Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1886.

LIBERTY LIGHTING THE WORLD.

VOLUME 9.

Majestic warder by the Nation's gate, Boike growned, fi me armed like Agony or Glory, Holding the tablets of some unknown law, With gesture elequent and mute as Fate,— We stand about thy feet in solemn awe, Like descrit tribes who seek their Sphinx's story, And question these in spirit and in sperch. What art thou ? Whence ? What comes thou to teach ? What vision hold those introverted eyes Of Revolutions framed in centuries ? Thy fisme—what threat, or guids for macred way ? Thy tablet—what commandment ? What Sinai ?

Lo ! as the waves make mumur at thy base, We watch the sombre grandeur of thy face, And ask thee—what thou art.

I am Liberty,-God's daughter ! My symbols-a law and a torch : Not a sword to threaten slaughter, Nor a fiame to dazz'e or scorch ; But a light that the world may see, At d a truth that shall make men free.

I am the sister of Duty, And I am the sister of Faith ; To day adored for my beauty, To morrow, led forth to death. I am she whom sges prayed for; Herces suffered undismayed for ; Whom the martyrs were betrayed for !

I em a hera'd republicen from a lard grown free prder feet of kinge; My radiar ce, lighting a century's span, a sister's love to Columbia brings. I em a beseen to shipe at sea, at d a warning to watchers ashore; In palace and prairie and street, through me, shall be herad the ominous occen roar, I em a birset to oppression's sin, and a phanes light to the weak endeavor; Mine is the love that mer may win, but lost—it is lest forever! Mine is the love that mer may win, but lost—it is lest forever! Mine sie the lovers who deepest pain, with weap on and word still wounding scre; With sare und it sy carses ard chain, and crown said trample—and still adore! Cities have flam ed in my name, and Death has reaped wild harvest of jey and peace, Till mine is a voice that stills the breath, my downt an ement that love shall cease ! In my name, timid enes canzed with terror ! In my name, Law with a scourging rod! In my name, Amarchy, Chuchy, Error ! I, who am Liberty, —daughter of God !—

Peace ! Be still ! See my torch uplifted,-Heedless of Passion or Mammon's cause ! Round my feet are the sges difted, Under mine eyes are the rulers sifted,-Ever, forever my changeless laws !

I am Literty ! Feme of nation or praise of statute is naught to me ; Freedem is growth as d not creation : ene man stiffers, one man is free. One brain forgets a censtitution ; dut hew shall the million sou's be won? Freedem is more than a resolution-he is not free who is free alone.

Justice is mine, and it grows by loving, changing the world like the circling sun ; Evil recedes from the spirit's proving as mist from the hollows when night is done. I am the test, O silent toilers, holding the scales of error and truth ; Proving the heritage held by spoilers from herd hands empty, and wasted youth. Hither, ye blind, from your futile danding ; know the rights, and the rights are won ; Wrong shall die with the understanding—one truth clear and the work is done. Nature is higher than Progress or Knowledge; whose r ced is ninety enslaved for ten ; My word shall stand against mart and college : THE PLANET BELONGS TO ITS LIVING MEN! And blither, ye weary ones and breatbles, searching the seas for a kindly shore, I am Liberty ! patient, deathless—set by Love at the Nation's door. Not World Colder 28 -N. Y. World, October 28 JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

C. Q

For the Record. "To an Unbeliever."

There is no God? Oh ! yes, my friend, He rules the starlit beavens above. And mingles 'midet his children here, The best of all-a Father's love.

There is no Heaven? Oh ! yes, my friend, Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, The glories of that beauteous place, The King of kings for us preferred. There is no Hell ? Oh ! yes, my friend, A fashing, faring, forious sea, To punish forever the guilty throng, Whose souls from sin are never free.

