

**The Catholic Record**

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**LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.**

London, Ont., May 23, 1878. DEAR MR. COFFEY.—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its one and principal principle, that it will remain, what it has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and the promotion of Catholic interests. I am confident that under your experienced management the RECORD will improve in usefulness and efficiency; and I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clergy and laity of the diocese. Believe me, Yours very sincerely, + JOHN WALSH, Bishop of London.

**LETTER FROM BISHOP CLEARLY.**

Dear Sir.—I am happy to be asked for a word of commendation to the Rev. Clergy and faithful laity of my diocese in behalf of the CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London with the warm approval of His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Walsh. I am a subscriber to the journal and am much pleased with its excellent literary and religious character. Its judicious selections from the best writers supply Catholic families with most useful and interesting matter for Sunday readings, and help the young to acquire a taste for pure literature. I shall be pleased if my Rev. Clergy will continue your mission for the diffusion of the RECORD among their congregations. Yours faithfully, JAMES VINCENT CLEARLY, Bishop of Kingston.

**LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.**

Mr. DONALD McCRAE, Agent for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

**Catholic Record.**

LONDON, FRIDAY, DEC. 22, 1882.

1883.

In a few days a New Year will have dawned upon the RECORD and its readers. We are now in the fifth year of journalistic existence, and in looking over the brief period we have been before the public, have much reason to feel grateful to our friends and patrons scattered throughout every Province of the Dominion, from Vancouver to Cape Breton, for their steady, generous, and most encouraging support. Our purpose has been to give the Catholic people of Canada an independent journal, prepared at all times to maintain and defend the rights of the Church, whenever, wherever, by whomsoever threatened or attacked. We have at all times fearlessly defined and upheld the privileges and prerogatives of the episcopacy, permitting, in so far as we knew, no consideration to intervene between our duty to authority and our fulfillment of it, in season, and, it may be also occasionally, in the estimation of some, out of season, by the affirmative of its undoubted rights. In the future we will endeavor to do at least as well in this regard as we have done in the past. Untrammelled in our journalistic capacity by partisan alliances, we feel free to discuss all matters of public concern affecting the interests of the Catholic Church and its people from a standpoint essentially Catholic.

In this connection we may state it to be our purpose to press the claims of the Catholics of Ontario for such further guarantees in the all-important matter of freedom of education as will place them on a footing of equality with the Protestant minority of Quebec. The Catholics of Ontario owe it to themselves and to their posterity to assist in this great undertaking. In dealing with questions particularly affecting the Irish people we have not failed to set forth our views in very plain terms. And it is our firm intention to defend the Irish race in the future, as we have defended it in the past, against all attacks prompted by injustice or inspired by prejudice. We hold now, as we have always held, that neither the Irish in America, nor the Irish in Ireland, can ever cease agitating for reform in the government of their unfortunate motherland, till a system of self-government in some satisfactory form be there inaugurated. Home Rule for Ireland will, therefore, have in us all the strength of advocacy we can command. On questions of general interest affecting the people of Canada at large, we will be found on the side of true progress, and, while advocating every measure tending to legitimate advancement, strongly oppose demagoguism in all its forms.

The RECORD, aiming to be a Catholic family journal, as such will, we flatter ourselves, in 1883 possess many features of interest and usefulness. Its columns will contain contributions not only from well known writers throughout the Dominion, but be favored by occasional articles from promising Catholic writers in the neighboring republic. The RECORD can therefore safely lay claim to that continued support from its present patrons, of which it feels assured. On its behalf we venture also to ask the friends of Catholic journalism throughout the Dominion to extend the sphere of its influence and usefulness, by enlarging its circulation. We appeal to each of our present subscribers to endeavor to procure us at least one other, and thus render the principles whose promotion they have at heart a signal and invaluable service. To all our friends we heartily wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

**CHRISTMAS.**

The stars in the far-off heaven Have long since struck eleven! And hark! from temple and from tower, Soundest time's grandest midnight hour, Blessed by the Saviour's birth, And night putteth off the starry stole, Symbol of sorrow and sign of dole, For one with many a starry gem, To honor the Babe of Bethlehem, Who comes to men the king of them, Yet comes without robe or diadem; And all turn towards the holy east, To hear the song of the Christmas feast.

