

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 3.

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CLERICAL.

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

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

N. WILSON & CO.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Columbian.

MAN has two businesses to attend to. One is the saving of his soul, the other is the conservation of his body. If he attended to both of these as he should and could, this world would have little misery and trouble.

A Protestant exchange intimates that the Catholics by praying for the welfare of the country will get the inside track of the Methodists and God will turn the entire country over to them.

"A girl received a reward of \$10 from her father for climbing a church steeple at Saranac, Mich., standing on the knob, and cheering for Col. Ingersoll."—Ex. The devil offered a greater reward than that to our Lord when he took Him up to the pinnacle of the temple, if He would only adore him.

"If I could only believe in the Confessional I would be a Catholic," say many Protestants. Now we submit, is that a good reason? Does it not argue the very necessity of doing penance, of grief to confession? Confession supposes something to confess, and it becomes more difficult as the crimes increase in enormity. The great fear with Catholics is not the Confession, but that they may not make a good and worthy one.

"King Humbert, of Italy, has paid off all the debts of his father, the late Victor Emmanuel, and does not owe one cent himself."—Ex. How did he do it? The robber stole from Peter to pay his debts. Highway robbery is no less a crime in being perpetrated by Kings, and Humbert's conscience warns him of that fact. We pity him. Better he had the debts.

Those wise journals that are now discussing the so-called heresy of the Methodist minister, who taught that there is a "probation" in the next life, should study up Catholic doctrine, before connecting it with heretical ministers' assertions. The Catholic Church believes and teaches no such doctrine as that of probation in the next life. Passing through the portals of death every soul is immediately judged for eternity, but may be obliged to undergo a punishment in Purgatory. It can merit nothing, and therefore is not in a state of probation. If Rev. Thomas claimed that as Catholic doctrine, as he is reported to have done, it is only another instance of the ignorance of those who pretend to know all the Catholic Church teaches. If the gentleman had only invested to the extent of five cents in a little catechism, he might have ascertained the Catholic doctrine, or had he consulted a little child of the Catholic Sunday School, it might have enlightened him on the doctrine of Purgatory.

Western Watchman.

London, Sept. 13th.

The Methodist Ecumenical Conference to-day expressed strong feeling against Methodists sending their children to Romish schools. On the subject of "Skepticism," Todd, of Philadelphia, said skeptical science was the great enemy of the church.

The Conference strongly condemned theaters and dancing. Peck advocated religious entertainments as a counter attraction. A motion condemning the opium trade was introduced, but it was referred to the Business Committee at the suggestion of Peck, because it contained words censuring the action of the British Government.

The Methodists of the world would thus seem to have settled down to four articles of belief: 1st. It is wrong, very wrong, to send innocent Methodist children to "Romish" schools. They are quite sure about that. 2nd. They are satisfied, further, that "skeptical science"—whatever that may mean—is an enemy to Methodism. 3rd. Dancing is diabolical, and theaters are an abomination; but the parsons think a Methodist substitute might be invented. We think that with pastoral calls and an occasional camp-meeting our Methodist friends can get along very well without dancing, play-going, or any substitute thereof. 4th. The opium trade is a bad, soul-destroying traffic, except when governments engage in it. But in most of the countries in

Europe theaters are erected and maintained as government institutions. Is theater-going wrong in those countries? The Methodists should adopt a meteorological chart, like our signal service maps, and give people information as to the Methodism to be preached in different places and under different governments.

Baltimore Mirror.

REV. JACOB MULFORD, a Methodist minister of Camden, in Pennsylvania, preached an awful sermon on temperance one day last week. He had been a lawyer, and had fair success in his profession until he took to drink. Then he sank into the gutter of degradation, and was covered with the mire of filthiness brought on by intoxication. About twenty months ago he took the pledge, and became widely known as an eloquent enemy of alcohol. He became a preacher and was given charge of a congregation. On a recent Sunday morning he appeared in the pulpit drunk, and gave grave scandal to his flock. He was dismissed from his post as pastor, and went on a protracted spree. On the 8th inst. he was found dead at his residence, with a whiskey bottle nearly empty in his hand and a phial of laudanum half full beside him on a table. Where his soul is, who dare say? This is the moral of his end—if you cannot take liquor in moderation, don't drink a drop of it.

