

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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CLERICAL.

WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments.

We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade.

N. WILSON & CO.

The Dreams of the Little Shepherdess.
TRANSLATED FOR THE AVE MARIA FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE LA BOUTILLIERE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARION'S."

A shepherdess, as I've heard tell,
Dreamt of a lamb she cherished well—
So good, so gentle, that all the day
She scarcely could turn her eyes away.
When they shone its soft and snowy fleece
It stirred not nor moved, but held its peace.
They show it, and then grief filled her breast;
She took no pleasure in all the rest.
But Jesus said to her: "Wake, My child!
I see that Lamb so meek and mild."

A shepherdess, as I've heard tell,
Dreamt of a flower she loved so well:
A lily that low in the valley lay,
Quivering before the breezes play.
Poor shepherdess that is dismayed
To see her bounteous lily fade,
"Thou hast deceived me!" was her cry;
"I thought thee a flower that could not die."
But Jesus said to her: "Wake, My child!
I see that lily undelivered."

A shepherdess, as I've heard tell,
Dreamt of the heaven she loved so well:
Twas night, and all the star-strewn ways
Were crowned with the moon's soft silvery rays.
"Why," said the dreamer, in delight,
"May I not take towards thee my flight?"
For the wing of a dove she eager calls—
"She soars and soars, but alas! she falls."
And Jesus whispers: "Wake, My dove!
I am the heaven which thou dost love."

A shepherdess, as I've heard tell,
Dreamt of all that she loved so well.
In everything her soul were set,
Some atom of good had ever met—
Not in this beauty, but only a part,
And so to nothing she gave her heart.
Where, then, art Thou, O Good Supreme?
Thou art my search, my thirst, my dream!
Said Jesus: "No longer dreaming lie,
The love that thou dreamst, My child, 'tis I!"

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Columbian.

Science may develop facts in regard to material things, but cannot make them. Realities are the voice of God speaking through His creatures.

A wicked life is necessarily an ink-some one. Passion is a tyrant taskmaster, and the weary slave never knows ease or rest under its dominion.

He who presumes to overcome his passions by the mere strength of his will, fruitlessly wastes his energies. One good result, however, attends the effort—man learns what a miserable weakling he is.

GRACE is more powerful than nature. No matter how deeply rooted a habit may be, we can overcome it if we only so will. God is ever with us, our defence and our shield, and who can successfully fight against us?

WHAT are the most beautiful works of art compared with the works of God? They are but mere imitations and their perfection lies in the nearness they approach the model after which they were fashioned.

It is passing strange how men will sweat and labor to secure the doubtful possession of perishable things, and scorn to notice those of rightful ownership and permanent value. Heaven is ours but we do not know it!

Do not think to make friends by deriding your enemies. It is not a healthy occupation, and the attempt seldom or ever fails to produce a contrary effect to the one wished for. It is better to make friends out of your enemies.

THERE are moments in the life time of every individual—moments of supreme anguish—when the lips cannot give impression to the feelings that oppress the soul. Speech is impossible—deep woe has no language of its own; energy fails, and the heart retires into itself frightened at the distinctness of its own pulsations. There is nothing but a sense of desolation and utter abandonment. Who is there that has not experienced moments like unto this?

New York Tablet.

The scoundrel Giteau should be punished according to law. Justice must be vindicated, and the murderer must atone for his terrible crime by the hands of the law alone. Great as the wretch's crime is, this powerful nation cannot become an assassin, and it were better that even Giteau should escape than that lynchers should tear him from justice or that the laws should be strained to hang him.

"God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives!" Thus spake James A. Garfield when the nation quivered beneath the shock of the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Let each and every one of us echo the sublime sentiment of the noble dead,

and strive in our way to strengthen the hands of the Government, so that the Republic may live and triumph.

London Universe.

FENIAN outrage concocters have lost a splendid chance. A live white rat was found the other day in the letter box of one of the Birmingham pillar posts. How came it there? May not it have been ingeniously coated with dynamite? What a splendid idea!—a dynamite coated force of rats trained to crawl into all sorts of places obnoxious to Fenianism! Had a reporter of the Fenian outrage-concocter type got hold of the first news of the story, suspicious whereabouts of this Birmingham white rat, what a sensation might he not have caused? But the chance has passed away. Instead of the sensation and the penny-afiling profits coming first, and the truth afterwards, the truth has come first, and there is neither sensation nor money-making. What a disappointment.

