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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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Yet not My Will, but Thine be Done.

-Treacy.

Yet not My Will, but Thine be Done No home for me, no rest for me, Though vide the earth, and wide the sea; My roaming bark no haven knows From lands of flowers to lands of snows; The aspen shakes in Summer's vales,— How like my trembling, silken sails, Doves sleep upon the cold, hard ledge, Lambs sicep beneath the thorny hedge. The sea-bird rests his wing awhile on moss-bound rock, or soil green like Young pigeons hide amid tall reeds, And badin insects bed in weeds The fishes silver sleep on sands, And warry swans can seek calm lands; Eut ah, this heart, by care oppressed, Can never know the sweets of rest; But ah, this hand, sole source of bread, Must work and bleed 'till life is fled; But ah, these eyes, deep wells of tears; Nor purple meads, nor green-roofed trees, Can heve dead hopes, and living fears; No sun-nor all the stars that roll-Can cheve fled badows from my sou; O God, my God, 1 long for Thee, I long to leave earth-miser, O God, my God, take Home Thy son, Yet not my will, but Thine be done. —Trency.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Columbian. No school, however well managed, says the Freeman's Journal, can supply the lack of home-training or home influence. Home-life, among the majority of Catholics is not very Catholic. A gilded Bible somewhere, a few souvenirs of a Mission, the family prayerbooks, with the prayers for Mass well thumbed and

the rest of the book untarnishedno Catholic paper, no other Catholic book, except a few numbers of a pious subscription book, incomplete Earl of Shaftesbury all the same, he nished the rest-this is the religious equipment of a vast number of Cath-olic families in our cities. A sermon is hardly ever heard by these people; their children run in and out of the Church at a short Mass on conversion! of the Church at a short Mass on Sunday, and behave at it with hor-Michael Balfe and Vincent Wallace as Englishmen. Balfe, it says, was rible indevotion; and read story-as Englishmen. Balfe, it says, was papers or amuse themselves during known throughout the civilized

the rest of the day. They are the seed of the Church, fallen on stony

ground. The power of the Catholic press was at no time more fully demon-strated than it was a few weeks ago, which permitted him to scrape cat. ti the Drury Lane orchestra, but his own genius and the patron-at Liverpool, previous to sailing for this country. The universal con-demnation of the untimely key note het hen sounded was too much, and we are glad to see that the great Irish patriot has considered it ne-cessary to explain his position to the satisfaction of all friends of Ireland and the Land League. "Too many satisfaction of all friends of Ireland and the Land League. "Too many cooks spoil the broth," so let all first musical tuition from a Mr. O'-Rourke. The other English comfollow Parnell. He has proven himself trustworthy. He has accom-plished much, and so too has perturbability, is the author of Mar-Michael Davitt. Let no new departure be taken. THE Catholic Church receives all converts into her pale on the same footing. She does not offer to some greater inducements than to others, nor does she take into account what social or political caste they may lose by becoming Catholics. She