In the long ago the Church used to punish her bad children by temporarily denying them the Most Blessed Sacrament. She brought them to a sense of their sinfulness by refusing to allow them to go to Holy Communion. Then all Catholics were anxious to approach the Holy Table, and many of them received as often as they heard Mass, and that was daily. But now bad members of the Church punish themselves, and make their salvation next to an impossibility by remaining away from the sacraments for years; and all the while the Church invites them, urges them, admonishes them to be converted from their evil ways and to be again united to the Lord, the Vine, whose blood is the sap of eternal life. "Unless you eat my flesh and drink my blood," said our Divine Saviour, "you cannot have life in you." And without life, what remains but death, and death in the bottomless pit, the exterior darkness, where there is wailing and where there is gnashing of teeth.

London Universe.

WHERE is Dr. Falk, that he does not come forward in the nick of time and save his villainous laws from the disgrace which is impending over them? The truth is, thank God, that the constancy of the German episcopacy and priesthood, joined to the courage of the Vatican, have proved too strong for mere carnal brute force. The Prussian Parliament will be brave enough to admit, by altering the laws affecting the two powers, the Church and State, that all these years of persecution have been a blunder as well as a crime. The restoration of liberty to the Catholic Church in Germany will be one of the glories of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. Herr von Schloezer, as German Ambassador to the Sovereign Pontiff, will put the finishing stroke to this satisfactory state of affairs. This gentleman is thoroughly versed in the whole question in dispute: he knows, better, perhaps, than any living man, the beginning, middle, and end of the accused laws which are now about to be repealed.

In England the instigators of a riot are held more responsible for the consequences of a riot than the actual rioters, and very properly and justly so. In Ireland it appears to be the extreme opposite. Those who give cause for a riot are overlooked—it may be, patted on the back—whilst all who happen to be found in any way adjacent to a riot are pounced upon, arrested, punished, if not—by accident, of course—shot down. Last Sunday, according to even English newspaper accounts, some of the Scots Greys were at the Limerick railway station taking leave of their comrades. In a Catholic country, and in the presence of many of the Catholics of Limerick, these representatives of the power of her Majesty wantonly made use of expressions grossly offensive to the people of Ireland, such as "to hell with the Pope." A fight and a general riot were the consequences. Can anybody in England be surprised at this? Let us reverse the picture. Let us imagine a lot of Irish Catho-

lic soldiers publicly in England making use of such expressions with regard to the head of the Church of England. Would not every Englishman within hearing resent such an insult? Undoubtedly. And would not the ruffians be made use of such language be brought to account? Most certainly. Well, there is an inquiry as to the Limerick riot; but up to the present hardly any reference has been made in the English newspapers as to the actual cause of the riot?

Boston Pilot.

ANOTHER Englishman, the proprietor of the London Times, has been venting his venom before the American people. Mr. Walter arrived in New York last week, and was promptly interviewed. Asked his opinion of the Irish, he answered:—

"Oh, they would be very well if let alone. They are very credulous, very ignorant and easily managed, and can easily be convinced by the people who live in this agitation that they are the most oppressed people of the earth, and, of course, there is not a particle of truth in that. There is nothing on the face of the earth to prevent an Irishman from being happy if he will only work and not get drunk."

This Cockney fairly represents the English idea about Ireland. He maligns and insults the people with as lofty a Sir Oracle air as though they were mere chattels to come and go at the beck and call. They are very credulous and very ignorant, says the great Mr. Walter, but they might be very happy if they would "only work and not get drunk." Has the Times man ever looked into the statistics of drunkenness in his own country? Can he find anywhere the equal of the solid, brutal English sot, who kicks his wife, mauls his children, and disgraces before the world the human form that he wears? As for working, Mr. Walter has come to the wrong place to accuse the Irish of unwillingness in that direction. A practical refutation of his slander meets him at every turn. The readiness of the Irishman to take hold of any kind of work, and to do it thoroughly, is recognized all the world over, except by such persons as this Englishman, who cannot see beyond the narrow limit of his own prejudice.

RANK is a wonderful piece of human folly. Bonaparte was cut by the sovereigns of Europe for being a parvenu. He, in his turn, disowned his brother until the latter separated from his low-born American bride; and that bride bitterly quarrelled with her only son for marrying a lady of his own country and "preferring to join the common herd, born to draw nutrition, propagate, and rot." To-day kings, Bonapartes, Madame Patterson and all are dead—and rotten.

