

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 EX'S PHOTOGRAPHED.

Rev. Mr. Williams, an Episcopalian minister, and publisher of the *Parish Messenger*, of Omaha, Nebraska, thus writes of the Know-Nothings and the ex's in the issue of that paper of Nov. 23rd:

Mr. J. C. Thompson, editor of our delightful contemporary, the *American*, is in a state of ecstatic rapture because we were not elected to serve on the school board, at the recent elections. He says:

The official returns show that Father John Williams was not elected to the School Board, but that an American Democrat, endorsed by this paper, was successful. Everyone who knows Father Williams will glory in his defeat. He is the most notorious truckler to Romanism in the State of Nebraska, and is roundly hated and despised by more men of standing and veracity than any man in the city of Omaha, and his recent defeat but emphasizes the contempt he is held in by decent and law-abiding citizens.

Now that is dreadful to find out about one's self. We had good ground to suspect that Mr. Thompson and the *clientelle* of the *American* would not sit up nights, or in secret chambers of midnight conspirators, to plot for our election to office on the School Board, or anywhere. But we really did not know before that we were of sufficient importance, either in public or private affairs, to be roundly hated and despised by men of standing and veracity in Omaha. For we do not think that even Mr. Thompson himself, notwithstanding his unlimited amount of brazen insolence, would be willing to state, with a hope of being believed, that he himself was a man of either "standing or veracity."

Entirely apart from any quarrel that may justly exist between him and us; entirely apart from any falsehoods he may utter against us, or against men, Roman Catholics, or others, he has been for years past, among us, a cowardly, base slanderer of Christian womanhood, as well as a seditious inciter of public disorder and strife. He has left no unspoken unspoken against Roman Catholic Sisters and Roman Catholic women. He has brought here, or helped to bring, apostate priests to slander their late co-religionists with every vile slander, which, if they were true of Roman Catholic priests, or women, generally, it would not only stamp these apostates themselves with the deepest brand of infamy, for their own part, and then this corporation of infamy, until they were deposed from their priestly rank, but it would also make it incumbent upon the civil authority to suppress the profession of the Roman Catholic religion.

The editor of the *American* has publicly assailed the honor of the wives and daughters and sisters of Roman Catholic men in this city, and then threatened, in his infamous sheet, that any outrage against a Roman Catholic should be met by laying a horse-whip to his cowardly shoulders, every Roman Catholic church and institution in this city would be laid in ashes, and every Roman Catholic priest murdered.

He prints this, further, of us:

There is an old and true saying that "Birds of a feather flock together," and were we not afraid of offending some pious and innocent Roman Catholics, we would hold that this covered the relation of Father Williams and the Roman Catholic Church.

Were not Mr. Thompson the mouth-piece of an utterly un-American association, it would not be worth while to notice anything he says, except, possibly, in the criminal court; were he not prudent enough to couch his language so as to evade the statute under whose operation he would find himself in the criminal libel, were he more explicit as to persons and things. But he is that mouth-piece, as he is the tolerated vehicle of filth and cowardly slander on the part of other men in this city, who call themselves, and doubtless think themselves good citizens and Christians, hence we are not dealing with him alone, but with his supporters also.

Now, we wish to be definitely understood. This is not a question of the Roman Catholic Church, of its hierarchical aims, or pretensions, or expectations. It is a question of American liberty, of Christian freedom, of manly honor.

If the Roman Catholic Church is committing any offense against the laws of the land let it be shown, and let its priests and its nuns, and if pleaded in court, be convicted and punished; and if need be let its profession be forbidden. If there be anything in its constitution that is in plain statutory contradiction to our laws and constitution let it be so decided by competent authority. If its religious houses be houses of infamy, and its priests and nuns the vilest of the vile, let it be so charged and proved by others than apostates, degraded drunkards, licentiousness, and crimes against nature. That there are bad priests, goes without saying; and no one inside or outside the Church can tell their exact number, and bad nuns also. But no degraded priest is too vile, and no

wretched nun, cast out, or a fugitive from her order, if not an impostor, is too abandoned in shamelessness to forbid their employment by men of Mr. Thompson's character, to scatter broadcast tales of infamy against those that cast them out, to summon meetings "for men only," and "for women only," where reeking tales of filth are told, that even if true, could only serve to prostitute the moral characters of the young men and young women for whom the *Slatteries*, and the *Levellers*, and the *Whites* hold open court.

