

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 2.

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GENTLEMEN,
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Death of the Flower.

BY FATHER RYAN.
I love my mother—the Wildwood,—
I sleep upon her breast,
A day or two of childhood,—
And then I sink to rest.
I had once a lovely sister,
Whose cheeks all bright with bloom,
She was cradled by my side,
But one summer day I missed her,
And she had gone to deck a bride.
And I had another sister,
With cheeks all bright with bloom,
And another morn I missed her,
And she had gone to wreath a tomb.
And they told me they had withered,
On the bride's brow and the grave;
Half an hour,—and all their fragrance
Had fled away,—which Heaven gave.
Two sweet faced girls came walking
Thro' my lonely home one day,
And I overheard them talking
Of an altar on their way.
They were cutting flowers around me—
And I said a little prayer
To go with them,—and they found me,
And upon an altar fair.
Where the Eucharist was lying
On its mystical death bed
I felt myself adoring,
While the Mass was being said.
But I lived a little longer,
And I prayed there all the day,
Till the Evening Benediction,
When my poor life passed away.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are glad to see that the distinguished Irishman and Home Ruler, A. M. Sullivan, has been elected unopposed for the county of Meath.

A motion is to be brought forward in the House of Commons by a private member soon after the opening of Parliament, proposing the disestablishment of the Church of England.

"MAYBE there isn't any God for the United States," said a Canadian Mayor to Col. Robert Ingersoll, "but there's one for Canada; and you can't have any hall in this town in which to defame Him."

We are sorry to notice that our excellent contemporary the Montreal Post has had to suspend publication from lack of sufficient patronage. The Post was an excellent journal, and we cannot help thinking that the Catholic people of Montreal will find its suspension a loss which must in some way be supplied.

The great boat race between Hanlan and Courtney, which took place at Washington on the 19th, resulted in a easy victory for the former. Courtney stopped rowing some time before the race was finished. Hanlan was handed the \$6,000 deposited by Mr. Soule for the winner of the race. Trickett, the great Australian oarsman, has now challenged Hanlan to row in London, England, in November next. The challenge has been accepted.

The conversions of members of the Anglican Establishment to the Catholic Church still progresses in very remarkable numbers. Amongst the latest converts are the Rev. Horace S. Wilcocks, Plymouth, and the family of the Rev. Leonard Fish, a city clergyman. Mr. H. C. Cobbold, a leading Suffolk gentleman, has, with his wife and family, also been received. The more unobtrusive families who are daily being gathered into the fold are to be numbered by the hundred.

We publish in another column the particulars of a remarkable cure effected by the use of a solution made from the cement of Knock chapel. We can vouch for the truth of this circumstance, as we saw the person referred to a few months since, and heard from his own lips the story of the miraculous effect the use of the cement had on his health. The disease was cancer on the stomach, and despite the efforts of the most skilled physicians of Montreal the patient was rapidly sinking until he used the miraculous remedy in question.

BRADLAUGH, the atheist, appeared in the House of Commons on the 21st to take the oath. Wolf, Conservative, opposed his taking it. The Speaker said the Opposition was unprecedented, but Wolf must be heard. Bradlaugh was then ordered

to withdraw, which caused considerable uproar. Wolf said his opposition was because Bradlaugh was an atheist, and infringed the terms of the oath by his book entitled "Impiety of the House of Brunswick." Gladstone moved to refer to a select committee the question whether and upon what grounds the House has the right to prevent a member taking the oath. The debate was adjourned after a protracted, warm discussion.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, opens at Montreal on Tuesday, the 5th of June. Several important constitutional questions come up for discussion, including marriage with a deceased wife's sister, the new hymn book, and the validity of "Romish" ordination. The latter question might, we think, be left in abeyance until a subject was found to work upon. We can only think at present of one priest who ever sought admission to the Presbyterian church. It was the unfortunate man Chiniquy. He was admitted into the Presbyterian Synod at Chicago by the front door, and very soon afterwards it was found necessary to get rid of him in a most undignified manner through the rear entrance.

