

The Catholic Record.

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

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REMOVAL!

WE have removed to our new store opposite Market Lane, and have the largest and most attractive stock of Cloths, Shirts, Scarfs, Underclothing, &c., in the City.

N. WILSON & CO.

The Angelus Hour.

BY LORD BYRON.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower.
Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stir'd with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thee and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! on that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove.
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

In the great workhouses of London, Liverpool, and Manchester thousands of pounds are expended in salaries for Protestant chaplains; but though there are thousands of Catholic inmates, the services of Catholic priests to attend them are voluntary and unpaid. In this matter old England is as illiberal as New England. Heigh-ho! and yet how they cant!—*Boston Pilot*.

An Episcopal preacher of this city objects to the Roman Catholic Church because it asks him to believe too much. How singular! About three hundred years ago the Roman Catholic Church objected to the preacher's founder, the memorable Henry VIII., for the very same reason. Henry wanted the Church to believe he had a right to as many wives as he desired, and all at once too. But the Church said it was asking too much.—*Catholic Banner*.

THERE is a movement now amongst the sects to adopt another name along with their characteristic one. They seem to believe the necessity of appearing as much like the Catholic Church as possible. The latest denomination to thus mimic the Church, is the Presbyterian. Some of the ministers believe as the Catholic Church restricts the enjoyment of her privileges to the members of her own flock, she is not Catholic, not universal, and is in fact narrow-minded. They, on the contrary, think that the Presbyterian is more liberal and consequently more Catholic. The ingenious twist of the word will not save Presbyterianism, any more than would a bottle of Hop Bitters or St. Jacob's Oil.—*Catholic Columbian*.

POETRY, exalted, God inspired as it is, interpreter as it is of the voiceless messages that man and nature hold for each other, fails when we go to it for that consolation which the soul craves, and craves more strongly, when it has conquered the intellectual world and reached its *ultima thule* of culture. . . . Poetry must fail those who go to it as a last resource, as the lily failed De Guerin. It is the experience of men in all ages that hearts only can comfort hearts, that the purest abstractions are cold and unsatisfactory. Humanity that can console humanity must be itself, yet higher than itself. The Church offers not poetry, but the Sacred Heart.—*Maurice F. Egan, in October Catholic World*.

DR. TAIT will have to look out. He has assailed the British right of private judgment and the freedom of the British Bible. The greatest and the most cherished boast of Protestants is that they have a free and open Bible, that they can read and judge for themselves, and that in religious matters they submit to the dictation of nobody. Hear what their Archbishop of Canterbury has been just saying about them. It had, he thinks, become necessary for the clergy to imbue the minds of the laity with a love of "Apostolic Christianity," as the tendency of the age was towards a lax view of Christian doctrine. "The Gospel," he said,

"with the supernatural elements eliminated, ceased to be the Gospel." The existing prejudices against miracles, he maintained, were unreasonable, and "the whole of Christianity is built on the supernatural." Good! But all this is downright "Romish," to use the term Protestants generally apply to the belief and the ceremonies of the Catholic Church.—*London Universe*.

The Catholic mother is the first and most efficient teacher of her child. Low and gentle may be her voice, but as we can trace the source of the tide-ripple on the beach back to the mighty ocean of waters beyond, so on tracing the mother's authority as teacher to its source we find that she derives it from the Church founded by Jesus Christ Himself. She speaks with all the authority of an accredited representative of the Catholic Church. The truths of which she is a faithful expounder, are the truths which she learned in her own childhood. Hers is not the solitary utterance of a solitary teacher; her teaching is the echo of the teaching of all the doctors of the Church—it is the echo of the teaching for which the martyrs gave their lives. The Catholic method of teaching is one that carries conviction to the mind of man, it is the source of the most generous emotions that can find a lodgment in his breast, and it prompts his will to works of sublime grandeur in the supernatural order.—*N. Y. Catholic Herald*.

