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Catholic Record.

Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."--(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)-St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894.

NO. 814.

Our Lady's Bells.

Chimed bells announce the birth of morn, at montide clear their tones resound. Through twilight stillnesses are borne. Their antheins o'er each darkling bound; Whereat, in vision, bright arises. The Archangel hieing with the word. Whose thrill a humble maid surprises, Hailed blessed Mother of our Lord:

As cool wells taste to lips athirst,
As food is prized by one who needs,
As sunbeams seem to buds new burst,
As outcasts value kindly deeds;
To me more rare this sacred hearing,
Flows full to drown the world's turmoil,
Alone most holy memories bearing
Which raise my thoughts from themes that
soil.

No tuneful warbler soaring high
'Twixt rifted clouds, or perched in dells,
Chants harmonies that gently sigh
Such soothing transports as these hells.
I wish their prayerful peals would follow
Persistently my course through life
So might their chaste suggestions hallow
The weary stress of daily strife.

Loud in all lands, unknowing dearth,
Sweet chimes ring out Our Lady's praise,
And hearkening ears wide over earth
Are solaced by the tribute lays.
Oh, with their meaning's dulcet measure
Esteemed of millions, let each thought,
Word, act, of mine, in pain or pleasure,
Innerving much, be always fraught.
—MAURICE W. CASEY in Ottawa Owl

INGERSOLL SCORED.

A Correspondent's Scathing Rebuke to the Infidel Lecturer.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Catholic

Frequent comments have been made in the public prints of late to the effect that these disastrous and trying times, which have proven so ruinous to schemes of material prosperity, have resulted in a general revival or awakening of religious feeling in various parts of the country. It is generally the case that when men are brought to a realizing sense of the uncertainty of the things of this life that their thoughts tend toward the subject of their relations to their God and their dependence upon Him as their Creator. This might be termed almost an axiomatic truth, at least so far as well disposed minds are concerned. It is also a truth that when the all-wise and merciful Creator seeks by chastening pro-vidence to draw mankind closer to Himself, the adversary of men shows himself most earnest in stirring up his agents to renewed activity to prevent the escape of souls from evil control.

The recrudesenca of Bob Ingersoll and his present activity in the lecture field is doubtless thus explained. Or is it that the hard times have financially straitened the worthy Colonel to the extent of compelling him to resume his trade of lining his pocket with "devil's pence," contributed by willing devotees, who thus sustain their chief in the practice of that "gospel of good living" of which he is the boasted exemplar—good living, which in his case means living on the best the markets afford and growing fat on sardonic laughter at the expense of the multitudes of unfortunate poor souls, whom he seeks to rob, as far as lies in his power, of their only consolation in time of misery and distress, viz., their spiritual belief.

I have read with mingled feelings of indignation and disgust the published reports of this man's latest amended lecture, entitled "What Shall shall a long-suffering public do to be saved from Bob Ingersoll?" We are told by the papers that while delivering his characteristic witticisms the Colonel feels highly amused at himself and "laughs in his usual boyish style." This is the keynote to the whole situation. We thought we had to do with a man, and it appears that we are only dealing with a child. Ingersoll is a sort of overgrown "Peck's bad boy," at whom one might afford to laugh were it not for the fact that both fools and children are capable of monkeying with gunpowder, handling sharp-edged tools and of pulling the triggers of "unloaded" guns after aiming them at other peopel's

