

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 3.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPT. 16, 1881.

NO. 153

## 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.**

### Unheeded.

BY LOUISE IMOGENE GUINEY.

A young soul came once,—twas the golden age then—  
A fair lofty soul that will come no again;  
It met a wise master, who fattened its need,  
And into its hold put the wisdom of men.  
It floated down on the wind's gentle breath,  
An angel, as peaceful and mighty as death;  
A torch, silver-clear, to its keeping he gave,  
And the fair soul passed on with its beacon of faith.  
At the gate of the city, thro' summery days,  
The noisiest were clustered with songs in its praise;  
They wreathed its white temples with laurel and rose,  
And glad for men's honor, the soul went its ways.  
It opened the volumes and held the torch high,  
It wore the crown ever with proud grace and shy;  
A maiden cried "Hail!" her heart full as wine,  
And the soul flattered not, but went dreamingly by.  
Patiently, bravely, it faced to and fro,  
But dropped all its treasures one night in the snow,  
Then vaguely strayed, sighing by land and by sea,  
"I will search for Love only wherever I go!"

### CATHOLIC PRESS.

The New York Tribune announces as "the most important religious event of the year," the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, to take place in London, early in September. All shades of Methodism are to be represented at it. Of course, this "Ecumenical" will culminate in no decrees as to doctrine or discipline. The delegates meet simply to exchange "views." All topics of discussion likely to cause inharmonious excitement, are rigidly excluded from the programme of exercises. The variegated assembly will confine itself to such safe generalities as "modern scepticism," "wordliness," "formality," &c., besides—and hereupon we have scant doubt that the delegates will exhibit an edifying unity of sentiment—"Possible Perils from the Papacy."—Buffalo Union.

JAMES KELLY preached a startling temperance sermon at Tolchester Beach one day last week. He took a bottle of whiskey with him on an excursion down the Bay, drank half the contents, became intoxicated, and, when the vessel reached the grounds, went in bathing. In his drunken folly he went out far beyond his depth, laughed and shouted at the people on the shore, sported awhile in the water, and then—sank and was drowned before help could reach him. In the midst of his sin—tuddled with liquor—he was carried off. What a death! Think of it! From his grave, as it were, a voice speaks trumpet-tongued to men, warning them to be temperate in the use of strong drink when they do not abstain from it teetotally.—Baltimore Mirror.

ANOTHER instance of genuine "boycotting" has occurred in England. An Anglican clergyman seized some hay at Halesstead in payment of "extraordinary tithes." The "Farmers' Alliance" at once organized a "boycotting" demonstration against the sale. Special trains brought to the place crowds of the Alliance men, and when the hay was put up for sale by the auctioneer there were no bids except from persons friendly to the owner of the hay, and it was finally knocked down to the owner at a nominal price. Mr. Gladstone will have to frame, for presentation to Parliament, immediately upon the opening of his next session, a special bill, following the lines of the Coercion Law for Ireland, to prohibit such "unlawful assemblies preventing the progress of sheriff sales."—Phila. Standard.

"WHAT shall we do with our boys?" is a question which parents ask earnestly whenever a boy shows signs that his brain will not work at book-knowledge, and grows restive because his hands are idle. No American father now-a-days will consent to have his child "bound" for a term of years to any "boss" artisan—much less will any freeman

American lad submit to this indignity; consequently, skilled artisans of native birth are rare. It is "ungentle" for an American to work with his hands; he revolts from the blacksmith's apron or the baker's cap with inexpressible loathing. He may be induced by hard pressure to drive a very light express-wagon, but his free soul shrinks at the thought of a milk-wagon. He draws the line at anything "ungentle."—Freeman's Journal.