Christmas is again at hand. It comes as another year is about to sink into the shadowy realm of the past. As we stand in the presence of this great festival with all its gladdening and soothing recollections, its suggestive and elevating influences, what are the thoughts that animate us? If we look with scrutiny into the year whose spirit and life are so soon to leave it, what reflections does the coming of Christmas quicken into being? The year may have been for us, for to whom is it not to a greater or less degree—one of sorrow and affliction, and misfortune. The cold blasts of worldly cruelty may have pierced our very souls, the angry torrent of man's injustice overwhelmed our efforts, the dark shadow of blighted hope, and broken courage, offspring purchase of our own folly, hung over us. But now at the first twinkling of the Christmas star, at the first pealing of the Christmas bell, these chilling blasts lose their bitterness, these angry waves their fury, and the shadows of misfortune and affliction their depressing weight. If the year has been one of tears, those tears are now wiped away, if it has been one of sorrow that sorrow is effaced, if it has been one of gloomy despondency, that despondency is dispelled. How grandly impressive at true to the significance of this festival is the song of the church.

Hark, a joyful voice is thrilling, And each dim and winding way Of the Ancient Temple filling, Dreams, depart! for it is day.

Christ is coming! from thy bed, Earth-bound soul, awake and spring— With the sun new-risen to shed Health on human suffering.

Let us grant a pardon free, Come a willing Lamb from Heaven: Sad and fearful, hasten we, One and all, to be forgiven.

Once again He comes in light, Gliding earth with four and woe; Lord, be Thou our loving might, From our guilt and ghostly foe.

Viewed from the merely human standpoint Christmas has a wonderful hold on the popular mind. In Catholic countries it has always exercised a sway and influence over the masses of the people that has never known or suffered diminution. With other nations that accepted the yoke of the religious perturbation of the sixteenth century, the Christmas festival fell into some cases into total disuse, and in all most cases into its purely Christian character. Still the traditional influence of the festival remains, particularly among English speaking races and fails not to manifest itself in one form or another at each recurrence of the day.

"I am sure," says one of the greatest English writers of fiction, "I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round— apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys, and, therefore, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good; and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

Washington Irving in a not less happy manner voices the regard of his countrymen for Christmas. "Stranger and sojourner" he says "I am, yet I feel the influence of the season beaming in my soul from the happy looks of those around me. Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyous, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a Merry Christmas."

If the greatest of American prose writers, the most faithful of historians, as well as most amiable of men, the immortal Irving, ever wrote anything more beautiful and touching in its tender simplicity, we have yet to see it. But it is not from the human standpoint we desire to consider Christmas. In it we see a commemoration of the greatest of the works of God, viz., the Incarnation of the Word. In it we contemplate a miracle of divine wisdom, a miracle of divine justice, a miracle of divine goodness. During these days we are called upon to contemplate the most marvellous and tremendous event in the history of the human race—an event wherein the Person of God of Infinite perfection having assumed the finite nature of man comes into the world to rejoice, to redeem and to regenerate humanity. We are called upon to consider that mystery of Infinite Wisdom—which wisdom, the scripture tells us, reacheth from end to end mightily ordereth all things sweetly, that mystery wherein power immeasurable, wisdom unsearchable, riches inexhaustible, bounty infinite, knowledge unfathomable and mercy illimitable meet in a union of identification the feeble suffering and finite nature of man.

**DEATH OF ALFRED G. JOHNSTON.**

JOHNSTON—On the 15th ult., at 120, Commercial-road, Portsmouth, Alfred German Johnston (late of the Bank of British North America, London, Ontario, fourth son of the late Commander Henry Johnston, R. N., aged 31.

We copy the above obituary notice from the "Portsmouth Times and Naval Gazette" of the 18th of November last. The announcement of the death of Mr. Johnston will be sad news for the many warm friends of that gentleman. Mr. Johnston, who was connected with the Bank of British North America in London, Ontario, succeeded within the few years that he lived in our midst, in endearing himself to many of our citizens by the noble qualities both of mind and of heart which distinguished him. Feeling his health gradually failing, Mr. Johnston by the advice of his physician, determined to return to England, his native country. Provisions to his leaving Canada this gentleman spent some time in carefully examining the grounds of the Catholic faith, and studying the doctrines of the church. The result was an entire conviction of the unquestionable claims of the church of his fathers. Yielding to the dictates of his conscience, Mr. Johnston felt it his duty, as he valued his eternal salvation, to renounce the so-called Reformation, and join the Catholic Church by an open and sincere profession of her doctrines.

From where the sunrise had its birth, Into the farthest bounds of earth, The Virgin Mary's Child we sing, Our flesh with His own flesh to King. With notes of gladness, Christ the King. Lest those should perish whom He made.

