

THE CATHOLIC RECORD,

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12 cents per line for first, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements measured in nonpareil type 12 lines to an inch. Contract advertisements for three, six or twelve months, special terms. All advertisements should be handed in not later than Thursday morning. Terms to agents, twelve and a half per cent. on remittances, or one free copy to the getter up of each club of ten. We solicit and shall at all times be pleased to receive contributions on subjects of interest to our readers and Catholics generally, which will be inserted when not in conflict with our own views as to their conformity in this respect. All communications should be addressed to the undersigned accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

WALTER LOCKE,
PUBLISHER.

388 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, DEC. 27, 1878.

TO ALL AGENTS.

All our agents are hereby authorized to state that we will give the Record for the remainder of this year FREE to all who pay up their subscriptions in full, for the year 1879. Agents in taking subscriptions will date receipts from January, 1879. We want good agents in several important towns, villages and townships, and we hope our friends will exert themselves in behalf of this the best Catholic paper in Ontario.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We hope that all our subscribers who have not yet paid their subscriptions will do so as soon as they conveniently can. Where we have a local agent all monies can be paid to him, thereby avoiding the trouble and risk of sending them by mail. Care should be taken when making payments to obtain a receipt, and subscribers are hereby cautioned against paying money to any person except our duly authorized agents. Our St. Thomas subscribers should pay money to no person except Mr. John Doyle, Merchant, or ourselves.

Mr. Boon, 186 St. Paul Street, St. Catharines, is our authorized agent for St. Catharines and district.

Mr. Dan'l. Fisher is our appointed agent for Stratford.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Not having any previous intimation of Monsignor Bruyere's arrival home, we were as surprised and delighted at seeing him at St. Peter's on Sunday last, as we were edited by his eloquent discourse. The very reverend gentleman looks wonderfully improved and invigorated by his sojourn in Europe. We most heartily wish Monsignor a *cent mille* a *faillie*, a happy Christmas, and many happy New Years.

In many Catholic circles one man has to be editor, reporter, proof-reader and general bottle washer. A constant strain is made on his resources of mind and body, very little allowance is made for him. While some people think they do a great deal for their religion if they go to Mass on Sunday and to Confession once or twice a year—they seldom think of the Catholic editor who gives up his whole life to advocate the faith and give them their weekly reading matter. For it is quite certain that there is no Catholic writer in America on the Catholic press who could not earn far more money on Protestant dailies or weeklies than he could where he now is.—*Connecticut Catholic*.

We can most cordially endorse the above, for we have been there.—*Richmond Catholic Visitor*.

So have we, and we will stake our reputation on the veracity of the Connecticut man.

In this week's issue we reluctantly insert a letter under the signature of "A Subscriber," touching upon church music as carried out at St. Peter's Cathedral. This is only one of many communications received on the same subject. As the heading of our correspondence column states, "we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by them." Yet at the same time we do not pretend to be able to stem the tide of public opinion for ever. And for fear that the columns of our city contemporaries should be made use of, for the elucidation of matters that can be of no earthly interest to any one but ourselves, we deem it prudent to insert this letter, which we think embodies the sense of the whole of our musical correspondence, while at the same time it is the most moderate in tone. We have no wish to venture an opinion upon this subject, and would remind our correspondents that this matter ought to be left in the hands of those who alone can make any alterations in the appointments relating to the Church. We wish our correspondents to make a note of this, and not trouble us further on the subject.

Christmas Day.

"Glory to God on High and peace on earth to men of good will."

Cheering words of hope and joy that formed the burden of angelic songs heard amid Judeah's hills and vales, now nigh two thousand years ago. They are uttered in every Christian Church, from the poles to the equator, and chanted loud with equal gleesome piety and fervor in the modest village church as in the vaulted basilica. The very name Christmas is inseparably associated with happy faces and hearts brimful of innocent joy and gladness. The family circle for months' mayhap for years, broken up and scattered, is once more reunited. In every railway carriage may be seen the lithe active youth with happiness beaming all over his countenance, who in distant fields of toil or study, worked hard and struggled for the rich reward due to merit, and now returns with the long-sought prize, to the fond embrace of a mother who worships the sound of his voice, and of younger brothers and sisters, whose love is only equalled by the pride they expand with, for having so great a man for a brother.