Those well-fed people, "The Irish Society" of London, are now also making their annual visitation to the broad lands once ruled by the O'Neills and the O'Donnells, the O'Loughlins and the O'Kanes. Confiscated by a Scotch King of England to a City Company—a company which actually gave the name of its city to the county and town of Londonderry—for now high 300 years these princely pastures have brought in a splendid income to a Board of English Aldermen, have feasted them with more than regal luxury, have given them annual pleasure-trips which are a royal progress and a round of banquets. Diminished by sales and otherwise as the income of the (English) Irish Society is, according to a recent Parliamentary return, they yet derive £25,000 a year out of these estates. Of this £25,000 only £6,000—less than a fourth—is spent in Ireland, £14,000 a year goes to enrich London coffers. The members of the Committee of Management are in the habit of paying themselves large fees. In 1874 the fees amounted to £761, for what service we are at a loss to know! In four years—from '70 to '74—the annual trips of the committee cost £1,000, and fees and trips united for that brief period totted up to over £6,000. The expenses of management are put down at £5,000 a year. Why this anomaly should be allowed to last a day is one of the standing puzzles of Irish life and English rule! Why a well-fed party of English aldermen should be enriched and amused to the tune of £25,000 a year out of a poor country always on the verge of beggary is the saddest emblem of this or any other age. If all the money drawn out of Ireland by those City Companies were lumped together, it would buy the fee-simple of every estate in the country, and set up a peasant proprietary without the cost of a single piece of red tape to the Treasury. And all this to be swallowed up by strangers, the majority of whom probably, if examined on the geography of their Irish property, would be found to have very hazy ideas indeed on that branch of knowledge. We wish not to arouse any agitation on the occasion of the visit of our honored countrymen. But we put it to himself, how could any country feel satisfied at such a state of things?—Dublin Freeman.

The London Telegraph is very much concerned about the perpetuity of our republican institutions, and offers some pertinent advice as to the management of the foreign vote. It instances New York as a fair sample of the workings of universal suffrage where the "low Irish" largely predominate. The population of the American metropolis, it says, "consists, as is the case all over the world, of some very rich men at one end of the scale and of many very poor men at the other. Between these two extremes is included a vast mass of individuals who have to work hard one way or the other, and are neither very rich nor very poor. Given such a population, in which there is a multitude of adults with Milesian blood in their veins, who often for the first time find themselves in possession of manhood suffrage, and it may well be asked, "How is an efficient and tolerably honest municipality to be compacted out of such materials." There is no disguising the fact that there are tens of thousands of Irish in New York City living in wretchedness, poverty and crime. But the same can be said of the Irish in London and Liverpool, with the addition that in the two latter cities the poverty and vice are not confined to the Irish nor are these social conditions chiefly developed among them. Would it not be better to squarely admit the fact that all large cities have their *canaille*. In Paris the *canaille* are French; in London they are chiefly English; while in New York they are Irish, simply because by some unfortunate chance, New York has become an Irish city. The Irish do not exhibit any special adaptation for low life; on the contrary they have proved both their fitness for all the higher social walks and their ability to force their way into them. In large cities poverty gravitates into crime very rapidly; and it is the misfortune of our race that too many of them show a lamentable partiality for city life. As to the prevalence of political corruption in New York, we would simply refer to the late election of Belleville, France, as an offset. In England, where the franchise is more restricted, we fail to discover any political edification. The remedy for municipal corruption is one of the problems of the future. The most corrupt city on the continent, politically, is Philadelphia, and the Irish there are in a very decided minority. Quack doctors for the ills of the body politic we always have in plenty, and there is, happily, no need of importing English political nostrums.—Cincinnati Telegraph.

"CARDINAL MANNING, in a recent address, spoke of the cant of using moral means to put down drunkenness," and earnestly insisted on the necessity of legislation to uproot this enormous evil. Thus speaks the Baptist Weekly. Cardinal Manning stands, in the eyes of Catholics and non-Catholics, as the representative of good sense, thoughtfulness and, above all, piety; and it seems impossible that he could have used the words which the Baptist Weekly quotes, without some qualifying context. Legislation can never keep a man from drinking, as it can never keep a man from lying. The law of God and the grace of God can. A man may be temperate, in spite of his desire and appetite, through the grace of God reinforcing his will; but human laws cannot make them temperate. Prohibition has never prohibited, except in form, and very soon sensible people will understand that total abstinence, like all extremes, causes reaction.—Freeman's Journal.

