

# The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pagan, 4th Century.

VOL. 3.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 26, 1881.

NO. 150

## 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.**

### Feast of the Assumption.

"A NIGHT-PRAYER."

**Dark!** Dark! Dark! The sun is set—The Day is dead. They feast his bed; My eyes are wet with tears unshed. I low my head; Where the stars in heaven softly sway, I read my knees, And like a homeward child, I pray, Mary! to Thee.

**Dark!** Dark! Dark! And, all the Day—since white-robed Priest In thine arms, I lay, In dawn's first ray, began the Feast,—I—the least,— Thy love, and love, and lowest child I called on Thee! Virgin! didst hear? My words were wild: Didst thou think of me?

**Dark!** Dark! Dark! Alas! and no—the Angels bright With wings as white, As a dream of snow, in Love and Light Flashed on thy sight; Thy shimmer, like stars around Thee! Queen— I kneel and pray! A shadow only dims the scene, Where shines a star!

**Dark!** Dark! Dark! And all day long—beyond the sky Sweet—pure,—and high The Angel's song sweet sounding by Triumphantly called Thee Queen— And when such music filled thy ear Rose round thy throne,— How could I hope that you wouldst hear My far, faint moan?

**Dark!** Dark! Dark! Alas! and no—where alters stand Or poor or grand, A countless throng—from every land With lifted hand, Winged hymns to Thee from sorrow's vale In glad acclaim, How could I hope that you wouldst hear My far, faint moan!

**Dark!** Dark! Dark! Nor bend thy eyes—where alters stand Or poor or grand, A countless throng—from every land With lifted hand, Winged hymns to Thee from sorrow's vale In glad acclaim, How could I hope that you wouldst hear My far, faint moan!

**Dark!** Dark! Dark! Alas! and no—where alters stand Or poor or grand, A countless throng—from every land With lifted hand, Winged hymns to Thee from sorrow's vale In glad acclaim, How could I hope that you wouldst hear My far, faint moan!

**Dark!** Dark! Dark! The Queenly Crown,—twilight light Is fair and bright; Ah! my lowly head! to-night Its jewelled light Shines not as the tender love-light shines Of Mary! mine! In the poor, joyous, where pure heart pine For mother, lost child!

**Dark!** Dark! Dark! Scorch in hand—Thou dost hold sway For ever and aye, In angel-land,—but fair Queen! pray! Lay it away, Let thy sceptre wave in the realms above, But, Mother! fold in thine arms of love Thy child again!

**Dark!** Dark! Dark! Mary! I call! With hush the Prayer My poor lips start! Yes! be to all,—a Queen most fair, Crown, sceptre, heart! But look on me with a mother's eyes From Heaven's bliss— And aid my soul from the starry skies A mother's kiss!

**Dark!** Dark! Dark! The sun is set—The Day is dead: Her feast his bed; Can she forget the sweet blood shed, The last words said, That evening—'Woman! behold thy son! Oh! Precious Right! Of all His children, the last, least one I heard to-night.

FATHER RYAN.

### CATHOLIC PRESS.

His Eminence Cardinal Howard was present at a recent garden-party of the Baroness Biddell-Coutts, from which Cardinal Manning was unavoidably absent. The Princess of the Church thus attended for the inexcusable rudeness of the female head of the sham Church, who turned her back upon the Baroness the other day, because she had married without the Queen's consent. Smalley of the Tribune gave full particulars of the insult.—*Concinnati Telegraph*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY says that every respectable Irishman in America should wish to see the senders of the dynamite arrested. So they do. And the *Pilot* asserts that the dynamite was not sent by Irishmen. The agents in Boston of the English steamers that carried it knew who shipped it. If they won't tell, let the police find it out. If the outrage were a genuine one it would not be let drop so easily. Who is interested in letting it drop? Not Irishmen—that is plain.—*Pilot*.

CHAUTAQUA has had a Sunday-school Convention, at which a new production of Protestantism was introduced. Novelties in Protestantism have palled; the boy revivalist, the girl revivalist, and the Widow Van Cott no longer "draw;" so we have Mr. Frank Beard, the "chalk-

talker." Mr. Beard's habit, it seems, is to "talk" before he "chalks." He says—preparatory to drawing Scriptural characters on the "Gospel blackboard"—"Wherever the social element is disorderly, intolerant and oppressive, we have only to let loose the Sunday-school to remove all disturbances. Imagine a Yankee Sunday-school planted in Russia. It would dissipate all plots and assassinations." But did not the eminent "chalk talker" reckon without his host? What more devoted Sunday-school boy ever refused to fish on Sunday than the pious Guiteau? Who ever dropped his pennies into the contribution-box more ostentatiously or said his text more glibly? We are afraid the "chalk talker" will have to regenerate the human race by other means than the "Yankee Sunday-school."—*Freeman's Journal*.

