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, JUNE 3, 1881. NO. 138

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.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JUNE, 1881.

Sunday, 5—Pentecost. *1st Cl. Double.*
Monday, 6—Octave. *1st Cl. Double.*
Tuesday, 7—Octave. *1st Cl. Double.*
Wednesday, 8—Quat. Temp. Jej. Octave. *Semi-Double.*
Thursday, 9—Octave. *Semi-Double.*
Friday, 10—Quat. Temp. Jej. Octave. *Semi-Double.*
Saturday, 11—Quat. Temp. Jej. Octave. *Semi-Double.*

Written for the Record.

Is it a Retribution ?

Oh God! what fearful sound, what shriek of woe
Hath broken on the stillness, where all was bright,
Where all was gay, just one short hour ago ?
Oh horror! with th' advancing shades of night
Death's shadows stalk with dread Alarm and Affright.

" It cannot be, too horrid is the tale,
" What crime, what sin hath ever left its blast
" On London's fame—that all the horrors pale
" Of retribution told in ages past,
" Before the gloom on our fair city cast."

Wail echoes wail, as wave on wave is tost,
Each anxious ear hath heard the fearful sound—
" Sisters, fathers, children, all are lost."
" Haste,—to the rescue,—all may not be drown'd,
" Oh! haste, some surely will have mercy found."

Along the Thames' fatal banks they sped,
A surging mass, all struggling to get near,
By starlight only guided, where the dead
Already gathered from the wreck appear,
All mute, and cold, and past all pain or fear.

Oh! " my golden-haired one," shrieks a man
In agony of heart pain—" Heavens! my child,"
Exclaims a frantic mother; Oh! tell who can
The anguish of those hearts, where love erst smiled,
Now lost to grief—in accents weir'd and wild.

Thus thro' the night, the wail of sorrow rose,
As each fair form was lifted from the waves,
And new names added to the roll of those,
Who blithe at morn, at eve found watery graves,
And gave their souls to Him, who rules, who saves.

Oh! mourning friends, be comforted,* nor curse
The fate that wrought us such a woeful day;
Other cities suffered such and worse.
Nor yet despaired, but raised their hearts to pray
And bless the Hand, " that gives and takes away."

St. Thomas, May 25, 1881. W. F.

* 'Tis the poet Moore, who says:
" Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

CATHOLIC PRESS.

THE Rev. R. L. de Burgh, B.A., recently vicar of West Drayton, Middlesex, England, has been received into the Church by the Rev. Father Rowe, of the Oratory, Brompton, London.—*Catholic Columbian.*

TWO venerable American pioneers and Archbishops are now at death's door, and prayers for both of them have been officially ordered in the dioceses over which they presided—Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, and Archbishop Henni, of Milwaukee. Both have borne the heat of the day in the vineyard, through long and exhausting years and both are ready to receive their reward. It is consoling to read in the secular press the testimonials which all men are bearing to their work and worth. Even of poor Archbishop Purcell, the hostile critics, who not many months since were bitter in reproaching him, now write nothing but sympathetic praise. In one paper that has been specially severe on him, we read: "The news of the Archbishop's low condition, though not unexpected, causes real sorrow. For more than forty years he was beloved by his diocese to a degree which few have ever enjoyed. He found the Church in this region weak, and made it mighty. The great financial reverse of two and a half years ago he never once anticipated. It broke upon him like a storm in a clear sky, and shattered his mind and his health. At the time there were bitter things said against him by some of the creditors, but time has shown this money brought no profit to the venerable and heart broken sufferer, and even the most violent have now kind things to say to him, and will hear of his death with regret."—*Catholic Review.*