When we read of Pope Leo bidding three men, ignorant of the language, the islands, and the people, to go forth from the Vatican to win to his spiritual sway the sixteen millions of Polynesians, we are tempted to ask, is this madness, and are they who accept the order, not more demented than even the Pope who sends them? Asking the question, there comes to the tips the names of Cyril and Methodius, whom this same Pope, so to speak, re-canonized the other day, and who went at the bidding of another Pope to the Chersonesus, as distant and as hostile there rises to the lips the names of Patrick, of Brendan, of Augustine and a score of others, who to-day on the altars of the Church, were, when in the flesh, simple presbyters or bishops, or it might be plain monks without orders, went at the bidding of Peter's successors. Leo's predecessors went to the islands of the sea, to preach the Gospel of peace. The human doubt of the moment is therefore answered by the history of the apostolic past. Pope Leo, in bidding Father Durin of Watertown, N. Y., and his fellow missionaries of the Sacred Heart, to "set sail for New Guinea," does nothing more novel, nothing more venturesome than what Celestine did when he sent Patrick to Tara. If the fortunate missionaries who have thus been sent to the dangerous and toilsome front, have made the preparation and will do the work, night and day, of their French ancestors in the apostolate, the age may come, when the civilized and Christianized millions of the swarming Celebes may bless their names, as to-day the names of Patrick and Boniface are honored. We have no record of the interview of these earlier apostles with the then holder of the Keys, but it cannot have varied much from the touching conversation of Leo to his Polynesian apostles. This we find in a letter of Father Victor Jonez, H. S. H., in the *Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*.—"When our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., had informed you, he writes, 'through the beautiful rescript of Cardinal Simoni, of the intense joy he experienced at your acceptance of the missions of Oceania, I had the favor to be admitted to a private audience. His Holiness addressed me first on the subject of the mission. 'Yes,' he said, 'I wished to see you about the mission of Oceania. Fear nothing. When one sets out, with God's and the Pope's blessing, he has nothing to fear. I bless and thank you, good Superior General, and as you are few in number, I ask only two or three missionaries—let them

set out without fear. God will be with them; however, let them be prudent; let them not expose themselves too much without necessity; the mission is a hard one, the savages are numerous. Let other Fathers prepare themselves to follow those who are about to depart, or to take their place in case they find their reward.' At these words the Pope remained silent, overcome for a moment, and continued again, he said with an accent of voice that I shall never forget, 'I hope that divine providence will open to your society in those distant countries a vast field where the Sacred Heart of Jesus will reign over multitudes of souls! The harvest is abundant, prepare laborers. I know that your scholastics work with zeal, and are regular and fervent, and that the Sacred Heart blesses your home in Rome. I bless it myself also, and I also bless your good Father General, and yourself, and all your Fathers and children.' I bowed with reverence to receive the Holy Father's blessing, I kissed the hand which the Pontiff deigned to present to me, and I arose feeling a holy jealousy from the bottom of my heart towards those of our dear confreres who will soon have the happiness to set out for this mission, and thence to Paradise."—Catholic Review.

"Yes; we're going to call her Florence Belle. Frank has made up his mind to get away from all the old-fashioned Marys and Johns, in his family." "He's quite right. My niece's baby is Mortimer, after her husband's employer, you know. Nice name, don't you think so? To be sure, her oldest is Paul. Now that's an old-fashioned name, but I like it, somehow. I've known very elegant families that have called a child Paul." Right here, we came to C—St., and the younger lady pulled the bell. Presently, she and her companion descended from the car, and disappeared round the corner; doubtless descending on the demerits of the "old-fashioned names" all the way home. Away from the old-fashioned names! And how often that means away from the "old-fashioned virtues of the simple, God-fearing ancestors, who bore these names with some sort of reverence to the old-fashioned Saints of God! But the devotees of modern culture have changed all that. Name the children—taking care of course, that there be not a vulgar plenty of them—after the father's employer or the mother's wealthiest friend. Go back to old headstomach for names, or choose from among the fancies of the novelist's fevered brain. Let us have Randolphs and Mortimers, Jeffersons and Gordons, Floras, Hebes, Minervas, Pearls, Violets and Daisies, but no more Johns or Marys, Patricks or Josephs, Ellens or Bridgets. How could the scion of the house of Smith or Jones move on to fame and fortune under the embarrassing burden of an old-fashioned name! But it, unluckily, parents have been derelict in consideration for the future of their offspring, and entailed on them, along with some very common-place or race-revealing patronymic, some of the old-fashioned names referred to, then must the aspiring youths and maidens take the matter of rectification into their own hands. Patrick or Peter can be condoned into P. Clarence or P. Adolphus. Birdie, Jettie, and even Louise have done duty as synonyms for Bridget, Ann or Joanna can be softened into Annette or Josephine, and so on. Then what musical combinations often result from these improvements! Birdie O'Shaughnessy, Minerva McMonagall, Hebe Schutzenschneider, P. Adolphus O'Riarty, &c. For the girls, besides, there's the nuptial chalice of a further toning down of nomenclature, and for P. Adolphus, *et al.*, well, "A man's man for a that." But anyhow, it's a great gain to have escaped even in part from the occurrence of an old-fashioned name.—Buffalo Union.