WHEN the Czar had embraced the Emperor William, in the interview of Dantzic, he spoke his little piece by saying:—"I have come to tell you that I have inherited all the sentiments my father ever cherished toward you. I will hold them all my life. I am happy, most happy, to have an opportunity of saying this to your Majesty." After that the talk turned on Nihilists, and the old gentleman from Berlin advised war to the knife. The German Courts, he said, had passed sentence on 3,000 Socialists in one year, and Socialism is not near so troublesome now. The chief object of the meeting seems to have been to agree upon ways and means of checking the Nihilists and Socialists. Bismarck's part in the conference was that of the man who pulls the wires that make the puppets dance.

THE long fight is ended, and the strong heart is at rest. The nation's watch by the bedside is ended. After eighty days of cruel suffering, the firm nature succumbed. The silent millions who, amid the bustle of market, exchange, factory and farm, had never lost consciousness of the wounded President, and his afflicted wife and children, may now as nutely pray for his soul's rest and for peace for the stricken hearts of his dear ones. Never beside the bed of a crowned king wept so vast a multitude of real mourners. Never has the artificial distinction and reserve of royalty wrapped a ruler with such infinite tenderness as our fifty millions felt for their wounded President. Here was no formalized sympathy, graded by classes and expressed by cold ceremony. Here were quivering lips and hearts that everyday cried out their manly and womanly grief with her who sat by the bed holding the wasted hand of her slowly-dying husband. By sor-

rows and losses we are purified and strengthened, nations as well as men. A few months ago, when the hand that will be accused forever shot the President, men's hearts were divided in bitterness and party strife. Public enemies glared at each other before the people, and hatred and wrath had fastened like deadly corrosion on the hearts of opposing elements. All of this evil has yielded to the universal solvent of grief. Party lines have been obliterated. Divisions among the people have healed. The virulent have been silenced. The majesty of the Nation's grief shamed the selfish into restraint and evoked all the judgment and dignity of the patriotic. North, south, east, and West, we are one at last. One hand lays the wreath on the President's coffin—the immortal hand of Columbia! One voice prays above his grave, the voice of America—God rest his soul!

Buffalo Union.

STEPHEN J. MEANY, the special Irish correspondent of the New York Star, in a recent letter to that Journal, thus comments on a cowardly outrage perpetrated in Rathcoole, county Cork, on the 28th ult:

God save Ireland! I say, with my heart and soul on my lips, but oh, God save Ireland from those on her own sons who would injure her character and destroy her fame and alienate from her the sympathies of free peoples and put back indefinitely her hopes and aspirations for freedom.

Every sincere lover of Ireland will heartily echo the above utterances.

PART of the revenue of "Bishop" McNamara of the Independent Catholic Church, New York, is, it appears, derived from the renting of the superfluous apartments of the episcopal mansion. He has been lately suffering from the secular and commonplace tribulation and troublesome lodgers. His recital of his grievances at police headquarters, whither he was accompanied by his coadjutors, the "Rt. Rev." Mrs. McNamara and Rev. Mr. Geoghegan, (we adhere to order of rank and office) elicited sympathy—for the lodgers; and the headquarters of the "Independent Catholic Church" was denounced as a neighborhood nuisance.

New York Freeman's Journal.

THE Methodist elders have also announced their disapproval of the practice of sending Protestant children to Catholic convent-schools. The elders think that the Catholic Church gains converts through the desire of Protestant parents to have their daughters carefully guarded from the evil influences which permeate secular and sectarian schools. And they are right. No parent who would not willingly see his daughter a Catholic should send her to a convent. The Sisters will not force controversial books into her hands or combine in an effort to convert her; but, if the school be worthy of the name, Catholic teaching and example must have their effect. In spite of this, Protestant parents will continue to send their children to Catholic convents, and the Methodists in council may protest as loudly as they please. Protestants who love morality know that the boarding-schools scattered throughout the country, controlled by ministers and laymen, "with an eye on the main chance," are no fit places for young girls. There is too much license allowed, and the pupils corrupt each other. Novelties in training and co-education of the sexes, may delude the thoughtless, but a parent desiring to preserve the purity of his daughter's mind avoids them. Hence, notwithstanding "Ecumenical" rebukes, observant Methodists look with favor on convent-schools. These schools would no doubt be better without the children of Protestants; but, until Methodism finds the secret of inspiring morality, convent-schools will continue to make converts.

McGee's Weekly.