Vile books are circulated under pretense of exposing the priestly life, and the Confessional, by these cowardly traducers of female virtue, which come clearly under the statute against obscene literature. For what? To save Protestantism? Not at all. For Protestants are not flocking into the Roman Catholic Church, and if they were, the Devil's weapons of slander and vilence, and manifest falsehood cannot preserve Christianity in any form.

It is to convince and win Roman Catholics. Roman Catholics know more of the evil, what there is of it, and the good of the confessional and the priestly life among them, than apostate priests, and fugitive, or alleged nuns can tell them; they are not likely to be won by the persuasive power of slanderous or apostate lips, or by the infamous methods of men who do not hesitate to brand every last man and woman among them, with probable, if not absolute, dishonor.

And yet, no priestly apostate is too vile to find a place and ministry in this propaganda of slander and hate; and men who call themselves ministers of Christ do not hesitate to give credence and circulation to stories, which if true, except in rare instances, would present to us a riddle which no man could solve; namely, that no part of the Christian Church can show a more indomitable courage and devotion, a more tireless spirit for the conversion of heathen men and savages, at every cost of comfort, of ease, of home, of worldly advantages, of life itself, than the Roman Catholic Church. Her priests penetrate into every heathen fastness; her nuns also, on every battlefield her Sisters forego the natural weakness of their womanhood, to minister to the dying, on the war-swept field of slaughter. They are found by day and by night in the plague-swept cities of the land and in the hospitals amid the dead, and dying, and the suffering.

When in Memphis and New Orleans Protestant ministers fled like craven cowards; many of them, before the horrors of yellow fever, Roman Catholic priests stood like men, to their posts; some of them to die beside their more manly Protestant brethren, and the men of the Red Cross, and Sisters also. And yet they are vile and licentious and traitorous; dens of conspirators, and their nuns are harlots!

What has become of Protestant manhood, or American honor, if it keeps silent, in the face of this utter denial of Christian virtue among men and women who give daily proof of heroic courage and rare devotion on behalf of the bodies and souls of men and women, without waiting to inquire what their creed or nation is?

The malignant priests and Pharisees accused Christ of casting out devils by the prince of the devils. If any men are in danger, to-day, of committing the sin against the Holy Ghost, they are those who, in the face of the rarest Christian devotion on the part of multitudes of Roman Catholic priests and nuns, dare to accuse them, generally, with the vilest living.

Some are vile, of course. If they were not the American Protective Association would not find such willing creatures of dishonor in apostate Roman priests. Many others are left, doubtless, vile also. These are a menace to purity and religion in the Roman Catholic Church. But the Roman Church is not singular in this, nor any other possible association of men. Bad men, weak men, tempted men, and women, exist everywhere, and will to the end.

Only the other day a Presbyterian minister was deposed by his brother for the most shameless vilence, in an adjacent state; but who expects to find that tale of shame in the *American*, as proof of the general vilence of Presbyterian ministers? That is not its role. It is only its New York contemporary of infidelity that publishes, impartially, "The Crimes of Preachers," and holds out a standing adjuration that it shall be informed by its friends, of every fallen Christian minister's sin. The *American* prudently closes its columns to the sins of Protestant ministers, while it opens wide its throttle valves to the shameless tales of fallen Roman priests. And yet not one of such would be too vile, subsequently, to be received by it, as a valid witness against his brethren.

