

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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NO. 461.

Fly Not Yet Away.

(Act—"Fly Not Yet.")

To Prince Albert Victor, who landed in Ireland on Monday and departed on the following Thursday.

Fly not yet! 'Tis just the hour,
Conspire with his viceous sour,
Shall spread abroad his wings of night,
And from our hisses freedom's light
Now shrouded by a Throne!

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uncommon collar, he asked: "Are you Father K—?" He cordially welcomed the visitor, invited him to dismount, gave the horse some corn, and took the priest to his own apartment. Dinner was not quite ready, and they would have time for a talk. Hurriedly the young man outlined the story of his life.

After rehearsing the hardships he had endured, and the sufferings that had brought him to death's door, he began to set forth in glowing terms his exuberant hopes of health and prosperity in Florida. He felt so well! His prospects were so bright! In the midst of a sentence descriptive of his projects for the years of plenty after his to-be-planted grove had come into bearing, he stopped of a sudden and coughed sharply; there was a choking sound in his throat, blood filled his mouth and came pouring down in a crimson tide upon the floor. The priest caught him and called for help. When assistance arrived, the sufferer was properly cared for, and soon the hemorrhage was stopped. It was one of a dozen that had drained away his vigor. He was very weak, but he insisted on receiving some instruction, and having his confession heard at once.

The priest sent the others out of the room, and prepared the penitent for the Sacrament. Then he helped him to examine his conscience. As his transgressions were acknowledged, his contrition deepened, and when he bowed his head to receive absolution the tears were in his eyes. Just as the priest pronounced the Amen of the pardon, the ominous cough was heard and the choking noise, and again the blood gushed forth, but now in an endless stream. Fainter he grew and fainter; the color that had warmed his cheek fled; the courage that had buoyed him up gave way to the certitude of dissolution, and, with one supreme effort, he leaned over towards the priest and died within his arms.

"May God have mercy on his soul!" said the priest; "his death was sudden but not unprovided. Strange are the merciful ways of Providence. If this poor boy had not implored his friend to send the priest to him, if he had not come to De Land to day, if his friend had not met me and thought to tell me of his plea, if I had not come 'right away' as he had desired, where would he be now? What a number of coincidences occurred to give him the grace of a happy death!"

When I had concluded, the editor sighed and said: "I can match your anecdote with an experience of my own. My little boy was run over by a horse-car not far from our home, and was taken to a hospital in a hastily-summoned ambulance. As the vehicle was on its way back from the scene of the accident, it was stopped to take up a poor workman who had fallen thirty-five feet from a scaffolding. When they reached the hospital it was found that my child's arm must be amputated. His mother was notified, but before she got to his side the operation was performed. As soon as she saw him she sent for a priest to hear his first confession. The dear boy was conscious, but very low from shock and loss of blood; and while there was excellent reason to hope for his recovery, his mother would run no risk, and thought the presence of the priest would be a comfort to him, as well as serving to make assurance of his salvation doubly sure for one so young and innocent, in case he were called away."

"It was ascertained that his companion in misfortune was fatally hurt, but it was supposed that he would linger for a day or two."

"The priest came. He heard my little son's confession, and thought to stay with him a while. But an attendant informed him of the other case, and added that while there was no immediate danger, yet that the injured man would likely die in a few days; and that, as he was a Catholic, his reverence would save himself a journey if he would give him the last Sacrament. The priest consented. He heard the man's confession and anointed him, and promised to see him again. Then he returned to the room where—"

"was, to console us (for by this time I had been sent for and had reached the bedside of my boy), and we talked over the dreadful occurrence. While we were conversing one of the nurses came in to tell the priest that the man whose confession he had just heard was a corpse, having expired within five minutes of receiving absolution."

"But for the accident that maimed my boy, and his mother's prompt call for the priest, it is most probable that the poor man would not have had this grace."

The ways of God are indeed wonderful, and His mercy above all His works.—*Ave Maria.*

TOTTERIDGE.

WHERE CARDINAL MANNING WAS BORN AND SPENT HIS BOYHOOD.

On two Wednesday evenings I was at the little village of Totteridge, the birthplace of Cardinal Manning, and attended service in the church in which he was baptized, and where as a congregation that made me feel as if I would give anything to have some of my American friends to witness the zeal and interest which English people have for their church and service. This feeling is not confined to any parish or neighborhood; you see it wherever you go.