GARIBALDI really means to leave his island for the mainland before winter shall set in. The ostensible reason given for this movement, on the part of the hermit, is that he may escape the cold winter. Possibly it may be so, especially as the general is well high past conspiring. Nevertheless, having been for so many years the personification of tumult and rebellion wherever he has set his luckless foot, people cannot help suspecting that his mere presence means, and must produce, mischief.

HUMBERT will meet the Emperor William the "pious," but when and where is not yet entrusted to vulgar ears. The interview, however, will be most cordial and affectionate, and the promises interchanged perfectly sincere on both sides. William is Irish too pious to play false; and, as for Humbert, he is quite remarkable for a large share of that candour and love for truth which shone so conspicuously in the character of his sainted parent, the holy King Victor Emmanuel. It will assuredly afford a most edifying spectacle to behold these two devout personages—William and Humbert—in almost religious conference together, and for the sole, disinterested purpose of securing the peace and happiness of Europe. Kind souls, we heartily wish them all the reward they merit!

A centenary of much interest comes round next year. In 1782, that ever memorable even, the Declaration of Irish Independence, took place. Nearly one hundred years have passed away since then. Only for treachery and bribery that independence would have existed till the present day, and how different would the position of Ireland have been? It is proposed that the centenary of the achievement of the immortal Grattan and the Irish Volunteers should be celebrated by an exhibition of Irish manufactures. All very good. The much-neglected manufactures of Ireland require a stimulus of some sort, and we wish the exhibition all the success possible. Shall Ireland of the present day, however, be content with a mere exhibition as a celebration of the Declaration of her Independence? We cannot believe she will.

A telling indication of the unbelief of the civilization of this much-belauded nineteenth century! A cargo of three hundred tons of human bones is now being discharged at Bristol to the order of certain British manure manufacturers. It appears that the bones were shipped at Rodosto and Constantinople, and they are the remains of the soldiers who were killed at Plevna. The report in the newspapers state that complete limbs are amongst the cargo, and that in some cases the hair still adheres to the skulls. Just imagine the eminently Bible-reading and sanctimonious commercial community of Protestant England carrying on a trade in human bodies. "Body-snatching" for hospital purposes used to be looked upon as a horrible offence. Here is wholesale body-snatching for merely manuring purposes, and little or no notice is taken of it.

New York Freeman's Journal.

The movement for the revival of Irish industries which has been begun so vigorously deserves the earnest encouragement of every man on this side of the Atlantic who has any love for the "old country" in his heart. By means of a cruel and avaricious system of tyranny the manufactures of Ireland were strangled. Even Froude is compelled to admit that English jealousy was the ruin of Irish trade. One by

one, every avenue to commercial prosperity was closed. Irish quays and Irish warehouses were made to be empty. The National Convention held in Dublin and presided over by Mr. Parnell made a noble move in favor of the agricultural laborer. A grand and as noble an effort is now in progress in behalf of other laborers. Agriculture alone will not enable Ireland to attain material prosperity. Every resource must be utilized. She has gained a victory which, though not great in itself, is great in proportion to the difficulties she has overcome. She has made a dint in the rock of English tyranny and oppression. This advantage must be followed up, and no means can be so powerful toward the end—which is entire freedom and independence of England—as this attempt to encourage Irish industry. However Irishmen may differ as to the means to attain the great end, they are all united in the belief that it will be attained. The Land League is only one instrument planned by Mr. Parnell for completing his purpose—the gaining of the independence of Ireland. Out of it has come hope for the farm-laborer; out of it will come hope for the denizens of those cities and towns, half-populated, whose remaining citizens see the old panorama of despondency and decay repeated every day. There is hope for Ireland, but only in the union of her sons in any movement for the general good. This attempt to revive Irish industry is most worthy. Ireland, depending on her trade, need never be a suppliant asking help from those who love her. She can give her lace, her linen, her pottery, her fabrics of silk and wool, and a hundred home products, even in the worst years which must come; for, even if Ireland were free, but dependent on her farms, the seasons would not always smile.