Hosemann died in a madhouse; Lang was turned away by Reinkens him-self as a swindler and a cheat; Suschtschinsky has become a Pro-testant divine and a father of a risting family. Others have returned to the Catholic Church, and one of the Schatz norvent." The same paper as of mother and haustrian convent." The same lowering of the Western States, tends a line apper as of mother and haustrian convent." The same disintegration of families and of society. A New England judge said a year or two ago that it was a most pitfal the unhallowed city they built up in the insteam and rea already in the position of
That struts and freis his hour upon the states, the struts and freis his hour upon the states, the struts and freis his hour upon the states, the struts and freis his hour upon the states, the struts and freis his hour upon the states, the struts and freis his hour upon the states, the struts and freis his hour upon the states, the struts and freis his hour upon the states, the struts and freis his hour upon the states, the struts and freis his hour upon the states, the struts and freis his hour upon the states, the struts and freis his hour upon the states, and then is heard no more.
ARCHILLAD DATA, Jord Archbishop of Canterbury, has sent a fiver to "General" Booth, of the Salvation Army. The Earl of Shaftesbury calls the Salvationists a set of myrmi.
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<l does all this looseness have its origin? Not in Utah, not in America. The Spirit of Brigham Young, or of Joe Smith, may find kindred spirits in the fathers of the disorganization called the Reformation: in Martin Luther, and his permit to the Landgrave of Hesse; in Henry VIII. King of England, in the exercise of his own royal will, pleasure and passions. The people who run these loose courses proof Canterbury, has sent a fiver to "General" Booth, of the Salvation Army. The Earl of Shaftesbury calls the Salvationists a set of myrmidons, trading under a blasphemous aname. The truth is "Cantuar" is faraid of the dirty-faced, draggle-tailed folk who pretend to propagate the Gospel by bones and tambour-tragent the Teal is inclusion of the truth of the trutho trutho trutho trutho truthof the trutho trutho trutho tr the Gospel by bones and tambour-ines; the Earl is jealous at any encroachment on his monopoly as a lay preacher. But his lordship is warranted in looking upon the doings of "Happy Sarah" and "Converted Jane" as farcical balderdash. He properly describes their excesses of the Christian law restrains them. They know it not, or knowing it, they want-only contemn and violate it. Have such people the attribute of conscience, or do they know what it is ? Speaking of this matter, Mr. Matthew Arnold, who sees the religious; wreck around him, holds the following language: "Fidelity to con-science! cries the popular Protestantism of Great Britain and America, and thinks that it has said enough. But the as irreverent in thought, expression, and action, turning religion into a play, a farrage of music-hall frolic and gymnastic antics. We should like to know who was at the bottom of the huge practical joke of persua-ding the poor old nobleman that he heard Communists of Belville singing, "Hold the Fort?" The Com-munists were having a lark at the expense of "milord." We like the thinks that it has said enough. But the modern analysis ruthlessly scrutinizes this conscience, and compels it to give an account of itself. What sort of a con-science ? a true conscience or a false one ? is so very earnest in what he under-takes. It is a pity he is not a Cath-olic. Good readers, all, pray for his Conscience is the most changing of rules; conscience is presumptuous in the strong, timid in the weak and unhappy, wavering in the undecided; obedient organ of the sentiment which sways us, and of the THE Standard, in an article on

opinions which sways us, and of the opinions which govern us; more mislead-ing than reason and nature ? So says one of the noblest and purest of moralists; and terrible as it may be to the popular Pro-testantism of England and America to hear it, Vanvenargues thus describes with perfect truth that conscience to which

born at 10, Pitt Street, in the city of Dublin, which is generally supposed to be in Ireland, and received his trust in God, and I believe that He who has led us thus far will not suffer us to die of want now." Next day they had but an ounce of alchohol and a spoonful of glycerine, yet he says "All hands are cheerful. God help us." Every Sunday itana, Curiously enough, Vincent Wallace was born at Thurles, in the save the last Sunday before his death, Wallace was born at Thurles, in the county of Tipperary, and always looked upon himself as an Irishman. Benedict, the third English com-poser, is a German, and the one opera of his which will live, The Lily of Killarney, borrows its theme from the sainted isle of old! Battimore Mirror tars. On the 16th he baptized Alexy, his faithful attendant. We would sooner die like De Long amidst polar snows, than like Garfield surrounded by preachers who never ventured to mention the name of God in his presence.

Catholic Record.

cles in the Italian States." Dr. Wheeler met the poor man "at the dinner table of George P. Marsh, the Am-erican Embassador." We were not aware that our old friend Marsh of the eccentric fess to find their religion in the Bible, and then in their own construction of it. There is nothing plainer in the New Testament then the denunciation of poly-gamy, and yet this has open sanction among the Mormons, and practical if near the Mormons, and practical if a assured sanction throughout the New England and Western States, where divorced men and women marry ap-parently without scruple and without con-science. Neither the letter nor the spirit of the Christian law restrains them. They know it not, or knowing it, they want-only contemn and violate it. Have such people the attribute of conscience, or do they know what it is? Speaking of this