Bob Ingersoll is undoubtedly the representative "naughty boy "of the American people. Not yet arrived at man's estate, he enjoys his own folly with all the unthinking and undigni-fied levity of the child who is quite content to cut up any foolish caper so long as he succeeds thereby in attracting if only for a passing moment, the attention of older and wiser heads. Colonel Bob in his capacity of the "champion American bad boy," em-bracing as he does so well, "the bracing as he does so well, "the wicked bad boy," "the lying bad boy," and "the pusillanimous bad boy," deserves to be thoroughly spanked by

the American public. As "the wicked bad boy" Bob stands pre-eminent in his utter disregard of the holiest feelings of the community The utter indiffer ence he manifests in ruthlessly attempting to destroy the spiritual beliefs of a Christian people recall to mind the description given of Martin Luther by one of his so-called fellow-reformers. Zwinglius, the Swiss rehis fellow-deformer Luther thus: "I think I see a nasty swine grunting around and tearing up the sweet flowers of a fine garden. Luther can-not speak of God and holy things but with great procacity, ignorance of theology and impropriety." Whether

to protect the body of a man together with his pocket-book; as for his soul, that may go the devil.

As "the lying bad boy "the Colonel simply "takes the cake." Lying with him has evidently been reduced to a fine art. It is just as easy for him to prevaricate as it is to roll off of a log. It does not matter to him how often his mendacity is exposed, he is always ready with a fresh supply of convenient fibs. Bob is, in fact, a throrough disciple of Barnum. He acts upon the aphorism of the great Yankee showman, that "the American people love to be humbugged." Barnum never humbugged the American people love to be humbugged." Barnum never humbugged the American people to a greater extent than when he excused his own imposture by making people believe that it was all a joke, which they were pleased to have him perpetrate upon them at their expense. American people are in many respects as foolish as any upon the face of the earth; witness the support and countenance they give to a man like Ingersoll—(being an American to the proverbial freedom of speech which is supposed to be an American's greatest birth-right), but American people do not love to be humbugged any more than these of other nationalities. They are, however, grievously deficient in the manly spirit which reseate they think he is funny and "smart."

Charity, the Little Sastered Heart are not to the taste of the gross-minded Colonel. He wants to see all women enjoy life. Usually Judging from the vast host of divorce scandals in this country, the Colonel's plan of female happiness is not a such discounter, it colonels plug and female happiness is not a such shill was country, the Colonel's plug and female happiness is not a such shill was and in this country, the Colonel's plug and female happiness is not a such shill was not all with the wants to see all women enjoy life. Usually and of the alth "(according to his assertion), which means that healthy people should seek the companionship of healthy "(according to his assertion), which means that healthy p cause they think he is funny and

of God, who, forsaking ease and weather and health, devote their lives to the sick and suffering, the unfortunate and the leper for the love of that Divine any decent body of citizens.

Master whose teachings Ingersoll dares to characterize as "despicable.

Place Father Drumgoole in the scale with ten thousand such men as Ingersoll and it would tip, the hear in the scale of the scale with ten thousand such men as Ingersoll and it would tip, the hear in the scale of the sca dren.

The American people as a rule are velopment of a cold intellectuality; while at the same time opening their all kinds of opinions and errors, they nave deadened their sensibilities until they have lost the power of acute feeling. The sense of sacredness is fast becoming obliterated from their bosoms, and the thrill of indignation lectures proceeding from wounded sensibility rather awakens in them a mild sort of astonishment. In some respects, however, they possess a morbid sympathy for the wrong-doer, and this feeling occasions many to ignore the moral

In my estimation they are just to the point. Ingersoll seems to be a sort of spiritual "Jesse Pomeroy" and might with equal propriety be put under the same restraint as that precocious youthful murderer were it not for the fact that soul murder in these days of enlightenment is not a crime of which the State is competent to take cognizance, the highest function of our enlightened American State being to protect the body of a man together with his pocket-book; as for his soul, that may go the devil.

As "the lying bad boy" the Colonel Judging from the yeat host of divorce were the spiral to the same to the point in the set and the world to devote the maxing consecrated themselves to God, are not to his liking. The Sisters of Charity, the Little Sisters of the Poor, to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart are not to the taste of the gross-minded Colonel, the wants to see all women enjoy life.