Gentlest Faith, shine on this soul, Oh! pierce the dark and gloomy mist, That overhangs it like a shroud And make it to thy whisperings list,

Cast aside that barrier false,

through the murky canopy of her penal night. True, Moore, singing of that sad-dest era, tells us that "While History's muse the memorial was keeping Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves, Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weep-

For hers was the story that blotted the For here was the story that blotted the leaves." And we, too, perhaps, who claim the high honor of having Irish blood in our veins, may weep at the perusal of that asd story; but our tears are no bitter streams evoked by dishonor or enforced by shame. They are crystal drops that we jey to shed o'er the countless graves of our honored dead. As a son of Irish parents I, for one, glory in those 'blotted leaves," for that muse of history never dipped her pen in fame's golden sun-light to write on the tablets of the world's heroism a grander triumph than the vic tory of Irish nationality and faith which those blotted leaves record. And although Ein lost her crown of nationhood, we can still find cruse for pride in that she has never lost her national instinct, has never lost her national instinct, has never lost her mational instinct. Every decade of the baleful seventy which have elapsed since the phrase "Poor Ireland" first gained a meaning has heard her protest against oppression, and more than one of those decades have seen an eruption which

decades have seen an eruption which proved too well that the volcano of Irish discontent was anything but extinct. Not wanting to Erin were noble sons, who held,

"That it becomes no man to purse despair But in the teeth of clinched antagonism To follow up the worthiest till he die." Their "worthiest" was the endeavor to

strike the shackles from off their mother's limbs : and that thousands of them followed it to the cannen's mouth, the scoffold's beam or the dungeon cell, the world bears witness and our hearts attest. world beers witness and our hearts attest. Men looking at the surface of their deeds say they failed, but in the fullest and deepest sense of the word they were victors. No life whose aim is noble, whose battles are fought on the side of truth and justice and freedom, is ever a failure. No martyred child of liberty dies in vain. The alender form of Emmet robbed the scifford of its ignominy while he was yet in the fluch of his youthful manhood; yet who shall say that his life and death have not engendered to Ireland as many patriot hearts as ever throbbed respon-ive to the master touch of O'Con-nell. The men of '98 and '48 may have employed means less prudent than their motives were pure, but one thing they did achieve :-achieve :-

Freedom's censer they swung and the coa's they kept burning Were the womb whence sprang forth the bright flames of to-day.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. this section of our fair Dominion, a genuine, whole-souled, Irish welcome; and if, air, in the rendition of the wel-come, there be any lack of vigor or of sweetness, I would remind you that a defective mouth piece may mutilate the harmony of the most excellent instru-ment; and would beg you in consequence to attribute the discord to me alone. Of the causes which render it emin. ently fitting that we should greet you with cordial pleasure, it is surely need less that I should speak. The brilliant author who has so often and so variedly ministered to the instruction and enter-tainment of a world of readers, can need no introduction in any community and may justly expect a welcome in all. Yet, sir, it is not the renown which you so deservedly enjoy, or the glory which you have so fairly won as the victor in may bare so fairly won as the victor in may bare so fairly won as the victor in may bare so fairly won as the victor in mane to a so the solution in any community and have so fairly won as the victor in mane to any bare so fairly won as the victor in mane to so thare so fairly won as the victor in mane to any bare so fairly won as the victor in mane to so the solution in any community and have so fairly won as the victor in mane to so the renown which you so the solution the renown whole you so the solution the work of the solution the work of the solution the solution the victor in mane to the solution the solution the solution the work of the solution the victor in mane to the solution the solution the victor in mane to the solution the solu

Mr. McCarthy responded in a happy

Mr. McCarthy responded in a happy speech of some twenty minute's duration. He spoke at some length of the kind words of encouragement which he had received from the people of the United States and Canada, and, in conclusion, returned thanks, on behalf of himself and his party, for the msgnificent reception which he had received in Amberst. Short speeches, eulogising Mr. McCarthy and his party, were made by C J. Town-send, M. P., Ex premier W. T. Pipes; T. R. Biack, M. P. P., R L. Black, M. P. P. Geo. W. Forrest and Dr. H. P. Clay. Prominent among the other guests pres-ent were Rev. Dr. Walsh of London-derry; Rev. Fathers Cummaine of Truno; ent were Rev. Dr. Walsh of London-derry; Rev. Fathers Cummaine of Truro; Dr. Inch, President of Mount Allisan Wesleyan College; Josiah Wood, M. P., Sheriff McQueen of Westmoreland; Hiram Black, M. L. C. The party dispersed shortly after midnight. Justin McCarthy will lorg live in the affections of the people of Amherst.