Campello, inding Methodism unsuited to his own tastes and those of the Italian people, wants an Italian national church of which possibly Campello would be a National Pope. But there is to be no confession in the new church, that being the rock on which Campello split. "I ventured to say to the Count," says Dr. Wheeler, "that while I wished him to suc-ceed, I could not help feeling that his re-formed church or national church would be the same old two-and-six-pence." And what is there left Campello to do I Dr. Wheeler sees no future for him save to "fulfil his course as a religious comet." Worse could not well be wished him. For our own part we earnestly wish for him the grace of repentance and return. It is painful to a Catholic to tonch on such persons and their mishaps in any sense. But when they are held up as leading lights by impostors or ignorant men, it becomes one's painful duty to expose their true character. their true character.

members of the ecclesiastical order. In side Father Sourin, the only survivor of members of the ecclesiastical order. In the room where its solemn meetings are held you may see the statues of Bossuet and Fenelon. The names of Massillon and Flechier, of the Abbe d'Olivet, who wrote its history, of the Abbe Bartheleny, whose Voyage du Jeune Anachariesis has not quite sunk into oblivion, of the Abbe Gerard one of the most learned of Ersneh

not quite sunk into oblivion, of the Abbe Gerard, one of the most learned of French grammarians, of Francois Tallemant, the famous linguist, of Cardinal Fleury, Car-dinal Maury, Mgr. de Quelen, Mgr. Frays-sinous, Mgr. Dupanloup, Lacordaire-such are some out of the ninety-five ecclesiastics who, since the foundation of the Academy, have been among its mem-bers. Of these Mgr. Perraud is the wor-thy successor. The most illustrious livthy successor. The most illustrious liv-ing member of the French Oratory, he Ing member of the French Oratory, he has kept alive its admirable traditions, while one of his works is devoted to its history: a work of profound learning and of much practical value. The other book by which he is best known is his treatise on Ireland: a composition which, written as it was in the country of which it treats, in full view of the wretchedness of the much wronged race whose past for tunes In full view of the wretchedness of the much wronged race whose past fortunes and actual condition he describes, deserves to be widely read and deeply pondered: the more especially as it is not a mere graphic narrative, but a profound study; the fruit of much meditation and research by a paraful mich which follo accession by a powerful mind which fully apprecia-tes the dictum "Savoir c'est connaitre par les causes."

par les causes." But there is another reason besides the compliment paid to an illustrious prelate, and to the French clergy in the person of one of its most distinguished members, which leads us to welcome the election which leads us to welcome the election of Mgr. Perraud to the French Academy. This choice by that venerable body of an ecclesiastic to fill the vacancy in its ranks expresses in some sort the judgment of the higher intellect of France upon the per-secution to which the Church has been subjected by the brutal Jacobinism and militant Atheism which have for some years dominated the Third Republic. The great majority of the Academicians are men who are not likely to be suspected of what it is the fashion to call clericalism. are men who are not likely to be suspected of what it is the fashion to call clericalism. But they are men who, whatever their own views about Christianity in general or about the Catholic religion in particu-lar, recognise therein a great spiritual and moral force, which they are very far from wishing to proscribe, insult or per-secute. It is quite certain that in this respect the French Academy represents the views of the great mass of educated Frenchmen. The vulgar demagogues so fawned upon by British Radicalism, who trade upon popular passions and popular Tawned upon by Drush naturalism, who trade upon popular passions and popular vices, and who find their sordid ends best served by shricking against the Catholic Church as the enemy of that political freedom which, as a mere matter of fact, owes to her its existence in the mod-

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the cla the class. On August 5th, 1832, he was ordained priest in St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, by Right Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, D.D., his only companion in ordination being Rev. Francis X. Gartland, who in 1850 was consecrated first bishon of Savannah. was consecrated first bishop of Savanah, Ga., and who died four years later, Sep-tember 20th, 1854, during the yellow fever enidamic