C. M. E. A. Relief Association.

At the annual election of officers of Branch No. 15, C. M. E. A. Relief Association, the following were elected:

President, J. T. Trotter

Sec. - treas., P. A. Larivière

Trotter, J. T. Trotter

Stick Committee, Chartrand, M. J. McMeekin

and J. E. Jackman.

Finance Committee, J. G. Mulligan, A. Archambault, J. E. Jackman and P. A. Larivière.

AT HARVARD.

Eloquent Bishop Keane Addresses the Catholic Club.

The university which conferred upon Bishop Keane the title of Doctor of Laws, and which invited him a few years ago to deliver the Dudleyan lecture, gave him also a glorious welcome on Thanksgiving eve when he made an address in Sanders Theatre under the auspices of the Catholic Club of the University. The eloquent rector of the Catholic University spoke in his usually interesting manner, and his discourse greatly pleased the large audience, which included, besides the members of the club and many other students, President Eliot and other members of the college faculty and a large gathering of prominent Cambridge citizens. On being introduced by Mr. Thomas A. Mullen, the president of the Catholic Club, Bishop Keane spoke as follows:

The question that comes to my mind, and, no doubt, to many other minds, is, What has religion, and especially the Catholic religion, to do with the life of students, with the life of university men, with the life of the masses of Harvard? Of what use is this new club, and what does it aim at?

It seems to me that an excellent answer to that question is suggested by the great problem which is placed before the American people and the people of the world. Some time ago that veteran statesman, Mr. Gladstone, wrote an article for one of our publications on free trade and protection. In the closing paragraphs of that article he considered:

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA, and asks the question: "Is the world-wide influence of America going to be a blessing to the world or a curse?" And he answers it by saying: "It will depend not on what manner of producer, but on what manner of a man the American of the future is going to be."

That is a great problem. And the question of what kind of a man the American is going to be will depend in its turn on what kind of education he receives.

That pithy sentence of Gladstone brings before us the two issues—the turning out of men or the turning out of producers. But still a nother antithesis is suggested by a little book of Dr. Davidson's on "Aristotle as an Educator." The author shows that in the past education was characterized by the notion of civilization that then existed. In the period treated of civilization meant the set of influences that form the citizen and the set of results that followed from the lives and actions of citizens. The difference between the educated and the non-educated meant the difference between those who were citizens and those who were not.

The old notion of civilization was the production of citizens and education was all the influence that went to make citizens. The greatest embodiment of that kind of civilization, that kind of education, was the Roman empire, which made its citizens a mere cog in the great machine of state.

Then Christ astonished the world by sending forth his disciples to preach a new philosophy of man.

A NEW CIVILIZATION for the world—a philosophy and a civilization having for their fundamental notion this: That man's dignity, man's worth, does not consist of any relationship he may have to the assumed power of the state, but that it consists in the dignity of his immortal soul and its relationship to the infinite and eternal God.

There was the keynote of the world's future philosophy, the keynote of the world's civilization for all time to come. No wonder that Rome tried to crush this philosophy, this civilization, and no wonder that, after three centuries of struggle, the great colossus fell in the face of that great new system which represented truth and right.

This was a victory for all nations and for all ages. And now we recognize that the difference between the present and past—between the civilization that is dead and the civilization that has come to take possession of the world—hinges upon the difference between the old and the new philosophy concerning man; hence it follows that any institution which has for its aim to form men—to form efficient factors in the world's civilization, must have for its ideal, its basis and constant inspiration, the philosophy concerning man which was given to the world by Jesus Christ.

And nowhere is this philosophy of so great an importance as here in our America; for, without any boasting, we are compelled to recognize that in the advance of the world's civilization it is the manifest destiny of America to have the lead.

To this Joseph Rene replies: "I was not consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Fond du Lac, nor any part of it. I was consecrated Archbishop of the old Catholics of America. Even had I been consecrated for the Diocese of Fond du Lac (which has no existence save for Episcopalians) I should have the same right as the Roman Catholic Messmer, in the same territory. It has never entered the head of even an Episcopalian bishop,

producers rather than men as they are in America.

