

# 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, FEB. 25, 1881.

NO. 124

OUR STOCK IS MOST COMPLETE.

We have a splendid line of White and Colored Shirts! Any one requiring any of the above should give us a call.

We make the best clothing in the city at close figures.

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ECCLIASIAL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY, 1881.  
Sunday, 27—Quinquagesima. 2 Cl. Semi-Double.  
Monday, 28—Peter's Cathedral, of Antioch. Double Major.

MARCH, 1881.  
Tuesday, 1—St. Gregory II., Pope and Confessor. (13 Feb.) Semi-Double.  
Wednesday, 2—Ash-Wednesday. 2 Cl. Semi-Double.  
Thursday, 3—St. Martin, Virgin and Martyr. (13 Feb.) 8x8x9 Jan. Double.  
Friday, 4—St. S. Thomas of the Crown. D. W. I. C. Double Major.  
Saturday, 5—St. Casimir, Confessor. (Fix-ex-heri) Semi-Double.

The Four Masters.  
Many altars are in Babia, Many churches are in white, Many schools, and many abbies, Many in our father's sight; Yet whether I go a pilgrim, Back, dear Holy Isle, to thee, May my final journey be home To that Abbey by the sea— That Abbey roofless, doorless, Shrouded, monkless, tho' I be!

These are days of swift upbuilding, All to pride and triumph leads, At its beguiling to Religion, Genius speaks, and triumph sounds, As the day-beam to the sailor; Lighting up the wreckers' shore, So the present fosters sinners, On the barrenness before, At no gleam rests on that Abbey, Silent by Tyrone's moorings.

Yet I hear them in my shavings, And I see them as I gaze, Four monk men round the cresset, With the scrolls of other days; Four unwearied scribes who treasure Every word and every line, Saving every ancient sentence As if writ by hands divine.

On their calm, down-bent foreheads, All mine own thoughts are writ, Is there malice or ambition, In the will, or in the deed? Oh, no! no! the Angel's light, Canny lights the dusky walls, And their four winking beams follow Where the Angel's radiance falls.

Not of Fame, and not of Fortune, Do these eager pensmen dream; Darkness shrouds the hills of Babia, Sorrow sits by every stream; One by one the lights that led her, Hour by hour were quench'd; I in gloom; But the patient, sad, Four Masters, Told in this hourly room— Daily thus they'dying doom.

As the breathing of the west wind Over head and bearded sheaves, As the murmur in the bee-hives, Softly, hark ye, to the hummer's hum, So the rustle of the vellum, So the anxious quill's hum, So the deep expectant silence, Seems to listen all around.

Brightly on the Abbey gable Shines the full moon of the night, While far to the tower's top, All the bays in waves of light, Titled into, and down the headland, Soile and soft in her way, Yet within their dusky chamber, The monk Masters, round the cresset, Finding all too short the day.

Now they kneel! attend the accents From the south of moorings wringing; Hear the soaring aspirations, Barbed with the ancestral tongue; For the houseless, and the Christless, For their brethren dead, For the mourning Mother Island, These their aspirations.

And they said, before uprising, "Father, grant one other prayer— Bless the lord of Moy-O'Quira, Bless the lady, and his merry; Send the ge'ous enter, whose bounty Cheers, sustains us in our task, Health, success, removal, salvation— Father! this is all we ask."

Oh! that we who now inherit All their trust, with half their toll, Were but fit to trace their footsteps Through the annals of the Isle; Oh! that the bright Angel, Duty, Unfaded of our tasks might be, Teach us as she taught our Masters, In that Abbey by the sea— Faithful, grateful, just, to be!

CATHOLIC PRESS.

In a list of one hundred contributors to wards improving the Cathedral in Philadelphia, we find the names of sixty Irish girls. That is, over one half of those who will add to the fund that is being raised are poor girls, probably most of them servants in hotels or private families. So it is the world over. Those who build churches can tell you who pay for them.—Catholic Columbian.

The coercion debates contained no sadder chapter than when they told us of a man who once was great, sinking into being the advocate of tyranny and the vilest despotism. Nothing can excuse Mr. Bright. He (when not receiving Government pay) denounced coercion. Now (oh, what money does it!) he supports it. All the pro-coercion speeches were weak, but Mr. Bright's was weakest of all. He formally attacked Mr. Butt as advocating "unconscionable" Home Rule, and now he opposes Irish freedom altogether. Et tu, Bright!—London University.