The first meeting of the Catholic Congress was held in Rome on Wednesday, April 21. The proceedings were opened by the celebration of Mass by Cardinal Monaco la Valletta, the Honorary President of the Congress. The Duke Salviati, the President, then delivered a lengthy speech, in the course of which he enumerated the benefits to be derived from the work of the Congress, and called attention to the great importance of the meeting being held in Rome. The Duke concluded with the words "Long live Catholic Italy." The Congress then proceeded to discuss the form of a proposed address to the Pope, together with friendly greetings to be forwarded to the Paris Catholic Congress, which also met on the same day.

Four hundred and fifty noblemen and gentlemen, friends and supporters of the rejected Government of Beaconsfield, held a condolence meeting at London on the 19th. The noble Earl looks forward to the return of his party to power, which is the only thing left for him to look to under the circumstances. He recommends his followers to maintain an attitude of dignified opposition. Whether it will be dignified or not remains to be seen, but there is no doubt about the opposition. The noble Earl gave expression to one little sarcasm mingled with it, when he attributed the cause of the defeat of his party to a desire for change on the part of the people. Unquestionably it was a desire for change, and the desire was evinced in a noble and forcible and unmistakable manner.

A DISPATCH from Paris says that a semi-official note has been sent to the provincial papers saying that the directors of unauthorized religious communities appear resolved to await the delay fixed by the decree without demanding authorization, and then, if expelled, to invoke the law against the violation of domicile and private property. The Government has taken means to meet that emergency. The prefects will be summoned to Paris to receive verbal instructions regarding the carrying out of the decrees. The clerical organs in the provinces announce a grand campaign of lectures and banquets against the decrees in all points of the French territory. It is stated in the morning journals that the Archbishop of Avignon, while on a visit, refused to accept the usual honors prescribed by the Concordat, saying that he did not wish to listen to the hymn so dear to the drunkard, meaning the "Marseillaise."

For a long time one of our city dailies has been madly opposed to Home Rule, chiefly for the reason that it did not know what it meant. It had some faint idea that a dismemberment of the British empire would follow. It has now come to believe, by a careful study of the views of Justin McCarthy and Sir George Campbell, that this Home Rule business is after all only a very reasonable and sensible demand, which would be a great benefit rather than an injury to the United Kingdom. The Home Rule measures

demanding by the Irish people have been placed before the public from time to time in the clearest manner possible, and we have often been surprised to witness the professed ignorance of intelligent men in regard to the exact nature of these measures. We could not help, under the circumstances, arriving at the conclusion that ignorance of the real merits of the question, tinged with anti-Irish prejudices, formed barriers to a just comprehension of the case. If honest-minded men were to study the question of Home Rule solely on its merits, it would have very few if any opponents.

In the House of Lords, on the debate on the address, the late rulers of the Empire gave an exhibition of their hatred of Ireland, which does not at all surprise us. The Duke of Marlborough said he regretted that the Government concluded not to renew the Coercion Act, on account of the many outrages against life and property constantly taking place in Ireland. Earl Spencer (Liberal), who was once Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, said the present state of affairs did not call for the continuance of the Act. Lord Beaconsfield blamed the Government for not continuing the Coercion Act, and thanked the House for its support while he was Premier. Earl Granville said the Government had abandoned the Coercion Act in hope that the people would answer their appeal. We trust these upholders of injustice will never again have placed in their hands a power which they have so grossly abused. The reign of the fossils is at an end, and the people of the United Kingdom may now breathe more freely.

