

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 2.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1880.

NO. 84

GENTLEMEN,

See our IRISH and SCOTCH TWEEDS and SERGES—the nicest patterns and most durable texture ever shown.

Our Cutting and Tailoring is unequalled in the city.

N. WILSON & CO.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MAY, 1880.

Sunday, 23—Trinity Sunday. 2 Cl. Double.
Monday, 24—Feast of the B. V. M., Help of Christians. Double Major.
Tuesday, 25—St. Gregory VII, Pope and Confessor. Double.
Wednesday, 26—St. Philip of Neri, Confessor. Double.
Thursday, 27—Corpus Christi. Double, 1 Cl.
Friday, 28—Of the Octave. Semi-Double.
Saturday, 29—Of the Octave. Semi-Double.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is stated that the Carthusian Monks have determined to refuse to conform to the religious decrees. They threaten to remove to England. They pay the State a million francs a year taxes and divide five million among the poor.

Two French Jesuits have gone to Dublin with the object of inspecting certain properties for sale in Ireland suitable for a refuge for part of the order on its expulsion from France. The number of members who seek a home in Ireland is stated to be forty. There are already considerable numbers in the Channel Islands.

Two hundred colored children were recently confirmed by Archbishop Gibbons in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Baltimore. Sixty-six of the number were adults and converts to the faith. Great preparation had been made to make the ceremonies as imposing as possible. The Knights of St. Augustine—seventy in number—presented swords to the Archbishop as he alighted from his carriage at the front door of the church.

ONE of our city cotemporaries publishes an article taken from the *Boston Traveller*, throwing ridicule on the miraculous manifestations at Knock. The editor has evidently not kept himself fully informed of the progress of events at that now celebrated place. He says the Church has sanctioned these miracles through the Archbishops Cavanagh and Tuam. These dignitaries have given no sanction as yet to the miracles. The former has merely stated what he saw and heard from time to time. The good, pious, Father Kavanagh will surely feel grateful to the editor of the *Boston Traveller* for elevating him to the dignity of Archbishop.

The funeral of the late Senator Brown took place in Toronto on the 12th. There was an immense concourse of friends of the deceased gentleman present from all parts of the Dominion. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: Sir A. A. Dorian, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Sir William Howland, Hon. Edward Blake, Sir R. J. Cartwright, Sir Alex. Campbell, Senator Allen, Senator Christie, Senator McMaster, Prof. Wilson, Prof. Craig and Hon. L. S. Huntington. A cast in plaster of the face was taken shortly before the remains were consigned to their last resting place. It is proposed to erect a statue in Queen's Park.

A DISPATCH from London says there is a supposition that the government intends to repeal the coercion laws in Ireland. This is a good commencement on the part of the Gladstone administration. It was stated some days since that certain influences were at work on the part of the rejected government to have this vexatious act remain in full force. It is not probable that the present rulers of the United Kingdom will be advised in any measure by those who have lost the confidence of the people. The repeal of the coercion act will, we hope, be followed by other measures of relief to the people of Ireland.

VANITY FAIR publishes a statement of the amount of land held by the aristocracy of England. It says the statement is absurd that they own one-half the country. Thirty-five of them, it claims, owns only a little over seven million acres. It would be

instructive were *Vanity Fair* to give us the exact number of acres of land lying waste for the convenience and pleasure of the fox-hunting gentry. What a blessing it would be were the hands of England in possession of the class of honest, hard-working farmers we have here in Canada. Those gentlemen who own such immense tracts of country no doubt have certain rights which should be duly regarded, but we cannot help thinking were some legitimate means employed to change the proprietorship into the hands of the tillers of the soil, the world at large would be so often called upon to put bread into the mouths of a people who live in a country reputed to the most wealthy in the world.

The French Jesuits have purchased for £20,000 Sayes Court, the family seat of the Evelyns, near Deptford, in England. This historic old mansion has seen various fortunes since the courtly author of the famous diary entertained good company therein, and Peter the Great and his "troop of people right nasty" turned the dwelling into a pothouse and spoiled the trim hedges by driving wheelbarrows through them. The Jesuits intend to set up an educational establishment there. Six members of the brotherhood are guests of the Duke of Norfolk, who has given them an unlimited invitation. Six others are enjoying under the same conditions the hospitality of Rothesay Castle, one of the Highland residences of the Marquis of Bute. Among the latter is the Count de Couci, descendant of the Sire de Couci, whose name recalls a tragic episode of the crusades.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

It is only now that the papers are discovering that the "brilliant" blaspheming Bob is nothing more than a miserable plagiarist! Well, suppose the Colonel does steal, he doesn't believe in punishment. And, surely, no well read person ever thought that he could improve on Paine or Voltaire.—*Buffalo Union*.