FATHER MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J., in the excellent Irish Monthly, repeats this most beautiful prayer of a poor Irish saint: "I recommend myself to the protection of my adorable Jesus, and his Blessed Mother, and holy St. Joseph, through the intercession of my darling St. Francis, that they may bless and guard, and guide me, and the whole Church, and the poor Pope."

"I took down these words textually," says Father Russell, "on the creaking staircase of a Limerick garret, where a poor old bodden woman had just given me an account of the way in which she spent some of her weary hours. She had neither kinsfolk, nor money, nor the use of her limbs. A good lady paid a girl for coming to her two or three times a day. Except some such rare and short break in her solitude, her only companion was a cat, and even to secure this society the material bond of a long chain was necessary. The 'poor Pope' was Pius IX. Is she praying now for Leo? For such lives have a knack of lingering on, while covers more brilliant and seemingly more happy (but who knows?) are constantly coming to an end before their time."—Catholic Review.

IRELAND IS MAKING herself heard of late and no mistake. She has come to be the talk of the whole world, and the attention of the Imperial Parliament is wholly absorbed by her affairs. This is all very good. This is all very astonishing—to those who are old enough to look back a quarter of a century or so, marvellously astonishing! But a greater surprise remains to be recorded. Who could have expected to live so long as to see the day when education as to the case of Ireland arrived at such a pitch that a cabinet minister of England could afford to be honest enough and bold enough to publicly make use of such language as this without impeachment or the loss of his seat: "Depend upon it, it is not benevolence or charity that is wanted in Ireland, but just laws. I hope we may soon see changes which will soften the bitter feelings towards England which now prevail in Ireland. But England is a slow learner, and our Parliament never learns at all, except under the presence of some great calamity." Coming from a Land Leaguer in Ireland such an expression of opinion would be considered, sedition, treason or some perhaps more serious offence. This remarkable declaration was made the other day by Mr. Bright in reply to a letter sent him as to the policy to be pursued in Ireland. Mr. Bright is a member of the present cabinet, and it is well known, the Premier's right-hand man.—London University.

The Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, having decided that no member of that body who has joined the Land League shall be allowed to continue an Orangeman, has issued a circular explaining its reasons for such a decision. The document is a remarkable one, and is especially interesting inasmuch as it shows that Orangemen are not forbidden to join the Land League, because its action is mainly directed against landlordism; but because, if the landlord interest were overthrown, the landlords, the majority of whom are Protestants, would quit the country, and the Protestant religion, which would fall in Ireland for want of their support; and the circular adds: "If they were gone, what position would the rest of our Protestants be in? With churches thinly scattered, they would soon die out of the country parts, and by degrees, out of the towns. The one of our principles, 'the support of the Protestant religion, would be practically defunct, and the Orange institution become extinct.' This, then, is the Orangeman's idea—sustain landlordism, for without it the Protestant religion would fall in Ireland. Most true, indeed, is the assertion so far as it goes; but, on the other hand, if Irish landlords were to be charged with sustaining and fostering Protestantism, and, in many cases, forcing its obnoxious tenets upon their unfortunate tenants, they would boldly deny the accusation.

If parents would struggle one half as hard to leave their children spiritual advantages in Catholic training and good example, as they do to give them chances for appearing well in the world and living in ease, it is easy to conceive how much better the world would grow with each succeeding generation.—Catholic Columbian.

As a fit illustration of the position in which Catholic priests are now placed in Belgium, we may mention the following case. Father Wojciech Anders was tried last week at Posen for having celebrated Mass on four sever-1 occasions in places where he was not parish priest, and without previously obtaining the permission of the Government. There was a certain amount of graduation in the nature of the hideous crimes imputed to him. On two occasions he had celebrated Mass in the church of the "bereaved" parish of Wierzyna, yet as he did so with closed doors it was held that these were private Masses, and on this part of the charge he was consequently acquitted. But the second offence was unpardonable, for the two other Masses had been celebrated in a private house, "whose inmates formed a part, though a 'small one, of the parish," according to the finding of the court, and such a dreadful crime could not be expiated otherwise than by a fine of 25 or twenty days' imprisonment. Father Anders had already been kept in gaol for three weeks while under remand. There are hundreds of priests in Prussia who are similarly situated, and who are constantly prosecuted for simply doing their duty as ministers of Christ.—London University.