The following remarkable article appeared a few days since in the Sharon, Pa., Times.—"It seems that in the parish of Knock, county Mayo, Ireland, the Blessed Virgin and St. John at one time appeared in the Catholic church while the congregation was engaged in prayer, and since then some very remarkable cures have been made, of persons afflicted with various diseases, by prayer and the use of the cement from the walls of the church. Mr. P. McManus, who is a native of Knock parish, sent for a quantity of the cement, and Jeremiah McCarty made application to Rev. Father O'Branigan for a season of prayer in his behalf. The congregation of the church was notified of the fact, and the young man's request was complied with. The season of prayer lasted nine days, terminating on Thursday last, during which time the cement which had been procured was applied. On the last day confessions were made, and with thirty others young McCarty took Communion. From that time McCarty abandoned his crutches, and is now able to walk with the aid of a cane, and it is said that he is each day recovering more and more the use of his limbs, which had heretofore been almost useless to him."

The last issue of Grip touches off in the following unique fashion the conduct of certain individuals in regard to their mode of dealing with the miserable man, Bob Ingersoll, the notorious infidel: "Whatever the pastors of other flocks may do, Archbishop Lynch does not propose to allow his sheep to be destroyed by the modern monster of Infidelity. And he says so plainly and with his usual vigor. His 'short method with unbelievers' is to cut them off from the Church, and he threatens to do the same for those who put themselves in the way of becoming unbelievers. The Archbishop evidently doesn't believe, with so many of his fellow-pastors, that a little poison is good for the general health of Christians, and therefore he prohibits his people from attending 'Free-thought' lectures and reading infidel books. Of course this will be looked upon as very narrow and bigoted by people who consider themselves 'broad' and 'cultured,' but no one can deny that it is a strictly logical position for His Grace to take, and although Mr. Grip is not a member of Rome's communion, he has no hesitation in saying that in taking this action Archbishop Lynch is showing himself a true and worthy shepherd."

THURLOW WEED was invited to address a land tenure meeting lately held in New York. The following are extracts from the letter of apology for not attending.—"DEAR MR. KELLY:—I hoped to attend the

meeting at Chickering Hall this evening, but at the last hour I am constrained to deny myself that pleasure. I regret this the more as the question for consideration relates to Irish Land Tenure, an evil lying at the bottom of Ireland's suffering. The issue is one of vital importance. There is an "irrepressible conflict" between land and labor, and there can be no permanent relief without the modification of land tenures, nor while the laborer is at the mercy of the landlord. The present distress in Ireland—more severe and pervading than formerly—is intimately in one respect: it not only awakens sympathy, but suggests methods and actions looking to substantial relief. All that is anomalous and all that subjects the peasant to the caprice or capidity of the landlord should be reformed. What Ireland most needs now is level-headed statesmanship, and I earnestly hope she will, in some of her recently-chosen members of Parliament, find it, a successor to Daniel O'Connell. He was, in the broadest and the best sense of the term, a liberator. He demanded and obtained reforms. He did not, by asking for too much, lose all. I speak understandingly of Ireland's illustrious statesman, for I not only listened to him in the House of Commons, at his monster meetings at Tara Hill and Donnybrook Green, but heard him converse calmly and wisely at his mansion in Marion Square, Dublin."

From a new edition of "Lacordaire's Letters to Young Men," recently published by P. O'Shea, we take the following beautiful epistle: Flavigny, June 8, 1853.
MY DEAR FRIEND: I am not ever-pleased at the idea of your reading such books as you mention to me. You are, it is true, no longer a child, but at every time of life poison is dangerous. What is there to read in Voltaire after his dramatic works? His "Contes," his "Dictionnaire Philosophique," his "Essai sur les Mœurs des Nations," and that multitude of nameless pamphlets launched at every turn against the Gospel and the Church? Twenty pages enabled me to judge of their moral and philosophical poverty. I was between seventeen and eighteen when I read that series of mental lebauchery, and I have never since been tempted to open a single volume, not because I was afraid of their doing me harm, but from a deep conviction of their worthlessness. Unless it be for purposes of reference with a useful end, we must confine ourselves to masterpieces of great names; we have not time enough for the rest. We have consequently still less time for those writings which are, as it were, the common sewers of the human intellect, and which, notwithstanding their flowers, contain nothing but frightful corruption. Just as a good man shuns the conversation of lost women and of dishonorable men, so a Christian ought to avoid reading works which have never done anything but harm to the human race. Rousseau is preferable to Voltaire; he has the sentiment of the beautiful and generous, and he does not despise his reader. But the charm of his writings, useful sometimes for young men who respect nothing, is but little to a soul which possesses the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. We read in the life of St. Jerome that he was scourged by an angel who, while striking him, reproached him for reading Cicero, with more ardor than the Gospel. How much more would your reading deserve this chastisement if God alway showed us in this life what He thinks of our actions.