Now do colleges and boarding seminaries throw wide their gates, and romping, laughing boys and girls rush home to be fondled by over-anxious parents, and gorged with Christmas pie and cake. Content, happiness, delight and peace reign once more, and for one whole day at least there is a truce to complaining.

These, however, are but the transient natural ways of a people who have all agreed to be merry at least one winter's day. A mood of far greater happiness is given to such as meditate, before God's holy altar, on the stupendous, the saving and consoling mystery commemorated on this day of gladness and heavenly mercy. How much deeper, how far more enduring the real solid joy of the earnest Catholic who on Christmas Day has been reconciled with God, in the grief of heart for sin, and who, cleansed and purified in the Sacrament of Penance, has partaken of the food of angels, and mingled his voice with theirs in singing "Glory be to God on High and Peace on earth to men of good will."

Two thousand years ago the whole world sighed for the speedy fulfilment of the promise made to Eve in the garden, handed down through the ages from sire to son, and repeatedly announced by prophets from heaven inspired, viz., that a child should be given to us, and a son born to us; that a pure Immaculate Virgin would mysteriously conceive and bring forth a Savior, whose name should be Emmanuel, the Prince of Peace; the delight of all that is just and righteous, the source of all liberty, of all justice, of all law and of all love. Not the Jewish people alone, but the civilized and uncivilized, of Pagan nations, the Greek, the Roman, the fierce Scythian and dusky sons of Egypt, and Ethiopia—all awaited a Messiah, all expected a Savior born of a Virgin, and whose Father would be a God. Even the Celtic Druids of Western Europe had altars erected *Virgini parture* to the Virgin who was to bring forth a son. But God is faithful to His promises. He will not disappoint such as trust hopefully in His word. The world's expectations were more than fulfilled in the royal city of Bethlehem one night in December, when, for the first time in many centuries, war had ceased, and peace was proclaimed to the astonished earth. The Saviour was born at midnight, and the heavens rang with jubilees, whose sound of glad triumph reached the earth and re-echoed on the hills of Galilee. Pious shepherds heard the glad tidings, and came with speed and humble hearts to adore the Infant God. Kings came from distant regions, guided by Bethlehem's bright star, to prostrate themselves before the King of Kings and lay at his feet the mystic gifts of Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.

To-day we celebrate this wonderful mystery of a God becoming man through love of us; to-day we, poor erring mortals, make feeble efforts in prayer and sacrifice and acts of thanksgiving to express our deep sense of gratitude for the graces and blessings without numbers that have flown down to us from this first and greatest of Christian mysteries, the Divine Incarnation. To-day is Paganism overturned and the reign of superstition at an end. The oracles of Delphi and Appollos are mute, and may no longer dupe fools like Xerxes the magnificent, and Alexander the great. To-day has tyranny been abolished, and the sound gone forth: that every man is equal to his fellow-man in the sight of a just judge. The manacles have fallen from the hands of the slave, unshackled by the world's Redeemer, and woman is no longer the base, servile creature Paganism had made her, but the co-conspirer, the helpmate, and solace of man.

As the shepherds then, let us hasten in all

humility and love to thank and worship Him who redeemed us; and let us bring, as the wise men, gifts of gold, which is charity, of incense, which is adoration, and of Myrrh, which is purity of soul and heart, to unite with the angelic host in singing, "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra, pax hominibus bonae voluntatis."

CONTROVERSY IN STRATFORD.

