

The Catholic Record
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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 tone 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. I am confident that under your experienced management the RECORD will improve in usefulness and efficiency; and I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clergy and laity of the diocese. Believe me, Yours very sincerely,
+ JOHN WALSH,
Bishop of London.

MR. THOMAS COFFEY,
Office of the "Catholic Record."

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, SEPT. 26, 1879.

"Many a disordered liver is covered by a nicely-ironed shirt."—*Free Press.*

We know some editors who are sorely afflicted with this complaint when they undertake to give their views on Irish or Italian affairs.

A MEETING on the Land Question was held in Tipperary, Ireland, on the 21st, 12,000 persons being present, when resolutions were passed calling for abatement of rents and establishment of the peasant proprietary system.

A THIRD Catholic priest has fallen a victim to the fever in Memphis. The Rev. Father Bienecke, of the Franciscan Order, died there on the 10th inst. Beside the three Catholic priests, we have seen mention of only one other clergyman, a colored preacher, on the list of fever victims at Memphis this season.

HENRY BUSH, D. D., of Arva post office, Ontario, has published a book styled "The War in Heaven." He will take postage stamps for payment. We are sorry we have no surplus stamps laid aside. We should like very much to have the particulars of this war. "Henry Bush, D. D., of Arva post office, Ontario," we should suppose, receives special dispatches every day by some sort of cable as to the progress of the war. We have been looking for some mention of the matter in the telegraphic columns of our contemporaries, but evidently they are not as enterprising in this particular matter as "Henry Bush, D. D., of Arva post office, Ontario." Send along your stamps, gentlemen, and get the news.

The great landlords of England are beginning to feel the tightness of the shoe which pinches the small farmers. Lord Willoughby has thirteen farms tenanted in Warwickshire, the Duke of Portland has thirty, and the Duke of Newcastle as many. The trustees of the Newcastle estate intend to work the lands themselves.

Would it not be much better for all parties were these large landed proprietors to give leases at figures which would enable the holders to make decent living. The agitation commenced in Ireland is about to cross the channel, and it remains to be seen whether our contemporary the *Free Press* will style the English tenantry "full-blooded rowdies," if they dare find fault with the existing state of affairs.

If we take the various secret societies of the United States into account, the Most Eminent Grand this, that and the other thing, the Sir Knights, and the high cocked helmets generally, we beat the down-trodden monarchies on comensons all to pieces.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

Some day not very far distant we may look for a grand collapse of secret societies. They are getting too numerous to be paying institutions. In fact the secret society market is glutted. But still we have them coming, assuming all manner of shapes, and holding out all sorts of inducements to innocent working men who are led on to expend their money for the support of a class of lazy fellows who are forever setting schemes on foot to gain a livelihood without performing an honest day's work.

A numerously-signed address by the congregation of St. Paul's Church in Lindsay is shortly to be presented to His Lordship the Bishop of the diocese, congratulating him on his succession to the episcopacy. In Toronto it is said that 20,000 signatures are expected to be attached to an address which is being prepared for presentation to the Bishop of Toronto, his Lordship, for his charge to the Synod, and for his determination to uphold the Protestant character of the church.

We were under the impression no more would be said about that very unfortunate (for him) address to the Synod through which Bishop Sweatman gained so much notoriety and so little renown. If our friends who signed this address would read the replies thereto, they would perhaps deem it in accordance with propriety to say no more about that very weak and uncalled-for document.

A young priest called Cottæus, who had recently been ordained, was anxious to celebrate his first Mass in his own native place, Erp, in Prussian Rhineland. On July 25, two days before this was appointed to be done, he received the following characteristic letter from the burgomaster of the place:—"Being informed that you intend to celebrate your first Holy Mass in the parochial church of Erp on July 27, I wish to tell you that in doing so you would commit an indictable offence, and the public prosecutor would take proceedings against you on the strength of the law of May 31, 1874. Should you yet persist in publicly celebrating Mass, an exemplary punishment would be meted out to you." The young priest did celebrate his first Mass, but only the sexton and his assistant were allowed to be present, the church doors being rigorously kept shut during the time. Not even his parents or sisters were allowed to witness the act.