AN UNWORTHY COMMENT.—The Blessed Ivetta, herself a noble Flemish lady, had once a wonderful vision in church. A fashionable lady was not far distant from her during Holy Mass, magnificently dressed, and she was enlightened to see the dispositions of her heart, and the vain, worldly, and even impure thoughts which came and went freely through her mind without any check. All the while she perceived that there were evil spirits close to this self-complacent woman of fashion, who at times seems to touch her lace or her ribbons or objects of which they had a care. The fine lady approached the altar rails for holy communion; the priest descended the steps, the adorable sacrament in his hand, when the evil spirits separated Himself from the sacred particle, and ascending heavenward disappeared, refusing to enter the mouth of one so wretched as to carry her vanity into His presence, and there complacently dwell on thoughts of sin. The saint was made clearly to understand that the evil spirits who were near her found in her luxury and vanity of dress something congenial to their minds, and easy instruments for her rule, and that the Sac-

rament refused to be given to her because of her sinful dispositions. "For wisdom will not enter into a corrupt soul, nor will it dwell in a body given to sin."

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

The Protestants of this country have for years felt that the success of their anti-Catholic warfare needed the prestige of some high-sounding ecclesiastical name. The Anglicans essayed a Pan-Anglican Synod. The Presbyterians have called an Oecumenical Council. But it was reserved for the "man and brother" to lead off in the hierarchical departure. The General Conference of the M. E. Church (African Branch), now in session in this city, have resolved to elect one Archbishop. They have now eleven Bishops and a Metropolitan will be the capstone of their religious tower of strength. Now let the Episcopalians elect a Pope and the Presbyterians choose a College of Cardinals and the Baptists a congregation of the index, and Rome will surrender at discretion.—Western Watchman.

The Roman correspondent of the Standard has surpassed himself this time. He has contributed the following item of intelligence: "Cardinal Manning, though living in much retirement, is, I am assured, laboring assiduously for the attainment of special power which would give him, in fact, the supremacy of the Catholic Church in England. He will not, however, succeed." We do not know which is greater, the stupidity or the malignancy of the statement. The idea of the Archbishop and Metropolitan of England and Wales laboring assiduously for a supremacy which he already possesses by virtue of his position is sufficiently absurd. But this assertion—one of a series of systematic calumnies—is absolutely inconsistent with the truth. The Cardinal Archbishop is not asking for any special powers whatsoever. First, his Eminence is not taking any action of the kind on his own account. And if, in conjunction with all the Bishops of England collectively, he has asked for instruction, that is not aiming at "the subjection of the clergy," as another paper told us a few days ago. A constantly recurring, and we fear, malicious misrepresentation of this matter has been going on for some time in the public press.—London Tablet.

A new religion has sprung up near Indianapolis. It is called the White Lightning religion, the leaders of which pretend to supernatural power. They held the bodies of those recently dead and attempted to revive them until the authorities interposed and insisted on their burial. The excitement became so great that the schools were dismissed, and people left their farms and workshops, to listen to wild appeals of the preachers. Indecent orgies followed in which some of the believers took part, and all these things, taking place in a quiet Quaker village, were upheld by the believers on Scriptural warrant. Near Louisville, Ky., a colored man named Lyle has assumed the role of the New England monomaniac, Freeman, and murdered his two children on "religious principles." The Scriptures, according to the perversion made of them by this man and his wife, gave warrant for the deed. If things of this kind continue to creep out over the country, the indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures and the irresponsible and misleading application of texts by ignorant preachers ought to be stopped by the sects. The doctrine of private interpretation has reached its end of making men wrest the Scriptures to their own damnation.—Catholic Review.