That was a grim joke of the English Government to promise "John Dillon, that he should be released on condition of his going to Madeira, or elsewhere, where the climate is favourable for pulmonary disease." This sudden anxiety as to the Irish patriot's health is altogether too comical, England is making herself the laughing stock of the world. John Dillon now breathes the air of freedom, and will find that it is "the climate most favorable for pulmonary disease." A grand banquet is being organized at London in his honor.—*Concinnati Telegraph*.

OUR fellow-subjects "over the border" have the character of being an exceedingly Sabbatarian and go-to-church sort of people. Wee to the properly regulated Scotsman who in Edinburgh or Glasgow looks happy on a Sunday, and, as for anything in the shape of innocent, heavenly music—oh, horror! Yet that our Scotch friends can be lively, and can, now and then, be disrespectful to their Church is beyond doubt. Some of the members of the Argyle Free Church seem to be all that could be desired in this respect. The minister of this church refused to open a meeting which had been called, whereupon another chairman was appointed, who opened the meeting "with prayer." According to the report of the proceedings, the chairman was seized by the throat and assaulted, a general disturbance followed, and the women joined in it with the men. The result was that almost a dozen of the God-fearing Scots, who worship according to "Free Church" regulations, were arrested and brought before the magistrates. Can this be looked upon as a High Church, or a Low Church, or a Broad Church proceeding?—*London Univers.*

THE hypocritical and fanatical Guiteau reads his Bible almost constantly. The warden asked him last Monday if he found anything new in the Bible and he replied, "I find many things that I like to read." He undertook at first to use his time in revising his work called "Truth," a sort of commentary upon the Bible. The greatest part of the only edition of this work ever published was destroyed by fire at the place where they were printed in Boston. Guiteau's literary labor in jail seems to have been confined to writing a new preface for this work. He then gave up the task of revision. And yet the *Advocate* would have it that Bible-reading has had no influence upon Guiteau's life and character. From his history before and after his dastardly deed, we are warranted in thinking otherwise.—*Concinnati Telegraph*.

DESPITE May laws and other vehicles of persecution, the Protestants of Prussia are decidedly afraid of Catholicity. Last week we mentioned an utterance of one of the Protestant papers of Silesia, in which it was said that "unless there is a speedy improvement, we shall find the Evangelical Church gradually reduced to powder by the Catholics." Since then, a committee of Protestant gentlemen of the province has been formed to promote lay help in Protestant churches. They have issued a manifesto, and invited co-operation. We translate the following from their address, which is published by the *Breslau Morgenblatt*:

We call for help on educated Protestants, especially laymen, who will not allow the Evangelical Church of Silesia to be reduced to powder by Catholicity, and who are ready to betoken the sincerity of their faith by material sacrifices.

The success of this movement has

hitherto been nil. Its promoters remain unsupported, for no Protestant in Germany thinks of helping the parson in carrying on his work, and the very idea of "material sacrifices" in the interest of a hazy cause is altogether repugnant to the Protestant mind, at least in Prussia.—*London Univers.*

The world is beginning to understand that Irishmen in Ireland are thoroughly in earnest. Not only are the rights of the farmers to be asserted until they are redressed, but the wrongs of the farm-laborers have of late been firmly and persistently brought to the attention of the British Government. Cardinal Manning's recent address to a delegation of Irish laborers showed that the consideration of their claims had occupied his mind long before they were presented to him by the laborers themselves. It is announced that Mr. Peter O'Leary has made a report to Mr. Forster, in which he recommends the dissemination of a taste for cottage-gardening, etc., among the peasantry. This sounds very well; but laborers who are not sure of bread can not be expected to pay much attention to rural adornment. The question of gardens may be important when the laborers have cottages. Mr. O'Leary's report, if it be properly reported, is suggestive of the well-intentioned efforts of those ladies who send flannel shirts to the Torrid Zone and supply the hungry city-poor with chronos and flowers. It seems to be the fate of all attempts at reform to be hampered by fireside philanthropists, who form their plans at an altitude above the heads of the people to be benefited. Emigration to an Irishman means exile; but unless Mr. Forster goes nearer the root of the grievances of the Irish laborers than he can from Mr. O'Leary's alleged report, emigration will be their only resort.—*Freeman's Journal*.