The trial of Mrs. Cooper, who, it is reported, is a cousin of Robert Ingersoll, for heresy, shows that even the Presbyterians are not always predesigned to follow the advice of the lamented Dr. Watts and in their little nests agree. Mrs. Cooper, member of a San Francisco Presbyterian church, was seized with grave doubts regarding the story of Jonas and the whale. It was not proven that she really said the cavernous formation of her pastor's mouth led her to believe that, if Jonas were like him, there was more reason to think the man swallowed the whale, but this has been insinuated. At any rate, she was adjudged a heretic and expelled. Her pastor, it seems, was also a life-insurance agent. Now, as there is no scriptural warrant for the modern system of life-insurance, and likewise none for the little advertisement of his business which, she said, he occasionally, but in a chaste and ingenious manner, introduced into his sermons, Mrs. Cooper felt justified in accusing him of heresy. Thereupon a trial of the pastor followed. The pastor, during this trial, mildly remarked that a reverend brother was composed of "bombast, malignity and ingratitude;" and Mrs. Cooper, who still refused to swallow either Jonas or the whale, murmured that "she would rather have her cousin Ingersoll's company in hell than her pastor's in heaven." It is the opinion of several staunch Presbyterians of the congregation that she may enjoy it. Nothing that makes itself ridiculous can progress in this country. Protestantism as a sect is cutting its own throat everywhere.

Philadelphia Standard.

EUROPEAN Journals committed to the cause of secularism have invented a new epithet against Catholics and our American newspapers are taking it up. They style the Sovereign Pontiff and all who adhere to him "irreconcilables." The epithet is a slander so far as it implies unwillingness to acquiesce in anything that belongs legitimately to secular Government. It is a title of honor so far as it implies persistent refusal to place the Church and the spiritual interests which it is her mission to conserve, defend and promote at the feet of secular rulers. Who is to blame for the open antagonism existing in almost every European country between the secular Governments and the Church was recently clearly stated in a few pithy sentences by the Vicar-General of Mayence: "The fault is entirely on the part of the Government. They want us to do certain things which are entirely opposed to our duty as Catholics and priests. If they choose to deprive the clergy of their material and the laity of their spiritual bread on that account, we are in no way to blame.

To redress such a state of things is easy enough for the Government. We are merely doing our duty, and shall await the issue, trusting in God."

Boston Pilot.

It is not a particularly happy time for science to sneer at the efficacy of prayer. Science as well as prayer made its experiment with the wounded President. Professor Bell, of telephone fame, went to Washington with his newly-invented "induction balance" for detecting the presence of metallic substance in any body, and located the assassin's bullet in the very part of the President's body where the surgeons supposed it was. The world marvelled at and admired the new triumph of exact science, and a scientific society of Boston resolved that the experiment ranked with the most wonderful discoveries of modern times. But lo! the President died, and an autopsy revealed, not only that the attending surgeons were wrong in their idea of the bullet's location, but even the induction balance, which verified their hypothesis, was also wrong. The bullet was in an entirely different part of the President's body. Science practical and applied has made a mistake, as science has often done, and that is all there is of it.

Baltimore Mirror.

"You can have no idea what trouble we have to make the girls dress plainly," said the superior of a convent school to us the other day; "we speak to them about it at the opening of studies, and all through the year we rebuke those among them who flash in the classrooms in extravagant attire. The parents are the most to blame. They dress their children to suit themselves. They vie with their neighbors in having their daughters richly clad. They first plant vanity in the hearts of their little ones, and then they foster the vice until it gets to be ineradicable. They grant the silly wishes of the young things for silks, and ribbons, and feathers, and rings, and pins, and lockets, and all the other trappings of worldliness, until even a Philadelphia lawyer could not distinguish the offspring of a professed Christian who has renounced the devil with all his pomps and arks, from the progeny of the most carnal-minded woman of fashion." Those were the words of a religious of long experience as a teacher, and they are true. The mothers are criminal in this matter of luxurious dress, and they will have to answer for their sins.

The advice which St. Vincent Ferrer gave to a student is so rich as to be useful to all who are at school. He wrote: "Let devotion accompany all your studies, and study less to make yourself learned than to become a saint. Consult God more than your books, and ask him, with humility, to make you understand what you read. Study fatigues and drains the mind and heart. Go from time to time to refresh them at the feet of Jesus Christ under His cross. Some moments of repose in His sacred words give fresh vigor and new lights. Interrupt your application by short, but fervent and ejaculatory prayers. Never begin or end your study but by prayers."

A famous Presbyterian minister, Dr. Talmage, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, spoke to his congregation one evening last week about Garfield and Giteau, and referring to the latter, said: "On the principle that all men, however bad, ought to be prayed for, I have tried for eight Sundays to get myself up to pray for that wretch, but I can't do it. (Applause.) Perhaps before the day of his hanging I may grow in grace enough to pray for him; but until then I must leave it to the old ministers who have got so good that they can do anything." This is queer talk from a preacher of the Gospel of Christ.

It is in the "Herald."