As "the lying bad boy" the Colonel Judging from the yeat host of divorce were the spiral to the cannot but wish for his own sake, that the lives of holy women. Catholic in store for him. The Colonel, he exaggerates his in the maxing consecrated themselves to God, are not to his liking. The Sisters of Charity, the Little Sisters of the Poor, to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart are not to the taste of the gross-minded Colonel. He wants to see all women entire from the varieties of the world to devote themselves to work for humanity, after having consecrated themselves to God, are not to his liking. The Sisters of Charity, the Little Sisters of the Poor, to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart are not to the taste of the gross-minded Colonel. He wants to see all women entire from the vasition in which women retire from the vanities of the world to devote themselves to God, are not to his liking. The Sisters of Charity, the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart are not to the taste of the gross-minded Colonel. He wants to see all women entire from the vasition in store for him. The Colonel, his over from the vasite of th

This wretched man, so gross minded in his perceptions as to be spiritually little above the level of the beasts of While this blatant Infidel and reviler of Christian men and women amuses himself by trying to destroy the faith of the weak-minded and to win the cheap applame of the unthinking, the vulgar and the vicious as he stands vaunting his good health in the face of the sick and the suffering, his prosperity in the face of the poor and the starving, his animal spirits in the face of the dispirited and toiling messes, the Catholic Church points with pride to the Misses Abel and Drexel and a host of similar self-sacrificing ladies, to the Sisters of Charity, to the Little Sisters of the Poor and kindred associations, together with innumerable men of God, who, forsaking ease and wealth and health, devote their lives to the was well aware that no statue health and such as a supplementations.

soll and it would tip the beam in the Good Friday last, a quarter of a cen-priest's favor with such suddenness as tury and more after death, his remains tent refutation of all of Ingersoil's lies. Church these fifteen hundred years, What has this blatant Infidel ever done for sick and suffering humanity? Period and found incorrupt, preserved What has he done for the poor and the outcast? Has any one ever heard of him in the roll of a philanthropist? In comparison with George W. Childs he simply fades out of sight into utter interior in the roll of the property significance. Who ever heard of him in being the custodian of the bodies of engaged in any good work for the ben- innumerable saints, the sanctified efit of others? Over thirty-five thou-sand children have been taken care of reigning in heaven, whose heroic by the mission established by Father virtues and supernatural sanctity have Drumgoole alone, and no one ever elevated them to a participation in the heard him publicly boast of the good he beatific vision, whose memories are was doing or of his great love for chil-dren. Whose children does Ingersoll lives and examples remain as powerful influences, affecting the faithful of all ages, and who will still continue to averse to the use of invective. It lend fragrance to the Church of God, rather repels them than otherwise. Not that they are more charitable or gentle than people of other nationalities, but rather because they have by persuing a false system of education long after his mortality has become unduly pushed to an extreme the defood for worms and his name and memory a spiritual stench in the noswhile at the same time opening fheir trils of the people. There are some hearts and minds to the invasion of instances in which "a living dog is all kinds of opinions and errors, they better than a dead lion," but the comparison does not hold good in this in

It is quite apparent that this Infidel ecturer not only believes in God, but that he also fears Him; that he not looks forwards with dread to its coming terrors. His prospective standing up in the midst of his anticipated torment and magnanimously forgiving his crimes of Ingersoll, and even makes Creator for punishing him is partly a them resent his being called too piece of boyish bravado, a sort of harshly to account. But upon such a whistling to keep up courage on the man argument is wasted. He repart of the Colonel, and partly a pusilquires to be handled without gloves as a man who is devoid both of principle and decency. For the candid unmerit. The Colonel's pride is as yet believer we have gentle reasoning; in excess of his manifest fear, and still for the sincere skeptic we have patient prevents him from getting down upon consideration; for the mind wander ing in darkness, joined to a spirit fession, "Lord, I know that I am a which yet retains some sense of pro-priety and decorum, we have sym-pathy and kindly feeling, but what-ever Christian charity we may retain will have mercy upon me, and give me

these words of Zwinglius do not thoroughly describe Ingersoll I will leave to a Christian public to determine. In my estimation they are just to the print I proposed several his own sake, that he may escape the It was impossible for such a man to dread fate which he evidently feels is

