

The Catholic Record
Published every Friday morning at 42 Richmond Street, over MacCallum's Drug Store, and nearly opposite the Post Office.

Annual subscription..... \$2 00
Six months..... 1 00

ADVERTISING RATES.
Twelve and a-half cents per line for first, and six cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements measured in non-pariel type, 12 lines to an inch.

THOS. COFFEY,
CATHOLIC RECORD,
LONDON, Ont.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.

London, Ont., May 23, 1879.
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 name and principles; 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 to the promotion of Catholic interests.

Yours very sincerely,
+ JOHN WALSH,
Bishop of London.

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, DEC. 19, 1879.

"AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH."

"Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God, how incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways." One of the most illustrious of those glorious saints of God, whose names and memories are enshrined in characters of gold in every Catholic heart throughout the world, lost in the contemplation of the perfections of his divine master, and of his wonderful mercies towards his fallen creatures, exclaims in the fulness of that mighty faith and love which marked the specific character of his splendid soul: "Oh, the depth of the riches, of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God, how incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearchable his ways." The tremendous mystery of the Incarnation of our Sovereign Lord and Master, which is so shiningly reflected in this glorious solemnity of Christmas, in virtue of which the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father assumes all the form, reality, and substance of our mortal nature, and the extraordinary manner in which this great mystery of love has been accomplished, afford us excellent reason for lifting up our hearts and souls in like manner, and of exclaiming with the great Apostle of the Nations: Oh, the depth of the riches, of the wisdom, and of the knowledge of God, how incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearchable his ways." Not thus did he manifest his mercies towards those myriads of unhappy angel spirits who had rebelled against his sovereign majesty. They belonged to that order of creature, the fairest and most perfect that were ever fashioned by the Omnipotent hand of God. They were creatures specially dear to God, enshrined, so to speak, in the innermost core of His affections, for they were the masterpieces of His creative power, they were beautiful beyond comparison, and they shone before Him clothed with a splendor that surpassed the embodied glory of ten thousand suns. These Angels had had the misfortune of offending Almighty God. They sinned but once, and by a mere sin of thought, and for this were they stripped of the splendor of their glory, for this were they expelled from heaven, expelled irrevocably, without hope of pardon, or redemption, of recall.

Let us change the picture. A creature formed from out the slime of the earth, an animated lump of clay, of a nature inferior in every respect to the angelic nature, appears next upon the scene. This wretched worm had the infamous ingratitude, the unparalleled effrontery to rise up in impious revolt against His Sovereign Master and Creator, and strike at the Majesty of God. What was the result? If the Almighty had not manifested to us the wonders of his goodness, most assuredly we would be forced to admit that in the might of His offended justice he struck this worm to the earth, and doomed him to a punishment far more dreadful than that which he had inflicted on the rebellious Angels. Oh, the depth of the riches

of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God, how incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways. What was the result? The bowels of God's infinite mercy were moved to pity in behalf of His fallen creatures. He pardoned His guilty but most unhappy child. He promised him a Redeemer, a Divine Mediator, who should stand between him and his offended Father, whose blood should wash away the hideous stain of sin which had disfigured the incomparable beauty of his soul, whose prayer should rise to heaven with all the strength of God, and purchase back for his fallen creature the glorious inheritance of heaven which in strict justice he had irrevocably forfeited. The long night of spiritual bondage which for four thousand years had lain like a hideous pall upon the bosom of the world has passed away forever. The sleeping world is at length awakened, and a voice from out the wilderness rings upon her expectant ears with all the strength and clearness of an angel's tongue.—Oh, people of Israel, do penance, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Prepare the way of the Lord, make straight His path. Every valley shall be filled up, every mountain and hill shall be overturned, crooked ways shall be made straight, rough ways plain, and all flesh shall see the salvation sent from God. Borati, coeli, desuper, et nubis pluant justum. Let fall your dews, ye heavens from above, and let the clouds rain down the just one. Oh earth! thrice blessed and sanctified, rejoice. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for the great promise of heaven is fulfilled. The light of God streams in upon the darkened world. The happy time is come that witnesses the accomplishment of the most stupendous mystery of love that the Omnipotence of God has been ever known to manifest. The glory of heaven comes down to hold loving intercourse with earth, the great God of heaven and earth divests Himself, as it were, of the splendor of His divinity to put on the form and substance of our mortal nature, the Creator becomes a creature, God annihilates Himself, and all for what? To give us signal proof of the marvellous love He bears us, to preserve us from the dreadful consequences which our own sinful folly had entailed upon us, and to save a sinking world from destruction. Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God, how incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways. This, therefore, is the great mystery of the Incarnation, whose mystic excellence it is our loving duty, during this holy and festive season, to commemorate and praise. This is the blessed fountain, whence issue every choicest gift and blessing in unceasing streams of love and mercy on the world, purifying every defilement, staunching every wound, and preparing our souls for their happy entrance into the glorious home of God which the prayers and blood of Jesus Christ have permanently and unreservedly secured for us. This is the pivot of our glorious faith, this is the blessed ark which is alone capable of preserving us poor tempest-tossed mariners upon life's ocean, and of leading us safely over the troubled waters of the world to the haven of perpetual happiness and peace. Let, therefore, this blessed Christmas time fill our hearts with memories and feelings of the holiest and most grateful kind. Pour forth thy praises, oh my heart, in an unceasing stream of gratitude and love to God. Rejoice and be glad, oh ransomed, happy soul, for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ your Lord. SACERDOS.