The following is an account recently given by a Protestant of his feelings at the elevation of the Host:—"I call it a divinely important moment—when, in the Catholic Church, the Holy Eucharist in the monstrance is elevated by the priest and presented to the people for adoration. The Holy Trinity, the Divinity in person, redemption, sanctification, everlasting life, the terrors and joys of eternity—all are seen and felt by the faithful Catholic in this one grand moment; His body, His spirit, are no longer upon earth. They are with God, as God is with Him. What Protestant minister can claim to have produced, with the most elaborate sermons on morality, this vivid delineation of the invincible, this representation of that which no eye had seen, no ear had heard, and which had not entered into the heart of man, in the minds of any of their hearers? When, during my sojourn at Vienna, I entered the Church of St. Stephen, on Sunday morning, and there beheld a dense crowd of people kneeling down around me during the elevation of the consecrated Host, involuntarily I prostrated myself like the most faithful of that creed, and prayed with tears in my eyes and an uncontrollable emotion of the heart."

SPEAKING of the late bishop, a prominent Protestant journal in Germany says:—"Bishop Martin was perhaps no great Church politician, and much less a subtle diplomatist. But he may be held up as a prominent and exemplary type of those faithful, self-denying priests and chief pastors who, no less to our own joy and satisfaction than to that of our brethren, are numbered by thousands within the pale of the Catholic Church, and who at last have formally carried of victory for this Church over the Falken of the Kulturkampf. Faithful, sincere, and firm as a rock, Conrad Martin, a homeless exile on earth, has at last entered his eternal home in heaven. Not only all true Catholics, not only all sincere Christians, but indeed all whose thoughts are elevated and lofty, whose ideas are fair and honorable, will with feelings of deep emotion lay a wreath of praise upon the bier of the hero who fell on the field of battle, and who only after death was permitted to return to his metropolitan see." Another Protestant newspaper, but of more democratic and rationalistic tendencies, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, speaks in the dearest praiseworthy terms of the deceased bishop. "The Catholics," it says, "will always honor his memory, and he is fully entitled to this honor by his labors as well as by his sufferings. His history may not rank him among the mighty and towering

men of genius, it will surely place him in the ranks of those who have honestly and faithfully made use of their moderate talent, who have done their duty, strictly following their moral convictions and the dictates of their conscience. Bishop Martin will not be left without the honor due to all such upright and noble men."

BISHOP GEORGE BUTLER, of Limerick, has written the following message approving the proposed statue to the memory of Patrick Sarsfield, the hero of Limerick: "Every Irishman, and especially every Limerick man, is proud of Sarsfield—of his military genius, of his dauntless and dashing bravery, of his stainless honor, of his deep, steadfast, undying love of Ireland. None of her sons have served her better—dared more for her at home, or won more honor for her abroad. Why is it that this monument is still to be built? Surely it is a reproach to Ireland that this tribute of duty and patriotism has been so long withheld. We are all to blame, but especially we of Limerick; for, as his noble kinsman, writing from Dromore Castle has truly said, 'The name of Sarsfield is inseparably connected with the history of Limerick.' It was at Limerick his last battle for Ireland was fought—here his last blow was struck for the honor and freedom of our country. Let Limerick do its duty at last; let us lead the way, and patriotic men from every part of Ireland will be sure to follow."

THE Topeka, Kan., *Democrat* says: A bad book, magazine, or newspaper, is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the path of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before him and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthy body. Many of these papers have attained a large circulation, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the path of innocence. The dangers to young persons from this cause were never so great as at this time, and every father and mother should be on their guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child. Look to it then that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or a periodical that is not strictly pure. See to it that an abundance of the purest and healthiest reading is placed before your children. Hungry lambs will eat poison; but it will feed on good food will let poison alone. If you wish to save your children and the children of others do all you can to sustain and circulate healthy moral literature.