THE feast of the Assumption, which commemorates the death of the Blessed Virgin and her entrance into Heaven, is the greatest and most ancient of all her festivals. It was already of long and solemn observance in the days of Constantine Porphyrogenitus. And the pious belief—favored, though not commanded by the Church—that the Mother of God was assumed body and soul into Heaven—is, at least, as old as the feast. Our Lord, dying on the cross, gave His cherished Mother into the keeping of His best-loved disciple, John, who, "from that hour, took her for his own." Mary abode with John in Jerusalem, and there she died, twelve years after the Ascension. Tradition, "gray-haired" but golden mouthed," tells us, that as her last hour drew near, the scattered apostles were mysteriously warned, and hastened to Jerusalem to attend the death-bed of their Queen. All were there in time for a farewell word and blessing, save only St. Thomas. When at last he came, the Blessed Virgin was already three days in the tomb. He mourned bitterly, and prayed that he might be permitted to look upon her face in death. The others were fain to comfort him and grant his prayer. They opened the sepulchre, and lo! there was naught to be seen but lilies of unearthly beauty, springing from the spot where but late the Virgin's body rested.

The modern devotion to our Lady has never surpassed in enthusiasm that of the early centuries of the Church's life. Indeed, St. Epiphanius, one of the ancient Fathers, feared to say that she had died; but inclined to the belief that she had been translated, still living, into Paradise. But Christ died, and for His Mother, even, He opened no way to Heaven save through the Valley of the Shadow.

We have no "dogma of the Assumption";—Protestant assertion to the contrary, notwithstanding. We are not bound to believe that for Mary the resurrection of the just was anticipated. But who among us would dream of denying her this glorious prerogative? Her soul was by miracle exempted from the consequences of the primal sin. Why should not her body be equally by miracle exempted from the corruption of the grave, the consequence of sin? Was it fitting that the most pure body of which the Word was made flesh, should become the food of worms? Christ gave His Blessed Mother a creature's uttermost share in the sorrow and shame of His world-redeeming Passion. Is it, then, more than reasonable to be-

lieve that He gave her afterwards a creature's uttermost share in the glory of His Kingdom?

The Assumption—Mary's Easter, as the Oriental Catholics so beautifully and significantly call it—is celebrated more splendidly, the world over, than any other of our Lady's holidays. And just so, for it is the crown of all the rest;—God's finishing touch to His creature masterpiece.

The Immaculate Conception is, so to speak, the seed-time feast. But the Assumption is the harvest home. The Immaculate Conception is the pearly day-dawn; the Assumption, the glorious sunset of her mortal life to the undimmed radiance of her throne at the King's right hand in the City of Light and Life Eternal.—*Buffalo Union*.

HAD Ireland such landlords, there would be no necessity for a Land League, and, probably, Ireland would be the most loyal and the most contented part of the United Kingdom. Mr. Gladstone has allowed 10 per cent, to his tenants on the Hawarden Estates, this making his fourfold reduction. The agents of the Hughenden Manor Estates have returned 20 per cent, of their tenants' rent, making the fifth consecutive half-yearly remission on that estate. These reductions are all the more acceptable and valuable inasmuch as they have been made voluntarily. And this in prosperous England, too. When conscientious gentlemen, such as the Premier and the late Lord Beaconsfield, have deemed it fair and proper to so far relieve their tenants of some portion of their rent in consequence of bad times, how much more necessary must it have been that similar consideration should characterize the conduct of Irish landlords to their tenants? Who ever heard of an Irish landlord, except the few connected with the Land League, voluntarily lowering his rents and granting a relief allowance out of them? We hope somebody has. We hope there have been a few exceptions. All we can say is that we know Ireland well; we have had many years' personal observation of the treatment Irish tenants receive from their landlords, and we cannot remember one single case such as that now recorded to the great honour of Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Beaconsfield.—*London Univers.*

THE truth is, say what you will, one of the greatest misfortunes of the revolution of the sixteenth century, was the severing of so large a portion of Christendom from the head and centre of unity in the old historical church. Even in a human point of view the august Court of Rome, with the illustrious Pontiff at its head, embracing, as it does, men of the most profound learning and transcendent ability, and who devote their whole lives to the most thorough and careful study of the subject of Christianity in all its phases, might well command the homage and assent of all who "profess and call themselves Christians." The tremendous advantage of such a tribunal as a final Court of Appeal in all great fundamental questions of faith and morals, is too obvious to need any argument. Do you say such a tribunal would curtail free thought and the right of private judgment? But it would not curtail free thought and the right of private judgement any more than acquiescence in the final decisions of the supreme civil tribunal. Why should we fear evil results from one more than from the other?—*Catholic Review*.