tember 20th, 1854, during the yellow fever epidemic. After his ordination Father Sourin re-turned to the "mountain," where he filled a professor's chair with distinguished abil-ity for a period of ten or twelve years. He finally entered upon the mission, and in 1840 was appointed assistant pastor of St. John's Church, Philadelphia, where he subsequently became pastor and was held in high esteem. During his term there the turbulent events of Know-Knothing-ism were enacted, and his gentleness and forbearance had much to do in eventually dispelling, the savage hatred begotten of dispelling the savage hatred begotten of ignorance and bigotry. He was twice Vicar-General and twice Administrator of the diocese of Philadelphia, the jurisdic-tion devolving upon him when Bishop Kenrick was transferred to Baltimore, and afterwards during Bishop Neumann's ab-sence in Europe

afterwards during Bishop Neumann's ab-sence in Europe. Finding the life in the religious orders more congenial to him, he became a mem-ber of the Society of Jesus, entering the novitiate November 13, 1855. He has since been engaged in missionary work in Philadelphia, Frederick and Baltimore. Of his labors in this city little need be said, as his zeal and exemplary niety are said, as his zeal and exemplary piety are everywhere known. His work among the convicts at the penitentiary has been productive of extraordinary results, and, through his mediation, the grace of God has found its way into many hardened hearts.

hearts. He is hailed as a friend among the crim-inals, and among the faithful as a model of Christian perfection worthy of emula-tion.—Baltimore Mirror.

WHAT IS A SUCCESSFUL LIFE !

ldly reading last night some verses by a woman, we came across a line which has suggested this article. The poet told us that she had unexpectedly told us that she had unexpectedly met again an old and forgotten song of hers, a song that was composed by her in her girlhood, and that was aglow with the flush of a golden future, when fame and wealth would be the possessions of the writer; and that, alas! the vision had proved delusive, and the hopes founded on her skill as a builder of the lofty rhyme had vanished into thin air. Mourn-ing the glory unattained, she uttered a wail of regret, and concluded her thre-nody with the words: My life has missed the promise of its youth. This poem with its plaintive climax led to the query--what is a successful life ?

The world has its standard of greatness We speak of the heroes of antiquity and the long line of warriors and statesmen and merchant princes and authors who have rendered themselves illustrious, and "history" bids us fall down and worship "instory" bids us fall down and worship these as great and regard their lives as successful. Its maxim is that "Nothing succeds like success," and with it success means power or honors or riches, however acquired. It is like the old man who bade his son put money in his purse, honestly if he could, but—put money in his purse. in his purse. The great White Throne, however, has a different measure of greatness and a different meaning for success. It points to John the Baptist, who lived in a desert, was clothed with camel's-hair, ate locusts was clothed with camel's-hair, ate locusts and wild honey, preached penance, and was beheaded in the prime of his man-hood, and it calls him great and his life a success; it points to Joseph, the poor carpenter of Nazareth, who lived in obscurity and toiled hard for his daily bread, and it calls him great and his life a success; it points to Mary Magdalene, to Monica, to Theresa, to Jane Frances de Chantal, and it calls them its pride and its joys; it points to Francis Zavier. who. Chantal, and it calls them its pride and its joys; it points to Francis Zavier, who, spurning the grandeurs of the world, wente to India and passed his days among the outcasts of that pagan land, and died alone on a desolate island in view of heatthen China, and it calls him blessed and his life glorious; it points to Benedict Joseph Labre, the beggar, whose garments were rags and whose food was the crumbs given for charity, and it raises him to the altars for charity, and it raises him to the altars as worthy of veneration. What, then, truly is a successful life ? It is a life of virtue ending in a happy death.-Baltimore Mirror.

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Baltimore Mirror,

does not say, "you honor me by be-coming a Catholic, but I rejoice that WE observed the other day in a city exchange (Evening News) in two parallel a soul is brought under the influence exchange (Evening News) in two parallel columns, passages in regard to the influx of Mormon converts from Europe, and something significant of the state of morals where Mormonism prevails. The imported converts, it is noticeable, were all from England and the North of of grace." It may be an edification to weak souls to narrate one's selfdenial in joining the true Church, but it surely is no reason why any one should be more favored in the Europe; from Protestant Kingdoms; there were none from Catholic communities.

London Universe.

Church.