In a recent letter to one of his friends Garibaldi says:—"To raise Italy from her present state of apathy it is necessary to substitute truth for lies. Man created God—and not God man." The *Buffalo Catholic Union* makes the following comments on this remarkable production:—"The *Osservatore Romano* in commenting on this infamous letter, concludes by asking why, with the excellent insane asylums which Italy possesses, a place was not found for this miserable wretch, who disgusts every one with the filthiness of his frenzied blasphemies. The *Unita Cattolica* says that this letter, written by Garibaldi to his 'dear friend,' and dated 'Civita Vecchia, 12 August, 1879,' ought to be well meditated upon. 'This is speaking clearly! Italy is plunged in such apathy, because it believes God has created man, when really man created God! The creature created the Creator; the fruit created the plant; the effect produced the cause. Giuseppe Garibaldi the father was born to Menotti Garibaldi the son. Behold the new Garibaldian philosophy! And it behooves him to proclaim abroad in Italy 'the substitution of the truth for the lie.' At one time, according to Garibaldi, the religion of the Pope was a lie; now the lie is

the existence of God. We await the proclamation of Atheism at Rome, and the institution at St. Peter's of the feast of the Goddess of Reason. Italy shall have, like France, her 10th of November, 1793."

THERE is a vast amount of bigotry yet extant among some of the officials in English charitable institutions. The London *Punch* recently contained an article setting forth this fact in a very forcible and pungent fashion. Our contemporary says:—"The sympathy of Mr. Bumble has been awakened by a report in a paper to the effect that a meeting of the Cardiff Board of Guardians broke up the other day in disorder, the result of an angry discussion, occasioned by a communication from the Local Government Board confirming the appointment of a nurse whom they objected to because she was a Roman Catholic. In this respect, their behaviour, Mr. Bumble is disgusted to observe, has been ascribed to bigotry; as if, in objecting to a nurse on the ground of religion, the parochial mind of any respectable body of Poor Law Guardians could ever possibly be actuated by any consideration whatsoever for any such contemptible trifles as paupers' souls. The reason why they disapproved of admitting a nurse on account of her being a Roman Catholic, was because they were afraid that, as such, she would be very likely to perform the duties of her office after the manner of a Sister of Charity, in a precious deal too mild and gentle and lenient a way to be a fit and proper attendant on the vile and vicious inmates of a Union Workhouse."

THE following testimony from the London *Times* as to the amount of success attending the attempt to "evangelize" some of the Catholic States of the continent of Europe will be perused with interest by people who innocently believe that they have been led to believe by those who have a personal interest in the speculation:—"The persons at Rome and some other places in the Mediterranean fly to cooler climes when the heat becomes unbearable, and either shut up their churches or leave them in the charge of some one whose only object is to see a place which he has no other chance of seeing. Most of the Anglican services in central and northern Europe are only continued for three or four months. Switzerland, for example, is a land of spiritual light from June to September inclusive, a land of darkness the rest of the year. The congregation itself, which necessarily constitutes the fact staring the world in the face, is somewhat peculiar and hardly one to convert the world. It is made up of people who, if not all wealthy, have at least money enough to enjoy a costly amusement. With certain qualifications, they are all ladies and gentlemen. There are no poor among them. It is a well-to-do section of the human society released from its moorings and giving itself to the currents of pleasure and curiosity. Such a body has hardly the capacity for setting up as a model church and showing the world what Christians ought to be. As for the congregation at Rome, it usually consists of about three hundred handsome young ladies in the very top of fashion, with chaperons and a few gentlemen. Several of them have the advantage over that (the church) near the Porte del Popolo in that they meet in the beautiful edifices with everything that could recreate even the jaded senses of a daughter of fashion at our own West End. But even with the sweet-toned organs, painted windows, brass-work, mosaic, lady choirs, and good reading, and preaching to pretty faces and tight-fitting dresses will not convert the world or upset an ancient Church, pagan as we may deem it."