Our very schools and colleges tend to give the education which shall make people producers rather than men. Every one is trying to fit himself to the great strife, just as at Harvard on the eve of a foot ball or base ball contest. Our educational institutions should seek not so much to turn out the best producers, but rather to shape and mould the best men. Their work should be impregnated and vivified with the philosophy of Jesus Christ. That is the reason why our religion, and the religion of the Saviour, should have such an influence in all the educational institutions of the land, and, above all, in this oldest, most honored and the greatest of them all.

So much for the first part of my question.

Now, what has religion to do with the life of young men in an institution like this, and what especially has the Catholic religion to do with it? The Catholic Church has really

NO PURPOSE OR AIM which is in the slightest degree distinct from the aim or purpose and Christianity of the Christian religion. Misunderstand her as you may, abuse her as you will, you cannot but recognize that she is the Church whom the Lord Jesus Christ sent into the world.

Then it may be asked what our Church has in it distinctive. What ever there is anywhere that is true, that is sweet, that is for the mind's enlightenment, that is for the heart's comfort, that is for the soul's purifying and strengthening—all that is in the old mother Church, and that is why she is called the Catholic, the universal Church. What, indeed, have her children that she has not? Even the three things supposed to be distinctive—the crucifix, the real presence and the confessional—simply teach the great duties and lessons, death to sin, self-sacrifice and self-immolation, the resurrection and immortality and the power of the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse from all sin. All come from Christ and point to Christ.

But it will be said that the Church will interfere with something which you Catholic students may think or learn here at Harvard. The Church has no authority to exercise in the domain of astronomy, chemistry, or physics; her business is theology, and there only is she supreme.

Perhaps some will object to her infallibility even in that field. Surely no young man who comes to Harvard would be such a poltroon as to consent to follow an authority that owned itself to be fallible.

CAUGHT A LOBSTER.

In his anxiety to play the American Bosses, Dr. Coxo, of Buffalo, has lost sight of his grandiose protege, Joseph Rene Vilatte, "Archbishop of American Old Catholics," as he calls himself.

The Protestant sect deem it a great catch when a priest who forgets himself joins them. They generally give him a pretty thorough advertising. Joseph Rene Vilatte was one of this kind. The Episcopalian caught him, made much of him, and now he is giving them a peck of trouble. It is the fable of the canine and the lobster over again. This canine caught the lobster by inserting his tail between its claws, and when he grew tired of the job and wished a separation he discovered to his chagrin that the lobster was an interested party to the arrangement. Joseph, like the lobster, won't let go.

He claims to have gone to Antioch and got himself made an Archbishop of American Old Catholics. The Protestant Episcopalian bishops assembled in convention at Baltimore "resolved that in the opinion of this house the whole proceedings in connection with the so-called consecration of J. Rene Vilatte were null and void and that this Church does not recognize that any episcopal character was thereby conferred."

By this means they thought to get rid of Joseph Rene; but they counted without their lobster. Joseph did not take kindly to this disregard of his archiepiscopal dignity. From his official residence in Duval, Keweenaw county, Wisconsin, he has issued a *mandamus* or a *quo warranto* or something of that kind to his "venerable brethren," in which he lays down the law with telling vigor and precision.

He has the logic of the situation on his side and puts the venerable brethren in a dilemma.

The House of Bishops held "that those bishops (the Antioch conservatives) had no jurisdiction or right to ordain a bishop for any part of the diocese under the charge of the bishop (Protestant Episcopalian) of Fond du Lac."

To this Joseph Rene replies: "I was not consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Fond du Lac, nor any part of it. I was consecrated Archbishop of the old Catholics of America. Even had I been consecrated for the Diocese of Fond du Lac (which has no existence save for Episcopalians) I should have the same right as the Roman Catholic Messmer, in the same territory. It has never entered the head of even an Episcopalian bishop,

as far as I know, to deny the validity of bishop Messmer's orders because he had not previously obtained permission of Bishop Grafton or his House of Bishops."