Pilot: Among recent deaths is that of the Countess Montijos, mother of the ex-Empress of France. She was the daughter of a Scotchman named Kirkpatrick, who filled the post of English Consul at Malaga, and married there. Not long after her own marriage the Countess Montijos went to France with her two daughters, one of whom became the wife of the Duke of Alba, and the other Empress of France. When Eugenie heard of her mother's illness, she hastened to Madrid to join her, but arrived too late to see her alive. Nine years have brought many sorrows to the woman whom Louis Napoleon made the sharer of his power in France.

The loss of a throne, exile, the death of her son, and now the death of her mother. Few women have had deeper grief in so brief a time.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

The Free Press maintains that Ireland enjoys the "benefit of equal laws with the rest of the empire." The Free Press is too Free in many respects; too Free with broad assertions, not one of which can be substantiated—and too Free in condemning people and causes of which it is totally ignorant. How can it be said that Ireland enjoys equal rights and laws with the rest, or with any portion of the empire? Take Canada for instance. Does Ireland possess the power of legislating for itself? We obtained this vital privilege after the rebellion of 1837, and were England to attempt to rob us of this right and privilege to-morrow Canada would arm itself, to a man, and treat England to a rebellion such as she has not experienced since the days of Bunker Hill.

Equal rights with the rest of the Empire! What arrant nonsense. Why, Manitoba is better treated. British Columbia enjoys more rights. Each of those Provinces with populations varying from six to eighteen thousand, are little kingdoms in themselves; they make their own laws, levy their own taxes, provide their own charitable institutions, their own schools and colleges and courts of law, &c.

Since this Province of Ontario began the work of self-legislation, what a change for the better has been experienced in every market city and village. Toronto, the seat of Government, has nigh doubled its wealth and its population, every other city and village has advanced in almost equal proportions.

Let England try the same experiment with the settling of Irish difficulties, and who can doubt of a similar result? And surely, if provinces of the size and extent of Ontario and British Columbia be capable of self-government, why not Ireland with its population of six millions.

But the Solomon of the Free Press will cry out: What could they do with their self-government that is not done for them now? What, indeed! Well, they could have an equal share with England and Scotland of the revenues of the United Kingdom, whereas now they do not get one cent.

2nd. They could have their own system of education, their colleges and a University, whereas now they have none.

3rd. They could have their County Councils elected by the people, as in Canada, instead of a grand jury of aristocrats appointed by the Lord Lieutenant.

4th. They could impose a tax upon absentee landlords, and make it profitable and honorable for them to stay at home and spend their capital of \$20,000,000 every year in Ireland.

5th. They could open a direct trade with France, Spain and America, establish a National Policy against English manufactures, exactly as Sir John A. has done, and as the Free Press advocates is the very best thing to be done, and thus set up Booms and Illus in Ireland which would soon make factories and furnaces spring up in every seaport and inland town of the country.

6th. They could, in years of famine or unwonted scarcity, prohibit exports of provisions from Ireland, and thus, at the expense of a few monopolists, save the lives of millions.

7th. They could abolish the poor law tax, the most exorbitant and most grinding on the nation, viz.: 2s. 6d. on the £1, or 120 mills in the dollar. And that in the most simple manner possible, by turning over the union workhouses to the Sisters of Charity, who would run them on the same principle as our Orphan Asylums and Houses of Providence are conducted in every Catholic country.

For these, and many other considerations too numerous to hint at, it can be seen at a glance how obtusely ignorant and blind the Free Press is in its appreciation of Irish laws and rights, and of Ireland's wants and grievances.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

The evacuation of Rome by the French, the storming of the Porta Pia, and the subsequent capitulation of the eternal city, were occurrences which followed closely on each other in the eventful but gloomy autumnal days of 1870. Then came the plebiscite, a mockery of popular suffrage intended to secure sanction for an act of robbery.