The Colonel, however, undoubtedly exaggerates his importance. He seems to think that he is deserving of special torments, and that an offended Deity will contrive unusual punishments for him. We opine that the Almighty can well afford to pass by the flippant In-gersoll (should he remain unrepentant to the end) with silent contempt, contenting Himself with driving the wretched soul from His presence, consigning it to no greater doom and in-flicting upon it no greater punishment than the eminently just and well-deserved one of being compelled to pass an eternity in the company of the souls whom he has duped.

Certainly the most rigid Presbyter-ian could wish for the Colonel no worse a fate. Stripped of his vain preten-sions and his hypocritical mask of superior virtue, his hollowness and rottenness thoroughly exposed and understood by his miserable and unhappy victims, we can imagine that it would not require any addition of material fire to render the Colonel superlatively uncomfortable. That the Colonel may escape the fate

certainly in store for him unless he mends his ways) should be the prayer of every good Christian. As much as we are compelled to detest the conduct of this man, Christian charity forbids our despising him. We must hate the sin and yet love the sinner. despicable as he is, it is not allowed to Christians to hate him for the injury he does to the cause of Christ nor to cherish resentment against him because of his insults to the followers of Christ. As disciples of Him who, while hanging crucified on the tree, could still love His revilers and murders, and exclaim, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," so it is for us to say, "Lord have mercy upon this man's soul and con-vert him from the error of his way." It is pitiable to see a man of such fine natural gifts flaunting himself in the face of his Creator and using those gifts to injure the Giver. Speed the day when, like as Saul the maligner and persecutor became Paul the apostle, this man's gift of natural eloquence may be joined to manly conduct, mature reasoning power and supernatural illumination and be placed at the service of his Creator, not exercised for the ruin of souls. English-speaking people are generally aware of the fact that John Bunyan, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress," was once a blaspheming Infidel, of so low a life that even a common prostitute refused to be seen in his company. There is evidently hope for Colonel Ingersoll. How many blasphemous infidels of his type has the Christian world not seen, in all lands and in all ages, who, after a life spent in abusing the gifts of their Creator, have been brought, humbled, to their knees, crying out, "Lord, be merciful We Do to be Saved?" It does not in any wise belie the well-known utter shamelessness of his character. The question naturally arises, "What is the control of the control o they had one time despised. Alas! how many others also have sinned away their day of grace and remaining reprobate to the last, blatant and boastful in their day of physical health, have gone down into the pit of death bewailing in impotent rage their helplessness and their loss of wrath of an outraged and offended

eternal happiness, monuments of the We may sincerely hope that when the hand of God strikes the Colonel, robbing him of his boasted health, eausing him to feel that life belongs to the One who gave it — when the low, sweet voice of his Saviour sounds interiorly in his ears, "Robert, Robert why persecutest thou Me?" have the grace to fall upon his knees exclaiming, "My Lord and my God." There is no other ending fitting to a career like his, except it be that of Judas, who went and purchased a rope and hanged himself. May a merciful ood avert from the Colonel a like end ng. God wills not the death of the inner, but rather "that he would turn from his wickedness and live." It is to be trusted that Colonel Ingersoll will not continue as "the fool," who says in his heart "there is no God," for it is evident that his head gives his heart the lie. ROBERT S. PETTET.

Philadelphia, April 21.

On account of bad roads and the unavoidable absence of the pastor, Rev. Philip A. Best, of New Germany Snyder), who is called to Pittsburgh, Penn., the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, Dr. Walsh, has decided to postpone his visit to until the middle of July when he will be sure to receive a "Caed Mille

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives, without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie,
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said.
To win the heart, than overthrow the head
—ELIZABETH CAREW.