Sir Charles Duffy has a great name, and has issued a great manifesto. He thinks the Irish Land Bill a great measure, and one calculated to do great good for Ireland, if—alas! that all human things should rest upon an "if." "Your 'if' is a great peace maker" and let us add, a great castle builder in the air; and air built castles are not wont to last a thousand years. On the airy support of an "if" Sir Charles makes out a great case for the Land Bill, and a great future for Ireland. With prophetic eye he sees poverty, starvation, the proselytising school, caubren doffing to agents, dram giving to the bailiffs, and the driver "duty eggs" and "duty fowl" all gone by the

board. This would be a pretty picture, if it did not rest on the inverted cone of an "if." But this is not all. The Irish tenant has to get compensation for his improvements, if— A fat goose or two or a keg of potteen will not have to be given in order to secure a fair valuation, it—and a thousand other things depending on an "if." Now it is an acknowledged fact, that an inverted cone is not the most stable of foundations for a castle, much less for a nation's prosperity. We wish so much did not depend upon an "if," so much good on so little good.

It is considered a great feat amongst our circus goers for an elephant to stand with its four great feet (excuse the pun—it is unavoidable) upon a patent rail. We confess we cannot help thinking of the feat, whenever we contemplate Ireland's future balanced upon an "if."

Castles in Spain
Is building in vain
Unless the Lord build the house, &c.

And what, I pray you, is this little "if" on which this tremendous superstructure of Ireland's prosperity depends? The honesty and intelligence of two men out of a certain three. Alas! how slender a thread a nation's life depends on. The sword of Damocles hung not on a slenderer.

"I do not believe religion to be an adjunct, an adjective, an ornament superadded to education. I believe that without religion education does not exist and cannot exist." (The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster at Cardiff.) Noble words, nobly put by the most noble of men! An early Christian writer has said, "Homo sine cognitione Dei peccat." (A man without the knowledge of God is a hog.)

"THE SORT OF THINGS WHICH SEND MEN OVER TO ROME."

The Abbe Martin concludes his book on "Anglican Ritualism," by an observation of which everybody who has read anything of the pamphlet of the Rev. Dr. Littledale will at once approve the moderation and propriety.

Dr. Littledale's two pamphlets (the Reply to Abbe Martin' and the "Plain Reasons") sin deeply and sin repeatedly. They sin not only against historical, theological, religious and moral truth; they sin against charity, against refinement, against social courtesy. From this point of view we do not regret their publication. They may indeed do much harm to people who are ignorant of, and prejudiced against, Catholicism; but, on the other hand, they may do an untold amount of good to the many upright, candid, pious souls by whom the Ritualistic, and more especially the High Church, ranks are filled.

Dr. Littledale's pamphlets are so evidently dictated by ill feeling and prejudice, and the rules of good breeding are so completely ignored by him, that a reader of any refinement of mind instinctively draws back from one who seems thus regardless of the first principles of Christian moderation and of ordinary charity.

"When once a feeling of distrust has entered the mind it is not easily eradicated, and we think, therefore, that Dr. Littledale's writings may have an effect totally opposite to that which they were intended to produce. Many of his readers will be desirous to know more of that Church which he treats with such manifest unfairness, and they will have little difficulty in finding out for themselves the discrepancies which abound in his works. These are "the sort of things which send men over to Rome."

Surely it was not necessary to be a prophet to predict that some soul in search of rest and peace in the possession of the full religious truth would be converted by the attacks of Dr. Littledale against the Catholic Church. But it must be a pleasure for Catholic readers to know that really the predictions of the Rev. Abbe Martin have become a fact, and, for this reason, we are pleased to quote from the Catholic Mirror, Vol. XXXII, No. 21, of 21st May, 1881, these paragraphs of a letter sent to his Bishop by an Episcopal clergyman, who felt himself distressed by religious doubt:

"I am not insensible to your kindness in having ordered for my especial benefit Dr. Littledale's 'Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome,' yet drew from the book no satisfaction. Entirely negative in character, it is, moreover, a coarse, vituperative, brutal book, without spirit, and without justice, a book whose spirit has nothing in unison with a holy and upright mind. Those texts which seemed to me to give an infallible authority to the Christian Church (a point on which I particularly sought light), such as that Christ promised to be with His Church to the end of the world, and to guide her into all truth through His Spirit which He would impart to her, those texts Dr. Littledale would explain by saying that the Church, while it may fall into error at any particular time, is inflexible in the long run—an exegesis wherein I confess to seeing neither sense nor comfort.