A man cannot be a practical Catholic and love the world. That's the reason so many are not Catholics. The way to a glorious resurrection is one of denial, as Christ himself has said. Protestantism requires no denials, but Catholic faith does. Which can be the way? The girl that will promenade the streets at night, either with or without company, for the sake of enjoying forbidden pleasures has already entered upon a downward course and instead of shining with virgin purity, she is a loathing object in the sight of angels.

INFIRM AND SUPERANNUATED PRIESTS.

Among the many good works begun by our worthy Bishop, there is one, which, when he is gone to his reward, will keep his memory fresh and green among the priests of the Diocese of London. That work is the society which he established and had chartered July 8, 1876, for the benefit of "The Infirm and Superannuated Priests of the Diocese of London."

The 2nd article of the Rules and Regulations regarding the Society reads:—"Every parish shall pay a yearly contribution of twenty dollars. Parishes having curates, to pay five dollars over and above for every curate."

ARTICLE 3.—All priests exercising the sacred ministry in the diocese shall be de facto members of the society.

At the annual meeting of the Directors of the Society on the 10th inst., it was found that although six hundred and odd dollars had been paid out during the three years, the Treasurer had safely invested nearly four thousand dollars, and the directors passed *non con.* a resolution authorizing the sum of three hundred per annum to be paid to any "infirm priest" of the diocese who, on account of ill-health, etc., would be unable to do missionary work. This sum to be increased as soon as the funds amount to six thousand dollars.

His Lordship, though de facto president of the society, and contributing forty dollars per annum towards its funds, leaves the appropriation of the money to the "Board of Directors." What a safeguard is such a society for a poor priest. It does away at once with the temptation to hoard money for the rainy day. No parish feels the yearly contribution, and yet in a few years the interest of the fund will be sufficient to meet all emergencies. It would be well if some of our lay Catholics would remember in their WILLS "The Society of St. John the Evangelist, for the benefit of the Infirm and Superannuated Priests of the Diocese of London."

RAPID TRANSIT.

Miss Fay, the young lady who causes pianos and things generally to fly around indiscriminately at her word of command, gave our citizens an entertainment on Tuesday last. We hope, for the sake of our hire wagon people, she won't take up her residence in London. Their occupation would be gone. It would be a more serious blow to them than the building of the street railroad to our cabmen. But it would be a grand thing to have a joint stock company formed of these spirit people. How easily and how cheaply and carefully would we then have our furniture moved about from place to place. No doubt this young lady's entertainment will cause many of our fellow-citizens who have no settled religious belief to rush at once to the conclusion that this is the veritable system for which their souls have been fighting for many years, and will fondle it as a little girl would a doll until the novelty dies away.

The following item touching upon the matter, clipped from an American paper, will be read with interest:—"The Fay mediums who humbugged 600 or 800 people in the Academy of Music in this city last winter by advertising that a table would rise four to five feet and float in mid air; spirit hands and faces be plainly seen and recognized by their friends; guitar played and passed around the room by the invisible power; flowers brought and passed to the audience by hands plainly seen; a large piano would rise clear from the floor and played upon without a living soul touching it," and then gave a performance that was such a stupendous fraud that sensible people regretted to say that they were present, were exposed in Watertown, the other evening. The *Times* says: "The crowning effort of the evening Fay said, was to let the committee hear him and then let the unseen agencies unite him. So a new committee was agreed upon—John Nill and H. M. Allen. They stepped forward and tied Fay in the box. Then they withdrew to one side of the stage. The curtain was drawn and the great unseen was at work. After a delay of fully five minutes, Nill thought something was wrong inside. He felt concerned for Fay, so when the chap that guarded the cabinet had turned his head, Nill stepped up quietly and pulled the curtain and saw Fay busily engaged in untying himself. Nill told the audience what he saw and great applause followed. Fay became very mad and the show ended here. Fay is very poor in the business."—*Adrianian*