In the controversial war now vigorously waged in Stratford we note some very curious arguments introduced by the opponents of Dr. Kilroy and Father O'Neil. For instance, a letter appears in the *Herold* of Wednesday, the 18th inst., in which, among other curious subtleties peculiar to himself, the Rev. Dr. Waits accounts for the change in the name of Simon to Cephas, which being interpreted means a Rock—in Greek Petros or Peter. Mr. Waits declares, on his authority, as licensed expounder of God's truth, that our Blessed Lord gave Peter the name of Rock simply to show him that he lacked firmness and was a very weak-minded man. As he states in italics, "Peter is brought into contact with that type of character which he is most signally destitute of." "When souls come to Christ," he continues, "He makes them feel their missing qualities. To the honest 'he holds forth righteousness; to the greedy 'generosity, &c.' Certainly. But does the Lord of all Truth state anywhere that the greedy man is a splendid fellow, or that the Pharisee is anything but a whitened sepulchre? Does not our Lord call things and men by their names? When he praised the Centurion's Faith, did he mean to say that the Centurion was most signally destitute of faith. It would appear so. From these false premises the Rev. Mr. Waits concludes the opinion that when our Lord said to Peter, 'thou art a Rock,' he meant to say purely and simply, 'thou art a stupid man.' Where the stupidity rests we leave our readers to judge.

ESTIMATED NUMBER OF CATHOLICS IN THE WORLD.

It has been for a long time the fashion to set down the number of Catholics in the world at 200,000,000. The *Catholic Review*, of New York (November 9th.), has at length overthrown this time-honored heresy. And, indeed, if more than thirty years ago, the Scientific Miscellany estimated the Catholics at 254,655,000, surely something additional must be allowed for the last quarter of a century in which there has been so great an increase in all the countries that are best known. The New York Protestant papers allow, with the distinguished German statisticians Rehm and Wagner, that there are no fewer than 270,000,000 Catholics. At the same time their estimates of the numbers of the Greek Church and of Protestants of all denominations appear to be rather high. If thirty years ago, according to the Scientific Miscellany, Protestants were only 48,985,000, it is hardly to be supposed that their numbers have been doubled in so short a time. The belief in such extraordinary growth is all the more difficult when it is considered that Protestantism reached the utmost limit of its development during the first fifty years of its existence, as Baron Macaulay and other writers assure us, and it has been rather in a stand-still condition for 250 years. Today, in the face of this fact, that it could double its numbers in thirty years, is surely an exaggeration. It is admitted, on all hands, that or late years there has been an immense extension and increase of the Catholic Church. Its growth, therefore, ought to be greater in proportion than that of Protestantism. But supposing it to have grown in the same ratio as the alleged growth of all the sects, its numbers would now be 509,310,000. We are far, however, from claiming so great a number. But it is not surely unreasonable, whilst 53,000,000 are added to non-progressive Protestantism, to believe that the Catholic Church, which has been advancing with rapid strides, has added, within the last thirty years, some 40,000,000 or so, to her numbers. This would bring them to the figure, more or less, now admitted by the New York papers. As no body can believe that the number of Protestants has been positively doubled in 30 years, a few may be taken with perfect safety from Messrs. Rehm and Wagner's 101,000,000 and added to the Catholic reckoning. These statisticians ascribe to the Greek Church, also, which certainly is not progressive, except in Poland, in which small country, a good many conversions have been made by Russian bayonets, incredible increase. Thirty years ago, science made them 56,330,000. (Vid. Scientific Miscellany.) They are now almost doubled; Rehm and Wagner setting them down at 90,000,000. It is quite safe to deduct from this number, in which, no doubt, are counted the great masses of Russian subjects, among whom there are numerous sects—Rascologies, Mennonites, &c., and not a few Catholics. Catholics, therefore, are not far wrong, counting also the numbers, that may reasonably be deducted from the learned statisticians' estimate of Protestants, in estimating their numbers at 300,000,000.

