

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME.—St. Paulin, 4th Century.

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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.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

SPEAKING of the present condition of Irish landlords, a contemporary says that "country seats are abandoned, gardens are running to waste, and the owners of whilom hospitable mansions are living in mean lodgings at cheap watering-places." A little adversity sometimes has an excellent moral effect.—*Pilot*.

THE Rev. Mr. Van Meter, who went to Rome some years ago to convert the Pope and the people of Italy to some sort of ism, has returned to New York to resume the management of the Howard Mission. Why he has abandoned his work in the Eternal City we cannot say, for the latest advices that we have from there do not announce that His Holiness has become a Methodist.—*Baltimore Mirror*.

PEOPLE are inclined to look upon religion as cheap, and earthly goods as expensive. If they can go to Heaven on a free pass they would like to go, but not otherwise. A man will work most slavishly all day to get money enough to go to the circus, and when Sunday comes, he might exert himself to spend a few minutes in church, and then place a nickel on the collection plate.—*Catholic Columbian*.

THE smart English detective who shipped the dummy dynamite barrels to England has not yet been discovered. The Boston agents of the English steamships, of course, profess entire ignorance of the shipper; though we have heard a leading Boston merchant and extensive shipper say that even he, who sent thousands of dollars worth of freight yearly, could not get a single barrel or case on board a Cunard steamer without a red tape sufficient to identify a dozen men.—*Pilot*.

THE Rev. Dr. W. Thomas, a Methodist preacher of Chicago, is to be tried next month for heresy by a body of clergymen of the denomination to which he belongs. Now, if the Bible is the only rule of faith, and every one is to exercise his private judgment in making out its teachings, and there is no infallible interpreter of it, how is the court going to convict the accused minister of unorthodoxy, and who dare say that its verdict will be right? Is he not as able as they are to decide the meaning of passages in Holy Writ, and, if not, of what use to him is his right of private judgment?—*Baltimore Mirror*.

THE *Anglo-Catholic*—a ritualistic journal in Detroit—sadly exclaims: We have never yet been in a diocese where so many churchmen have left the church. Within a stone's throw of our house there are Roman Catholics who came to Detroit devout members of the Church of England. Why did they go elsewhere?

Why did they go elsewhere? For the same reason that Newman, Manning, Faber, Wilberforce and a host of others who were the pride of the Church of England, went elsewhere. For the same reason that your Bishop Ives, Huntington, Doane, Preston, Kent Stone, and countless other Protestant Episcopal stars in the United States went out from you. They went elsewhere—to the Church Catholic and Apostolic—because they wanted the substance, not the shadow—the grain, not the chaff.—*Buffalo Union*.

We are told of Locke that he said of the Anglican divines of his time: "Why do you press upon me the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ? You say you find it in the Scriptures. That is your private judgment. I say that I do not find it there. That is my private judgment—as good (perhaps better than) yours." It is sufficient merely to recall the fact that the Bible is the most difficult

book in the world to interpret to show that, by itself, it can never be a "rule of faith," and that the Protestant theory that there exists a divine right of private judgment as to the interpretation of the Bible is at once imbecile and impious.—*London Univers*.

EVEN our dearly beloved brethren, the Methodists, are becoming smitten with the Ritualistic romance, for we read in the preaching column of the *N. Y. Herald*—in which the fraternity Barnumistically advertize their performances—that "in the evening" (Vesper lights?) "the golden candlesticks will be set up by the preacher." Parson Newman, Parson Newman—thou by the grace of Grant, cosmopolitan circuit rider at the Nation's expense—where art thou? Is it thus that the star of Wesley is to be quenched in the flare and flicker of Roman candles?—*Buffalo Union*.

THE success achieved by the Catholics of Bavaria is greater even than was anticipated last week. The latest returns show that their majority in the new Parliament will amount to 17—the number of Catholic members being 88 and of Liberals 71. Only two provinces out of the eight that form the kingdom voted entirely on the Liberal side, viz., the Palatinate and Central Franconia, which are almost entirely Protestant, in all the other provinces, either the whole or the greater part of the votes fell to the share of the Patriots. All the large towns of the kingdom, such as Munich, Rapsbon, Bamberg and Augsburg, are now represented by Catholics, whilst the episcopal constituency of Wurzburg has four Catholics and one Jew for spokesmen in the new Parliament. Whether the large Catholic majority will compel the King to choose Catholics for his advisers remains yet to be seen. In reality, it is not King Ludwig, but Prince Bismarck, who rules supreme in the country, but even if no Catholic ministry should be formed, and the new Parliament should not be able to do much good, it will, at least, have it in its power to prevent a great deal of harm, and that is so much gain.—*London Univers*.