FOR goodness sake, do not rise the discussion of the question, again this year, of how St. Patrick's Day shall be celebrated. Let us all go to Mass on that day and saying our prayers devoutly implore St. Patrick to keep his hands raised up to the throne of God interceding for his children of Erin. In the shamrock-decked crowd let us recognize the sign in which Ireland is to conquer.—Catholic Columbian.

AFTER leading the reader through the various phases of all that the moral world proposes to man in his consciousness of an immortality, the author of "Is Life Worth Living?" has the following in the concluding chapters of his book: "To sum up, then; if we would obtain a true view of the general character of Catholicism, we must begin by making a clean sweep of all the views that, as outsiders, we have been taught to entertain about her. We must, in the first place, learn to conceive of her as a living spiritual body, as inflexible and as authoritative now as she ever was, with her eyes undimmed and her strength not abated, continuing to grow still as she has continued to grow hitherto; and the growth of the new dogmas that she may learn from time to time to enunciate, we must learn to see are from her own standpoint, signs of life and not signs of corruption. And further, when we come to look into her more closely, we must separate carefully the diverse elements we find in her—her discipline, her pious opinions, her theology, and her religion. Let honest inquirers do this to the best of their power, and their views will undergo the same process of purification. He (the theist) will find in it (Catholicity) the logical development of our natural moral sense, developed, indeed, and still developing under a special and supernatural care—but essentially the same thing; with the same negations, the same assertions, the same positive truths and the same impeneetrable mysteries, and with nothing new added to them, but help, and certainty, and guidance."

This, coming from one who searched deeply after truth, and, as he says, "picked up the jewels from the mud in which they had been trodden," is a most remarkable and superficially observers of the Catholic Church, who depend upon the word of those who before, that Catholicity is a jumble of superstitions and dishonesties.—Catholic Columbian.

MEX is seeking to ruin the Church, not by attacking any doctrine about God or Jesus Christ, not by attacking the Pope or the Catholic priesthood, or the sacraments, but by attacking all religion. Infidels and Rationalists are now waging war against the Church, and are trying by various means to ruin the Church of God. One of the most diabolical of their attempts is to ruin the children, for they all appear to believe that if they can ruin the future generation they will ruin the future of the Church of God. In Germany all the work of Prof. Bismarck has not been able to ruin the Church. He has had ten years to work out his fell plans of persecution, but he has not succeeded. In France Gambetta has not been able in ten years to ruin the Catholicity of the country. He may persecute the people, and he may do a world of mischief as others have done, but the Catholic Church is impregnable. When we think of the poor little children being ruined by the laws of countries which cast out the faith, so that as the little ones may grow up they may be abandoned and have no religion, we confess to fear the loss of religion, and the loss of the Church, many poor souls. We do not fear the destruction of the Church. Even in our time we have seen enough to know that if the Catholic Church was not the Church of God it would not exist upon the earth. We have seen enough to make us confident and certain that the Catholic Church is the only true Church of God, and it is the greatest miracle that exists in the world.—Catholic Herald.

An Irish writer very justly ridicules an absurdity into which some Irishmen fall, of claiming as Irish all the great men of the earth, whose names resemble in sound or orthography Irish names. It is unnecessary to say that Ireland has no real need to add to its list of illustrious names by such methods of fiction. "We have no fancy for claiming relationship with people who repudiate the connection and are ashamed of their name; there are no happy reasons why among all nations of foreigners we may reasonably expect to look for fellow-countrymen; and where-ever we turn our eyes we shall not look in vain. McMahons, and O'Briens, and O'Connors of France; the Traffes and Nuggents, and Lays of Austria; the McDonnells, and Murphys, and McKennas of Spain; not to talk of the Sullivans, Henrys, and Barrys that nurtured the American Republic, are all part of our history, and are as proud of their mother country as their mother country is of them. But we must draw the line somewhere. It is mean to go about the world pulling out the names of the Sullivans, Henrys, and Barrys that nurtured the American Republic, are all part of our history, and are as proud of their mother country as their mother country is of them. But we must draw the line somewhere. It is mean to go about the world pulling out the names of the Sullivans, Henrys, and Barrys that nurtured the American Republic, are all part of our history, and are as proud of their mother country as their mother country is of them. But we must draw the line somewhere. It is mean to go about the world pulling out the names of the Sullivans, Henrys, and Barrys that nurtured the American Republic, are all part of our history, and are as proud of their mother country as their mother country is of them. But we must draw the line somewhere. 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