How is this? A deputation waited the other day on Mr. de Ruten, the Marylebone police magistrate, and complained of disturbance caused by that latest Reformation development called "The Salvation Army." The deputation presented a petition signed by nearly a hundred persons living near a place where the Salvation Army perform, and it was stated that a thousand signatures could be got to the petition from the same neighborhood if necessary. The petitioners complained that the Salvation Army were a "great annoyance and a nuisance to the inhabitants and ratepayers," and one speaker for the deputation went so far as to say that through the instrumentality of this new Protestant blossom "Sundays were becoming quite hideous." The magistrate intimated that he could do nothing to abate the nuisance, and it was stated that the police had had frequent complaints about the Salvation Army, but that they were powerless to act. Nice state of things, truly! If a genuine religious procession passed through the streets, as is to be seen on festival occasions on the Continent, it would soon be stopped by the police. Why should a sham religious procession be allowed—and in a Christian land, too?—*London Universe*.

COMPARISONS between Ireland, England and Scotland, are sad and suggestive. From the figures (English, of course), we learn that while England and Scotland have increased, since 1865, from 29 millions to 34 millions, the population of Ireland in the same time has decreased by more than a quarter of a million, and the number of marriages has decreased by 6,000. While pauperism in England and Scotland has decreased from 121,000 to 97,000, the Irish returns show an increase from 69,000 to 100,000. But when we turn to the criminal returns, the tide sets the other way. Ireland, poor, struggling, desperate, yet holds up her hands white to the world in comparison to those of either England or Scotland. Scotland, in 1879, with three and a half millions of people, had 2,090 criminal offenders. Ireland, with five and a half millions of people, had only 2,207. As to the other indications of progress and decay, we may note that whereas, taking an average, each inhabitant of England and Wales received 28½ letters in 1865 and 37½ in 1879, in Ireland the increase is from 10 to 14; while the average receipt of newspapers is 10 per head for England and Wales, and only 5 for Ireland. The money in savings banks averages about £2, 2s. 6d. per head in the United Kingdom, and about 16s. in Ireland; while there can be little doubt that a comparison of the accounts of friendly societies and other forms of providence would be equally unfavorable.—*Pilot*.

THE Pan-Protestantians are meeting this week in Philadelphia. Their name and their theology are suggestive of frying, and are a little out of place in a city of brotherly love. Their amiable dissensions have resulted in forty-two distinguishable sub-sects. Is it any wonder that we should hear of their daily diminution and disappearance in the great ocean of doubt and agnosticism, and that they furnish us with such a statistical complaint as this: "The Protestants are alarmed over the marked decrease in the number of members received on profession of faith. There has been a steady decline since 1876. In that year there was 48,240 reported as so received; in 1877 the number was 43,068; in 1878 it decreased to 32,277; in 1879 to 29,196; and in 1880 to 26,838."—*Catholic Review*.

"I WANT my children to know something of the world and therefore do not fancy sending them to religious schools," says a large number of parents. The monotony of religious exercises and the inculcating of spiritual truths, certainly do not prepare youthful minds for the enjoyment of a sinful world, but they strengthen the minds so that they may be better able to resist the temptations of the world. It is the height of folly even humanly speaking, to be anxious for children to know the world and parents who thus enable children to fall away from the practice of their faith, will be responsible before God for the souls of those little ones. Keep the children from the world as long as possible and in after years you will not regret having kept them out of temptation's way.—*Catholic Columbian*.

THE poor laymen who call themselves "priests" and even "bishops" of the Protestant Episcopal Churches in the United States, have often to endure sore snubs from their fellow laymen. We doubt if there can be any much more difficult to be borne by them, than those which they receive from the priesthood of the new religion Masonry, which by its ritualism and platitudes is gradually supplanting their forms of worship and their formulas of belief. The high priest of the Masons is far more powerful than the high priest of the Episcopalians and even in the erection of Episcopal temples the Mason takes the place of the preacher. In Colorado it seems that the Episcopalians have thought it the proper thing to build a cathedral and in doing so they have called, it will be supposed, their "bishops" to bless and lay the corner stone! Not so. The bishops have indeed been summoned, but it is apparently to escort the Mason, and six of them were to have been present last week at a ceremony prepared ostensibly in honor of a Christian Church by an officer of an anti-Christian Society. No doubt these six bishops know on which side their bread is buttered.—*Catholic Review*.