Sitting a few Sundays ago in the delightful vicarage of this same Totteridge, the vicar called my attention to a fine mansion opposite, and he informed me that it was the birthplace of Cardinal Manning, and where he passed his boyhood days. He then related some few incidents connected with the Manning family which will be new and of interest to your readers.

The elder Manning was a prominent sugar merchant in London, and identified with the great West India trade. He was a very active member of the old Church in Totteridge, and here were baptized his children, and here within these walls was imparted their first religious instruction. Adverse prospects in business compelled the father to give up his beautiful residence in the village, and it was sold to Lord Lytton—and what a change came over the old, quiet, peaceful home! It was here that the conduct of Lord Lytton appeared in such a scandalous manner, and where scenes were enacted which made him censurable by every virtuous and pure minded man and woman. The talk and reports became too strong against him, and the house once more became the property of a wise and respectable gentleman. It still retains the old name given by the Manning family, "Copt Hall."

In the church, under the west gallery, is a large and beautiful painting representing the "resurrection of a Holy Family." In the churchyard rests the bodies of two or three of Cardinal Manning's brothers and sisters.

A few weeks since the Cardinal visited Totteridge, which has been his custom for a great many years, but this time he connected business with pleasure. He came to select a large and commanding site for a Roman Catholic institution. His love for his old home, and the quietness and healthfulness of this magnificent section of country had prompted him to decide without hesitation upon this location.

While on this latter visit he made a call upon the vicar, the Rev. Mr. Squibb, and, as was his custom, cheerfully and pleasantly spoke of his childhood and the happy days he spent in this delightful old village. He passed from the vicarage into the churchyard, stood for some moments thoughtfully by the graves of his dear ones, and then went into the church, where he took a casual survey of all around, and remarked favorably upon the improvements, and especially upon the new chancel and its appointments, and then went into an old box pew and sat down. For a few moments he did not speak, but finally said, "Yes, this is old Copt Hall pew—how do I remember my young days, when I was so regular to this pleasant church?"

He made no allusion to his change of faith, or any comment upon his early teachings, but in the same generous, pleasant manner, which makes him most popular with all classes in London, he passed an hour with the vicar and then took his departure for London, where he was to speak in the evening at a banquet given to the colonial and Indian commissioners.

Church Progress.

In this age we live in, remarkable for its human progress and the highest achievements of human science, when man has subjected the elements and rendered them submissive to his will, it will be deemed audacious to assert, that perfection is not attained and will not be attained unless by the profession of true faith in Jesus and in His holy Church that He left as the only opulent of

HIS DOCTRINE.

In scientific discoveries man's intellect frequently gropes in the dark and it is only after years of trial and patient endurance of the greatest miseries that even a slight advancement is made, yet our age has brought to seeming perfection much that was deemed impossible in the last century. Notwithstanding all this human perfection we say, man cannot be perfect unless he has true faith. Man is born to die and to die well is the greatest work of his life. To acquire this knowledge of dying well no opinion will satisfy. The Bible and conclusions drawn from its sacred passages will at most, be only our own opinions and fall infinitely beneath divine faith which renders us absolutely certain of the truths taught by God and revealed by His Church. We care not how religious a person may be, how frequently he attends religious meetings, how devoutly and perseveringly he reads his Bible, he cannot be happy without faith, and outside the Catholic Church this faith cannot be had.

WHAT THEN IS FAITH?

Faith means three things, knowledge, not opinion, not human conviction, but absolute knowledge. Catholic faith is a power, prescribing to us not only what we are to believe, but also what to do, and what to avoid. Our faith is a power that enables us to do the will of God, and to manifest this will to us by an infallible certainty, Catholic faith reveals to us truths above human comprehension and that never could be attained by human science. It would argue it justice on the part of God to create us and not supply us with a certain infallible knowledge how He requires us to serve Him. It would be unjust on the part of God to give us commands to fulfil and not give us the certain knowledge of religion, and the commands are, and without the infallible guidance of His Church whose teachers He sent to preach His word, our knowledge of our duty to God is at most only opinion.

This certain, unshaken knowledge of God and of our duties towards Him is what we call faith, which cannot be attained except in the Catholic Church. Every other system of religion, and the Bible to its votaries and tells them "Get your own religion." The educated will discover meanings in the Bible that the ignorant cannot. The one has his opinions, another of equal education but of different perceptions will discover other meanings; thus, each one's religion is only his opinions, and no matter how certain he may be of the truth of his opinions, he must acknowledge he is not absolutely

certain of the truth, especially as others equally educated as himself differ from him.