"Further, the unfairness of his reasoning, which I was often able to detect, cast suspicion upon those statements that, from my lack of adequate historical knowledge, and from not having the proper books within my reach, I could not verify. I refer to his declarations concerning the lapse of Pope Liberius in subscribing to Arian heresy, and the corruptions of the

Church during the Middle Ages. His evident want of fairness in other portions of his book threw suspicion on these statements. But they were made so confidently, and withal set forth so dark a picture, that I was staggered. The day however, I called, to find you absent, I was in your library a moment, and by chance (as is said) saw there a book, which, as you had given me the use of your library, I brought away. It was Moehler's Symbolism. Moehler satisfied me with reference to any objections springing from the above statements of Dr. Littledale; and besides, there breathes through his work such a spirit of piety and exact justice, that in reading his pages after Dr. Littledale's book, I felt as if passing from the slums of a city into one of its stately and elegant mansions."

The Rev. E. W. Gilliam is not the first, nor will he be the last, who has been converted by the "Plain Reasons" against Joining the Church of Rome.—A Reader of "Plain Reasons" and of "Anglican Ritualism," in London Tablet.

A SENSIBLE YOUNG WOMAN.

In Germany, says the Ave Maria, there is a law requiring those that are to be married to go through the ceremony before a magistrate, in order that the marriage may be recognized by the law. It is only after this has been done that they are to be united in marriage by the priest. This appearance before the magistrate is of no value in the eyes of the Church, but is simply a formality required by the state.

Not long since a Catholic young woman was engaged to be married, and, like a good Christian, insisted that the marriage should be performed in the church. As is usual, the couple appeared first before the magistrate, and went through the formalities prescribed by the law. "Now," said the bridegroom, "you are my wife, and you will come home with me."

"No, until our marriage has been blessed by the church," was the reply. "But my dear, nothing further is necessary. We are now, according to the law, man and wife, before the whole world."

"But not before God and His holy Church. If this is your opinion, you may return home by yourself, I will go to my parents and stay with them."

This was done, and the girl's parents, who were entirely of her way of thinking, forbade the bridegroom to enter the house, saying that his daughter would have nothing to do with a man that did not keep his word. After many useless attempts to alter the decision of his bride, the young man concluded to appear before the priest. The priest listened quietly to all that he had to say, and then answered: "Since you refused to receive the Sacraments and showed that you held them in slight esteem, you cannot expect me to use my influence with your bride to persuade her to return to you."

"I love her sincerely," was the reply, "and I am truly sorry for having acted as I did. Since she insists upon it, I am ready to be married in the Church."

"Well, I will tell her this, but I doubt very much whether it will be of any use." Being informed of the wish of the young man, the girl answered quietly but firmly: "I can have no confidence in a man that before marriage has failed to keep so holy a promise, even though he is now ready to amend. I fear that he is too cold and indifferent to his religion, and therefore could not expect a happy life with him." He was therefore put off again, and some weeks passed by, during which he made several attempts at reconciliation. Finally he went again to the priest, and begged him to find out whether there was any chance of an adjustment, and what conditions would be required of him. After some hesitation the young woman told the pastor that, "since the young man was persevering, she would restore him to her confidence and accept him in marriage, but on condition that for six weeks beforehand he would receive instruction in his religion; for I want to be convinced," she added, "that we are one in faith."

The good priest was edified, but not a little surprised to hear the terms laid down by the girl, but the bridegroom heard them with indignation. "What?" he exclaimed, "am I to be treated as a schoolboy? For one in my position, and with my education such a condition is degrading. I should become an object of ridicule to everybody."

"My dear sir," answered the priest, "is it then a degradation to visit me and need any one know why you come? And, allow me to remark, it does not by any means seem to be unnecessary for you to learn something more concerning your religion; there are none of us that have not something more to learn. Besides," he added, smiling, "I shall not treat you as a schoolboy; we can do what is required by simple conversation."

Displeased and excited, the young man went away, but after a while he returned and asked for instruction. What he began so reluctantly became daily more agreeable, and, after some weeks, thanking the pastor most heartily for the trouble that he had taken, he begged to be admitted to the Sacraments. At last the blessing of the Church was bestowed on the couple. The young man now accompanies his wife to Mass, not only on Sunday but on week days. In a word, there is a Christian and a happy marriage, and the husband candidly acknowledges that all is due to his wife, whom he praises for her firmness and noble faith.

Lady Edith Noel, the late Lord Gainsborough's only daughter unmarried, is a nun at Leyton Convent, of which the superior is Miss Burns, a daughter of the late head of the Catholic publishing firm,