One of Bishop Coxo's many hobbies has been the "Mexican Church." Joseph Rene touches that point up beautifully, thus:

"Even among Episcopalians, I venture to say, there is not one so arrogant as to claim or imagine that all Roman, Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Russian and other Christians in America must embrace Protestant Episcopalianism in order to become veritably and indubitably Catholic. Again, if in America the Old Catholic, like other orthodox, have no right to have a bishop to minister to them, what right to have Anglican bishops on the continent of Europe, in the Orient especially and in Roman Catholic countries here? Look at the 'Mexican muddle!'"

Thus doth the Archbishop of Keweenaw county, Wisconsin, lecture his brethren. While he is at it he should take cognizance of the antics of his suffragan, Dr. Coxo, of Buffalo, and try to prevent him from pinning himself to the coat tail of every celebrity in the country for the purpose of dragging himself into notoriety. He should silence Coxo *usque ad revocationem*.

The moral of the Vilatte episode is: Don't go lobster hunting. — Catholic Times.

RECTOR COLT CONVERTED.

A Brooklyn Episcopal Minister Joins the True Faith.

New York, December 19.

The Rev. Hanson T. Colt, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Mission of St. David's, at Woodbine street and Knickerbocker avenue, Brooklyn, has become a convert to Roman Catholicism. For several years Pastor Colt has been a very high churchman, carrying the Episcopal ritual to the uttermost limits established by usage. He has conformed in his teachings, however, strictly to the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His renunciation of that faith is a great surprise to all his friends.

The chapel of St. David's was not only a regular Episcopal church, but was also a mission for the deaf mutes of Brooklyn. It was the only place in that city where religious instruction was offered to deaf mutes. Persons of all denominations thus physically afflicted worshipped there. Rector Colt preached to them regularly in the sign language, in addition to preaching to his regular congregation.

The Church of St. David's is not a parish. It belongs to the Brooklyn Diocese at large. The land and building stand in the name of Rector Colt. He has transferred the title to the Rev. A. A. Morrison, rector of St. Matthew's Church, and arch-deacon of the northern district of the Episcopal Diocese of Brooklyn.

The Episcopalian will keep up St. David's not only as a regular church, but likewise as a mission for Brooklyn's deaf mutes. Yesterday Rector Colt's place was temporarily supplied by the Rev. Floyd West, of St. Michael's Church, South Brooklyn.

SIX MONTHS CONVICTIONS.

The Rev. Mr. Colt has not decided what he will do. He has been received in the Roman Catholic Church as a layman. He cannot hold orders because he is married. His friends say he will probably seek a place as teacher to the deaf mutes in some secular school in New York or Brooklyn devoted to the instruction of deaf mutes.

Mrs. Colt has not followed her husband into the Roman Catholic Church. She was closely identified with him in his work at St. David's, but she has given that work up.

The Rev. Mr. Colt finally determined on renouncing the Episcopal Church last Tuesday night. He had been struggling with mental unbeliefs for many months, but had not communicated them to his friends. He preached to the deaf mutes as usual at St. David's Tuesday night, but did not refer to the subject of his change of views.

Pastor Colt had some days previously explained his mental condition to his friend, the Rev. Dr. Arthur Ritchie, of St. Ignatius' Protestant Episcopal Church of this city. The latter had vainly endeavored to change the doubting mind.

Pastor Colt then went to Archdeacon Morrison's house and told him he was determined to leave the Episcopal Church, as he had been converted to Romanism. The Archdeacon expressed regret at the proposed step, but said he was sure Mr. Colt was acting on his sincere convictions, and assured him of his continued friendship in his new Church.

RECTOR COLT VISITED BISHOP M'DONNELL.

Mr. Colt on Wednesday visited Bishop McDonnell, the head of the Roman Catholic Church of Brooklyn.