Best Maker of the world, He came And clad Him in a servant's frame, Our flesh with His own flesh to King. Lest those should perish whom He made.

His Mother pure becomes the place Wherein abides celestial grace, She bears within her maiden breast A secret by herself unguessed.

Soon rises in that modest shrine The Temple of the Lord Divine; The stainless and unwedded one Within her womb conceived the Son.

We have said that the Incarnation is the greatest of the works of God. The angelic doctor in reply to his own question as to whether God could create greater or better things than he has, answers that he could but makes three exceptions, (1) the Incarnation of Mary and (2) the divine maternity of Mary and (3) the beatitude of heaven. For as he declares God could not make a more perfect man than a man God nor a more perfect mother than the Mother of God, nor a greater measure of beatitude than the beatitude of heaven.

The Incarnation of the Word being the greatest of all divine works, the most signal of all divine merits and having been accomplished for ends so vitally and essentially concerning us it should be for us a cause of undivided love for God through Jesus Christ our Lord. The splendor and harmony of Creation both animate and inanimate daily force upon our minds the consideration of the illimitable vastness of God's power. The sublimity of the heavens above, the grandeur of the ocean beneath, the magnificence of our lakes, the majesty of our rivers—the gentle loveliness of our streams—the verdant richness of our fields, the silent but expressive staleness of our forests—the variety, brilliancy and usefulness of the products of earth—but above all the wonderful endowments of the human soul embodied in the innumerable and superb works that proceed from the hands of men, do indeed give us an idea of the greatness of the first cause of all things created.

But, wonderful as are these created things, they sink into comparative insignificance when apprehended in connection with the miracle of miracles, the Incarnation of our Blessed Lord and Redeemer.

For in that marvel of divine love, the omnipotence of God is made manifest in that He unites himself to the very slime of earth—unites himself thereto by a union essentially and necessary indissoluble—his supreme wisdom in that by assuming a body and soul like ours God the Son became susceptible of suffering and was thus enabled to redeem us from the yoke of sin—his justice in that the dignity of the Person of Christ gave an infinite value to the suffering of His human nature—His bounty in that He made himself one of us to overwhelm us with His blessings. In the words of St. Augustine the Son of God became man, that men might become sons of God, or as St. Gregory affirms, God was born on earth that man might be born in heaven. "O Lord renew thy signs and work new miracles—glorify thy hand and thy right arm."

Christmas being the festival of divine love for man, recalls to mind the remarkable expression of St. Paul when he declared that the "kindness and love of God, our Saviour, appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." (Tit. iii., 4.) Animated by firm convictions as to the truth of these words, we cannot better give echo to the belief that is within us and make this a bright happy Christmas, than in the old sweet hymnal of the church:

Remember, Lord, that before thee, Men like Thee Thy Virgin Mother bore, Thou from her womb didst breathe our air, And human nature for us bear.

To Thee, this present solemn day, Yearly adorations pay; Thy world's Redeemer Free we own, In new-born infants accents sing, Descending from Thy Father's throne.

The joyful heavens, earth and main, With what adoations greet thee, New-born, but soon to be our King, New life restored by the new-born King. We, ransomed by that bloody tide, Thine issued from Thy sacred side, With double hymns of heart and voice, For this Thy natal day rejoice.

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He was admitted into the church in St. Peter's Cathedral on the 15th day of April, 1880, by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Bruyere, Vicar General of the diocese of London. After further preparation Mr. Johnston received his first Communion and the sacred rite of Confirmation, at the hands of His Lordship Bishop Walsh, in the chapel of the Sacred Heart. This was the last solemn act of religion performed in Canada by Mr. Johnston. A few weeks after, this gentleman whose health had been failing for some time past, resolved to seek in his native land a climate more congenial to his weak constitution. He left our Canadian shores promising his numerous friends soon to return, in improved health and strength. But God, whose designs are always wise and merciful, though inscrutable to us, had ordained otherwise. A few weeks ago letters received here from a member of his family brought the sad news that all hopes of recovery were abandoned by the patient and his relatives. For this last trial of his mortal existence, the earnest and ardent faith of Mr. Johnston did not fail him. Seeing that the world was about to pass away from him, he turned with Christian confidence to the consolations which religion alone is able to inspire. With earnest piety he asked and received those consoling rites, Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum, which the church administers to her dying children. Thus comforted and strengthened, this fervent convert to the Catholic Church expired calmly in the hope of a blessed resurrection.