THERE have been thousands of examples of the terrible effect which follows the reading of trashy literature that is so eagerly devoured by the young. Notwithstanding this, millions of copies of the immoral papers are still being circulated and read by children. The latest proof of their evil effect comes to us from Philadelphia, where Emma Newton, the young daughter of a Philadelphia widow, was much too delicate and refined to bear the hardships of poverty. She could not get a great deal of work, and that which she obtained she was unable to do satisfactorily. Her mother was ill, there was nobody to help her, and there was not a cent or a morsel of food in the house. While greatly depressed by these misfortunes she came across a story paper containing the picture of a girl jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge. She read the first part of the romance, and found a remarkably close resemblance between the plight of the heroine and her own. She at once resolved on committing suicide, and made the attempt by plunging from the Girard avenue bridge into the Schuylkill River. She was rescued, however, by the Undine Boat Club, which chanced to be exercising near by. This example alone should be sufficient to convince anyone of how easily weak minds are unstrung by the wicked writers and artists of the day.—*Catholic Review.*

A writer in the *Christian Register*, the organ of the Boston Unitarians, gives this point for reflection: "We have never seen a finer bit of sarcasm than the following from one of our town papers: 'A little Shelbyville boy, who is in the habit of saying his prayers before going to bed, the other night asked his mother: 'Mamma, how long will it be before I'm big enough to quit saying my prayers? You never say yours, do you?' And the mother said: 'Little boys shouldn't ask so many questions. Go to sleep, my child.' But what makes the sarcasm more sad and caustic, it would apply to a vast multitude of mothers and fathers and big brothers too, who have long since 'graduated' from Sunday-school and church, and never attend except as 'visitors' or spectators of some sensation or 'performance' that is likely to attract a crowd. And as to saying their prayers or bowing their heads in thanks at meat, why, this is about as rare as old-fashioned bread and milk for supper. Strong men, 'smart' young men, some 'professional' men, and fashionable women seem to act as if such forms of piety were only becoming to sickly little girls and grandmothers in their dotage." Just here we might remark, by way of addenda, that the way in which some of our Catholics make the grand old sign of the Cross is simply shameful. It would be hard to describe the effort, if it may be called such, for the figure takes anything but the shape of a cross—it looks more like an attempt to brush away flies. To many, who make neither sign nor prayer, the remarks of our non-Catholic contemporary should serve as a reproach."—*Ave Maria.*

INGERSOLL never said a truer thing than that Catholics simply educate the savage to make a Catholic out of him. "Go teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," was the command given the Catholic Church by her divine Founder, and she is fulfilling it.—*Catholic Columbian.*

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds of the press to the effect that an "eminent minister" recently remarked, more in sorrow than in anger, that Protestants had been drinking the inspired word from the jaw bones of a royal ass. He referred in this delicate manner to that King James whose version of the Scriptures was so long held infallible. Not long ago every truly loyal Protestant believed that to attack the work of King James' scribes was to attack the Scriptures in the most Romish and insiduous way; but not a week ago a revised version appeared which threw King James and his scribes into the shade—and which Protestantism does not dare to call unorthodox. But a question may arise in the minds of some people not sufficiently impressed with the claims of Protestantism as a teacher: What reason is there for believing the jaw-bones of an ass not as safe a vehicle for inspiration as the jaw bones of a committee? The committee of revision was not composed of great Greek scholars. It was a committee of ministers; and the chief qualification of these ministers for the task was that they were ministers. Any text might be inserted, whether it had the weight of a scholar's opinion in its favor or not, by a vote of two-thirds of its revisers. Why Protestants should receive the Scriptures on the word of a majority of a clerical committee is a question which it would be hard to answer. From a hasty glance at the new Revision, the conclusion forms itself that the revisers merely tinkered a little at the King James' Bible, and made a very faint show of "improving" on the Vulgate. There is one good thing which this Revision may accomplish—it may possibly prove to Protestants, who appear to be singularly obtuse on this subject, that Luther did not drag the Scriptures from oblivion. The Complutensian Polyglot, which the revisers acknowledge as one of their "guides," owes existence to a most devout and zealous Catholic, Cardinal Ximenes; and, strange to say, the Inquisition did not suppress this magnificent work, without which and the Vulgate, the modern revisers would have had to depend on their "intuition"—a faculty which seems to have guided them in many places much more than any authority. That the revisers had no need to follow even Luther, is evident from the fact that, as Archbishop Spalding puts it, "Before the appearance of Luther's version, in 1530, there had existed in the different countries of Europe at least twenty-two different Catholic versions, which during the seventy years intervening between 1460 and 1530 had passed through at least seventy editions, or one for each year! And simultaneously with Luther's German Bible there appeared a great number of Catholic versions, all of which, as well as those previously in existence, were frequently reprinted."