St. Philip tells us that it is a bad sign if we do not experience a notable fervor and sweetness at great feasts.

in quite an irreligious age, and that many men are still earnestly striving after the truth, it is also a fact that those who have arrived at its possession throne and worship Him too much at a conviction that impelled a Drumgor distance. He is for many the Jehovah of the old dispensation who issues mandates to His people to be obeyed in fear and in trembling. The lightnings of Sinai still play around Him products of city life into white souled white most vicious products of city life into white souled and inspire us with awe. We approach Him with timidity, when we do the idea of God which the loving Jesus faith we chiefly stand in need of now-a-would have us entertain? No! The days, and not that sluggish form of God of the Gospel is not a tyrant but a friend, a father, and most compassionate and considerate judge of the frailties of mankind, and of the week.—Catholic Review. temptations that beset us through our tearful journey here below. He carries balm in His right hand to stanch the wounds which our moral nature daily sustains, and, if we would but repose a the tears of sorrow and of suffering which our sins entail. which he evidently fears (and which is

Our faith in God should be fresh, a fervent and a living faith, it should enter into every fibre of our nature, and should fill our hearts as well as illumine our souls. It should be the most constant factor in our lives, be at the bottom of our motives and give valor to the actions of each hour. This was the faith of Saint Paul, and for that matter indeed of all the saints, for they thought of nothing but God even while they concerned themselves most about the affairs of this world, since they looked at everything in the light in which God would have them view it. Their God was indeed the God of Israel, but they knew Him far otherwise than as the Israelites knew Him. He was the God whom Socrates worshipped in private, and after Whom Plato groped in the gloaming of his soul, but how differently did He appear to those for whom the clouds that darkened the shadow of the valley had rolled away, and whose souls were bathed in the light of revelation! God did not come down to them, but they were lifted up near to Him, and the light and beauty of His attributes flowed in upon their souls in such abundance that the taper rays of reason were all but quenched in its splendor. So near was God to them, so constantly did they bask in the light of His presence, that they loved rather to view all things in that luminous grandeur than in the feebler light of reason alone. Those truths even which reason by itself is competent to prove, became transformed, illumined and beautified, when looked at through the crystal clear medium of the God-head; they lost their dimness, they emerged from the domain of uncertainty, and speculation, and shone in upon the soul with the glowing light of heaven.

time, and many and glorious things have been said and written about it, but how feeble is the conviction which the most ingenious displays of reason fundamental dogma, compared to the simple and unwavering faith of the fervent Christian who says, at once and without hesitancy, "I believe it, for God has said it." It is not that we would belittle reason in its own domain nor proclaim its inadequacy to investigate the noblest truths of the natural order, for reason is a God · given faculty, the brightest badge of human dignity, and the link that binds us in likeness to God, but we do hold that those truths, especially those of the moral order, which reason is competent to establish, take on a brighter lustre and an added beauty when we accept them on the authority of God. On this account we would have the proofs of reason always supplemented by those of revelation, when the subject matter permits, for thus faith is fostered in our hearts, God becomes more decided factor in our lives, our religious instincts are strengthened we realize more vividly God's fatherhood rather than His mass tery over us, and, referring to Him so often and so trustingly we learn at last to love Him tenderly, so good and beautifully do we daily discover Him to be. Reason then may be likened to a sort of subsoiling of the intellect, or a rough and remote preparation for the growth of truth in the soul, while revelation may be re garded as the top dressing, or fertilization of the soul, which fits it, at once, to bring forth a fruitful crop of truth, with all its fragrance and beauty. Or it may be compared to the sap by which the tree lives and the sap by which the tree lives and grows and gives us flowers and fruits in abundance, or the crimson tide that rushes through arteries and veins and keeps alive the spark of life aglow in our bosoms. Thus viewed faith is a force which constantly influences our lives for good, and draws us nearer and nearer to God, the fresher and more fervent it is. Such faith is prolific of results, it is the motive that supplies

Conscience is as it were the oracle of God within us. It is His judgmentseat set up already in our hearts, and giving sentence upon our action.—Father Faber.

which rest upon reason alone, however deeply rooted they may be, are, for the most part, inoperative and barren of results. They are chiefly confined to the speculative aspects fof struth and rarely trench on the domain of the do not cherish this priceless boon with the ardent love which it deserves. We often place God on an inaccessible so at all, and we supplicate Him as a come, the warp and woof of sturdy ruler more than as a father. Is this Christian lives. This is the sort of

ENGLAND'S IRISH JUDGE.