dowe (hied in with tinted cathedral glass), and a neat belfry finishes the west gable and the cross the east. Internally the church at the opening ceremony presented a very chaste appearance. It has an open roof, with massive coupling and cross beams standing out in relief, resting on stone corbels. The walls of the chancel to a considerable height are painted in imi-tation of stone, and the roof is in light blue relieved with stars in gold. The building, which seats 200 persons, was filled, a considerable number of the wor shippers being from Dundes. The follow-ing were present: His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Rigg, Bishop of Dunkeli; Very R.v. Dean Clapperton, Dundee; R.v. John Shaw, Montrose; R.v. M. Goddes, Arbroath; Rev. J. Holder, T. F. Furlong, St. Joseph's, Dundee; Rev. M. Pheian, St. Mary's, Lochee; Rev. J. Turner, Perth; R.v. Canon McManus, Elin-gowrie; Rev. Canon McManus, Elin-Batta, St. Mary's, Locnee; Rev. J. Turner, Perth; R.-v. T., Crumley, Blair-gowrie; Rev. Canon McManus, Elin-burgh; R. v. J. Stewart, Stonehaven; Rev. William Shaw, Blair's College, Aber-deen; and Rev. J. Doherty, Ballechio. The choir of St. Joseph's, Dundee, led by Father Furlong, was in attendance. Miss Fay, organist of St. Andrew's, presided with ability at the harmonium. The ceremoay commenced, according to the ritual prescribed, with the blessing of the church by the Bishop, when the clargy walked in procession round the building reciting the 50th Psslm, the Bishop sprink-ling the walls with holy water. On re-entering the church the Litany of the sitar. High Mass was then sung, the Very Rev. Dean Clapperton being cele-haat, Father Butti deacon, Father Doherty subdeacon, and Father Turner, Perth. meater of ceremonies. The Bishop Denerty audeacon, and Father Jurner, Perth, master of certmonies. The Bishop then took his seat on a side elevation, at tended by Fathers Geddes, Arbroath, and Phelan, Dundee, and after the Gospel, Father Holder preached an elequent Father Holder preached an eloquent sermon from the words: "Now therefore ye serion from the words."Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-eitizens with the saints and domes-tics of God." Father Holder sa'd. My Lord, rev. fathers, dearly beloved breth-ren,-on an occasion such as this-met as a say a to throw more than down of the ren,—on an occasion such as this—met as we are to throw open the doors of this little church for the worship of Almighty God—it is easier to summon up many topics of congratulation and of joy than to choose out one on which profitably to dwell. But seeing that the dedication of this building to St. Margaret, Queen and Patroness of Scotland, has been made by a biona teatator the very condition of its pious testator the very condition of its xistence here, it may not be deemed out existence here, it may not be deemed out of keeping with our work of to day if we turn our eyes to behold in the opening of this church yet another evidence of the perpetuity of our faith and of the im-perishable vitality of that Church which St. Margaret's virtues illumined and adorned. Margaret's virtues illumined and sdorned. For we are here to-day as a part—a small contingent—of that army of devoted men who, from the days of Ninian and Columbas and Kentigern have lived and died for God's cause in this land of Scot land. There may be some quite near us who are prepared to ask, "Why do you Ca holics come here at all? For genera tions you have had no footing and no chapel here; why seek to have one now?" To such we have no spology to offer, nor any better explanation to give than what is contained in the words of the Aposte, "We are ambasadors of Christ, not strang-ers and forsigners, but fellow-citizens with is only one man who could render it possible for even Giadstone to make it and that man is Parcell To him and bis devoted collesques must be given our warmest thanks, our most cordial love. The obsolute lie, that linkmes are under a semblance of truth is the words of the Aposte, is contained in the words of the Aposte, govern themselves, they have robbed of even a semblance of truth, for, the preseived rules of is members. Mr. Chairman and genitemen, is or Hondration to of these moved have ited these of her triumph will be not little and in our affections must be cver great, and in our affections must be cver g