The immigrants were represented to be respectable looking folks, of the "bone and sinew" order, that is, middle class OLD Catholicism is decidedly on its last legs. That is the opinion of a German Protestant paper called and sinew" order, that is, middle class people, such as generally are substantially better than the extreme class above and below them. "The middle class of Eng-lish race," it is claimed, "with their in-dustry and religion, are the salt of the earth." Well, here we have Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Germans and English men and women, carrying their industry and religion (?) to the household of the Saints of Mormondom. What are we to think of this ? Is it dense ignorance, or reckless immorality, that leads these people, the children of the Reformation (so called) into a community stained with so many Deutsche Reichszeitung, which at first was rather in favour of the now moribund sect. A letter from Baden, the headquarters of the sectarians, published by the paper alluded to, contains some information on the subject, of which we consider it our duty to translate the following for the edification of our readers: 'Old Catholicism is going down the hill as fast as its last legs will carry it. Reinkens (the Old Catholic into a community stained with so many crimes, besides the abomination of poly-gamy? Mormonism is an anti-Christian it, Reinkens (the Old Outline) "Bishop") has no luck with his it. Reinkens (the Old Catholic of the spectral spectral

CAMPELLO AND HIS CONVER-SION.

Catholic Review. At last he has been discovered and in-terviewed, that illustrious Count and Churchman, whose conversion to Meth-odism set the whole world talking for a

opinion, a recognised authority in mat-ters of intellectual "tone and taste," and greatly regrets the want of such an institution in our own country. Exception has been taken to the high estimate Excep ton has been taken to the high estimate thus expressed by the most accomplished of English literary critics, and not long ago a French writer of some name—M. Alfred Assolant—pronounced the present forty Immortals to be "un flot de chefs de bureau, de deputes, de pairs de France et de senateurs sans empoloi, et quel-quefois sans orthographe" (this was a hit at noor Duke Pasquier, said to have snell quetois sans orthographe" (this was a hit at poor Duke Pasquier, said to have split "academie" with two c's),among whom with difficulty discern a small knot of men of letters. It may be observed that this pungent estimate of the venerable literary senate was penned by an unsuc-cessful candidate for admission to it, whence the fable of sour grapes is naturally sug-ge-ted to the judicious mind. As a matter of fact, even if we do not quite adopt Mr. Matthew Arnold's estimate of the

Half a Century in the Priesthood.

Rev. E. J. Sourin, S.J., assistant pastor of St. Ignatius's Church, this city, will on Sunday, August 6th, celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The celebration will take place at hood. The celebration will take place at the novitate of the Society of Jesus at Frederick, where Father Sourin will offi-ciate at Mass, which will be attended by several of the friends of the aged priest. Father Sourin is one of a few representatives of a past generation. He was born in Philadelphia, September 6, 1808, and is consequently in his 74th year. His parents were Irish and moved in the hum-bler walks of life. Dying when the subbeet wans of the was but a mere boy, the children were left, to some extent, de-pendent upon the charity of others. The family was of Catholic stock, Very Rev. Dr. Matthew Carr, founder and pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, being upda to the schildren on the motorie Mr. Matthew Arnold's estimate of the French Academy, it is impossible to deny in candour that it does represent all that is most distinguished in the intellectual life of France. Take for example the following names, which we find as we look down the list of its members, ar-tanged in order of seniority:—M. Mignet, M. de Vielcastel, M. J. B. Dumas, the Luc de Noailles, E. Vietor Hugoo M. de Chang, and the bab height in the

The Nuptial Blessing.

The Variewed, that interdious Count and M. de Vielcastel, M. J. B. Dumas, the Luc day, and who was announced as the man at last destined to overthrow the Vatican, the Pope, and the Catholic Church generally. Because Campello said the Church must fall under him or over him. So at least our Methodist friends proclaimed, and the pope, and the Catholics, old, new, and had failed, Jarvis had failed, Reinkens had failed, all the Catholics, old, new, and middle-aged had failed, all the Catholics, old, new, and middle-aged had failed, all the tock of Petr; but at last came Campello, as member of a member of a member of a century, stepping down from St. Peter's and embracing the doctrines of John Wesley. Here was fine revolution indeed.
To be sure the world was startled, as it always is when any one man, priest or layman, alls from Kome. The thing seems.