The Revision has made the Scriptures one of the popular books of the season. Like other popular books, it will be cast aside in a week; the weakness of Protestanism was never so apparent as in this silly attempt to make the Bible square with popular prejudices and "progress."—*Freeman's Journal.*

THE best exponent of modern intelligence outside the Catholic Church is Robert Ingersoll. Whilst all the churches turn out their congregations to hear this infidel blasphemer, the Catholic Church retains its followers at the altar. Infidelity does not recruit from the ranks of Catholics.—*Catholic Columbian.*

ATTENTION has been drawn to the pernicious effects which have followed the superficial teaching of physiology in the public schools. Instead of doing the pupils any good, this superficial teaching of a science which, least of all sciences, should be taught to the young, has excited prurient curiosity, impure thoughts, and, in many cases, done as much harm as the circulation of obscene books. Physiology and anatomy cannot be thoroughly taught in the public schools, although ignorant parents may be dazzled by the announcement that their children learn these branches. A dangerous smattering is acquired which is particularly evil in its effects in the girls' schools. It has come to be considered old-fogyish to hold that there is anything that a girl ought not know. Still, some of us have not lost our hold on Catholic teaching, in spite of the *dicta* of the directors of public school education. There are certain facts which cannot, without violation of modesty, be made known in a public school-room. These facts may be solemnly and reverently imparted by a parent to a child. But hinted or revealed to a class in school, they are direct causes of immorality. It may be urged that they are only hinted at in the public schools—that no pupil learns enough physiology or anatomy to hurt him. No prudent parent would have an anatomical treatise, illustrated, in his sitting-room, as a means of instruction or amusement for his children; and yet, when he sends his children to "say" their lessons in physiology to a public-school teacher, he does this thing in another way. There is nothing that a judicious parent cannot teach a boy or girl that he or she needs to know—nothing that the text-book can teach better than the parent. It is time that we learned something from experience; and experience by this time has taught us that old laws and traditions have some value. "Isms" are popular and prevalent, and many are dazzled by their false glitter. There is one thing that modern "education" is fast undermining—the modesty of women; and the superficial teaching of physiology and anatomy in any school, public or private, will do this.—*Freeman's Journal.*

SEPARATE SCHOOLS VS. PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A Decided Victory for the Separate Schools.

In a recent issue of the *Evening Telegram* of this city appeared an article on "United Public Schools." In the article referred to the editor gives a report of interviews he had had with several distinguished gentlemen to obtain their opinion in reference to uniting the Roman Catholic Separate Schools with the Public Schools. As a matter of course the Protestant gentlemen he interviewed favor a union, still respecting the conscientious objections of Catholics, they would not make any move to amalgamate unless the chief representatives of the Roman Catholic church would favor such a movement.