"came" from the Father, He targht the doctrine of His Father, He did the work of His Father, He was sent by His Father. "God," says the Apostle, "who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke to the fathers. . . in these days hath spoken to us by His Son." Now this mission being, so far as our Lord was personally concerned, limited in time, and yet the purpose of that mission being the salvation of mankind until the end of the world it is clear that the mission it eff must be handed down. Not is there any thing in the Gaspel record more clear than the fact of this trans-mission. "As Thou hast cent Me into the world," asys our Lord to the Father, "so also I have sent them into the world." And, similarly, to the Apostles: "As the father hath sent Me I send you. He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that deepiseth you deepiseth Ma." And in gass into the keeping of their successors, ev. no the consummation of the world." This regular and direct transmission of the right to teach is what we Catholics call the apostolicity of the Church. It is the providential means by which God reveals

ADDRESSING THEMSELVES TO THE INNO-VATORS OF THEIR TIME, asserted in no halting language their right to teach, their Divine mission given by Christ Himself, the first Apostle of Chris-tian truth. "Who are you ?" they asked; "and whence do you come, and when were you sent ? What seek you with ua, since to us you do not belong ? By what right, O Marci.n, dest thou cut down our trees ?—and who has sen' thee Valentinus, to change the course of our rivers?—or thee, Appelles to shift our boundaries ? Produce your credentials, show us the origin of your churches, unfolt the list amongst you who has had for master and predecessor an Apostle or one of those apostolic men wbo have lived in un-troken fellowahip with the disciples of Christ, for thus the Apostolic Caurches at lished their authority."—Trrulling. The heretics of the first ages found ques-tions such as these both awkward and in discreet and they did not an were the and in and spiritual pride. But with God all things The heretics of the first sges found ques-tions such as these both awkward and in-discreet, and they did not answer them. They failed to show their claim to teach for the reason that they had none to show. Nor can we believe that the sects round about us who strive against the Catholic Church feel aught more sec are than their predecessors as to the question of aposto-licity. It is easy to brag about the Bible and the gloriouts freedom of private in-terpretation, but put the question, "Whence do you come?" Then must the sects bow their heads in shame, so affectually does this foul origin protest against all pretension to a Divine mission.

NO. 422.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF SCOT-LAND. Iondon Universe, Oct 2?. On Thurday, the 14th inst, the hand-some new Catholic church which has been erected in Market Street, Montrose, for the congregation worshipping under Father Shaw was opened with the usual rites of the Church by Bishop Rigg. The style is Gothic The church consists of naves and chancel, with lancet-sbaped win-dows (filled in with tinted cathedral glass), and a next belfry finishes the west gable and the cross the east. Internally the church ast beifry finishes the west gable and the cross the east. Internally the church ast ast beifry finishes the west gable and the cross the east. Internally the church ast beifry finishes the west gable and the cross the east. Internally the church ast beifry finishes the west gable and the cross the east. Internally the church ast the opening ceremony presented a very chaste appearance. It has an option toof, with massive coupling and cross beams standing out in relief, resting on the relation of the church. Tate of the world, of the church be church at the opening ceremony presented to finitive Church, ADDRESSING THEMSELVES TO THE INNO-tor ATORS OF THEIR TIME, This fegutar and direct transmission of the right to be hard. She alone of all bodies a single article of her creed, she of all bodies a single article of her creed, she of all bodies a single article of her creed, she of all bodies a single article of her creed, she of all bodies a single article of the correct, addin ne helping lang in a part of the church.