Bishop McDonnell listened to Mr. Colt's story, spoke kindly and encouragingly to him and sent him to the

Jesuit priests at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in this city, to be examined on his religion and doctrines. The examination proved satisfactory, and, on the same day, he was formally received into the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Colt joined the Church of Our Lady of Victory, McDonough street and Throop avenue, Brooklyn. Yesterday he attended, as a spectator, the services for deaf mutes at St. Francis Xavier's church in this city.

Mr. Colt is thirty three years old. He is married, but has no children. He is a nephew of the late Bishop Brown, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Fond du Lac. Ten years ago he was ordained an Episcopal minister by Bishop Brown at St. Ann's Church, this city.

Mr. Colt was ambitious to preach, but his speech was so much impeded by reason of the stuttering habit that it was considered impracticable to put him in charge of a regular pulpit. His hearing was not affected, however. When his case was brought to the attention of the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, now rector emeritus of St. Ann's, a field was made for him among deaf mutes.

He was sent over to Brooklyn and labored under the auspices of the New York Church Mission Society to deaf mutes. He acquired the sign language and devoted himself earnestly to his labors, gradually collecting a large congregation of deaf mutes from all denominations.

Through a system of self-instruction, obtained from a fellow clergyman who had been similarly afflicted, pastor Colt gradually cured himself of stuttering. Two years ago the Episcopal diocese of Brooklyn built for him a small chapel at Woodbine street and Knickerbocker avenue, in a sparsely settled neighborhood. There he has since been working in a double field. There are two hundred deaf mutes in regular attendance at St. David's.

NOT AN UNKIND WORD.

Mr. Colt did not take a regular and formal farewell of the people of St. David's. He and his wife spent Saturday personally visiting the members of the little congregation. They received only kind expressions of regret.

Mrs. Colt was at her home, 342 Monroe street, yesterday when a reporter for the *New York Times* called. "We leave St. David's and the Episcopal Church," she said, "with out an unkind word from any one. We will not take anything from St. David's. I painted the pictures which hang on the church walls, and my husband owns his vestments. There are other things in the church which belong to us, but we will leave them all."

"Will you leave the Episcopal Church?" Mrs. Colt was asked. "I have no present intention of becoming a Roman Catholic," she replied. "I do not pretend to be a theologian. I know my husband is sincere in his change, but I shall remain an Episcopalian. I attended the services at St. David's Friday night."

Apais Threats to Kill a Mayor.

At Eau Claire, Wis., there is a Catholic policeman. The Apais demand his dismissal, but the Mayor refuses. But the Apais insist, and failing compliance by the Mayor, they write him the following: "Mayor Hopper—If you don't take that man Ryan off the police force you may get what Harrison got."

Instead of dismissing the Catholic policeman the Mayor sent the communication to a daily paper, *The Leader*, saying, "My life is ready at any time to be sacrificed to a principle which underlies American institutions; but when he or any of his associates in villainy shoot, they must shoot for blood or their society will lose a devotee whose apparent object is his own personal aggrandizement regardless of principles."

Mayor Hopper has not only the true American spirit but the American courage. We do not fear, however, that he will be called on to defend himself against an Apais bullet. Apais never attack in the open. They are cowards, like the European anarchists. They injure only when they are pretty sure of impunity; they attack only in the dark and from behind, like all cowards and traitors.

If they attack Mayor Hopper, it will not be with a man's weapon; it will be with a serpent's sting. — Chicago New World.

Indulgences.

The reverend editor of the *South African Magazine* observes that non-Catholics who have a correct idea of Indulgences are seldom met with. It would seem that they are rare even in South Africa; for according to the *Cape Mercury*, three hundred days' Indulgence means three hundred days out of purgatory. The obligation to return, however, when the furlough is over, is not insisted upon. "If our Protestant friend were to see a fifty-horse power engine," says Dr. Kabbe, "he should look inside it for the fifty horses." — Ave Maria.

Time is given us to prepare for eternity, and eternity will not be too long for our regrets at the loss of time, if we have mis-spent it. — Feneelon.