follows:

There is one sacred writer whose words are read more frequently in church than the utterances of any other inspired penman. I refer to the great apostle to the gentiles. It is, therefore, eminently proper that you should cultivate the acquaintance of that man and become more familiar with his extraordinary life and actions.

After Christ Himself St. Paul is the most striking figure in the Christian Church. He is conspicuous by his marvelous conversion, conspicuous by his imperishable writings, conspicuous by his humility and greatness of soul, conspicuous by his contempt of human glory, his self-denial and love of suffering; conspicuous by his miracles and supernatural visions, and conspicuous by his love for God and his fellowman.

Paul, or Saul as he was called before his conversion, was born in Tarsus, in Cilicia, in the beginning of the Christian era. He was a Hebrew of the tribe of Benjamin; he belonged to the strictest sect of Pharisees. He was a most unrelenting persecutor of the rising Church, and stood by, an approving spectator, when Stephen was stoned to death. While on his way from Jerusalem to Damascus, breaking through the desert, he was suddenly seized upon by a brilliant light from heaven, and he fell on the ground, and, falling on the ground, he heard a voice from the clouds saying to him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" And Saul said: "Who art thou, Lord?" And the voice answered: "I am Jesus, Whom thou persecutest."

St. Paul is conspicuous by his writings. Next to the Gospels of Jesus Christ his fourteen epistles form the most important and the most familiar portion of the New Testament. They have been the delight and consolation of thousands of souls in every age and country. Many a great light like St. Augustin, is indebted under God for his conversion to the Epistles of St. Paul. These letters are a beautiful garden abounding with every kind of heavenly fruit most delicious to the spiritual taste. And just as the manna which fell on the children of Israel in the desert adapted itself to the taste of each consumer, so do the letters of the apostle accommodate themselves to the special wants of every pious reader.

But what tongue can adequately portray the eloquence of Paul—an eloquence that made princes tremble on their thrones, that swayed multitudes and converted whole nations. St. Paul is the only apostle that has received and that merits the glorious title of the "Apostle of Nations." "There are three things," says St. Augustine, "that I would like of St. Paul: the first is that I would like to witness in this world like him, the second, Rome in the zenith of her imperial splendor, and Paul thundering from the chair of truth." So captivating and inspiring was Paul's eloquence that when the pagan inhabitants of the Lystra heard him speak they imagined that he was possessed of the god of eloquence, and they desired to offer sacrifice to him as to a divinity.

Paul was so conspicuous for his virtues as for his gift of eloquence. One of the most striking virtues exhibited in the life of St. Paul is his profound humility of heart. In this respect he resembles his brother apostle, Peter. As Peter's cheeks were furrowed with tears because he had denied his Master, so was Paul's heart crushed with grief and humiliation by the reflection that he had persecuted his Saviour. He avows that he is the greatest of sinners. "Jesus Christ," he says, "came into this world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief." He confesses himself a blasphemer and a persecutor of the Church of God. "I am the least of the apostles, who am not worthy to be called an apostle, because I have persecuted the Church of God." Brothers, scouted the Paul when he sees these two men, the one denying his Lord, the other blaspheming Him, afterwards becoming the two great columns of the Christian Church?

But St. Paul confirms by his example the truth that genuine humility is not only compatible with greatness of soul, but is inseparable from it. The truly humble man is courageous because he trusts not in the arm of the flesh, but in the justice of his cause, and in the protection of heaven. "Gladly," cried out the apostle, "will I glorify in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may dwell in me." He spoke of himself when he said: "The weak things of this world hath God chosen, that He might confound the strong, and the things that are contemptible, and the things that are not, hath God chosen, that He might confound the things that are; that no flesh should glory in His sight."

His magnanimity confronts us at

every step. He always rises to the occasion. He is equal to every emergency. Neither the frowns of tyrants nor the shouts of the populace, nor the chains and prisons, can terrify him or break his spirit. When he is brought to the court of Felix, the Governor, he has the courage to preach to him on justice and chastity and a judgment to come he was a stranger, and a judgment to come he had reason to fear. When Paul is afterward led in chains before King Agrippa he boldly proclaims his Christian faith in the midst of a hostile assembly. Agrippa is so deeply impressed with his words that he exclaims: "Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian."