We have a very particular regard for popular suffrage duly regulated and conscientiously exercised. We have at times in these columns found fault with Catholics in continental Europe for their very great negligence in exercising this essential right of citizenship. In doing so, we felt impelled by a conscientious feeling of right and encouraged by the efficacy of such action, as shown in recent Swiss and Belgian elections. But for plebiscites and universal suffrage we have a particular dread and horror. They are a mockery of freedom, a prop of tyranny (we mean the tyranny of demagoguism), and a bulwark of fraud.

We have a very distinct remembrance of the last plebiscite under the Imperial regime of France. We recollect very clearly the enormous majority rolled up in favor of the Imperial dynasty and the amended constitution.

Yet of what avail was that majority on the 4th of September following? A few months elapsed, and an angry mob in the French metropolis overturned all that the plebiscite had set up. The Roman plebiscite of 1870 was the highest scandal in its way that ever shocked public honesty. It brought Victor Emmanuel to Rome, to keep him there a few months, and then consign him to an unhonored grave. But did it bring happiness to the people, respect to the nation, stability to the Government? We deny it, and challenge contradiction.

The Italian nation was never, we affirm, less at peace with itself, less respected abroad, less steady in its adhesion to its governing system than at this very moment. The unification of Italy has been a source of taxation, licentiousness and beggary. It has no redeeming quality. We know that many of the former Italian principalities were mere remnants of feudal imbecility, and have no wish to see them re-established. But the temporal power of the Papacy was an honor and a safeguard to Italy. Its Government was wisely and efficiently administered. The people subject to its sway were happy. Whatever of unhappiness did exist could be traced, not to the Government, but to the anomalies of the feudal tenure. It was alleged that Rome was a necessity to united Italy. We deny it. Rome was of no more necessity to united Italy than are Trent and Trieste to-day. After nearly ten years of experience, can the Italian statesmen declare that they have been strengthened by the forced acquisition of Rome. Whatever their declaration, whatever their profession as to the result of that acquisition, the scrutiny of honest public opinion can have but one verdict to pronounce, a verdict of condemnation and reprobation. At no time since 1870 did the outlook appear brighter for an early and complete restoration of the Temporal dominions of the Papacy than it does just now. We see Italy without an ally or a friend. To France she owed whatever of greatness she achieved under Piedmontese rule. But in the days of French disaster and humiliation she was found applauding the work of the victor. She was the ally of Bismarck. But now he has spurned her alliance for that of her eternal foe Austria. Whither then, shall she turn? To the icy embrace of a Russian alliance. But in case of hostilities between Russia and the allied forces of Germany and Austria, where would her legions stand in opposition to the gallant troops of Austria? They should be found where they have always stood. They should, after each conflict, be found occupying the post of humiliation and defeat. With their defeat, with the retrocession of Lombardy and Venice to Austria, the Italian kingdom would be speedily rent in sunder. Then the voice of the people, not spoken through a plebiscite, but spoken through the

glad acclamations of a country delivered from the joke of a stranger, would summon the Holy Father to the exercise of his benign sway over his rightful dominions. That that day will come have no doubt. That it will come within a comparatively brief period there is every probability. We desire not the destruction of Italian nationality—we desire not the disruption of the sovereign states into which it is rightfully divided, but we desire to see Italian influence felt in the future as it was felt in the past—in every nation stimulating learning, adorning art, and elevating literature. We wish to see Italy peaceful, progressive, happy. But we wish above all things to see Rome restored to its imperial greatness in the vast domain of Christianity.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

We know not by whom that outrage on truth was first perpetrated which gave to James Anthony Froude the title of historian. If inaccuracy, malevolence and misrepresentation could be construed into claims for such a title, his right to wear it were without a question. But in this age his is not the only ill-gotten title, and though every emanation of his brain given to the public establishes more clearly his unworthiness to enjoy a name so exalted, we must, we suppose, by the inexorable logic of a fait accompli, if not acknowledge the title, at least keep silence as to its legality.

Mr. Froude has now taken the Nineteenth Century for a vehicle of gloomy forebodings concerning the future of republicanism in the United States. He sees danger to their stability in the presence within the limits of the Republic of several millions of Irish Catholics, unassimilated, after years of citizenship, with the mass of the American people, alien in religion, race, and feeling. His language is the language of an unbeliever, an unbeliever in God, an unbeliever in humanity. He declares a "real belief" necessarily intolerant, and then proceeds to show that the weakness of Protestantism lies in the fact that it is not a "real belief," "Protestantism," he declares, "has veiled its crest, and no longer even professes to interfere with conduct at all, and wearied with its confusions and ineffectualities, many amiable persons are inclined to take the Church at its word."