The Catholic gentlemen consulted on the subject were his Grace Archbishop Lynch and Father Stafford, of Lindsay. We venture to say that Father Stafford's opinion was not represented correctly in the *Telegram* and we anxiously await Father Stafford's views from his own pen. The Archbishop opposed the measure entirely for reasons well known to our Catholic readers. During the interview with with his Grace, the reporter remarked that it would be greatly to the advantage of Catholic children to have union schools, as they would have an opportunity of pursuing a more complete course of studies than they now enjoy in the Separate schools. His Grace would not listen for a moment to any charge of inefficiency on the part of the Separate schools, and immediately challenged the Public schools to a competition, requesting the *Telegram* reporter to conduct the examination himself. The challenge was taken up by the reporter who made it his business to see the representative authorities of both systems, to obtain permission to make the examination. Both parties having agreed, the reporter prepared his questions. He gave the same to the four selected boys from each system. The ages of the boys from the Public schools were: two of them fifteen and the other two sixteen past. One of the Separate school boys was thirteen, two were fourteen, and the fourth fifteen, the advantage in age being therefore on the side of the Public schools.

They were examined in spelling, history, geography, grammar, and arithmetic. In grammar the boys of both schools were equal. In arithmetic the public boys beat the Catholic boys. In spelling the public boys made three mistakes and the Catholic boys six, but four of these were in proper names and should not be counted, whereas the Protestant boys made the mistakes in common English words. In history the public school boys made six mistakes, and the Catholic boys made three. There were two questions given in geography, one to name the rivers of North America, and the other in reference to the cause of the difference in the length of the days in summer and winter. This question strictly speaking belongs to Astronomy, though reference is made to it in the introduction to the study of geography. In this subject, the public school boys gave ninety-seven answers to one hundred and sixty-four given by the Catholic boys.

Now to sum up, let us see who are the victors. The *Telegram* takes up three subjects—arithmetic, history, and spelling—and adding up the mistakes made in each enumerates for the public school boys only three mistakes in spelling, 6 in history, and 1 in arithmetic, making a total of ten mistakes in these three subjects. The Catholic boys, it claims, made 6 mistakes (including the proper names) in spelling, 5 in arithmetic, and 3 in history—making a total of 16 mistakes which, taking these three subjects only, would prove the Protestant boys to have been the victors. At least a careless reading of the *Telegram's* report would show this. But the attentive reader will see that the brilliant victory obtained by the Catholic boys in geography and their equality with the others in grammar are far more than sufficient to turn the balance in favor of the Catholic boys.

We have only taken the figures of the *Telegram* to enable us to arrive at a conclusion, but in order to avoid even the semblance of a mistake we have consulted a head master (a layman) of a prominent Separate school of this Province, whom we had the pleasure of seeing on the Queen's Birthday. He having read the *Telegram's* report very carefully, assured us that the victory was most decidedly on the side of the Separate schools. We lay stress upon this, as a hasty reading of the *Telegram* might lead people to think that the victory was in favor of the Public schools.

We append the result made out from the *Telegram's* report, by the head master above referred to, as follows:—

	Public Schools.	Separate Schools.
Arithmetic (correct answers)	12	7
Spelling (words written correctly)	48	45
Grammar (correct answers)	8	8
Geography (do.)	97	164
History (do.)	8	16
Grand Totals	173	240

These figures gives no less than sixty-seven (67) marks in favor of the separate school boys over those of the public schools.

Our readers will be gratified at the result. The unquestionable facts and figures brought out in this contest should once for all silence those who, without the shadow of a reason, say the separate schools are inferior to the public schools. It has been demonstrated on the authority of the *Telegram* that four Catholic boys of 13, 14, 14, and 15 years of age respectively have gained a victory over four public school boys, two of them 15 years of age, and two, in the words of the *Telegram*, "just turned 16."