DR. TALMAGE, in his sermon-lecture last Sunday, took occasion to "declare the theory of his religion." It is an infallible Bible. But how does Dr. Talmage know that the Bible is infallible? How does he know that it is even authentic? And granting its infallibility, how does he, confessing his fallibility, interpret it? Is not Bob Ingersoll's interpretation of the Biblical text as trustworthy as Talmage's, seeing that both are liable to err? If the Universalist finds no hell in his interpretation of the Bible, how will Talmage convince him of his error? If the Unitarian denies the divinity of the Saviour, what infallible proof can the Dr. adduce to prove that he

is wrong? If the leader of the Mormons find in the Bible that the patriarchs practised polygamy, will he take Talmage's *ipse dixit* that such a thing is condemned by the Bible now? Without an infallible and divinely appointed interpreter, the Bible must be ruled out as an infallible religious guide. This blind idolatry of a book by Protestants, that they cannot even prove inspired, and cannot understand even if they could, is as senseless and hardly as respectable as the worship of the sacred beetle, set up by the ancient Egyptians.

THE MURDERED PRESIDENT.

Public Meeting in Kingston—Address by Bishop Cleary.

On the 20th instant the citizens of Kingston held a public meeting to express sympathy for the American people on the death of President Garfield. The assemblage was a very large one, and the speakers on the occasion the most prominent men of the city.

Bishop Cleary, on coming forward, said:—Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, although the call to speak at this meeting was unexpected, yet it gives me pleasure in my representative character as head of the Catholics of Kingston to signify my concurrence in the Mayor's action in calling this meeting to express our indignation at the outrage committed, and our sympathy with the people who are its victims. We have all come to manifest by our presence the sympathy shared by all good men with the mother, wife and children of the deceased President, and with our sorrowing republican neighbors. We come to show our indignation at the cruel and cowardly crime, which we feel to be an offence against the highest laws of nature—to show our indignation at the crime, the criminal, and the abettors and sympathizers in the act. It is not alone to proclaim our abhorrence of the murderer that we have assembled—we would consider him unworthy of our attention; we can have no feeling but pity for the miserable wretch, whom we leave to the justice of public law and to God's mercy. No; we are desirous of showing our detestation of the crime which has inflicted injury upon the public life of a great Republic that guarantees to all its citizens such liberty of speech and action as the world has never before experienced. We believe with that Republic that every man has a right to speak freely, and to appeal to the reason of his fellowmen in confirmation of his opinions, and we hold that no man has a right to place the pistol to our head and prevent us from giving utterance to our sentiments. Such are the feelings which animate millions whose minds are now agitated by abhorrence of the dreadful action of the assassin. Every crime against the liberty of public speech, and the exercise of the right of free discussion is a blow at the public weal, for it aims at preventing that clashing of mind against mind which elicits the divine spark of truth. Our rights and liberties are offended because of this violence offered to a free man in a free state. As one of the greatest of the Romans said in his own elegant and pointed language, "Nulla vis unquam est in libera civitate suscepta inter civis non contra Republicanum"—no act of violence can be committed even in a free state among citizens without inflicting an injury upon the public weal. And the more free the state is, the greater the mischief that is caused by violence. For, whereas military and despotic governments trust to physical force for the maintenance of social order, and by armed repression of lawlessness maintain and strengthen public authority, the equilibrium of society is sustained in free, constitutional countries by a combination of moral forces that shrink instinctively from contact with violence. Free expression of thought, open discussion of rights and grievances, mutual respect of persons and parties for each other's feelings and opinions, readiness to make fair concession or necessary compromise for the termination of disputes, is above all the sense public security in the Council Chamber and that holds the scales of justice exposed to the stroke of the assassins' dagger? It is not in any of her lower members or less vital parts that the free republic of the United States has been wounded. The stroke was aimed at her head, the centre of her political life, and the criminal purpose was to assassinate justice itself in him who personified it before the nation. We therefore who value the great universal principle of constitutional freedom in our national life and who love justice as the first condition of social order, do heartily sympathize with the people of the United States in their great affliction; and, although we confide in their wonderful vitality and energy of character to prevent any permanent evil resulting from the shock they have suffered, we deeply deplore the outrage offered to the general order of social life, and we declare our detestation and abhorrence of it. Nor can we regard this grievous crime apart from the spirit of which it is the expression. For in these days all good men are pained at witnessing the spread of wicked principles that proclaim the right to enforce political opinions by means of assassination. It forms combinations in secret and wages war against men in high stations, whom God, the ruler of the world, in its moral as in its physical order, has invested with His own power and authority to rule His people in His name. It denies their sacredness of character. It disowns authority from on high. It professes to believe that each man's will is