In answering the toast of "The Press" at a banquet last week, in Lawrence, Mass., Mr. Henry O'Meara, editor of the *N. E. Catholic Herald*, made a good point by calling attention to the fact that Catholics have special claims to the press, as a Catholic invented it, Catholics printed the first daily paper, a Catholic city was the birthplace of the art, and all the Catholic cities had printing presses in use before Luther was born.—*Pilot*.

SOMEHOW, a singular lull has come over the spirits of our Protestant journalistic brethren of late. Their columns no longer teem in praise for the glorious corifee of the "Independent Catholic Church," who were going to show up the dark ways of Popery; and the quotations of their fiery utterances, with applause, have ceased. They are now silent and sad, as if a great hope had perished, and their former rejoicing is turned to the gloom of banquet halls deserted. Ah! there is no counting on "ex-priests," or on ex-preachers either, who choose to go by that name.—*Buffalo Union*.

The feminine element, which is not unimportant among the Methodists, has been treated in a rude and truly masculine manner by a Methodist conference, and may, perhaps, cause serious dissensions in the fall. It has been decided that women cannot be ordained to the ministry. This is a severe blow to the ardent sisterhood, however, even the New England Conference, which rejected Miss Ann Oliver as a candidate for the position of Levite, cannot prevent her from preaching. She has as good a right to preach as any man, the sisterhood have decided; and the sisterhood has as good a right to its opinion as any male Methodist, and they dare maintain that right.—*New York Review*.

Poor Dr. Fishblatt, who figured so conspicuously in connection with the apostles of the Independent Catholic Church, is seized with the disease called *cacoethes scribendi*. He rushes into print on all sides to let the world know that he is a Christianized Jew, and that he is inspired to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He lays down the scalpel and takes up the Cross, which he hopes will be

accompanied by the scrip. Though a meek convert, his new Christian zeal inspires him with rather bitter feeling towards his late brother apostles, who, he tells us, were kicked out of the "Romish Church," though we must inform him that only a few of them ever belonged to it. He says he has learned experience and will keep clear of pretended ex-priests. We hope so, and trust that he will find his new profession more profitable, spiritually and corporally, than the old one. He will have one consolation at least—namely, that if he does not save any souls, he cannot kill any bodies.—*N. Y. Tablet*.

DR. TALMAGE, who in his vagaries occasionally stumbles on an important truth, in referring to the mistake made by Protestants in taking up and supporting apostates from the Church, said that "growth, development and improvement come from the inside and not from the outside." Hence he argued that it was foolish for Protestants, who stood on the outside, to undertake to reform, or support apostates who had left the Church and now pretended to wish to reform it. Dr. Talmage is at least partly right in this. All true reform must come from within; and therefore those who honestly and sincerely labor to reform reforms, remain within the institutions they attempt to reform. But this principle condemns not only the apostates who now separate themselves from the Church; it also condemns Luther and Calvin and their coadjutors whom Protestants look to as their religious forefathers. Those would-be "reformers" went out from the Church, separated themselves from her, and then, like apostates now, pretended they did it with a view to making a reformation. A reformation of the Church in her essence and constitution, faith and doctrine, is impossible. They are divine; and what is divine man cannot reform. The human elements the Church takes up can be reformed, but only by the power and life which she herself possesses.—*Catholic Standard*.

THERE is an inactivity of mind, as well as a laziness of body, which is productive of much misery. One of the surest ways of producing confusion and annoyance is to allow one's self to form the habit of taking things for granted. The habit is easily acquired, and is such a natural result of the lack of thoughtfulness that many, while suffering from its consequences, are unconscious of the habit. There are several reasons why it should be overcome. It is self-evident that one who supposes the case, nine times out of ten cannot be relied upon in any enterprise of importance, and this becomes so inefficient as to be unable to fulfil his obligations acceptably to others or with credit to himself. A fair share of enemies is made by supposed slights or misinterpretation of careless remarks, which, if carefully considered, would save much disquietude and ill-will. Not only in social life, but in business, is this habit damaging, causing ruin and the downfall of otherwise promising enterprises. Laziness of mind is a disease which the true teacher cannot fail to detect and cure by exercising the reflective faculties of the scholar's mind who suffers with it.—*Catholic Herald*.