For a smart verbal tactician, Gladstone showed off to rather poor advantage in one of his latest Irish speeches. There were several interruptions, and when he touched on the disestablishment of the Church, one of the Irish members, Mr. Healey, cried out "Clerkenwell!" Gladstone turned savagely on him: "Do you really believe that the Clerkenwell explosion inspired the people of this country with fear and cowardice?" A defiant cheer from the Irish benches nettled him further. "Clerkenwell," he went on, "was no more the cause of the disestablish-

ment of the Irish Church than when you hear the bell of your chapel ring to call you to public worship on the Sunday is the cause of your going to public worship. It was simply that which drew attention." Ironic laughter greeted this bungling conclusion, which carried an admission that Gladstone probably did not intend. Then he got savage again. "Is attention the same thing as fear?" he exclaimed. "No," answered O'Gorman Mahon. "Very well, then, why am I interrupted?" and he went on with his speech.—Pilot.

On the fertile theme of "Irish Enterprise Abroad," the Derry Journal has these apt and timely remarks: "It has been frequently pointed out, and is supported by too many historical illustrations to admit of dispute, that the Irish race abroad, in a fair field and being equally handicapped with their competitors, prove themselves second to no other people in the world in the struggle for success. At home it is different. But then at home the 'mere Irish' are looked upon by many, and treated accordingly, as only fitted to be the servile hewers of wood and drawers of water, while they are, moreover, subjected to laws of no means on a level, in point of justice and fair play, with their brethren of Great Britain. In many foreign countries, however, all subjects are treated alike, and then it is that the Irishman rushes to the front. A forcible instance of this has just been reported from the Argentine Republic by the Secretary to the British Legation at Buenos Ayres, Mr. Egerton. This responsible official declares that of the immigrants, and there are many, the Irish are the most pushing and prosperous. And, as a contemporary observes:—'When it is remembered that the most of these arrived with little or no capital, and set to work and saved as shepherds, we think it will be acknowledged that the cry of 'Irish' is so often flung by prejudiced folk in the face of our poor countrymen, is a most unjust slander, and has no foundation in fact. What peculiarly accentuates this success of the patient Celt in South America is the circumstance that the English immigrant has not, as a rule, to a similar degree covered his way to wealth and position. In fact, the English colonists, if they may be called such, are become rather failures in the social scale when compared with their friends from the lands of the shamrock and the thistle. The Irish are owners of some of the best locations, possess some of the finest estates, and exercise the most powerful influence in the communities, in some of the most progressive centres of the Argentine Republic. Not the least noticeable example of this great success is, that the proprietor of the *Standard*, an old-established, respected, and guiding organ of public opinion in Buenos Ayres, is an Irishman. This is very gratifying, and proves incontrovertibly what the gallant Gael can accomplish when not hampered by unequal legislative restrictions. Surely it ought to impress the English Government with the advisability of granting Ireland equal laws with Great Britain, that the Irish people by a consequent career of prosperity and contentment might add to the wealth and stability of the Empire, instead of being in an almost chronic state of poverty, dissatisfaction and political or religious dissension. This late lesson from the Argentine Republic ought to be read to some advantage."

"How many religions Mr. Hepworth Dixon discovered in America it is not worth while to try to remember," thinks the Boston Pilot, "as there was prejudiced to go around and a few to spare, but one of them was quite so funny as the religion that a Frenchman will invent for himself after persons have ceased to take any interest in his loudly shouted declarations that he has no religion at all. M. Loysen, for instance (M. Loysen, whose circulars are out for a collecting tour in the United States for himself and the other two members of his church, Mme. Loysen and Loysen *filia*) M. Loysen has built up a very neat religion indeed, although it is sad to see how few persons appreciate its beauties, and now M. Henri Loysen is trying his hand at the work of constructing a church. He begins at the beginning, and presides pontifically, whatever that may be, at a 'civil baptism.' This is a very interesting ceremony, in which a kiss by the pontificating president, or the presiding pontiff, is impressed upon the child's forehead in place of any rites which deluded persons may hold in reverence, because they have been handed down from the earliest Christian times and are sustained by divine authority. Two sponsors solemnly promise to act as father and mother to the infant in case its parents die, although it is not easy to see how persons who believe in nothing can solemnly do anything; blood-red ribbons are bound around the baby, and—that's all. Naturally, the French papers call it thrilling, and it is. Nothing out of Mark Twain was ever more thrilling. Why should not the Ingersollians get up something like this in the United States? 'Civil' funerals have ceased to be novel and broken with easy grace, and why should not they try civil baptism?"