In connection with the death of Mr. Johnston, we may be permitted to make an extract from a letter addressed by him shortly before his demise, to a Catholic lady in this city:

"I don't know what the future may have in store for me in the shape of pains and aches and general sickness, but if I could get back to strong health now I would not accept it. I am quite satisfied with things as they are, pains and aches included, for I have hope of a happy future after the great change. My mind is, I think I can say with truth, more quiet and easy since I knew that the end must come in time, which of course no one can exactly tell, than it ever was at any period of my life. One of the priests calls here frequently, and has administered the Holy Sacrament to me. I am always delighted to see him, and can put my trust in his guidance and advice. I find it a great comfort in a sick room, where, of course, the inmate finds himself craving for someone to talk to, to exchange ideas with and so on, and to be visited by a priest, with whom I have nice little talks, cheerful conversation being peculiarly acceptable, and one might say invigorating. In fact I feel much better in the mental part of my being, since I discovered the fact

that my physical being is doomed to soon go the way of all flesh. I don't think I can write any more. "May the Almighty shower down on you and yours his choicest blessings."

**FATHER HYACINTHE.**

Pere Hyacinthe was driven from the chapel in which he made his debut, after casting off his religious habit, with a debt of 44,000 francs, which his English friends subscribed to pay, and he is now in London to get them to come again to the rescue and subscribe for an allowance of \$5,000 a year for the support of his new church. For the present he is very poorly lodged in the Rue d'Assas, and the French papers say that the cause of matrimony begin to tell on his temper, and that the once magnificent Pere Hyacinthe is getting sour and disappointed. The above, which we copy from the columns of one of our contemporaries, is a sad and correct account of the degradation which has fallen to the lot of the once famous preacher of Notre Dame in Paris, but at present better known as the renegade ex-monk, Father Hyacinthe. So long as he owned himself the dutiful son of the Church which baptized and reared him, crowds of eager listeners stood around the great pulpit of the cathedral of Paris, purified by the bursts of eloquence which fell from the lips of the far-famed preacher. The large cathedral of the capital of France could not contain the multitude of French citizens and of foreign nationalities attracted by the fascinating talents of the celebrated Carmelite monk. But the moment that, by the sacrilegious violation of his religious vows, Pere Hyacinthe broke off from the mooring which kept him fast to the rock of Peter, his doom was sealed. From that moment his downfall into the mire of infamy was consummated. Father Hyacinthe ceased to be the great preacher of Notre Dame. He became Monsieur Loysen, the reputed husband of a divorced American woman.

The terrible retribution usually awarded to the apostate has fallen on the head of the once famous Loysen. He has reached the lowest depth of the abyss of infamy. Despised and deserted by his own countrymen, whose natural instinct abhors hypocrisy and fraud, the noted ex-monk, Hyacinthe, has lately crossed the English channel with the wattle of the pauper on his shoulders and the staff of the mendicant in his hand. Hyacinthe is, at present, a beggar on the streets of London, soliciting the crumbs which fall from the table of the English aristocracy, to support himself and his household. Like Lucifer Hyacinthe has fallen through pride; but whilst Lucifer is still reputed a king in the infernal regions, the ex-monk Hyacinthe is now writhing under the merciless yoke of domestic tyranny.

**AUTHORITY.**

Our contemporary, *Le Canadien*, makes some very just reflections on the criticism to which a circular of Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, has been subjected. The Quebec journalist says that, there is now a rather general discussion on a circular issued by the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe wherein he forbids his clergy to contribute to the foundation of a paper to be called *L'Etoile du matin*, the intended publication of which has been for several months announced. The groundwork of the circular is that the Bishop of Montreal, being decidedly opposed to the starting of the new journal, the clergy of St. Hyacinthe should not so far overlook his authority as to promote it. This document, *Le Canadien* rightly maintains, is an act of episcopal administration. Through it the bishop speaks to his clergy. The press, therefore, has no right to pronounce on his conduct. The only competent tribunal to take cognizance of episcopal administrative acts is the Holy See. There is no other. If, therefore, the Catholic press loses sight of this fundamental principle it denies and destroys authority in the Church, while its mission is to make that authority respected. To act otherwise is to demolish the edifice. If Catholic writers set at naught the episcopal dignity in such circumstances what response can they make to openly avowed adversaries, when they oppose it in some other circumstances. Mgr. Moreau's circular was addressed to his clergy alone. The papers have published it without authorization and in this action were certainly not only not within their right, but guilty of a deplorable act of indiscretion.