for there can be no faith apart from the sacrifice of independence of mind and spiritual pride. But with God all things are possible, and the Stottish temper is not more vational and independent at this day than whon Wisbart, Bishop of Glas-gow, by word and deed fought the cause of Sir William Wallace, and when Maur-ice, Abbot of Inchaffray, raised his cruci-fix and blessed the Scottish hosts at Ban-nockburn. In days gone by the Moothill nockburn. In days gone by the Moo'hill of Scone went by the name of the "H.Il of Belief." Some called it the "Hill of Meeting." That spot was famous in the history of the land, not only as the coronation place of our Kings, but also as the

Invest it in thy glorious garb, Ranish its sorrows in thy might.

dence of the Catholic R JUSTIN MCCARTHY IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Amberst, N. S., Ost. 27th, 1886 Music Hall was filled to overflowing last evening, when Justin McCarthy delivered his great lecture on "The Cause of Ireland." The audience was repre-sentative, embracing leading professional and business men of the town and sur-rounding country. When Mr. McCarthy entered the hall he was greeted with a long and prolonged outburst of applause, and the frequency of similar outbursts, attested the marked appreciation with which his works were received. The and the frequency of similar outbursts, attested the marked appreciation with which his words were received. The lecture took one hour and forty minutes in delivery, and if there were any waver-ers present at 8 p.m., when Justin McCarthy stepped upon the stage, it is safe to assume, from the enthusiasm which was manifested by all during the delivery of the closing sentences of his speech, that such persons were converted to the "cause." Judge Morse, who pre-sided, thanked Mr. McCarthy, on behalf of the audience, for the treat which he had given them. The chairman uttered the sentiments of all when he exclaimed with enthusiasm that "Any people de-manding Home Rule, in a constitu-tional way, would find a responsive chord in every Nova Sootian heart." Immediately after the lecture, Mr. McCarthy was entertained at a banquet, in I. C. E. Dining Hall, where some seventy persons assembled to do honor to the distinguished Irishman. After the good things had been duly diposed of, His Honor Judge Morse, in a few well chosen remarks, complimented Mr. chosen remarks, complimented Mr. McCarthy and the Irish Parliamentary Party on the success they had schieved in their fight for Irish freedom, and in-troduced Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., of St. Joseph's College, who delivered the following address of welcome to Mr. McCarthy

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME. MR CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:--Per-mit me very gratefully to express us dostile fields with foemen's blood pappreciation of the honor accorded me in being selected as your mouth piece in the accomplishment of the delightful duty that draws us together this evening. That duty, Mr. McCarthy, is to extend to you, on behalf of the Celtic hearts of

sir, it is not the renown which you so deservedly enjoy, or the glory which you have so fairly won as the victor in many a literary tournament, that forms the basis of our greatest joy in meeting you to night. Justin McCarthy, the his-torian, the journalist, the essayist, novel-ist and poet, would assuredly receive from us the homage ever due to genius; but he by whom may best be claimed, as he to whom is expecially offered not only our homage but our love, is Justin McCarthy the Irishman, faithful, tried and true.

McCarthy the Irishman, faithful, tried and true. Nor, sir, should this surprise you, for it is but natural that devoted lovers of Erin should cherish warm eff ction for the loyal soldiers who fight her battlee; and you are too profound an analyst of Irish character not to know that the love of the Irish emigrant for the land that gave him birth is a passion which distance but intensifies, and one which, its vigor un-diminished, he bequeathes to his children and their heirs forever. Thus, whether sons of Ireland's sons, whether the silvery stream, the velvety sons of Ireland or of Ireland's sons, whether the silvery streams, the velvety turf, the sparkling lakes, the verdant glens, the heary round towers and the ruined abbeys of Erin come back to us as memories or as traditions, we feel that we can truthfully say to her: 10.0000 "And still we turn, with hearts that burn In tender love to you."