THERE exists a certain Julia McNair Wright, who makes books, and those books generally contain inflammatory stories of monks and nuns evolved from the imagination of the "talented authoress." She seems to be in the employ of the American Sunday-School Union, and she thrives on the bigotry and credulity of Protestants. Here is a sample of the kind of writings which mislead Sunday-school children to contribute to the missionary schemes of Van Meter, Gavazzi, et al. This extract is taken from a recently published "Sabbath-school story":

"Mamma Marie looked awed; the old man still meditated; ten years in those lonely, wooded hills had set a mysterious mark on the pair. Presently, the patriarch arose slowly, and just as slowly lifted his arms above his head; his white hair and beard met as masses of snow, his eyes burned as he stretched himself upward, and the green baize cloak in which he was habitually wrapped fell from his gaunt shoulders; his stature seemed something gigantic.

"The day comes," he cried, "the day comes when I shall stand and proclaim the free Gospel of my Lord under the gates of the Vatican! The day comes when I shall give Bibles to the guards at St. Angelo! The day comes when I shall distribute tracts on the steps of the Lateral! These things I have asked of God, and He will answer me!"

"Woe is me, then," said Mamma Marie, tears stealing over her wrinkled cheeks, "for if you do these things, mio amico, you will burn like Fra Savonarola!"

It may seem remarkable to the impartial reader that Mrs. McNair Wright's impossible old peasant should neglect his present opportunities in Rome. Some of the Romans evidently need conversion; but, strange to say, the Protestant public which is so anxious for the souls of the Pope and the "guards at St. Angelo," sympathizes ardently with the sacrilegious robbers who infest the Holy City, ready to desecrate the body of one of God's saints. Sensible Protestants ought to stop this shameful prostitution of their children's minds—these attempts of lying and unscrupulous writers to poison the minds of the young and the unthinking. It is shameful that machine-books, like this Mrs. Julia McNair Wright's, should be permitted to be read by children whose parents pride themselves on being "enlightened."—*Freeman's Journal*.

The *Chicago Advance* has a correspondent who recently received a severe shock. She entered a Protestant church in Boston, and this terrible thing happened:

"After the usual prelude on the organ one of the choir, sang a solo. As the choir was just back of and above the pulpit, I easily heard the words, and at once said to myself: 'If that isn't an "Ave Maria," then I am as deaf as an adder.' The singing went on, and, sure enough, it was the regular Roman Catholic prayer to the Virgin Mary, words, music and all. I looked over the audience and thought of the shades of the Pilgrim Fathers. No one seemed to notice it particularly, and I began to be amused. Here we were, a protestant land of Christians, not in worship by one who rendered most beautifully a prayer to the dead!"

"A prayer to the dead" is a phrase which applied to a supplication to the Mother of God, sounds strange from a Protestant "Christian" who doubtless pretends to believe in the "communion of saints." This correspondent communicated her horror to others.

"Instantly a deacon started up and said: 'What was it the song?' 'An "Ave Maria." 'A what?' 'Why, the Roman Catholic prayer to St. Mary; that's all.' 'All Well; I didn't know what she sang, for when these fashionable singers get at it in our church, I, for one, can not understand a word of what they say; and so, with a general sort of petition that Heaven will bless it all—for I don't understand any of it—I always settle down, close my eyes, think of something else, and wait till it's over.' Then we all laughed, but another one said: 'You can laugh if you want to, but I tell you I don't like such things, and I never dreamed that she was singing any such stuff! And after a while it came out that only two of us, as far as known, had noticed it at all.'"

Henceforth Moody and Sankey took the place of this "stuff," and blasphemous plantation-songs and Methodist camp-meeting parodies purified the spot in which a thoughtless singer had dared to use the words of Scripture in calling the Mother of God "blessed." The mental attitude of "Christians" who prefer to eliminate "Romish stuff" from the Scriptures rather than accept it, is anomalous, especially when they make claims to sincerity. If this narrow-minded Protestant finds an "Ave Maria" objectionable, when introduced only as a musical ornament—from Gounod or Millard, of course, for choir-singers rarely care what words they sing—into a Protestant service, how much on it Catholics should be shocked by the tunes interpolated into the sublime service of the Mass.—*Freeman's Journal*.