We heartily congratulate the Christian Brothers, the Separate School Board of Toronto and the boys themselves on this very decided and brilliant victory. The thanks of the Catholics of the city are due to the Archbishop who gave the challenge and to the reporter who did his work so faithfully and who has made known to the world that the heretofore much maligned Separate schools rank first among the schools of the "Queen City of the West."—*Toronto Tribune.*

MISSIONARY LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

During my visit to Stockton I had the pleasure of meeting Father William, the zealous and beloved Missionary, who makes annual visits to the several Indian Tribes in this state. A person has only to look at Father William in order to become convinced that he is an extraordinary man, and as I saw him in the habit of his Order, his face forcibly reminded me of the features of his brother Dominican,

FATHER TOM BURKE,

the great Irish patriot-priest. Father William is a German by birth, but he speaks English fluently. Eight years ago he and a number of other Dominicans were banished from the Government of Guatemala for the crime of preaching Christ crucified In that field Father William had labored among the Indians, and when he arrived in this State he at once entered upon a field of missionary labor n which he had already much experience. For five years Father William has labored among the Indians, and when he arrived in this State he at once entered upon a field of misionary labor in which he had already much experience. For five years he has labored among the Indians, living as they did, their food often consisting of horse or dog meat when such luxries could be had, but the ordinary bill of fare was fried grasshoppers or fat worms from Mono Lake. The first place Father William visitied was Calaveras County, in the vicinity of West Point, where he found a small tribe of Indians, whom he instructed and converted to Christianity. He next went into Mariposa County, where he instructed and baptized 150 Indians. After he concluded his mission here, a delegation of the Fresno Indians waited on him and asked his services in converting them to Christianity. Accordingly the Father proceeded to Fresno Flat, where he succeeded in baptizing the whole tribe of 300 Indians.

While sojourning at this place Father Willam had a narrow escape from being murdered by some bad white men who were living licentious lives among the Indians. The adventure, as told by the Missionary, is as follows:

FATHER WILLIAM'S ESCAPE.

"While I was there some of the settlers who were living with squaws exhibited considerable animosity toward me, partly for the reason that my teachings were designed to break up concubinage, and partly because they were prejudiced against the Catholic religion. I got the tribe together and built a church out of logs and brush. After the church was completed, and while I was celebrating Mass, two white settlers named John Basso and Jonathan Lewis, attempted to ride into the building on horseback but the door was too low, so they dismounted and interrupted the services. After my congregation dispersed they grossly insulted me and ordered me to leave the place. I refused to do so until I had concluded my labors. They told some of the Indians that if I didn't leave they would tie me up and take me away that night. The next day they ordered me to leave the place before noon, and threatened that if I refused to go they would take me away by force. This happened three years ago. They gave no reason why I should leave. I had concluded my work that afternoon, and started for Batchee Hootch, the San Joaquin District, in Fresno County.

A PASPORT TO HEAVEN.

"While on the way I saw a young Indian not more than 22 yeaus of age lying under a tree and evidently dying of fever. I got off my horse, and after having given him the necessary instruction, and having obtained his consent, I baptised him. From there I went to Rancheria, where about 400 Indians were waiting for me. When I arrived I explained the principles of the Christian religion to them, and remained up around the campfire until late at night, answering the questions of the chiefs about God, and the future life, and so on.

"It was pretty late that night when I went to sleep, and I reposed in the open air on a pile of dry grass close by a blazing fire. I was very much fatigued, and I never had such a refreshing sleep before. In the morning they brought a bought a bowl of acorn mush. I was very hungry, and enjoyed the novel dish immensely. I arose at sunrise, and proceeded to measure off the ground for a church. It was to be 100 feet long by 50 wide, and it was to be constructed of logs and brush. While I was so engaged with a couple of chiefs, five men drove up with their faces blackened. I asked the Indians who they were, and they said they thought they were Mexicans. Two of them were armed with rifles and three with revolvers. They drove right up to where I was working, and one of them said, addressing me, 'Are you here yet? This man had a rifle. The other, who was similarly armed, made a remark to the same purport, and I recognised them at once as Jonathan Lewis and John Basso. They ordered me to leave immediately. 'Take your horse and leave this moment!' they said. I asked them whether they owned the land upon which I proposed erecting the church, and they said they did. So, not knowing whether their statement was true or false, and not wishing to have any trouble, and possibly bloodshed, for the Indians were very much incensed, I consented to leave. The five men gave me a mustang, and ordered me to mount it and ride ahead of them. I did so, and we went up a trail in the foothills.