They have a young man in the *Advertiser* office in this city who has seen a good deal of this sort of humbug, and knows how most, if not all, of it is performed. We are sorry he was not allowed an opportunity to be one of the judges. If it were the case we doubt not the show would be most thoroughly. The following is his opinion of the entertainment:—

"The general verdict was that the whole

affair was a fraud, considering the method of advertising. If it were looked at simply as a piece of jugglery, it was clever of its kind. But there was not one experiment produced that has not been exposed in the same hall. The gentleman who acted as lecturer claimed that the demonstrations were produced by spiritualism. He generously, however, allowed all those who chose to differ with him the liberty of their opinion. We shall emulate his liberal example, and allow him to think that the spirits do the work if he chooses. But we supplement that with our opinion, which is that the spirits have very little to do when they go around the country performing petty tricks that can be accomplished by every third-rate juggler. Drs. Fenwick and Flock acted as committee, and they were honest. But in the demonstration of Miss Fay they forgot to look at the iron ring, and if they examine it fully next time they will know more about it than they do now. Any person who wishes to see jugglery may safely visit this show. But if they wish more than that they will be most egregiously sold. And perhaps they will deserve it."

OUR SCHOOLS.

Our pages for the last few weeks have been full of the accounts of the opening of the various Catholic schools over the Province. Gradually we are working up to the position we all would wish to occupy. Whilst there still is, indeed, always will be, something to be desired, we have yet ample reason for thankfulness, and not a little ground for legitimate pride. For, be it remembered, our Separate Schools are still in their youth. People do not need to be very old, in order to remember the passage of the Act which gave them legal existence, and (we are not finding fault with the Act, but still) the effect of that law was to throw upon our Catholic people the expense of beginning *de novo*. We knew one section in which all the ratepayers were Catholics, except two, and these two had the schoolhouse, and grounds, etc., all to themselves, whilst our people had to buy and build and furnish anew. But in spite of this and other drawbacks we have made marked progress, and need only a little of the spirit and self-denial of the men who procured for us the boon of separate education in order to succeed.

Shall that spirit be found amongst us? We cannot question it, and for this reason: The Church, we know, must subsist to the end; God has promised that, and there is no doubt about it, and just now the Catholic school—though not absolutely necessary, as the divine word is sufficient—is here at least, practically necessary for her freedom, as it is through the schools the chief attack is made upon her in our days.

The Acts of the Apostles tell us that of the Ephesian crowd who filled their city with tumult on occasion of St. Paul's preaching, "The most part knew not whereof they were assembled," yet for this very reason they were feverishly determined, and for two hours and more kept shouting out at the top of their voices. The silversmith, however, who was keen enough to see that his trade in making images of Diana would be gone if the Apostle were successful in his preaching, knew well what he was about, and kept up the clamor as long and as cleverly as he could, and consequently it is of him alone, not of the senseless, noisy throng, St. Paul complains.

Something of this kind may be remarked in this matter of schools. Say a word against the huge system of public schoolism, with its multitudinous staff of inspectors, teachers, trustees, etc., with its palatial buildings, terrific expenses, and lo! you have a hornet's nest about your ears instantly. "Insidious enemies of our grand public school system," "promoters of ignorance," "Medievalism," and so on, are the insulting clamors with which you are at once met. Now, how is this? You may criticise protection, and the *Mail* will argue, laugh at Free Trade, and the *Globe* will answer civilly; nay, even you may attack and show up the absurdities of any of the various isms that prevail, and people will not much mind it. But, breathe but a syllable against "our glorious Public Schools" and, like the Ephesians on that famous occasion, the whole country will cry out "great is our public school," and like the Ephesians too, the great majority know not whereof they cry. There are those, however, who do know, and knowing, manufacture the epithets that are hurled against us, and hound down (where they can, in the United States, for instance,)