The feast of "Lady Day of the Harvest" is at hand, when we commemorate the Assumption of Our Lady, body and soul, into Heaven. In the Spring month of March, the Son of God, by Mary's consent, became her Son on earth, and then we had the "Lady Day of the Sowing time." Then Mary became the "handmaid of the Lord"; now she is crowned Queen of Heaven. Though the Catholic Church has never defined it as an article of faith, that our Blessed Lady was taken up body and soul into Heaven, yet it has always been the belief of the Church, and that belief early gave expression in the setting aside of a day that would especially honor such an event, and making it a feast upon which no servile work was to be done. Next to the Immaculate Conception, it would seem most proper to place this belief of the Assumption, since by the former we attest our firm belief in the entire freedom of Mary's soul from the stain of sin, from the very moment of her conception, so by the latter we prove our conviction that God would not permit a body that had been His temple, to moulder away in the foulness of earth and to become the food of worms. She was by divine dispensation preserved immaculate in soul and by the same decree was she preserved immaculate in body and taken to Heaven, where all things that are pure are gathered. Honor Mary in her Assumption during this month, and have special recourse to her Most Pure Heart, the seat of the union of her immaculate soul with an incorruptible body.—*Catholic Columbian*.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning was the guest of the Prince of Wales at a garden-party on the 14th ultimo, the eve of his seventy-third birthday. The head of the Church in England met the female head of the so-called Church of England, in the person of Queen Victoria. A queer meeting. A smaller mind would be dazzled at the shower of compliments; but Cardinal Manning is a favorite attendant at Rome, and the most magnificent court in that world, and will occupy a throne in that of the world to come.—*Cincinnati Telegraph*.

When will Englishmen of education and even culture be logical when writing of Ireland. The *Spectator* of June 11th is wrathful that the Irish members should have the spirit to resent lies and libels upon their country. Colonel Tottenham in the House of Commons asked a question of which he had given no previous notice, as to a story which turned out to be false, that Mr. Daly, son of Lord Dunsandle, had been shot at Loughrea in the county Galway; and taking the question for granted he attributed the crime to the Land League, that *bete noir* of insane old English women of both genders. As the story was only another of Mr. Forster's "outrages made to order," Mr. O'Connor very properly and very truly charged the Colonel with "mendaciously" attributing those murders or attempts to murder to the Land League. We say "very properly and very truly," because to ask a question, and before it is answered, to take it for granted as true, is mendacious, and to attribute a crime taken for granted before proved, to the Land League is "mendaciously to attribute it." Here upon "Ye Gentlemen of England," with that characteristic love of fair play which they boast so much of, and practice so little, declared this language so true and so graphic "unparliamentary," and Mr. O'Connor had to substitute a less accurate and less truth-telling term, stung to the quick by this fresh outrage—this insult added to injury. Mr. O'Kelly rose to demand of the House whether there was no protection to be had against gentlemen making statements "which were calumnious and lying;" whereupon the speaker named Mr. O'Kelly, and he was suspended by the House on Mr. Gladstone's motion by 188 against 11. Now in reading this, we beg our readers to bear carefully in mind, that all this occurred, not in the Lime Kiln Club, not in a senate of the first gentlemen of England, the British House of Commons to wit. It may be all very necessary to keep the British House of Parliament free from Billingsgate, but surely the proper way to do that is to keep the British House of Parliament free from those acts which evoke Billingsgate. A poet does not order his horse in blank verse—a preacher does not preach to a congregation of eld-hoppers in sesquipedalian words. It is necessary for every man to adapt his language to the society in which he finds himself and if "Ye Gentlemen of England" will utter lies, they can only be met with words, which express mendacity. It is Colonel Tottenham that ought to have been suspended by a vote of 188 against 11, not Mr. O'Kelly. But it has been ever thus in England's conduct towards Ireland. In every school the tag is bludgeoned for the misdeeds of the "big bully," Mr. Speaker was only enulating the conduct of a weak minded pedagogue, when he named Mr. O'Kelly; and the gallant Colonel, and Mr. Gladstone was only carrying out the policy of centuries, when he as Prime Minister lent himself to the dirty work. And yet we are expected to be enamoured of English justice and fair play! Well! we will try to become so—please the pigs! It is these petty injustices, which show most clearly the absolute necessity of Home Rule for Ireland. If men will be unjust, when the temptation is light, as in small things, what will they not be when the temptation is grievous, as in great things. If they do this in the green world of our most eloquent and pious Catholic preachers which had caused her to turn thus suddenly from the empty and perishable joys of this world to those which never fail and never decay. She wisely left England at once and retired to a convent near Paris; but after a while went to the Sisters of Colfontaine, where she died about three months ago. She had lived for years in religious seclusion, following the rules of the content she had chosen, but had never taken the veil, in consequence of the strong prejudices of her elder brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, whom she was tenderly attached, and who had to the very last indulged a secret hope that his sister would grow weary and disgusted with the restraints and privations peculiar to convent life, and would return to the easy path of salvation followed by Protestant ladies of family and fortune.