A ROUGH RIDE.

"One of these men taunted me all the way; said that I was teaching superstition, and mocked at and ridiculed the diffirent articles of faith beleived in by Catholics. One of them got a twig and beat my horse to make him go faster. He was a rough-riding animal, and I held him in with all my strength, complaining at the same time that they had given me a slow horse. It was very funny, I assure you, but I did not think so at the time. The other three men, I ascertained afterwards, were hired by Basso and Lewis to assist them in driving me out of the country. One of these, who had a revolver pointed at me, rode close behind me all the way, and probably with the intention of quieting my nerves, kept singing a song, the refrain of which was, "Captain, where shall I send the bullet through?"

SIGNIFICANT THREATS

"We rode along in this way for about ten miles, and when we came to a big tree Lewis got off his horse and said: "It is only on account of our goodness of heart that you were not killed before this. If ever you come back again you will be hanged oh that tree.,' That was in Green Valley. Lewis then rode off and left me with the other four. They escorted me ten miles farther on, and left. When they had gone, I changed my course and returned. I went to the camp where I had been the day before, and the Indians manifisted great joy on seeing me, because they had heard of my being spirited away. They were very angry at my treatment, but I advised them to keep quiet and to refrain from violence. I put on an Indian's hat and coat, partly covered my face with a handkerchief, and otherwise disguised myself.

ON THE BACK TRACK.

Thus equipped, I started in the night-time with an Indian guide on horseback to the place from which I had been spirited away, arriving there about midnight. As I approached I heard a great cry of lamentation among the Indians, and was informed that they were bewailing the death of the young Indian whom I had baptised on the roadside. They were rejoiced to see me, and built a large fire on the north bank of the San Joaquin River. I instructed and baptised four hundred that night. They talked about killing the white men who had taken me away, and I had considerable difficulty in making them consent to remain quiet. At daylight I arrived at the tree on which my captors had promised I should be hanged if I returned, and I had quite a little laugh there to myself."

—S. J. Mc.C. in *Monitor.*

Catholic Sisters Nursing a Protestant Small-Pox Patient.

The story which Mr. Lewis Wingfield tells in the columns of a morning paper is another of those testimonies to the self-sacrificing virtues of the Catholic sisterhoods which are happily so frequent on non-Catholic lips. A friend had fallen sick of virulent small pox in Mr. Wingfield's house. The London hospitals, the local parish authorities, the Protestant nursing institutes would do nothing for the case. The hospitals were too full, the nursing institute, drew the lines at cases of small-pox. In despair Mr. Wingfield applied at the doors of a Catholic sister-hood, and angels of charity were ready at once to tend the neglected sufferer. Of such stuff are those Catholic Sisters whom Paris infidels drive from the bedside of the dying poor.—*London Tablet.*

Education.

Every boy should have his head, his heart, and his hand educated. Let this truth never be forgotten. By the proper education of the head he will be taught what is good and what is evil, what is wise and what is foolish, what is right and what is wrong; by the proper education of the heart he will be taught to love what is good, wise, and right, and to hate what is evil, foolish, and wrong; and by proper education of the hand he will be enabled to supply his wants, to add to his comforts, and to assist those around him. The highest objects of a good education are to reverence and obey God and to love and serve mankind. Everything that helps us in attaining these objects is of great value, and everything that hinders us is comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head and love in the heart the man is ever ready to do good; order and peace reign around, and sin and sorrow are almost unknown.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

The late Bishop of Spires, the well-known accomplished Benedictine and biblical scholar, Dr. Hanebergh, in his commentary on the 13th chapter of St. John's Gospel, observes that in the year of our Lord's death, the Sunday following the Jewish Passover (Easter Sunday), fell on April 17th, so that the Good Friday was on April 15th—the same dates as this year