THE Boston organ of that singular combination, "free religion," says, "the public schools are by no means perfect educational institutions. We have of late years been spending too much time in boasting of them; time that would have been more profitably spent in improving them." That is perfectly true and goes without saying. But it is not so axiomatic what the *Free Religious Index* adds, that Mr. Richard Grant White's castigation of them was undeserved. It is puerile of a sober paper to make such a gratuitous assertion as this, without offering some of the evidence, if any, on which it is based. That would be far more important in a fair, reason-compelling discussion of such a subject than the weak suggestion, apparently passing through our cotemporary's brain, but only partially expressed, that such thoughts ought to be suppressed, as "Catholics just at this time will make skillful use of such a Protestant judgment."—*Catholic Review*.

DR. McCOST, President of Princeton College, New Jersey, read a paper before the Pan-Protestantian Council, in Philadelphia, last week, in which he discussed the question: "How to deal with young men trained in science in this age of unsettled opinion?" It was rather a serious subject for the Doctor and will sooner or later present itself in

greater seriousness to the consideration of all the sects that acknowledge a Supreme Ruler of the Universe. The tendency of all modern thought and scientific research is towards infidelity, except where authority in spiritual matters is acknowledged. That authority and warning voice is found only in the Catholic Church. It has never been known that scientific research has ever led any Catholic into infidelity, whilst there are countless instances of where non-Catholics have wandered away from belief in God. The only way, then, to deal with young men or old men, or old women either "in this age of unsettled opinion," is to make their opinion settled on matters pertaining to the spiritual man. Teach them that faith transcends all theory and there is a point that the human mind cannot reach. Make men believe that they have much smaller brains than they imagine and they will not be in doubt at their power of attaining what is not attainable. Without certain definite knowledge, no science. Hence Catholic faith is the foundation of true science.—*Catholic Columbian*.

BELGIUM, Catholic Belgium, has broken off all communication with the Holy See because the Belgian bishops would not consent to the exclusion of all religious teaching from schools. And yet despite this dastardly violence done to the feelings of the vast majority of the people—for the Belgian Parliament only represents the wealth, but not the people, of the land—the Freemasons, who now rule supreme, have most egregiously failed in their attempt at forming a system of education without religion. The godless schools founded by them are lingering in inanition. Look at the following statistics culled from a "Liberal" Flemish paper: The official schools of West Flanders contain 1068 boys and 369 girls; the Catholic free schools of the same province have an aggregate attendance of 5431 boys and 6149 girls, in all 11,550, which is 10,212 more than the official schools.

The moral of this is overwhelming. Freemasons may make laws for Catholics, but they cannot force them to bend their necks under them if there is a chance of steering clear of them. Figures are eloquent, and, seeing that the self-supporting Catholic schools are attended by nine times as many children as the godless ones which are backed up by all the resources of the country, it is plain enough that the Belgium of today means to remain Catholic exactly like that of the sixteenth century.—*London Universe*.

FOR a long time the United States was reproached with the fact that it could not support a comic paper. But people—doubtless zealous Britons who only wanted to find a flaw in the spotless honor of the Punctless nation—were perhaps unaware of the existence of *Zion's Herald*, which has, in that modest and unobtrusive manner which is characteristic of the true humorous genius, been making religious literature lively. The scene of its comic stories is generally laid in Mexico or some other picturesque country, far, far away. This is, by the way, a proof of talent of the highest kind. Your genuine romancer never lays his scene at home. He goes back to the fourteenth century; he chooses a time so long past that even the oldest inhabitant dares not say that he is lying. The stories in *Zion's Herald* are remarkable for this touch of genius. The thrilling events they describe always occur in some out-of-the-way place with an unpronounceable name. There are palm trees and smiling skies and red fire when the wicked Romish priest enters, for sometimes *Zion's Herald* is melodramatic. The front page, written by leading comic Methodist writers, gently tells how the gentle Brother So-and-so converted the ignorant Romanist who could not read, with many gaudy tracts, and how he cast down his graven images and declared he was ready to go to heaven. There is only one fault to be found with these really funny publications; the moral of the stories are monotonous and superfluous. The author always winds up by asking for a new autumn bonnet for the benighted Mexican's wife, a cooking stove for the persecuted Waldensian family, a cabinet organ for a lonely and converted Feejee mother-in-law, or a stereopticon for happy, Bible-loving Italian peasants. Now fun is fun, and morals are morals; and if *Zion's*

Herald expects in time to become the American comic paper, it had better stick to its really humorous stories and leave the morals out.—*Brooklyn Review*.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Une mine produisant l'Or et l'Argent, découverte et mise en réserve pour les cultivateurs seuls, par leur ami, Rev. Père Zacharie Lacrosse, Oblat de Marie Immaculée; Missionnaire des Sauvages Québec, Q. Fochette, Grande rue, 238 pp. Prix 25 cts.