THERE are respectable grounds for difference of opinion upon the personal rights of women; but there can be none that justify the easy manner in which husbands who maltreat their wives atone for their sins. A few weeks ago the cries of a woman in distress called a policeman to a house where he found a man kicking his wife's face and neck. For this brutality, which imperiled the victim's life, the offender gets off with a sentence of thirty days' imprisonment, if he fails to give bonds to keep the peace. This is a ludicrously inadequate punishment of such a crime. No matter how cold and formal the civil contract which may bind man and woman as husband and wife, the law owes to each at least as much protection as it would accord to either if assaulted by a stranger; but practice is not found to be in accordance with principle when the records of corresponding cases are searched. To be just before being generous is a rule which most people accept as fair. Perhaps agitators of the woman question would labor for the application of

this rule they might do more for the gentler sex than they are at present doing among lawmakers, who imagine that all rights granted to women are of the nature of generous concessions.—*Catholic Herald*.

THE condition of France is illustrated by an incident which is innocently related in the *Review* as indicating a tendency of the French mind towards Protestantism. Shortly after the disasters of the Commune, a certain Mr. and Mrs. McCall went on a mission to the workmen who were found to be in a state of "religious destitution." Of course a meeting was the next thing in order. This meeting was addressed by Mr. McCall, and probably exhorted by his better half. Their joint efforts are represented as bringing forth blossom and fruit at the same moment. We are told that, during the service, a voice was heard giving utterance in "Broken English" (only think of a French mob sporting broken English!) to the following sentiment: "Sir, I have something to say to you. Everywhere in this quarter there are thousands and thousands of workmen. We wish no more Romanists. We cannot accept a commandment of religion. But, if any one will come to us and tell us of another religion, a religion of liberty and equality, many among us are ready to hear." (*Ubius ours*.) This "Macedonian cry," we are told, "struck deeply." It is assumed that this "Macedonian cry" was the outpouring of a deep yearning after the blessings of Protestantism. Who will doubt it? The assumed place of its utterance, the character of the party who is said to have uttered it; the utterance itself, refusing to accept a "commandment of religion," make the whole affair grotesquely, but unmistakably, Protestant. No subtlety of reasoning could twist it into anything else. And, upon this incident, the amiable and hopeful members of the *Evangelical Alliance* build their expectations of converting a Parisian mob into sound Protestants. Surely this mob is not exhibitor in its demands. It wants a Church that has no authority to command; that will permit it to have the liberty to do what it pleases; and that will secure that social equality which implies socialism with all its sensuality and crime. The mob show consistency in applying for aid at the hands of the "Evangelical Alliance." Who better than this *Protestant Alliance*, could furnish it with the kind of religion it asks for.—*Baltimore Mirror*.

(From the *Catholic Columbian*.)
A SOUL without faith is like a church without the Real Presence. It is dark and gloomy.
How much happiness it is to tell others the good things you hear said in them, rather than the evil.
WHEN some people write common sense it is necessary that they are told of it, for it would never be known.
THE deceitful man injures no one but himself. We fear the friend who has not courage to defend others when their characters are assailed. He cannot be trusted.
Two great crimes in the eyes of some people are smallness of stature and youth. When these are all that can be brought against an individual, the would-be slanderer has attained the summit of his ambition.
OFFER at Mary's shrine every day, during this lovely month, the flowers of your piety, the lilies of purity, the roses of love. Let their sweetness ascend with your prayers, and abundant graces will be the reward.
THE Sacraments are the channels of grace to the soul, and those who neglect the reception of the Sacraments thus necessary, neglect the graces that God offers and virtually mock Him. They are as much as say to Almighty God: You do not mean what you say. I can be saved in my own way.

THE happiest people are those who love to be in the shadow of the church. They look about them and see the world beyond beautifully dazzling, but can see no difference in the bright reflection of the sun's rays from the slimy pool and crystal lake.

PREACHING, in the sense of admonishing and directing is as much scorned to-day as it was in the days of Noah, when the multitude ridiculed the venerable man of God while constructing the Ark, but the day of reckoning came and those who then called "Lord! Lord!" were not saved from the deluge of waters. They perished in their filthy crimes.