But there is another arena in which these ethics hold good, we wish we could say with equal faithfulness. That arena is the far nobler one of politics. Political leaders are supposed to fight honorably; never to strike below the belt; never to take an undue advantage. Like the prize-fighters, they are supposed to shake hands before shaking fists, as a guarantee that they will fight fair, with that fairness which parliamentary usage deems fair, and that, outside the House, whatever may take place within there shall be no hard feelings, no after-revenge, no personal animosities. These are the ethics. The practice is far different. Personal opposition, the outcome of personal animosities, is the order of the day, and is, in fact, most conspicuous in the leaders.

HAS THE CHURCH LOST HER HOLD UPON THE MASSES?

[Communicated.]

The Evangelicals and Gospellers of the English Church in their struggle with their Anglican and Ritualistic brethren use every means to disunite and discourage them from their Romeward movements. If the xxxix Articles, the Book of Common Prayer, the "Martyred Archbishop," and the teaching of a self-interpreted Gospel, will not bring them back to the Evangelical flock, they take recourse to other stratagems.

Here is one that has come under my notice, and I give it to the readers of the Record as a great novelty. They, i.e. the Evangelicals, argue thus: Brethren of the Ritualistic or Sacerdotal persuasion, what use is it for you to renew those obsolete practices and resume those mediaeval sacerdotal garments, simply for the sake of making the service of our beloved Church—the glorious Establishment—attractive to the people? Don't you see that we Evangelicals or Gospellers, casting aside all this rubbish and popish idolatry, do succeed much better and draw larger crowds to our Evangelical services? To be we are not very dogmatical, we don't insist much on infant baptism, Confirmation, and on the partaking of the Lord's Supper, but look, what an increase of pew-holders! That shows that we have taken a firm hold upon the masses. And this hold is what the Ritualistic Church has lost, and never will regain, in spite of all her high and imposing ritual!

Stop, my Evangelical friend, there you are going too fast. Who told you, or whence did you learn that the Holy Roman Church has lost her hold upon the masses of her loyal subjects? A man that can make an assertion like this, with his eyes open, is a mountebank and an idiot! Shall I direct you to the States of the neighboring Republic? There you will find Catholicism flourishing with all its monasticism and conventualism as in ages past in Europe. Go to England. There you will find that Mediaevalism, so much dreaded by Evangelicals, is lifting up its head anew. Ireland! world of fame, presents a spectacle of Catholicity worthy of the ages, which Evangelicals might call the darkest of the Church, but which we as Catholics revere as "the age of saints!" And Scotland, even Puritan and Calvinistic as it is, begins again to show vitality of Catholic faith, and will ere long number its adherents to the Chair of St. Peter by hundreds of thousands. She, the Church, has lost hold upon the masses, has she? One more example and I am done. Prussia! remember the Kulturkampf! How many was there in Prussia, or in the German Empire altogether, who after the Vatican Council complied with the so-called Falk-May Law? Or the 14,000,000 of German Catholics there were perhaps 15,000. Yes, Juill put them down to 20,000 Roman Catholics, and all of them I dare say of bad standing, that joined poor Dr. Reinkens in forming a German National Old Church, together with a few Bismarck-struck and marriage-loving priests. But what of the Bishops and the clergy at large? Did they disown the head of the Church, or did they not rather leave everything and go into prison and exile, than become traitors to their faith and sacerdotal vows? Truly the whole German Catholic nation and their representatives in Parliament took such a stand against the Government, that up to this time they are stigmatized as Ultramontanes. Vox.

GLADIATORIAL POLITICS.

When two English prize fighters are about to set to work pounding away at each other for dear life, and the debilitation of the bystanders, they shake hands in the politest manner possible. The amenities of pugilistic life require it. Prize-ring ethics demand that they should shake hands before they shake fists. To the uninitiated there may appear an anomaly in all this. That men about to enter into an encounter which may result in loss of life to one or other, and which will result in each receiving at the hands of the other such a pounding and bannailing as will leave them unrecognizable by their own mothers, should think it worth their while to lose time in preliminary courtesies, haunt, to the average mind, appear to be passing strange. But there is reason in this madness. This hand-shaking is an earnest that each, if he is to fight, will fight fair—with that fairness which prize-fighters deem fair—and that up to the first blow, and from the moment of the last blow, they are and will be friends; no hard feelings, no after-revenge, no personal animosities. All this is, in its way, very proper, and very commendable, and very necessary. If men are to fight it at least ensures honorable fighting, and brands the contravention of prize-ring rules as below the par of prize-ring ethics.