The above is the title of a very interesting and familiarly written work issued by the indefatigable Rev. Père Lacrosse, O. M. I., in the interests of his darling scheme of colonization. It consists of a number of stories supposed to be told by himself during his evenings spent amongst a number of friends, farmers and artisans, but each one containing a moral of industry, sobriety, perseverance, frugality or some other virtue necessary to the successful settler in a new country. Although written in the French tongue, the phraseology is so simple and so homely—in fact such as would suit such a gathering—that one having ever so slight a knowledge of the language could not but be interested as well as instructed. In his character of Missionary to the Indians, the Rev. author is well acquainted with the territory of which he speaks—the region of Lake St. John; its capabilities as a climate and resource. The good father, although witty, is also, sometimes, somewhat sarcastic. The following extract is from the story entitled *Grelots en argent pour un Colon*, ("Silver bells for a settler").—"Listen to a story apropos of bells, (grelots). A young man settled on his lot full of the brightest hopes. He had a fine horse and this fact involved a fine harness; he bought a set of harness accordingly, for which he paid cash. When he went to church on a Sunday all the people admired, not him, but his horse and harness, and, so he said to himself: there is one thing wanting—a set of silver bells. He bought the much desired bells on credit; they only cost four dollars, a mere trifle, he said. Next year the merchant, who was on the verge of bankruptcy insisted on his money. The settler had a copper; money was scarce that year. He went to a *shop* who lent him the four dollars on condition that he would purchase a hundred pounds of worthless sugar which he could not otherwise dispose of; a hundred pounds of sugar at six pence make ten dollars. Now the settler was indebted fourteen dollars. The following year when he came to pay his interest, the miser said to him: I must have the capital also; I lend my money only by the hundred dollars. I have found an investment for that amount and the young settler was obliged to sell the horse and the harness and the four dollars left in which to meet his indebtedness. He lived nearly forty miles from Montreal and made the journey in the midst of a snowstorm. His horse was obliged to purchase another horse, on credit again, recollect.

Twelve years afterwards might be seen on the road, a father with downcast look, another and eight children crying bitterly; they came to bid good-bye forever to their relations. They were en route for Lake Superior.

"When on the enquiry being made: 'who is that man?' the answer was: 'that is the man of the silver bells.'"

"He lost his land for a set of bells?"

As a matter of course the foregoing has lost much of its point in the translation, and it is given only to convey some idea of the contents of this very pleasant volume which is now in its second edition. The typography and get up of the book is very good and reflects credit on the printer, Mr. C. Davvean. The price at which it is sold denotes that pecuniary profit is not the object.

THE HIERARCHY OF IRELAND AND THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

At a meeting of the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, held in Maynooth College on Tuesday, the following address to the people of Ireland was adopted: "Being assembled to deliberate on matters affecting the interest of the Irish Church, we, the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, deem it our duty to repeat at the present conjuncture the words of warning so often addressed by the prelates to the Catholic people of Ireland on the question of education. Let it be supposed that recent registration on the university question had satisfied our reasonable claims or removed long-existing causes of discontent in this most important matter, we remind our flock that nothing has been done to change the objectionable character of the Queen's colleges so often condemned by the Holy See as gravely and intrinsically dangerous to faith and morals, and hence the system of mixed education embodied in those institutions remains, and must remain, under the condemnation of the Church. Thirty thousand a year is voted by Parliament for the maintenance of colleges, which go to undermine the faith of our people, while no endowment whatsoever is provided for the support of the Catholic University or of other institutions for the higher education of the Catholic laity of Ireland. Trinity College, Dublin, with its vast endowments, is

still essentially hostile to the faith of Catholic Ireland. The Royal University, entering on a new career, proposes to introduce a system of examinations and of completion, with prizes annexed, of which our Catholic youth may be permitted to avail themselves, because their separate teaching, under the influence of religion, is not interfered with. But, as far as yet appears, no recognition of our right to aid for teaching our Catholic youth enters into the scheme. It found Catholics in a position of inequality, and leaves them so. We deem it, therefore, our duty, as heretofore, to exhort our flock to avoid those dangerous institutions, and not to relax their efforts to obtain redress of our educational grievances, and to assert our rights to perfect equality with our fellow-countrymen of other religious denominations in the matters of educational endowments.