THE respect that some people entertain for the Church and her doctrines is shown only in the presence of those who are faithful to their religion and its requirements. When, with their own flock, their tongues wag freely in abuse of priests and the Church, of course they believe they

are not found out, but they deceive themselves greatly. There is One who knows and records the most secret thoughts and actions.

If Christians devoted as much time and attention to their individual affairs, as they do to the concerns of their neighbors, there would be fewer miseries to befall in this world. Some act as if their sole responsibility in life was to sit in judgment on the short-comings. They are so perfect that they can do no evil themselves but are actively alive to all the failings of others. There is no character so perfect in which they cannot find a flaw—no life however pure and upright, they cannot arraign—no action, however honorable and just, in which they cannot detect the lurking form of evil.

PROTESTANTISM IN IRELAND.

Mr. James Redpath, writing from Ireland to *The Independent*, gives the following:

Lord Clarendon, two hundred years ago, declared that the religion of the Scotch consisted of hatred of "the Papists." When I was a little boy in Scotland, I thought that the definition was still correct there. In Ireland to-day it is too often true that the Protestant hates the Pope, rather than loves the Master. As a class, they are astonishingly indifferent to the sufferings of the Catholics. I am not now speaking of the educated Protestants, nor of the Protestant clergy as a class—I was proud of their active co-operation with the Catholic priesthood in alleviating the prevailing distress; but among the lower orders, and even among the wealthier laymen, the general tone of their talk was a tone of contempt for the sufferers, because they were Catholics, or a denial of the existence of the suffering that grieved and shivered at their very doors. One day, for example, I rode out with a priest in County Mayo to examine the condition of the poor in his parish. He offered to take me through the whole of his parish—twenty miles in length. I could not endure the dreadful sights I saw in the cabins of the peasantry. After we had ridden two miles, I caused the priest to turn back. I grew sick and wept like a child, for I would take him away as a banker from a neighboring town told me (no knowing what I had seen) that there was no distress in the county, and that the people were never so well off. I recalled the bold statement once made to me in Georgia, in the days of slavery, by a white man, who said that the negroes did not want to be emancipated; and pointing to a colored man he added: "There's a nigger you couldn't hire to be free?" That negro had offered to pay my expenses North, and a handsome sum in addition, if I would take him away as my servant. Protestantism in Ireland is often another name for the sentiment of caste.

CANADIAN NEWS.

At Toronto, on Thursday night, a lady giving the name of Ashley, obtained a room at the St. James Hotel, and upon retiring blew out the gas, from the effects of which she died. She said she was from Muskoka and was going to Woodbridge.

Dundas, May 14.—On Thursday afternoon, about four o'clock, the body of a girl about three years of age, a daughter of Mr. John Crossley, of Dundas, was found floating in the creek near the Dundas Cotton Mills. It is supposed she was playing near the water and fell in about half a mile further up, and as the current is pretty swift, she was carried down the stream. She had only been out of the house a few minutes, as she had not been missed when found.

A nearly fatal accident occurred at the G. W. R. Station at Watford on Wednesday afternoon. As the mixed train going east was about to start, Thomas Norris, the baggageman, was pulling a trunk into the car when the train started and the trunk struck Norris on the head, throwing him under the car. Norris was dragged from under the train by a passenger. He escaped with a badly jammed and cut head. The passenger left on the train but was considerably hurt about the legs.

REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

Stop spending so much on fine clothes rich food and style. Buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish and quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and makes the proprietor rich, but put your trust in the greatest of all simple, pure remedies, Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see better and longer good health. Try it once. Read of it in another column.

MANY people are not aware that it is the wrapper of tobacco which gives the color to the plug, and are, therefore, often deceived by a handsome outside appearance. The wrapper is a single film of leaf wrapped round the plug, and is never good smoking tobacco. It is costly only because of its fine color. In the "Myrtle Navy" brand the chief attention is paid to the "filler," that is, the inside of the plug. It is this that determines the smoking quality of any tobacco. A tobacco can be made to look as well as the "Myrtle Navy" without much trouble or expense, but it may at the same time be a very inferior article.

A QUESTION IN MATRIMONY.