THE managers of a Connecticut camp-meeting advertise that "a comendous icehouse has been erected on the grounds." What part it plays in the work of salvation they do not announce, so we are free to suppose that it is designed as a cooling-off station for those who get excited in their efforts to "get religion."—*Baltimore Mirror*.

WITHOUT pronouncing on the veracity of the rumors regarding the Holy Father's removal from Rome, some of which are too absurd to deserve any attention, we may say that they have been productive of one unforeseen result. The moderately liberal journals contemplate Leo XIII's abandonment of his present residence and the Eternal City with dread as to the reactionary effect it would have upon public opinion, which might demand his return

sooner than and in a manner that his enemies would contemplate with any feeling but that of satisfaction. Truth and justice, we feel satisfied, will assert themselves without this ordeal having to be passed through; but if it must needs come to that, it will certainly be for the best.—*Philadelphia Standard*.

The church in this section of Michigan is dead. Within one hour's ride from Detroit on the steam cars can be found thriving villages which know nothing of a cathedral, and supported Catholics had a cathedral mission; this sad state of affairs would not be chronicled. But we forgot. A cathedral and associate mission are Catholic.—*Anglo-Catholic (Ritualistic)*.

Yes, verily, and a cathedral and celibates are peculiarly Catholic, too. We have heard before of Ritualistic "priests" and their "celibate vows." 'Tis a sweet fancy that clothes the stickler for candles and genuflections with a sort of reverent romance. But just wait until a hundred-thousand-dollar girl comes that way, and then see how the celibate dream vanishes into thin air.—*Buffalo Union*.

LET the Agar-Elles case be read and fully understood far and near. The Hon. Harriet Agar-Elles, daughter of Lord Camoys, is a Catholic. At the time of her marriage to a Protestant, an arrangement was made to the effect that, in the event of there being any children, they should be educated in the faith of their mother. A few years after the father insisted that the children should be reared up as Protestants. A Chancery suit followed, and the end of the matter was a decision that cannot be got rid of, to the effect that a father has a right to bring up his children in whatsoever faith he pleases, and that an ante-nuptial agreement that the children shall be brought up in the religion of the mother is worthless.—*London Univers.*

IT is no uncommon occurrence for Catholics to be accused of idolatry; of giving Divine honors to persons and things; of saving up the bones of Saints for adoration, etc. We frequently suffer burlesques for the veneration we give all holy things. Much of this ridicule is given in the same diabolical spirit that actuates the enemy of all mankind, for he even hates Holy Water in a very great degree. We cannot lay the tantalizing charges made against us, to the ignorance of those who advance them. They display by their actions an entirely different belief and feeling, when concerned about worldly affairs. They consider fortune on earth worth working for; they regard honors as rewards for meritorious conduct; yet they expect Almighty God to give them the reward of any kind, yet God is bound to bestow them. They honor men, nay, fairly worship them, for worldly heroism or great achievements in arts and sciences, yet they mock the veneration of Saints, of holy men and women, who have been greater heroes in overcoming the passions, and other menaces, and whose relics of God's heroes are sneered at, and those who venerate them are denounced as superstitions. A good instance of this is found in the President's case. A few pieces of the fractured rib were laid aside as relics of the President. For further study, but they have disappeared and nobody knows where, but one who has been watching carefully at the Presidential bedside, believes most firmly that certain parties took these little fragments of bone as relics of the President, to be carefully preserved.

Were these the little particles of bones of some Saint, the ocean individuals would delight in exorcising Catholics for their superstition in preserving them. It is thus our dissenting brethren ever act towards the Catholic Church. They separate her entirely from the feelings and consciences of men, when, in fact, her destiny is to guide, guard and sanctify them. To experience one feeling towards God and another towards his fellowman is a contradiction. Charity founded on the true faith is one, and finds its highest expression in adoration of the Triune God, and love and respect for our neighbor for God's sake.—*Catholic Columbian*.