But there is another arena in which these ethics hold good, we wish we could say with equal faithfulness. That arena is the far nobler one of politics. Political leaders are supposed to fight honorably; never to strike below the belt; never to take an undue advantage. Like the prize-fighters, they are supposed to shake hands before shaking fists, as a guarantee that they will fight fair, with that fairness which parliamentary usage deems fair, and that, outside the House, whatever may take place within there shall be no hard feelings, no after-revenge, no personal animosities. These are the ethics. The practice is far different. Personal opposition, the outcome of personal animosities, is the order of the day, and is, in fact, most conspicuous in the leaders.

Mr. Gladstone, whose splendid talents ought to have placed him above such paltry weakness, told the world a few months ago that he made it, and should continue to make it, the one object of his life, by day and by night, to foil the policy of the Prime Minister. What a fall is here! From being the ruler of the destinies of the greatest nation on earth to become the spiteful exponent of petty private animosities! The intensity of Mr. Gladstone's hatred for Lord Beaconsfield is not an edifying sight, nor will it serve any other purpose than to leave English politics below the bear-garden scenes of the French Assembly, as it has long ago left them below the par of prize-ring ethics. Besides, this resolve leaves Mr. Gladstone in a very equivocal position. It amounts to a declaration that "my feelings" are before my country's good. However great a dolt Lord Beaconsfield might happen to be, he surely must be supposed to lit upon "a happy thought" in politics some time at least, if at very rare intervals, and to say that these must be opposed with all the force Mr. Gladstone's abilities and Mr. Gladstone's influence and high position can bring to bear upon them is to acknowledge that Mr. Gladstone is prostituting his talents to very evil ends, and is betraying his country in a very unbecomingly manner.

We have, unfortunately a parallel to this conduct of Mr. Gladstone in our own land, this Canada of ours. The personal animosity shown at all times by Mr. George Brown, the Liberal leader, to Sir John A. Macdonald, the Tory Premier, is only equalled by the animosity of Mr. Gladstone to Lord Beaconsfield. It may serve to bring home to us in a realistic form the English animosity.

It must not be supposed that we are excluding Lord Beaconsfield from our strictures. The English Premier has earned them as justly as Mr. Gladstone. His bitter shafts of irony, his biting sarcasms, his plays of disdainful bonhomie, may only have arisen as retaliations for Mr. Gladstone's attacks—it is always difficult to decide who begins a quarrel—but, beyond all this, the English Premier has shown as deeply by personal opposition to Mr. Gladstone as Mr. Gladstone has to Mr. Disraeli.

But if the matter ended here it would, after all, matter little. But it does not. For a quarter of a century each of these statesmen has in turn systematically endeavored to neutralize and destroy whatever good the other was capable of. Here the matter becomes a national one, and consequently grave. In peace or in war, in matters domestic as in matters international, these two great rivals have been thrusting arguments at each other with deadly intent, whilst the on lookers applauded their skill and courage, forgetting that one or other of these attacks has invariably been aimed in reality against the true interests of the country. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield have for a quarter of a century been in direct opposition to each other. They cannot both have been working at the same time for the interests of the country. One must have been in the wrong; one must have been his country's best friend whilst the other must have been his country's worst foe. Let our Canadian statesmen take a note of this. Personal opposition or opposition on personal grounds may mean the betrayal of the best interests of the country.

SACERDOS.