IT IS DIFFERENT in the Catholic Church. She requires none to believe her unless it is first proved that she is God's messenger to man, God's teacher of His word; and to prove this, she has to show her credentials, her titles-deeds, that she is sent by God and that when she speaks she has God's authority that we must accept her teaching. The only question then is to produce those credentials. When our divine Lord was about to leave this earth, He appointed teachers who were to teach in His name and with His authority. He said to them: "As the Father has sent Me, so do I send you; go therefore and teach all nations, teach them all things that I have taught you, and behold I am with you all days even to the end of the world, and he that will not hear the Church (or divinely appointed teachers) let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican." In all sincerity we ask, could language be clearer, more emphatic, than those words by which Christ conveyed His authority to the teachers? He appointed to govern His Church that He "built" upon a rock against which the gates of hell cannot prevail! How then can a sincere mind conceive, that the Church endowed with those prerogatives of infallibility and perpetuity could fail in her divine mission? Is it not wiser to accept the teachings of this Church than to suppose that He who died on Calvary to save us made a false promise, or having made it would fail to fulfill it?

IT IS OUR RELIANCE on this promise and the power and truthfulness of God in fulfilling it, that gives certainty to our faith, while all outside our Church have to walk in the mazes of uncertainty and doubt, having no authority on which to rely except their own human judgment, while we rely for the truth of our faith on the infallible teaching of our Church, guaranteed infallibility by the promise of her divine Founder, who cannot deceive or be deceived.

This certain, unchangeable reliance which every Catholic places on the teachings of His Church, is the perfection of his knowledge, the perfection of his manhood, the perfection that raises the human intellect above the things of earth and places his reliance on heaven. In the world all else is uncertainty or opinion but the faith of the Catholic is pinned to the words of Jesus and holds Him responsible for the fulfillment of His promises. It is this faith, and it alone that made Christian heroes of the early martyrs, it is this faith that enabled Christians in European countries to overcome the horrors of penal laws and rise majestically from their obscurity when partial rights were obtained. All the human knowledge the intellect can attain will not enable man to merit heaven, to love God, and all the human love the heart of man can reveal will not satisfy the cravings of a soul, created to love God and live in His love for ever. It is then for this purpose our Lord teaches us the true faith, directed to love and serve God here, in order to acquire Him hereafter, it is the perfection of our faith, the only perfection worth striving for.

Approaching End of a Great Schism.

The recent General Synod of the Swiss "Old Catholics," held in St. Gallen, under the presidency of Bishop Herzog, only gave further evidence that the schism is flickering very low in the Cantonal Republic, as in Germany.

It is true the number of congregations has remained the same—forty-six—and Dr. Herzog claimed that the number of ecclesiastical functions had increased. But he had to make a very earnest appeal to his flock for material support and even to point to the good example set by the "Romanists" to awaken the zeal and generosity of his own people.

It appears that during the whole twelve years' existence of the "national bishopric" no more than 42,000 francs, or some £1,680, has flowed into the coffers of the sect, and of this only 14,000 francs, just one-third, were contributed by the Swiss "Old Catholics"; the remainder coming out of the pockets of English sympathizers, or of Bishop Herzog himself. The latter urges that annual collections should be made to remedy the weak condition of the finances.

The warmest sympathizers with the "Old Catholic" sect seem to be the Protestant ministers, one of whom, at the banquet, proposed a toast to the "bond of mutual faith and mutual charity between the Protestant and 'Old Catholic' Churches." And another enthusiastically declared that "Old Catholicism had sprung from that same Protestant spirit and that same religious feeling, which also called the Reformation into being." So long as they proclaim sentiments of this kind, we shall certainly not quarrel with Dr. Herzog and his friends.

It would appear also that there is a strong tendency in several quarters to restore to the Catholics the churches which have been taken away from them by the authorities, and unjustly handed over to the schismatics, and the more so as in several cases the latter have scarcely any longer use for them. Such is the contention of even conservative Protestant organs like the Journal de Geneve, which remarks that the State ought to proceed in the work of restitution of its own accord, and adds that, in several "Old Catholic" parishes there are now no longer any "Old Catholics."