It is stated in some of the French papers, that the next candidate for a seat in the French Academy will be M. Ferrand, Bishop of Autun, the friend of Lacordaire, Ozanam and the saintly young Henri Perreye. On the occasion of the election of the late M. Litre, M. Perreye resigned his seat in the Academy, and since that time no French Bishop would consent to occupy a seat among the "immortals." Mgr. Ferrand is a man of great learning and ability, and deserves any dignity that may be bestowed on him. He is well known to Irish readers as the author of one of the best and most comprehensive works on modern Ireland that has as yet been published. In that work "Ireland Under English Rule," he thus sums up the condition of the country: "The famine here is perennial. In every other country 'famine' means absolute want of the necessities of life; but in Ireland it signifies that when the cultivator has sold his corn and cattle to pay rents and taxes, then, should the potato crop fail, he finds

himself suddenly reduced to a fare of wild herbs and grass, which do not long ward off the famine fever. In other lands self-preservation is the first law of nature. In Ireland there is a special law! First and above all things, pay your rent, your cess, your rates, your taxes; if anything remains live on it; if nothing remain, lie down and rot!

For many, the police news of our daily papers is their most attractive portion. In fact, for millions, there is no other news, and newspapers that exclude it, or limit its quantity, or fumigate and deodorize its quality, are not the popular papers of the day. It is news, however, that is of little profit to any one. To children and young people it is delectable. To parents and people of settled thoughts it rarely brings profit, even of the most infinitesimal kind. If there is any profit in it, it is in the illustration of the old truth that the wages of sin is death. But a known truth of that kind needs no illustration, no evidence, no explanation. Just at this moment the papers are beginning to blaze with the story of a Connecticut crime. We will not anticipate its character and we shall not dwell on its nauseous details. We do not know them, and we do not propose to know them. But there are two chapters of it, which we can repeat, and if they do not teach a lesson to fathers and mothers to watch over their sons and daughters, and under protection when night, by its obscurity, tempts to crime, then nothing will teach them, until it is too late, and they lament the destruction of their own household. Only the other day a lady who has spent the winter in Havana, deplored to us the strictness of social etiquette in that city. We do not say that all their solitude is wise or necessary. We believe it is not. But if we had to choose between the rigor of Spanish American customs and the terrible recklessness of New England, we should vote for the former. But happily there is no need either for rigor or recklessness. Confidence and carefulness can be combined. If they are united in a catholic spirit, there is no danger of evil. It is impossible, however, to think that there was honest confidence and carefulness in the case we now quote.

### CHAPTER I.

Jennie E. Cramer was the daughter of a German cigar maker at New Haven. She was remarkably beautiful, both in figure and face. She was perhaps the best known girl seen in New Haven streets, and she had universally the reputation of being the prettiest. Her education had been good, and her conversation was bright and vivacious. She allowed herself and her parents allowed her some latitude in her behavior, but it was not more than exercised by thousands of girls living in New England towns whose conduct does not bring reproach. She had many companions, male and female, and when young she went on excursions and walked in the streets in the evening. By all accounts she was gay, but not vicious. She was a belle, and a favorite among her companions, male and female.

Now let us see what is the sequel of going out carriage riding with young men and women of ungodly proclivities. This we shall call Chapter II. of this romance.

### CHAPTER II.

At daybreak on Saturday morning, Aug. Curtis, a grizzled old fisherman at Savin Rock, six miles below New Haven, on the Sound shore, discovered the body of a woman lying in one of the numerous channels with which the beach is leamed. The tide was coming in, and the body lay face downward in about a foot of water. Curtis, greatly shocked, dragged it up a few feet on the dry sand, and ran with his information to the nearest of a line of bar-rooms and restaurants which, built upon spikes, extend from Kelsey's wharf eastward just at the edge of high water. The knot of men speedily recognized it as the body. The second corner recognized it as that of Jennie Cramer. It was dressed in a white muslin skirt and overskirt, and a white figured waist, cut in a low point at the neck. The draggots skirts were twisted closely about the girl's figure. She wore a pair of new well-fitting shoes with brass heels. Her hands were crossed in white half mitts. A ring set with pearls and an emerald and a cameo ring were on two of the fingers of her right hand. On her left hand were a plain ring with a gold dollar attached by a little chain, and a ring set with a turquoise. A white straw hat, prettily trimmed, was pinned to her hair and rested in a natural position and but little crumpled, on the back of her head. The body plainly had been but a short time in the water, and looked very natural. It was taken to the West Haven Morgue near by. Drs. Painter and Shepard made an examination. The face was discolored. A bruise on the forehead looked as though it might have been made by the sand. Her left ear and her lips were slightly cut, and her mouth bore a pale stain of blood. There were slight bruises on her right shoulder, also. She wore a pair of new well-fitting shoes with brass heels. Her hands were crossed in white half mitts. A ring set with pearls and an emerald and a cameo ring were on two of the fingers of her right hand. 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