By the change in this instance, as in every other of the like nature, was waited for in vain. Helen Gladstone lived and died in the faith she had chosen, not from caprice or weariness of the world's pleasures, but from conviction of the utter worthlessness of any enjoyment which has not its source in devotion to Heaven. This self-denial—for it really was a difficult

task for Helen Gladstone to continue, as it were, in the observance of only half the sacrifice, while her soul was entirely devoted to God—was accounted for the circumstance that, although leading a life of a recluse, and having put away the world and its vanities, she still retained possession of her jewels, lace and valuables, which a rule become the property of the religious community when a novice takes the veil. That she had once been a woman of the world—judging in its frivolities and expending much taste upon the trifles which for her had formed in early life the sum of human things—was evident enough in the refinement and delicacy manifested in the trimmings and lace with which she had loved to adorn herself in former times.

The lace worn at all of exquisite beauty, and were sold at immense prices. There had evidently nestled the vanity of the world's favorite, for the jewels, although carefully preserved in boxes of scented wood and wrapped in perfumed cotton, were all evidently sources of friendship—or perhaps of love—fits neither to be worn nor yet neglected. The secret of such attachments is buried with their owner, and no survivor has the key of the mystery which caused them to be kept with such tender care.

The great prizes in the sale were the beautiful pieces of point d'Alencon, older than the silet of Nantes, which dispersed the lace makers of Alencon, and caused a loss of a great portion of the particular stitch which once made this lace the finest in the world. The stitch was woven over a hair from the lace-making hand, and cannot be undone to give to inferior artists the secret of its cunning. All went well up to this portion of the sale, but the mournful impression upon the mind of the spectator began with the disposal of the wardrobe. There is something indescribably painful in witnessing the tossing about, the pulling over and hauling to and fro of the garments once worn with such dainty pride by the delicate owner now no more; and at the sale of Miss Helen Gladstone's wardrobe the scene was rendered yet more painful still by the irrelevant jokes and vulgar depreciation of the dealers at the sight of the quaint old-fashioned out of the dresses which had lain unshaded and unscathed since her retirement from the world and her renunciation of its pomps and empty vanities.

BISHOP IRELAND ANNIHILATES A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

The controversy between Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, and a Rev. Mr. Smith, a Presbyterian, which has attracted much attention in the North-west, has come to an end, in the utter rout and annihilation of Mr. Smith. The St. Paul *North-Western Chronicle* referring to the controversy, says:

"He has added one more to the many proofs of the unreasonableness of the Protestant position and of the unwillingness of Protestants to attempt a demonstration of their fundamental doctrine—the inspiration of their sole rule of faith, the Bible. The whole question at issue between the Bishop and his opponent was the inspiration of the Scriptures. Throughout the whole controversy not one argument was adduced by Rev. Smith to show that the Bible is God's word. Abandoning the point in question, inspiration, he attacked the infallibility of the Pope, the church of the middle ages, the confessional, and every other supposed vulnerable point in the church's dogmas, but never a word to disprove the Bishop's sweeping and fatal charge that Protestants have not, on Protestant principles, an inspired Bible. We must not blame Mr. Smith for having failed to do what is not in the power of man to do. No man, setting aside the infallibility of Christ's Church, can ever demonstrate that the collection of ancient writings known as the Bible is God's own word. But we must object to the reprehensible manner in which every threadbare old yarn about bad Popes and immoral priests was raked up by the Bishop in defense of Protestantism. We had thought Mr. Smith incapable of resorting to such despicable means of bolstering up a bad cause. We now see our mistake. One good result of the controversy is that the minds of many non-Catholics have been brought to study the claims of the Catholic Church. Old women and empty-skulled men, who believe that the Magdalen's words and own hand the very words of King James' Bible, can never be brought to see religious truth. They are too stupid in ignorance. But there are many deep thinkers and close reasoners among us who can grasp the point at issue in an argument, who have closely followed the controversy, and whose minds have been strongly influenced, despite themselves, by the unanswerable arguments on which they find every doctrine of Catholic faith based."