One Communal Council has applied to the Cantonal authority to be allowed to restore the church and presbytery to the Catholics. Several notable conversions are also reported both in Zurich and in the "Protestant Rome"—Geneva—one of the latter being that of M. Theodore de la Rive, belonging to one of the most distinguished families of the city.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

"Is a heart estranged now regretting?" used to be and perhaps is now a favorite subject for school compositions as well as for social debates among men and women blessed (or cursed) with a preponderance of sentiment. In general terms it may be answered that, it depends upon the heart. Some hearts are so worthless that their only value consists in that muscular contraction and expansion which enables them to do their pump-like labor of propelling the blood in circulation, so essential and vital to that fluid, impure as it may be, which is the life stream of the human system. But if we wish to estrange a noble and loyal heart, which has seen something in us to esteem and love, which has found its happiness in our happiness, and which has thought nothing of self-sacrifice, even beyond the point where wisdom would counsel hesitation, we shall have to labor hard, for the very essence of such loyalty is that it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopes for all things, endureth all things." It is a long while in taking offense, and when it does take offense it is like the stricken deer that leaves the heard and goes to bury itself in loneliness and silence rather than like the stag, desperate with wounds, which turns upon the pursuers who seek its death.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

The girls that seem anxious to wed are usually the ones that are left long to pine "in maiden meditation." Twenty pretty young ladies in a Massachusetts town, a little more than three years ago, looked about them and saw there were many spinsters in that portion of the country. They bethought themselves of a society and formed a constitution, declaring that marriage is a humbug, that the wedding ring is a fetter, and that men are a nuisance. They pledged themselves very solemnly they would never marry. Time passed. Those girls immediately came in to good demand. To-day the society exists no longer. It has been deader than Cleopatra for almost two years. Seventeen of those girls have husbands, and two are engaged to be married.

Marriage is the blending of two existences into one so completely that all individuality is absorbed, and the idea of personal profit is impossible; the cementing of a union so perfect, that every light or shade that falls on one, must reflect on the other, the turning of two rivers into a lake, where they must flow on as one forever, a union where trust, love, and tender sympathy should ever be the controlling power, the star on which the light of our purest, holiest self should ever be burning. This is marriage; by the marriage ordained by heaven, blessed by Christ, and revered by our fathers.

The Faithful Irish Girl.

James Parton, who, as far as the memory of the oldest inhabitants goes, has written in the magazines and journals, has come at last to the conclusion that there may be some good in religion. This is the way he puts it: "In the kitchen, where Bridget slaves the week through, it is religion that rewards her—it is father, mother, and friend to her, it is Ireland to her, it is the one thing that makes it worth while for her to go through another week of wash and gridiron. These thoughts so possess me that I would cheerfully work all Sunday morning rather than deprive Bridget of her Mass, and I have often done it. There are in the United States at this moment five millions of people to whom religion is all that it is to Bridget, i. e., the compensation for living." Mr. Parton is evidently beginning to see that life offers only one compensation for living—religion. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; let us hope that Mr. Parton's present vague feeling, may lead him to the "fear of the Lord," and onward to that "peace which surpasseth all understanding." Intellectual pride and the finest culture are as Dead Sea apples compared with Bridget's common belief. Life's burden may press heavily on her, but she does not murmur, for she knows she is carrying her cross in the footsteps of Him who went before up to Calvary. How valueless is work for work's sake, how vain is study, compared with this Irish girl's daily drudgery? With the infidel, his work may be an intolerable burden, which he longs yet dreads to lay down, or a narrow burden which dulls thought; but with this faithful Irish girl it is a ladder which brings her every day nearer heaven.

If we take the full pleasure of all that is lawful, it is almost certain that we shall pass over the limit of a lawful use, and go onward before long into that which is unlawful. The way to use lawful things safely is to keep far within the boundary, and the farther we keep within the boundary the safer we shall be. The most sparing use of lawful things is safest.—Cardinal Manning.

The Catholics are reaping a harvest of conversions in Germany. Among the latest who have been received into the Church in that country are Herr von Hillern, a celebrated publicist, and Baron Dossberg, a cousin of the general of that name. Furthermore, the Frankfurt Gazette announces that two Protestant ministers have abjured their errors at Mayence and have entered the priesthood. The German clergy are well equipped for the battle on behalf of religious truth, and the reasons that they give for the faith that is in them are bringing convictions to men and women who are earnestly searching for light.

ENCOURAGE IRISH MANUFACTURERS.

DANIEL O'CONNELL: "YOU EN-COURAGE THE MANUFACTURERS OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, AND LEAVE YOUR OWN WORKERS IDLE, AND THEN YOU TALK ABOUT YOUR PATRIOTISM!"