For cool assumption commend us to a certain class of Protestant ecclesiastical dignitaries. Many of them claim St. Patrick; not that they know much about his life and beliefs, but that somebody has insisted on making a Protestant of him. Now the Archbishop of Armagh (not our Archbishop) looks complacently back upon a line of predecessors long enough to ignore the Reformation and indeed history. This is what His Grace said at a Synod in Dublin: "The task they had to perform since the severance, ten years ago, of the link that for seven centuries had united their church to the Crown of England, had been one of great delicacy and difficulty." And again: "He (the Protestant

Archbishop) was the 108th who had occupied the primatial throne since the holy missionary who had first successfully planted the standard of the Cross upon the desolated altars of paganism in this country." The countrymen of his Grace had a habit of expressing their profound sense of a superlative assertion or performance by declaring that it "beats Banagher," and when we observe that, in our own humble opinion, the cool frontonry of the prelate whose first predecessor was one Adam Loftus, a usurper of primatial dignity, places Banagher utterly out of range, we do not need to say another word.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

While the hopeful Evangelical family goes out to convert the Buddhist, the Buddhist is preparing to convert America. Buddhism is becoming quite fashionable, and in some circles it is considered a better form than Ritualism. "The Light of Asia" is one of the most popular books of the year, and its author, Mr. Arnold, is regarded by many of the revived cult of Asia. Buddhism will be very picturesque and appropriate for decorative art purposes, and, as it is the newest thing out in religion, except indeed the White Lightning sect, it will no doubt have a considerable run. It will be almost as popular as archery for a time; and make Ritualism pale its ineffectual fire. A new flavor is what those outside the Church want; they are ever seeking after novelties—never serene or at peace. If the Evangelicals who imagine, in their narrowmindedness, that they have discovered religion, would remain at home and strive earnestly to know the truth, they would in turn learn that Catholics in Catholic countries do not need "new flavors." They have bread; it is useless to offer them a stone.—Catholic Review.

M. LOYSON is in trouble again. His assistant, a certain Biehery, who is dignified by the title of Abbe, recently brought suit against him. It seems that Madame Loyson is neither a cipher in the domestic nor the "ecclesiastical" life of her husband. In fact, she rules the church which now consists of M. Loyson and Madame Loyson, the Abbe Biehery having founded a sect of his own, because Madame made him carry her coals. The Abbe complains bitterly that the apostle of the new Gallican Church actually invested the church collections in such carnal things as turkeys, truffles, cakes, and photographs, and claims over a hundred francs which he says was paid out for carriage hire in behalf of the church. M. Loyson, in return insinuates that the Abbe is no better than he ought to be and that the apostles did not visit the sick in carriages, all of which is very edifying to the public and extremely creditable to the new Gallican Church. Madame Loyson, it seems, "runs" that establishment in an unpleasantly authoritative manner, and M. Loyson has been forced to appeal to the Government for aid. In a short time the bubble will burst, as Dr. Newman's bubble burst recently.—Catholic Review.

"THAT IS A BOY I CAN TRUST."—I once visited a large public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the master, and as the boy turned to go down the platform, the master said: "That is a boy I can trust, he never failed me." I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that little boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community. I wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by older people! Every boy in the neighborhood, known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character, either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere, and are prized by everybody. He who is faithful in little, will be faithful also in much. Be sure, boys, that you earn a good reputation at school. Remember, you are just where God has placed you, and your duties are not so much given you by your teachers or your parents as by God Himself. You must render an account to them, and you will also be called to render an account to Him. Be trustworthy—be true.—N.Y. Tablet.

Wm. Lawson, a wealthy merchant of Montreal, has been convicted of manslaughter for causing the death of a laborer by running over him with a wagon while furiously driving.