Then he adds:—"Better to believe in the Virgin Mary and the Saints than in the Almighty Dollar on week days, and on Sundays in a religion which has no rule of life to offer, and rattles in its old dress like a shrivelled kernel of a nut too large for it." He has no faith in any religious system to elevate mankind and thus perpetuate republican institutions. He avers contempt for Protestantism, which he very justly repudiates as an expounder of the moral law, but expresses horror at the advancement of Catholicity, which he considers diametrically opposed to liberty, to enlightenment and to the republican institutions of America. The Irish people came from a land which for centuries had been the resting place of oppression, of the most rigid, merciless and absolute type. They were broken in spirit, for they had come from a land wherein intellect was enslaved by ignorance, they were exiles by virtue of an awful visitation, and for years yearned for the land they had left. They came to a land which owed Ireland a great deal, they came to a people who should have been large-minded enough to overlook the failings and excesses of a race guided, even in their vices by generosity. But on their very arrival they were met by an outcry of brutal malevolence and with unmistakable declarations of hatred, which, as a matter of course, at once drew a line of separation between them and their new neighbors.

But with all their disadvantages, with all the hostility, with all the efforts of hatred, prejudice, and fanaticism, the Ireland of America has grown in wealth, in intelligence, in political activity, with marvellous and unprecedented rapidity. On the battle field the Irish citizen of the Republic has shown his adher-

ence to the institutions which protect him in the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness.

The American who first mistrusted him now confides in his honor, and rewards his intelligence by raising him to posts of honor, distinction and responsibility. The religion he follows directs his daily conduct so as to make him the envy and admiration of the thousands who support a system which offers no rule of life.

The Irish American women, true to the noble traditions of their mothers, are renowned through the land for adherence to those laws of virtue, morality, and decency, disregarded by the Protestant paganism of modern American society.

The assimilation, which Mr. Froude fears will never take place is day by day becoming a reality. But, for the very reason he himself gives, it is not the Irish element that will merge into the American, but the latter into the Irish.

He dreads the persecuting tendencies of the latter. When and where were these tendencies ever manifested? The Irish people, wherever in a majority, have, at all times, exhibited a breadth of feeling which Protestant majorities have never approached. They have thus far shown themselves good citizens of the Republic. They have been brave on the battle-field, prudent and eloquent, as is their wont, in the senate.

Their growth has been marvellous, it has been providential, for, with their growth, and with their possible ascendancy in the future of the nation, the progress and permanency of the Republic is bound up. The greater their influence, the more surely will the moral and social evils which afflict the Union disappear, and the advancement of the people be placed on a solid footing.

The predictions of Mr. James Anthony Froude will be taken for what they are worth, but we are inclined to think that the genius of American liberty will thus address him:—

Prophet of evil, forever boding ill, still most that tongue some wounding message bring. His hostility will draw attention to the causes which have contributed to the advancement of the Irish people in America. It will open a spirit of enquiry which will not rest till it has found the truth. The discovery of that truth will serve the very purpose which Mr. Froude has written to destroy.

CARDINAL CULLEN.

No prelate of the Catholic Church deserved more at the hands of Catholic Irishmen than Cardinal Cullen. Renowned for his learning, he ever shone conspicuous as one of the ablest bishops of his day. As a man of genuine piety and true patriotism, the interests of the Church and of the Irish people were ever nearest his heart, and while his far-seeing prudence enabled him to guard his flock against dangerous undertakings, his voice was ever raised to forward the interests of his afflicted country. Like O'Connell, he was often blamed by men who held extreme views on Irish politics, but even these must acknowledge that his great heart ever sorrowed over the misfortunes of his country and that his prudent restraint of the more turbulent of his flock often saved them from serious consequences. He was an ornament to the Irish Church, and we are glad to see that strong efforts are being made to perpetuate his memory amongst the people he loved most after God. The memorial, we understand, is to take the shape of a grand national Cathedral, and already many of the nobility have signified their willingness to subscribe large sums to this grand national undertaking.

Pilot: THE Irish Catholics of Ottawa, Can., have held an indignation meeting over the slanders published in their city by a paper called the Herald, which is edited by an Irish Catholic. A long report of the meeting has been sent to the Pilot, but we have no space to spare for advertising the petty ignorance of every petty blatherskite who attacks the Catholic Church.

The Vatican has been informed that the King of Abyssinia will shortly release the Bishop of Massala from prison, all the European Governments having interested themselves in his behalf.