Then Paul, lifting up his voice, he said, in language worthy of himself: "Would to God that not only thou, but all who hear me this day, should become such as I am, except these bonds." When the chief captain threatens to scourge Paul in order to gratify a frenzied mob he indignantly protests against the outrage, declaring that he was a Roman citizen. The captain, however, alarmed, knowing that it was forbidden to scourge a Roman citizen, and in an apologetic tone he said to the apostle: "I also am a citizen. I have purchased this title with a great price." "And I," rejoins the apostle, "am a citizen not by purchase, but by birthright."

Another characteristic of St. Paul's life is his contempt of human glory and his indifference to popular opinion. I flatter men and would not be the servant of Christ. As for me it is of the least account to be judged by you or by man's day. There is One Who judgeth, that is the Lord." His practice of self-denial and mortification is equally manifest: "I chastise my body and bring it into subjection, lest while I preach to others I myself become a reprobate. With Christ I am nailed to the Cross. I forbear that I should glory, in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom the world is crucified to me and I to the world."

But who can sufficiently describe his sufferings and privations in the course of his ministry? His whole public life, from his conversion on his way to Damascus to his martyrdom in Rome, is one continued series of hardships. If we were to compare our penance with his tribulations, how they would pale into insignificance. In his epistle to the Corinthians, which is read in the Mass of to-day, he thus describes his trials and vicissitudes: "From the Jews five times I received forty stripes save one. Thrice I was beaten with rods. Once I was stoned. Thrice I suffered shipwreck. A day and a night I spent in the depths of the sea. In perils of robbers, in perils of water, in perils of wild beasts, in perils of the wilderness, in perils of the sea, in perils of false brethren. In labors and distress, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness."

I have not time to speak of his visions, revelations and miracles. Moses received the law on Mount Sinai, Paul received the gospel from the Mount of God when he was rapt up to the third heaven.

But the crowning virtue of the apostle of the Gentiles is his intense love for God and for his fellow man. Paul never did anything by halves. He loved the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind and strength. He loved the Lord his neighbor with all his heart, mind and strength. His labor for a cause is proportioned to our love for it. Where there is love there is no labor, or if there is labor, the labor is loved. He smiled at tyrants and persecutions, at obstacles and privations. He looked on them with as much indifference as a traveler, hastening to his journey's end, looks on the clouds, the storms and rains he encounters on the road. See how his ardent love for Christ is shown in that sublime sentence in his epistle to the Romans: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulations or distress or famine or nakedness or danger or persecution or the sword? I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The truest test of the love of God is found in a genuine affection for our neighbor. "If any man say 'I love God,' and hateth his neighbor, that man is a liar, and the truth is not in him. For if he loveth not his neighbor, whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not?" So great was the love of Paul for his Jewish brethren that he was willing, if it were possible, to forego his eternal happiness that he might save them. "I speak the truth in Christ Jesus. I lie not, my conscience bearing me testimony in the Holy Spirit, that I wish myself to be anathema unto Christ for my brethren, who are kinsmen according to the flesh." And in this most eloquent description of fraternal charity can we doubt that the apostle was portraying himself? "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And if I have prophecy and know all mysteries, and all knowledge, and if I have faith so as to remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor and deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity is patient, is kind; charity envieth not,

is not puffed up, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh not evil, rejoiceth in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Can we wonder that an apostle who so ardently loved God and his fellow man, who spent himself in the service of his Master, who laid so firmly the foundation of Christ's spiritual kingdom on earth—can we wonder, I say, that such a man should have so strong a hope and confidence in rewards of eternal life? This ripened and bloomed into absolute certainty as the term of his life drew nigh. More than once he presses this assurance, "I know whom I have believed, and I am certain that he is able to keep my deposit unto that day." Shortly before his death he exclaims: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. For the rest there is laid up for me a crown of glory which the Lord, the just Judge, will give up to me on that day."