FORTY HOURS' ADORATION IN ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

As a preparation for the great festival of Christmas the 40 hours' adoration was commenced in St. Peter's Cathedral at Mass on Wednesday the 18th inst. and was concluded on Saturday 21st inst. His Lordship the Bishop assisted at the throne in full Pontificals at the Mass of exposition on Wednesday, and assisted by all the clergy, bore the Most Blessed Sacrament in procession before enthronement above the altar, after which he gave a most instructive discourse on the nature of the devotion of the 40 hours' adoration. This devotion is intended by the Church to increase our reverence towards our Blessed Lord, truly present in the most august Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and to obtain from Him the special blessings with which we need to be fortified, that we may be well prepared for a worthy communion at this holy season of the year.

The masses were celebrated by the Right Rev. Father Bruyere, Rev. Fathers M. Tiernan, J. Connelly, G.R. Northgroves and W. Dillon, and sermons were preached each evening having for subjects the nature of devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament, the dispositions necessary for its reception, and the fruits to be obtained from a worthy communion. All the priests labored constantly in the confessional, and during the time of the 40 hours' devotion about 600 persons received the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. These added to those who up to Christmas day prepared themselves for the reception of the Sacrament must number about 2,000 communicants. During the exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament the Church was constantly visited by devout adorers to honor the divine presence. The devotion concluded with the Mass of reposition and a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, at which His Lordship the Bishop again officiated solemnly. The devotion is always most fruitful in good results, and the present occasion will be in long remembrance with the Catholics of London.

MATINEE MUSICALE.

RECEPTION OF RIGHT REV. MONSIEUR BRUYERE V.G. AT THE SACRED HEART.

"There is no place like home!" This is perhaps the truest word that poet ever spoke. Who would attempt to gainsay it? But at what part of the year is there so much magic in this expression as at the present merry season. What a host of recollections it awakens, when we couple it with the mirth-breathing name of Christmas! Yet, there are many who are perfectly happy far away from what most people would call home. Why this seeming contradiction? Some one else will tell us the reason. He has said (Iless him for it) that "Home is where the heart is!"

Nearly six months of bad good-bye to his long projected voyage friends rejoiced that he revisited the scene he regretted that time had allowed the venerable old man to bring in his native land boyish sports.

Years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was at home among us, turned to "La belle France" again bade it farewell, he might not be so eager of an apostle, vine-clad hills and sunny slopes.

But we rejoice that his signet ring has been in the hands of his priestly labors. The pupils of the Sacred Heart, the pupils of the Sacred Heart, bear ample testimony to his presence.

As Monsignore entered the church, his sweet music of a waltz, the notes had a charming, white robe, youthful faces, and a pretty flower, the last to Monsignore.

At the close, with vanced and placed in the delicate blossoms of affection. An instance of some of the merry songs of the numbers of bells, which were, in a deep, transported us far, which poets would beautiful melody, a young lady from the French legend. She supposed she had seen were quite surprised case.

At the close of the lovely scene was a distance we behold a flickering light discovered the infant while above and all angels knelt. A tableau, a dear little appeared. A she, falling upon her knees, and her tiny white, full against the dawn, evergreens, surrounding simplicity of her age, canticle, "L'Etoile" the chorus of which caught up by the angels. It was very delicate to have everything in a manner in which the True, the pupils of the school advantages of language, leaving for it, but, at the same time, allow that for such attention and apply to church so correct delivery.

Monsignore Bruyere the love and respect out the entertainment the pleasure they had in finding him said that since he had before he had traveled had never once before so inclined he e Sacred Heart, so consciously before the children of London of the Sacred Heart more in Rome, and including the Most one lost, for a mass. During his travels, churches, stately could replace in London. He had were to him so boyish hand that few weeks before gazed on their streets of London seemed.

Monsignore they had promised he was happy to hope. He then wished them very modestly said the any service they exhorted them companions, so that able, might be joyful," he said. Precious advent. He then invited Among them he taking each by the her on the program his absence. He of the aged pair silver by long and the Church, clustering loving a vivid image of

The sweet story "When Jesus was born" How He called. Scarcely less of little ones, as a full little bird, to come to see him girls in London away. The senior were, at least, attention so paid companions, doubt made fondling place their knees pronouncing last visit to Le through him, this precious upon them, rinks, and as