Yes, sir, aff. ction for your country and that of our fathers is an inheritance of our earliest years; and ss, in the perusal of the drama of her annals, her national life became unfolded to our view, that inheritbecame unfolded to our view, that inherit-ance grew proportionally precious. For we are proud of Ireland's record-proud of the ancient elvilization that adorned Hiber-nis when more than halt the nations of modern Europe were but wandering tribes and barbarous hordes, proud of the unrivalled splendor of her golden age when sanctity and scholarship found in Erin a refuge elsewhere sought in vain, proud of the martial glory of the years which followed when the invincible Northmen recoiled before her impetuous defenders, and were swept from the sea-girdled isle forever, proud of the daunt-less valor that for centuries held at bay the Norman invader, and dyed a thou sand battle fields with foemen's blood before

listed for E:in, and to nothing less than Home Rule is humanity disposed to say, "Amen." The spirit of the Irish barris-ter, who in the dawn of the present cen tury protested that the great Creator of the world has given to our beloved coun try the gigantic outlines of a kingdom still survives; for five millions of his country that the present the set that countrymen at home and thrice that number of their kindred abroad not only assert with Goold, that the God of assert with Goold, that the God of nature never meant that Irelaud should be a province, but with a conviction born of assured success, and with him, "And by that God She neve shall"

As lovers of the land in whose glories we exult, and whose sorrows we have mourned, our hearts warm to all who bave have helped to break her fetters and free her from her thraldom. To the master intellect of the British Empire the "Grand Old Man" who, not ashamed to confess that he is wiser to day than the "Grand Old man" who, but sharmed to confess that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday, made Ireland's auton-omy a certainty, not a contingency, our gratitude is due and given. When, in the greatest speech of his eventful life, he told the world that "The best and surest foundation statesmen can find to build on is that afforded by the convic-tions, the affections, and the will of man," Irishmen forget Kilmainham cry "God bless Gladstone." But, gentle men, if it be true, as has been said, that there is only one man who could make that speech, it is not less true that there is only one man who could render it possible for even Gladstone to make it, and that man is Parnell To him and his devoted colleagues must be given our

THE SWORD STILL REFENDS WITH THE BLOOD OF HIS MURDERED WIVES. How could we d t ct in the persons of such men the faintest trace of follow hip with those to whom the R deemer said, "As the Fainer h. then the, I send you." One Church alone stands forth to-day and claims to be the depository of that sacred word and trust. Jerusalem and Antioch, Alexandria and Corinth, Ephseus, Phil ippi, and Thessalonics have gone-struck down by the scimitar of Moslem; but not for a single moment has the Church of

down by the scimitar of M.slem; but not for a single moment has the Church of Rome ceased to be the life-giving centra-from which the ultermost parks of the earth have drawn the blessings of the Divine commission. From the beginning the ancient champions of orthodoxy appeared to her authority in their con-flicts with error. St Ireneus in the second century, Tertullian in the third, St Epiphanus in the fourth, and St Augus-tine in the fifth have drawn up the list of

an apostate monk, fl syrantly a traitor place of our Kings, but also as the scene of great assemblies and C uncils of God throughout the land. We need not discuss whether the ancient name of that hill is better rendered by "Hill of the bill of pride and violence, all three rebellious against the same Church—sich were the Fathers of the Reformation. Ack themselves whence they came. One pleads to day the authorization of the Chief Magistrate of Wittenburg, to-morrow his dignity of D otor in Theology; the second tries to identify himself with old and con-demned heretics; and the third holds aloft THE SW-RD STILL REEKING WIFH THE BLOOD OF HIS MURDERED WIVES. offering to whose glory alone we have ventured to make it. We leave ourselves

to be j dged by our words and works. That has been the significance of the plant ing of this little church to day.

WEDDING BELLS.

A very quiet but interesting marriage ceremony took place in S., Peter's Cath-edral, this city, on the 9th inst. The con-tracting parties were Mr. J. S. Smith, a tracting parties were ar. J. S. Sinth, a popular dry goods merchant of Ingersoll, and President of the C. M. B A, in that prosperous town, and Miss Mary Con-stance Shea, one of London's most ac-complished and respected daughters The bride was charmingly attired in olden hear mercullany with tokat

golden brown merveilleux with j cket and hat to match, having for ornaments