Sir Charles Russell, who has just acsustains, and, if we would but repose a loving trust in His goodness, He would appeal of what is practically the highwipe away kindly, gently and lovingly, the tears of sorrow and of suffering the tears of sorrow and the tear of the years ago, of an old Catholic family, his brother being a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus in Dublin. He also has a sister who is superior of a convent in California. His appointment puts one of the foremost of living Irishmen in the office of lord of appeal in ordinary, which place was made vacant by the death of Lord Bowen. Prime Minister Rosebery, in bestowing new dignity upon the brilliant advocate, had in mind not only his great talents and worth of character, but also his service in the cause of liberal doctrine—an advocacy that has made him friends on both sides of the Atlantic.

For years Sir Charles has had the cream of the practice in the richest field for a lawyer in the world. Hearsay report says his fees have averaged between \$200,000 and \$300,000 a year. As a speaker he is almost without a

rival at the English bar. He has been the only orator in the courts who puts a certain amount of dramatic force into his speeches. His dramatic power could be observed not alone in his effective gestures and Shakespear-ean quotations, but also in the manner in which he held his beloved eye-glasses, used his revered snuff box, and flourished his bandanna handkerchief at the end of each clear argument. The tones of his voice, tinged with a brogue, added to the pleasure of listening to him, and his mobile countenance, yielding to every emo tion that animated the speaker, increased his power over a jury.

His eloquence is wedded to logic; his cleverness is accompanied by in dustry; his persistency is allied to tact; and his knowledge of law is joined by a wide acquaintance with the world. His power of work is due to his habit of concentration. one thing at a time," he exclaimed on one occasion. "I concentrate my knees, crying out, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," and after asking the pardon of their outraged fellow-men, have remained as living monuments of the love and morey of the God whom wisely and well.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON Circular From His Grace the Arch-

To the Church Committee in Portsmouth: Gentlemen,—I am glad to know that you are about to work earnestly for the liquidation of the debt of \$3,800 lying upon the beautiful church of the Good Thief in your village. The amount is small in comparison with the splendid work that has been accomplished. I hereby, in compliance with your request, give you permission to solicit contributions from the good citizens of Kingstoa, who, I am confident, will cheerfully assist you in consideration of the sacred object to which their alms shall be devoted, and also, because of the benefits they have received from their intercourse with the people of Portsmouth in religious and business affairs. The Catholics, especially, cannot fail to remember that your church belongs to the parish of Kingston, and you are their fellow-parishioners, entitled to assistance from them in finishing the noble work of Portsmouth church, which is so creditable to your village and ornamental to the city To the Church Committee in Portsmouth: ur village and ornamental to the city

I remain, gentlemen,
Yours most faithfully,
+ JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,
Archbishop of Kingston. The Palace, Kingston, 15th May, 1894.

Kingston, 15th May, 1894.

Immediately after Mass last Sunday the gentlemen of the congregation of the church of the Good Thief in Portsmouth held a meeting for the purpose of appointing a committee to await on His Grace the Archbishop and solicit permission for the people of the village to visit the citizens of Kingston and ask them to assist in lequidating the debt now lying upon the church.

His Grace not only consented to their proposal but very kindly gave the gentlemen of the committee the above letter. He recommends the collection in a special manner to the good Catholic people of the city. He reminds them that the church of the Good Thief belongs to the parish of Kingston, and that up to the present they have not been asked to do anything toward its erection.

Besides the debt on the gloverhanders a great