to over-ride, if possible, the power of kings and governments and deal out death as the penalty of non-compliance with its behests. To us, therefore, who adore the God of Heaven as our king and the ruler of this world, from whom above all, authority comes and without whose sanction no human law has force to blind the consciences of men, the murder of the chief of a neighbouring republic is a crime of the deepest dye, an effort to dethrone God himself from his monarchy, and to overturn the order established by Him for the well being of society. On behalf of the Catholics of Kingston, therefore, I beg to express the sympathy and indignation which we all feel in consequence of the black deed which now absorbs the attention of the world. Those, whom I represent, are moved to this expression because whether the victim of the crime of murder be Queen or President, they regard not so much the individual, as the sacred authority with which he or she is clothed. If authority be not sacred, the result will be social confusion and anarchy. Consequently, we regard the present crime with deeper detestation than if it had struck down a private citizen. As lovers of order, as upholders of law, as believers in the sacredness of authority, we are called upon to view such an impious act with the deepest aversion. Passing from these general reflections to the special purpose of the resolution just read, we are to sympathize with the lady who watched by the sick bed of her husband with singular fortitude. We glory in the honour done by her to her sex, in the tenderness, meekness, self-denial, self-sacrifice and uncomplaining patience which this lady has displayed while discharging her duty to her wounded husband during those eighty days of excruciating sorrow, while his life was in the balance. We offer her our sympathy through you, Mr. Mayor, and pray God that he may pour balm upon her wounded spirit and give her plentiful consolation in return for her fidelity and patience.

The Bishop sat down amid loud and prolonged applause, elicited by his finished eloquence.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

If anything could make us contemplate without abhorrence the blowing to pieces of innocent people in the same boat with braggart Ministers, it would be the conspiracy of English Ministers and newspapers to confound the Irish cause with the eccentricities of a few Irishmen whom their treatment appears to have deprived of their reason. It is not enough that Harcourt should, in his assassin way in Parliament, insinuate that the revenues of the Land League come from the same hands that are charging infernal machines to blow up trans-atlantic passenger ships; the London newspapers are spending thousands of pounds in cablegrams recording every grotesque figment of the interviewers and every idle word of every insignificant madman in America, with a view of showing that our magnificent Ireland beyond the seas dreams of nothing except dynamite, and believes in no other prophet than Mr. O'Donovan Rossa. As usual, the conspiracy had succeeded in leading European opinion blindfold into the ditch. The Vienna and Berlin newspapers quote the London newspapers with horror, and the London newspapers quote the horror of the Vienna and Berlin newspapers with a pious satisfaction, and Europe comes to regard Irishmen as a race of criminal lunatics who are engaged in teaching Mr. Harcourt better manners by blowing Cunard liners into the air. As long as respectable Englishmen play this scurvy trick, they need expect no sympathy whatever from us in their pained. If Mr. O'Donovan Rossa does not mean what he says, he is a fool; and if he does mean what people says he says, he is a madman; but, if he is a madman, who has driven him mad? A free-souled, big-hearted, big-limbed, generous, lion-like young Irishman—what was it that turned his blood to gall and made him ready to pour it out to the last drop, if it could only poison England? He saw three thousand famine-corpses thrown into the one fosse before his eyes, and vowed they should be famine-corpses no more, even if there should be instead the more presentable corpses made by rifle-bullets. That was in his youth. He struggled and failed; struggled again and failed again; and seven of the best years of his manhood were spent in a prison-hell, the chained comrade of English brutes, kicked, tortured, and insulted by the jailers of that Liberal Premier who wept over the sorrows of King Bomba's interesting victims; drinking in detestation of the cruelty and hypocrisy of England with every breath he drew.

This makes the madman, who have made men mad by their contagion.

And when the madmen come to reflect that Clerkenwell Prison had to be blown down in order to call Mr. Gladstone to his prayers, and that he never thought of coming to his prayers again (politically speaking) until there was a revolution in full blast around him, it is not so surprising they begin to think that "though this be madness there is method in it." We have just this much further to say, that the nation which within the past few years used dynamite to suffocate Hottentots in their caves—which hunted down a sovereign King, Cetewayo, with bloodhounds, and hanged up the Chief Priest and forty of the chief people of Cabul for defending their country, does not figure well in the pulpit when mercy is the text. It is not that we dislike Mr. O'Donovan Rossa's doings less, but that we hate English can't and panic more.—United Ireland.

Don de A. N. Q.