For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken by the enemy. It is seldom that any soul goes alone either to heaven or hell; it generally draws other souls after itself.—Comtesse Hahn-Hahn.

Chicago, Sept. 1st.—The St. Francis Convent at Silver Lake, five miles from Monticore, Wis., was struck by lightning this morning and entirely destroyed by fire. The building was worth \$60,000. The only insurance was \$3,500 in the German American of New York. Over eighty persons were in the building, but all escaped with their lives, although several were injured.

Milwaukee, Sept. 8.—John Martin Heind, Archbishop of Milwaukee, died yesterday at 11:45 a. m., aged 76 years. Archbishop Heind was consecrated Bishop of Milwaukee in 1844, and Archbishop in 1876. He was the up-builder of the Catholic Church in the North-west, and was revered by all who knew him or his works, regardless of sects and creeds. He was a man remarkable for his learning, energy and goodness.

Rev. Father William, a Dominican missionary, now sojourning among the Digger Indians, among other interesting facts relative to Indian manners and customs, says that for all kinds of sores and cancers the Indians use suction as a means of cure. "I saw one case," he says, "where the doctor cut up a cancer on a man's jaw with a piece of broken bottle and sucked the blood out of it. The patient got better, and seemed to suffer no inconvenience from it."

A Russian editor, M. Cytovich, who lately became a Catholic, has entered the Society of Jesus. The entire Russian press is occupied with this conversion, but the words of one journal are remarkable: "For M. Cytovich, as well as for many other Russians, Catholicity satisfies the religious sentiment much better than Orthodoxy, and it gives complete satisfaction to the soul. Hence, we are hardly surprised at the conversion." This is the first time, it is said, that such an expression has emanated from the Russian press.—Annals Catholics.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., while hearing Mass with Mrs. Sullivan and his family, at St. Mary's Church, Clapham, London, on Monday morning, August 15th, complained of feeling sick, but remained in his seat till after the service. As he was leaving the church he suddenly fainted, staggered and fell into the arms of several attendants of the church. He was carried into the presbytery of the Relemporist Fathers adjoining St. Mary's, where he was attended by two medical men. Mr. Sullivan remained in a most precarious state till nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, when he recovered consciousness. The doctors say that his illness was due to nervousness of the heart. He was taken to his own residence on Tuesday evening. The latest accounts state that he is now out of danger.

On Wednesday morning last an interesting event took place at St. Peter's (R. C.) church, Godesch, in the joining in the holy bonds of wedlock of Mr. Thomas Kieley, of Toronto, and Mrs. O'Loane, nee Miss Lizzy McDonnell, of Godesch. The ceremony took place shortly after one o'clock in the presence of a large congregation, principally composed of ladies, and was celebrated by Rev. J. B. Watters, pastor of St. Peter's, assisted by Rev. P. J. Shea, of Seaforth, and Rev. Mr. O'Connor, of Wawanosh.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was partaken of at the residence of J. S. McDonnell, Esq., uncle of the bride, which was participated in by a number of friends and relatives. A number of handsome and costly presents were also made on the occasion.

The happy couple left on the noon train en route for Europe, on Montreal and Quebec. It is understood that they will pass the winter in Italy.—Huron Signal.

## CATHOLIC NEWS.

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THE BUSH FIRES.  
All through Michigan bush fires have raged to an alarming extent, and thousands of lives have been lost. At Marquette, Mich., 17 persons are known to be lost and hundreds of families rendered homeless. In Tuscola, Sanilac and Huron counties, the details which come in constitute a most pitiful story. About 200 have been burned to death and about 200 families rendered destitute. A messenger from Sandusky reports the entire central portion of the county burned, twenty-three dead bodies were found along the roads in Moore, Argyle, Custer and Water-town townships. Within fifteen miles of Minden over 200 persons are dead. Thousands of people are destitute and must be supported. The villages of Bay, Axe, Verona, Huron City, and Forest Bay, are in ashes and hundreds of people are wandering around homeless with nothing saved except their clothes. The township of Paris, containing a population of about 2,000 is entirely burned up, with great loss of life. Sandusky village is saved, but the whole surrounding country is completely consumed. It is estimated that five hundred beings have perished, and 5,000 people are destitute.