**Ordination.**

Rev. Donald McCrae was in this city on Wednesday last raised to the order of deacon by His Lordship Bishop Walsh.

**CO-EDUCATION A FAILURE.**

We have never hesitated to express our opinions freely on the impracticability and inadvisability of the co-education of the sexes. Nearly two years ago, in reply to an article in our respected city contemporary, the *Advertiser*, on the subject of female education, we took strong grounds on the subject. We then pointed out to our contemporary that with Catholics "it is not taken for granted that woman needs not know as much as man; that girls should leave school earlier than boys; and that while at school their course of study should have regard to their filling an ornamental rather than useful position in society. Holding, as we do, the opinion that that nation is happiest wherein the status and influence of woman is highest, we will be always found in firm advocacy of the most thorough education of the female sex. By all means let women be well educated. Let the state make liberal grants for the maintenance of establishments for the higher education of women. But let there be no such thing as a forced system of co-education similar to that obtain in the high art normal schools. An extension of the co-education of the sexes into a university training, would, in our opinion, be disastrous to the best interests of the people for generations to come."

Since we gave expression to these views an incident has occurred to justify the position we then assumed on this important subject. An attempt at co-education made in the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, has ended in a disastrous failure. Trouble having arisen between the male and female students attending the college lectures—the former laid before the faculty an ultimatum which proved the thoroughness of their purposes and convictions on the matter. They declared their intention to leave the college unless separate education were provided for the female students, and that in future no female student should be received in the college. The college authorities at first assumed a dignified attitude towards the remonstrances of the male students, but the latter were not to be put down. Matters proceeded to such lengths that the citizens of Kingston, through ex-mayors Gildersleeve, McIntyre and Pense, and Mayor Gaskin, thought it fit in the interests of the city to intervene between the faculty and the male students. The result of their intervention was that the faculty withdrew from its first position and acquiesced entirely in their demands. At midnight on the 15th the students adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved,—That, having heard the gentlemen who have acted as mediators between the Faculty and ourselves, and the assurance that in future the Faculty agree to give an education to the male and female students separate and distinct in every particular, and that it is not their intention to admit females in the future, we accept the same as a satisfactory settlement of existing difficulties."

This action on the part of the students drew from the faculty the following reply.

"To A. N. White, Secretary to students of the Royal College.—Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of this morning, enclosing a resolution passed at a meeting of the students last evening, and desire to say that the Faculty accept the suggestions of the gentlemen who have interested themselves in the present college difficulties. The Faculty agreed to give in future to the female students now attending college a medical education separate and distinct in every particular from the male students, and as the faculty believe that under existing circumstances co-education in medicine is a failure, there is no intention of admitting female students in the future. I am, yours, faithfully, Fife Fowler, Registrar."

Thus, as far as the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons is concerned, the problem of co-education of the sexes in universities is solved. Though decidedly in favor of subordination among students in such institutions as essential to their success, we must say that we admire the firm and manly stand taken by the male students in the Royal College in their recent communication with the faculty. Some of these students may have been guilty of indiscretion and insubordination in precipitating the difficulty. It is, however, as a body we must judge them, and as a body they have reflected great credit on themselves and done the college no little service.

Enough of its glory remains on its sword, To light us to victory yet.

The fifth volume of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE (Mr. Donahoe is the founder of *The Pilot*) commences in January, 1883. It is devoted to the Irish race at home and abroad. Only \$2.00 a year. \$1.00 for six months. Sample copies sent free. Address Patrick Donahoe, 21 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

We have received a copy of the *Herald*, a new journal, published in Winnipeg, in the Catholic interest, with the approbation of His Grace Archbishop Tache. The *Herald* presents a very creditable appearance, and gives promise of doing excellent service. We wish our contemporary every success.

A magnificent assortment of Catholic Christmas Cakes at the CATHOLIC RECORD Bookstore.

**THE BAZAAR.**

The Bazaar in aid of the building of St. Peter's Cathedral will open next week. We have often called the attention of our readers and the public generally to the praiseworthy character of the undertaking, and desire to say a last commendation of a work that has engaged the attention and enlisted the support for several months of so many of our readers and the public generally, and painstaking Catholic gentlemen of this city and elsewhere. The praiseworthy character of the undertaking, and desire to say a last commendation of a work that has engaged the attention and enlisted the support for several months of so many of our readers and the public generally, and painstaking Catholic gentlemen of this city and elsewhere. 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