St. Cyprianus, Archbishop of Constantinople, exhorted not only the members of the royal family and the attendants at courts, but also mechanics and laborers, to peruse the Epistles of St. Paul. If the perusal of these letters was good for Christianity of the East in the fifth century, it ought to be profitable to Christians of America in the twentieth century. I impart to you most earnestly the same counsel. You listen on Sundays to fragments of these epistles. But, oh, how much you miss in not hearing the whole! If you heard a page of a letter from a dear relative or friend you would be impatient till you had read it all. Read the epistles through and through. Read a chapter every day. Do you seek for divine knowledge? You will find it there. Do you seek for the manna of spiritual consolation? You will find it there in abundance. You will receive a share in the apostle's spirit and virtues, and will enjoy, I hope, hereafter, a share in his glory.

THE VAUDEVILLE VILATTE.

In response to a couple of letters requesting information as to the personality and ecclesiastical equipment of the adventurer named Vilatte, the following summary is offered. No rogue in the category of the Newgate Calendar exhibited greater variety in the pursuit of elusive lucre. To Bishop Gratton, of Fond du Lac, the world is chiefly indebted for a record of Vilatte's career. Paris is his natal place. He was born there, in the year 1854, of Catholic parents, and christened Rene. His parents having died while he was young, he was placed in an orphanage under the care of the Christian Brothers. When the Commune was suppressed he went to Canada, but soon returned to France, enlisted in the army, deserted and fled to Belgium, where he entered the Christian Brothers' house at Namur as a novice. He left there after a few months and followed Vilatte to the Holy Cross at the College of St. Laurent's. But he was not long settled there when, for some reason or other not forthcoming, he left the Catholic Church and was taken into the Methodist body. But he only stayed with his new friends for three months, for he was found back with the Christian Brothers in Montreal, and after a brief stay with them he returned back to the Methodists as a teacher in their institute. Only for a few days did he remain at any place at this period of his career, turning up one week as Catholic teacher, next as Methodist, and again as Presbyterian. His gyrations in religion were as bewildering as a motion picture tracing a cyclone track. When he became a Bible to sell but along with the Bibles he carried rosaries and prayer-books for Catholics—a sort of religious Antiquary's fancy in his pedlar's pack. After spending a few months in the Presbyterian theological seminary, he disappeared, and the next time he was heard from it was as a novice in the monastery of St. Francis, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Vilatte's next appearance on the stage was in the guise of a Congregationalist. It was in Brooklyn, and he played the part for five months. Then he picked up with the veteran turncoat and impostor Chaligny, and was made a Presbyterian minister in Green Bay, Wisconsin. But he soon got tired of this part and entered the Episcopalian body, being "ordained a deacon by Bishop Brown. Then he posted off to Switzerland, and, presto! change, he reappeared as an "Old Catholic," affiliated with Protestantism, "ordained" by Bishop Herzog. Belgium and again Wisconsin were the scenes of his spiritual exhibitions. Bishop Gratton flung him out as a fraud and a disgrace to any cloth, deposed him from the Episcopal ministry. He shipped again over the ocean, and then turned up at Cayton, where he imposed upon Bishop Alvarez by some lying tale and was by him elevated to the office of Archbishop of the Old Catholic Church in the United States," according to the Syriae rite.

The next heard of him was seven years ago, when he came to visit St. Laurent College and announced that he had been ordained a Greek Archbishop. Later he applied to Rome to be abjure the Greek Schismatic Church, but wanted to retain his rank as Bishop. Failing to justify his claim to ordination and consecration, he went to Detroit, where, six years ago, he organized a congregation among Poles who were rebellious against the Catho-

lic Bishop, but later they turned on him and accused him of deception and misappropriation.