(Signed),
+ D. McGETTIGAN, Chairman,
St. Patrick's College, Maynooth,
7th September, 1880.—*Sligo Champion*, Sept. 11.

BYRON'S LEANING TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

MR. John Nichol has written a biographical sketch of Lord Byron for Macmillan's series of books on "English Men of Letters." In its review of the work the *London Tablet* says: "It is evident that Byron's wayward temper and disorderly habits were owing in part to the morally tainted blood which he inherited from many of his ancestors, and partly to the want of a strictly religious education. Few men had by nature finer qualities, and amid all the observations gleams of brighter and better intentions shine forth and prove how noble and devout a character he might have made it, had he been trained aright and good examples had been set before him for imitation. Mr. Nichol often refers to the religious turn which Byron's mind often took, and calls attention to the 'remarkable knowledge of the Scriptures, especially of the Psalms, which he possessed,' owing to the training of his nurse, and to his 'intimate acquaintance' with Holy Writ which his schoolmaster, Dr. Glennie, observed. In a poem written in his eighteenth year called the Prayer of Nature, he calls on the Father of Light for pardon and guidance, owns himself corrupt and weak, and affirms his resolutions to pray, and confidence that his heavenly Father will hear. Mr. Nichol has not said all on this subject which he might—his space, perhaps, scarcely allows it—and it may, therefore, be not amiss to subject a few particulars throwing light on the religious aspect of Byron's mind. Like Charles II. he said, in the midst of his wanderings, a secret leaning to the Catholic faith and a conviction that it either was, or might be, true and divine. He loved his daughter too tenderly to allow her to be brought up by the Shelleys, and he caused her to be educated as 'a strict Catholic in a convent of Romagnes.'"

"I think (he wrote to Moore on the subject) people can never have enough of religion if they are to have any. I incline myself very much to the Catholic religion." And again, a few days later: "I am really a great admirer of tangible religion, and an breeding one of my daughters Catholic, that she may have her hands full. It is by far the most elegant worship, hardly excepting the Greek mythology. What with incense, pictures, statues, altars, shrines, relics, and the real presence, confession, absolution, there is something to grasp at. I am afraid that this sounds flippant, but I don't mean it to be so. . . . I do assure you that I am a very good Christian." "When I turn thirty (he wrote to Murray, April 9, 1817) I will turn devotee, I feel a great vocation that way in Catholic churches, and when I hear the organ."

And, in April, 1821, we find him expressing himself thus emphatically: "It is my wish that she (his daughter Allegra, whom he had removed from Mrs. Shelley's care) should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity. At times even (say Rossetti) he half-professed himself a Christian, tending towards Roman Catholicism, and he is said, for the last several years of his life, to have made a practice of fasting on Friday, and kneeling at the passing of any religious procession."

The stanzas which he has left beginning "Ave Maria, blessed be the hour," are style by the biographer whose sketch is before us, "one of the most musical, and seemingly heartfelt, hymns in the language." And who can read the "Hebrew Melodies" without seeing in them something more than mere dramatic piety? Are there no touches in them of a personal religion, which even the pleasures and pain of a disordered life could not wholly eradicate?

"I give to all of them my blessing," wrote an Apostolic Bishop last week in reference to a society of party allies, some of whose members had disobeyed an admonition of his and afterwards repented. There he showed the fatherly heart of a true shepherd whose love embraces the whole flock, even the vagrant sheep.—*Mirror*.

Nothing does so establish the mind amidst the rollings and turbulency of present things, as both a look above them and a look beyond them; above them, to the steady and good hand by which they are ruled; and beyond them to the sweet and beautiful end to which by their hand they shall be brought.

Meditate long, meditate humbly on what it is to have a Creator, and comfort will come to last.