IRISH SHIRTS, LINEN FITTINGS, IRISH COLLARS, GENTS' NEWEST SHIRTS, and Finest Linen, \$1.62 per doz. Post free. ANDREW MAGUIRE, BELFAST.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKER-CHIEFS—Ladies' \$1, and Gents' \$1.25 per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies' \$1.00, and Gents' \$1.25. Includes hand worked, 8 cents extra each handkerchief, 8 ladies handkerchiefs, colored borders and embroidered, 27 cents, and \$1 doz. each. ANDREW MAGUIRE, BELFAST.

IRISH SILK HANDKERCHIEFS (24 inches square), with likeness of M. Parnell, woven in the silk. White, \$1, and Green, \$1.25 each. Coloured Silk Handkerchiefs, beautiful brocaded, exquisite designs. Shamrocks, Birds, Ferns and flowers all in the richest colours, including cardinal, old gold, dark and light blue, orange, peacock, emerald green with shamrock border, and white brocaded center with green border (size, 25 inches square), \$1.25 each. CENTS' SILK MUFFLERS, IN white and very rich colours, either in stripes or brocaded, \$1.12, \$1.75, \$2.25, very large, \$2.66; France, \$2.78 each. ALL SENT POST FREE. When ordering please give nearest post town. ANDREW MAGUIRE, Depot for Irish Manufactures, Belfast, Ireland.

Blessing the Sea.

On the Sunday within the octave of SS. Peter and Paul, the ancient and curious custom, "the blessing of the sea," was celebrated at Ostend, Belgium. An altar of repose was erected on the sea shore, the Blessed Sacrament was solemnly carried in procession by the venerable cure from the neighboring church, preceded by the confraternities, the girls all in white, carrying banners, statues and small models of boats. Then, the cannons thundered their salutes, as the cures from the temporary altar solemnly gave the benediction with the monstrance, first towards the vast crowd of natives and pleasure seekers kneeling all around, then, advancing towards the sea, to the sea itself. The loud sound of trumpets announced the conclusion of the ceremony, and as the procession returned to the church the assembled multitude rushed pell-mell to enjoy their first bath of the season—which is thus officially "opened"—in the salt sea waves. All classes—from the fashionable Brussels with his wife and family, to the sturdy Flemish peasant, who had come down that morning in his rustic coat from a distance of twenty or thirty miles—were in a few minutes splashing in the water, doubly agreeable on so hot a summer's day.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

It is a witty remark containing much point which goes to the effect that there are persons who will build a church to God, yet reserve a chapel for the devil. It describes the bad Christian, the man whose life is a contradiction, a sitting on the fence between profession and practice. There are men who go to church on Sunday, because, as they often put the fact, "it makes them feel good." This feeling good in such cases simply means that by hearing an eloquent sermon and some sweet music the soul is wrapped in a species of ecstasy akin to the condition of the medieval quietist. But it does not produce real good. It is a half-hearted service of God at best, and undertaken largely to please the churchgoer. A Catholic is bound under pain of mortal sin to hear mass every Sunday and holiday of obligation, but he deceives if he lets his duty end here. He may like this portion of his Christian duty and "so erect a church to God," but if he does not frequent the holy sacraments, he yields to the carnal element in his nature, and keeps a little oratory in his soul for the enemy of his salvation. One thing is necessary, and this is to save the soul at every hazard. No matter how unpleasant it may be, as the sacraments are the means of divine institution to attain salvation, we must go to confession. There is no getting away from this. God has established one way to go to heaven, which is a place of which He is the owner. If a man wishes to get there, he must comply with the conditions which are prescribed to obtain it. This reasoning is too obvious to need any illustrations. But, if such were needed, let it be supposed that a king or president offered a favor to all who approached him by one only door in his residence. Would it not be quite proper for him to reject all who in the exercise of self-will and in a boastful spirit of independence insisted upon making an entrance by a new way of their own choosing. This is what men do who will follow the code of religion just so far as it pleases them and no farther. It is dangerous to spend life in this sort of shuffling, the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist must be received and worthily. There must be no discrimination, we must travel the one road that leads to the heavenly kingdom. A Catholic must send to the winds every notion that does not strike root in this conception of duty; else all the success the world may give will be but a wretched compensation for the loss of his soul which will have an immortal duration of happiness or suffering. Life and death are before us, it will be prudent that we choose wisely and betimes.