Vilatte is now in Paris as we have already noted. He has put up his signboard as a maker of nitres and bitretas. A modern Aladdin, he is prepared to give an old lamp for a new one, or a new one for an old one—to transact business, in fact, with all comers who need the services of a conventional midwife. But he has not yet attained his rightful goal; his hour has yet to come.

In a letter written to the Church Times concerning the lightning-charged artist Bishop Gratton wrote: "I was obliged in the year 1892 to degrade him from the priesthood and to excommunicate him from the Church. I have discovered that he was morally rotten, a swindling adventurer belonging to the same criminal class as your noted claimant. He was reported to me for drunkenness, swindling, obtaining money under false pretences and other crimes, and as a notorious liar. The man has somewhat exceptional gifts as an impostor. He has the power of endurance of a Cataline, the audacity of a Jeremy Diddler and the morals of a Tiebhorne. He can preach and pray with great fervor, and is wont when discovered to say with French loftiness that he forgives all his enemies. I know of no clergyman or layman in my diocese who has any other opinion of Vilatte but that his proper place is in the penitentiary. He belongs to the low class of criminals governed by inordinate ambition and insatiate greed for money and power. He has no fixed religious principles, as is seen from the course of his life."

Now it is announced that the firm of Des Houz, Vilatte & Co. is formally incorporated, and the French public is invited to invest in the stock. This is high comedy in real life.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

JESUITS STUDY QUAKES.

HELEN COLLEGE FATHERS SET UP TWO SEISMOGRAPHS—FIRSTS HAVE SAVED HAVANA FROM WRATH OF HURRICANES.

Havana, February 3.—The Jesuit Fathers of the famous Helen College are now prepared to study the phenomena of the earth as well as of the air, through which for years they have saved Havana from the full wrath of hurricanes by foretelling the approach of all destructive storms. In the presence of this afternoon of Archbishop Estrada and other church dignitaries, and thirty of the most distinguished of Cuba's scientific men, the first seismographical station was opened at Quinta de la Asuncion, the beautiful retreat of the order in the suburbs of the city.

The building, on a high hill, contains two of the latest instruments made in Strasbourg. Father Gutierrez Lanza explained that the machines were so placed as to record all the earth tremors north, south, east and west. They then were wound up and started on their interesting task.

Father Gangotli, chief of the Helen Observatory, said the machines already had done valuable service by adding priceless data to the archives collected. He showed strips of paper on which the earth waves of the Jamaica earthquake were recorded. The Fathers, he explained, worked day and night to perfect the station, and finished their labors the night before that occurrence, setting the machines and leaving them. At the time of the next day they were astonished to find evidence of tremendous disturbances, which they estimated must have had their centre or beginning four hundred and seventy-seven miles away, south-east by south from Cuba, which would bring it under ocean, a few miles northeast of Jamaica.

This announcement created intense interest, which was whetted by the promise of more valuable service by data obtained had been more thoroughly studied. The devoted priests were congratulated on the new equipment which they hoped would enable them to perform as valuable service in Seismic as they have in meteorological science.

Lord Chelmsford's Daughter a Convert to the Old Faith.

London, Feb. 2.—The Roman Catholic section of the British aristocracy, which is very powerful and headed by the Duke of Norfolk, Premier Duke and Earl Marshall of England, has received a notable recruit in the Hon. Mary Thesiger, who had just been converted to the old faith.

Mrs Thesiger is the youngest daughter of the first Lord Chelmsford, a lord chancellor of forty years ago, and aunt of the present baron. She was formerly lady-in-waiting to the late Duchess of Teck.

Notable Convert.

The London Tablet announces that the Rev. J. H. L. B. Girdstone, M. A., late vicar of St. Andrew's, Woking, England, has been received into the Catholic Church at Lourdes, by the Bishop of Tarbes. It is somewhat noteworthy at a time when so much hostility is shown towards Lourdes by free-thinkers, that it is there the Rev. Mr. Girdstone has been received into the Church.

Death of Bishop Stang.

Right Rev. William Stang, D. D., Bishop of Fall River, Mass., died on February 1, at St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn., following an operation for tumor of the bowels.