We find the following answer to a correspondent in the excellent *Waterloo, N. Y., Catholic Times*. It is general in its application, and will be of interest everywhere:

REV. L. A. LAMBERT—Dear Sir: Will you please to answer through the *Catholic Times*, the following question:
Supposing a couple wanted to be married, both being good Catholics, and both of age, but their parents were very much opposed to the marriage, and had forbidden the pastor of church to marry them. Now, I want to know if the priest could marry them notwithstanding the opposition of the parents.

By answering this you will greatly oblige,
A. SCHUBNER.
In the instance supposed the opposition of the parents would not bind the action of the priest. It is the duty of the priest to administer the sacraments except in cases where impediments established by the church prevent him from doing so. Parental opposition is not such an impediment. A priest might consider it his duty to advise a girl marrying in opposition to her parents' wishes, to reconsider the step she was about to take, and to beware of the consequences that almost invariably follow such a step.

Good luck rarely attends a union that lacks a parent's blessing, and still more rarely one that bears, however unjustly, a parent's curse.
It may be well to add as a warning to parents that curses and ill-will, even when they strike rebellious children, never fail to react on the unnatural parent who utters them, and that the marriages of children enforced by parents against their will are null and void in the sight of the Church. A recent ecclesiastical decree promulgated at Rome annulling the ceremony of marriage between the Prince of Monaco and the unhappy lady whose name Napoleon and her mother, Lady Hamilton, had forced into marital relations with him, and who had lived for years as his wife, serves to illustrate this fact in a way to startle some match-making Irish parents.

PREACHER PROFANITY.

On Thursday evening the brethren and sisters of a Primitive Methodist church in Brooklyn gathered to welcome their new pastor. Several preachers from neighboring churches were present and, of course, made speeches. Among the rest, the Rev. Justin D. Fulton, Baptist, was called upon for a few remarks, and, according to the Brooklyn reporters, he said:

"There could be no doubt that the Primitive Church was fortunate in securing Mr. Finch as its pastor. The church would do a good work, and if the Lord Jesus came to Brooklyn He would be pleased to take a peep into the Park avenue church."
Yet we dare say the Rev. Justin D. Fulton preaches against the sin of profanity.—*N. Y. Sun*.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance. The more we help others to lean their burdens the lighter our own will be.

With time and patience the maulberry leaf becomes silk. Love is like honesty—much talked about but little understood.

The Catholic Church is a city to which avenues lead from every side, towards which men may travel from any quarter, by the most diversified roads, by the thorny and rugged ways of strict investigation, by the more flowery paths of sentiment and feeling; but arriving at its precincts, all find that there is but one gate, whereby they may enter, but one door to the sheep-fold—narrow and low, perhaps, and causing flesh and blood to stoop in passing in. Men may wander about its outskirts, they may admire the goodness of its edifices, and of its landmarks, but they cannot be its denizens and children if they enter not by that one gate of absolute, unconditional submission to the teaching of the church.—*Cardinal Wiseman*.

Death! What is it? It is our present life—the only life of which we have any experience—ending amidst the throes of mortal anguish. It is not, however, the physical pain accompanying the divorce of temporal life from the body which surrounds that dread moment with its terrors, but the forlornness of the soul. It is not the mortal dissolution but the spiritual dereliction. It is the affrighted instinct of immortality, wavering on the very verge of sheer precipice, whence it must plunge into what appears to it to be infinite abysses of darkness. It is not much we part from, as far as mere phenomenon of natural life is concerned. For what is that but a low death? From the moment we are born, we begin to die; and every breath we draw is a step nearer to the inevitable grave that yawns for us.

There is a divine power whose dwelling is in the heavens, and who is ever the constant company of Religion and Virtue. He helps us to support the ills of life, unobscuring us as that he may point to us as a harbor of safety amid the tempest, and showing himself alike and helpful to the inexperienced sailor and the more timid traveler. Although eyes are blindfolded, nevertheless his guiding gaze can penetrate the future. His hand sometimes holds a bright blooming flower, and so we cup full of enchanting beverage. We can equal the charm of her sweetness of her smile, and the advances towards the grave. Although eyes are blindfolded, nevertheless his guiding gaze can penetrate the future. His hand sometimes holds a bright blooming flower, and so we cup full of enchanting beverage. We can equal the charm of her sweetness of her smile, and the advances towards the grave. Although eyes are blindfolded, nevertheless his guiding gaze can penetrate the future. 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