THE EFFECTS OF A NOTED CONVERT SOLD AT AUCTION.

The sale of Lord Beaconsfield's effects at Christie & Manson's was followed by that of the wardrobe, jewels and lace of the late Miss Helen Gladstone. The world had almost forgotten her. She had once been greatly admired in society, and, in possession of a goodly fortune as well as great beauty, her hand was sought after by many suitors. Suddenly and without previous warning Miss Helen Gladstone disappeared from the world; and before rumor had time to frame one of her improbable stories it was announced that she had become a Catholic and entered a convent. It was the teaching of one of our most eloquent and pious Catholic preachers which had caused her to turn thus suddenly from the empty and perishable joys of this world to those which never fail and never decay. She wisely left England at once and retired to a convent near Paris; but after a while went to the Sisters of Colfontaine, where she died about three months ago. She had lived for years in religious seclusion, following the rules of the content she had chosen, but had never taken the veil, in consequence of the strong prejudices of her elder brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, whom she was tenderly attached, and who had to the very last indulged a secret hope that his sister would grow weary and disgusted with the restraints and privations peculiar to convent life, and would return to the easy path of salvation followed by Protestant ladies of family and fortune.

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FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. SUPERVISOR QUINN.

The remains of this respected gentleman, whose death took place on Friday morning, as already announced, were removed to St. Patrick's Church yesterday afternoon, followed by a very large and respectable cortege, including his fellow members of the St. Patrick's Literary Institute, of which he was one of the very few remaining founders, wearing a neat mourning regalia. Arrived at the church the body was received by the Rev. M. S. Burk, C. S. S. R., assisted by Rev. Mr. Bonneau, Chaplain of the Sisters of Charity, and the Rev. Professor O'Leary, of the Seminary. After the recitation of the psalm, De Profundis and prayers, it was conveyed to a hearse which in front of the high altar, still followed by the relatives and the members of the Institute, when a solemn Libera was chanted by a full choir with organ accompaniment. The service in the church was closed, the body was removed to and interred in the family lot in St. Patrick's Cemetery (Woodfield), where the last prayers were said by Rev. Father Rich, C. S. R.

The deceased gentleman was a native of Newtownhamnavay, Ireland, and arrived in Canada in 1826. Shortly after his arrival he entered the employment of Messrs. Allan Gilmore, C. S. S. R., and quickly received his commission as cutter in the various departments of square timber, deals, staves and masts and spars. He continued in the employ for many years, giving them the utmost satisfaction. On leaving the employ of Messrs. Gilmore, he entered into business as a lumber merchant. In 1841 he was elected to the late Committee of Management of St. Patrick's Church, and continued a member of that body up to its abolition in 1875. In 1853 he represented St. Peter's Ward in the City Council. In 1854 he was appointed Supervisor of Cullers on the retirement of the late Hon. John Sharples, and in 1857 he was elected President of the St. Patrick's Institute. The deceased was always almost up to the day of his death, a man of a robust and vigorous constitution; he was of a most generous disposition and never was any good cause, national, religious or charitable, known to appeal to him in vain. He seemed to always understand how much more pleasing it is to give rather than to receive. The general esteem in which he was held, as already intimated, fully shown by the immense cortege which followed his remains yesterday—upwards of forty carriages having been employed on the occasion and many were obliged to deprive themselves of the melancholy pleasure owing to the difficulty of obtaining vehicles consequent upon the employment given them by the large number of strangers present in the city. A solemn Mass for the repose of his soul will be chanted in St. Patrick's at seven o'clock this morning. Quebec Chronicle, 8th inst.

"Paul," exclaimed a fair daughter of a California bonanza king, addressing one of her suitors, Paw has settled five hundred thousand dollars on me, and I thought there'd be no harm in telling you." "Florinda," he said, nervously fingering a few nickles in his waistcoat pocket and striving to hide the evidences of the profound interest which the communication excited, "Florinda, do you think I'm so stupid as to let such a consideration affect me?" "No," she added, nonchalantly, "I didn't suppose you'd care much, so I engaged myself to Mr. Slacker last night!" It was a ten strike, and he flopped, but she was a cool girl, and summoning a servant took him to set the sufferer out on the back stool until he felt better.