

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 4.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1882.

NO. 204

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO.,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS.
A nice assortment of Imported
TWEEDS now in stock.
ALSO—
New Ties, Silk Handkerchiefs,
Underclothing, Etc.
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Sincerity.

Oh, bring me now sincerity,
A true and living verity;
Let me be short and ever true,
In everything we think or do,
Let's have sincerity.

Alas! the world is levity,
Yet there's a truth in brevity;
And cruel wit is sharp as steel,
Regardless of how others feel,
Who love sincerity.

Cease, world, this idle mockery,
This worse than foolish foppery,
For souls are lost upon the sea
Of mocking words that cannot be
In truth sincerity.

I ask not sudden glory,
Nor apish, fawning sycophancy,
But such quiet, genuine truth,
All brightly told by cheery youth,
With warm sincerity.

Then all would live so joyously,
All nature would seem heavenly;
True smiles would wreath each happy face,
And beauty gain that rarest grace,
God's own sincerity.
—Albany Argus.

THE BAZAAR.

Extract from Pastoral letter of His
Lordship Bishop Walsh:
We solemnly promise and engage to
cause a High Mass to be celebrated on the
first Friday of every month, for the space
of ten years, for the temporal and eternal
welfare of the benefactors of the new
Cathedral. The celebration of the afore-
said Mass will begin on the first Friday of
the month following its dedication. We
request of the Reverend clergy to make
this fact well known to their people and
to explain the great spiritual favours to
be gained thereby.
Persons purchasing or disposing of
tickets for the coming Bazaar will gain the
above favours.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Freeman's Journal.

M. HYACINTHE LOYSON has gone into
the boarding-house business. He adver-
tises in Galgan's Messenger for board-
ers who want "home-rest and quiet."
According to Abbe Beecher, who made a
schism in the New Galician Church by re-
fusing to carry Madame's coal up stairs,
M. Loyson has very little quiet and rest
to spare. From the pulpit of Notre Dame
to the keeping of a pensionnat for English
boarders! *Facilis descensus* indeed!

The time is at hand when parents must
decide what to do with their children as to
schooling for the coming term. God has
given them great power. This week or
next they must exercise it. "What doth
it profit a man to gain the whole world
and lose his own soul?" What doth it
profit a man to give over his children's
soul to "colorless" teaching, and gain
nothing—not even a guarantee of worldly
success? It is true that the children of
Catholic parents have attended the public
schools without loss of faith. These chil-
dren have had unusual safeguards at home,
and more instruction than can be given
in the fifty-two hours of the year which
Sunday-school teaching occupies. No
child can, under the most favorable cir-
cumstances, attend these schools without
great risk; no child can attend them
without having faith weakened and doubt
engendered. Protestant bigots rejoice
over the falling away from "Romanism"
which the public schools cause; Henry
Ward Beecher and the rest of the apostles
of materialism rely on them to bring
down the "Americanizing" of the child-
dren of naturalized American citizens.
This "Americanizing" means the divorcing
of them from "Romanizing" influ-
ences. A Catholic child, to be thoroughly
impregnated with the life of his religion,
must live in a Catholic atmosphere. His
home does not usually have this atmos-
phere. His father and mother are too
busy to talk religion. Religious books
and pictures, with the exception of the big
table which nobody reads, are not com-
mon. The Rosary is perhaps said in Lent
and perhaps it is never said. He is taught
his prayers and sent off to Catechism class
to be prepared for his First Communion
and Confirmation. After that he assists
at Mass hastily, and at longer and more
infrequent intervals approaches the Sacra-
ments. What safeguard has he? All
his surroundings are against his continued
firmness in a belief which his "colorless"
education teaches him is false.

Buffalo Union.

"PRIESTS are openly insulted all over
France. Some rowdies set a huge bull
dog on the Abbe Veinet, Professor of The-
ology, in Paris lately, and the beast tore
his cassock to shreds, and but for a his-
tory passer-by would have done the old
man serious injury. The police lately re-
sued from a crowd of ruffians, who were
dragging him to the river, the Abbe For-
ter, an eminent prison chaplain, who
wears the decoration of the Legion of
Honor for planting, amid a shower of
bullets, the ambulance flag on the church
tower at Gravelotte, thereby saving all
the wounded in the church. The govern-
ment of France, in fostering the spread of
infidelity is fostering a brood of cowardly
ruffians and ingrates who may yet prove
the instruments of its own overthrow.

Our readers will be pleased with the
following account which we reproduce
from the *Almonte, Ont. Gazette*, of the
25th inst., of Bishop Ryan's recent visit
to his birth-place: On Friday last there
arrived in Almonte the R. C. Bishop of
Buffalo, whose visit to this locality is not
without interest. Some fifty-nine years
ago a family named Ryan came out from
Ireland and settled for a time on lot No.
22 on the 2nd concession of Ramsay, which
is now the site of Glayton. Here our vis-
itor of last week was born. The father
being desirous of giving his rising family
more educational advantages than the lo-
cality admitted, left Canada for the
United States, and settled somewhere in
Pennsylvania. The boy born in Canada
appears to have made good use of his op-
portunities, and also has secured the ap-
proval of his ecclesiastical superiors, as,
after passing through all the gradations of
the R. C. priesthood, he was appointed
Bishop of Buffalo, and is greatly respected
by his people. On Sunday last the Bis-
hop occupied the pulpit of St. Mary's
Church, morning and evening, and preach-
ed two very eloquent sermons.

Catholic Review.

The appetite of our Protestant friends
for the scandals thrown from the Pope's
garden is not as keen as it used to be.
Perhaps we had rather said they have
learned from experience to be more cau-
tious and discriminating in their selec-
tion. The appetite remains, and some-
times our over-zealous, sinister-headed
brethren are taken in; or rather, perhaps,
they take in the weeds, which, like the
book eaten by the prophet in the Apoca-
lypse, are "sweet as honey in the mouth,
but very bitter in the belly." Apostates
from the Church are almost without ex-
ception bad eggs. We never knew of
but one honest seceder, and that was
Blanco White, who attracted some atten-
tion in his day, in England, but had so
little to say against the Church he had
left, and so much that was complimentary,
that he was not by any means considered
a savory morsel. He had no pungent re-
velations to make of the secret corrup-
tions of the confessional, so they dropped
him, and the poor man developed through
the English establishment into independent
free thought, and finally died without
faith of any kind, a melancholy wreck of
a naturally brilliant intellect. We never
heard anything disparaging to his moral
character. But as for the rest—Bis-
hop, his fruits ye shall know them. He
has generally been noticed that apostate
priests had a decided partiality for mat-
rimony. In this they imitate the example
of this great apostle of the reformation,
Luther, who, in violation of his solemn
vows, married a nun who was equally
equally solemn vows of celibacy. They
are consistent followers of their great pro-
totypes. It was so with Lahay, the
apostate Irish monk, who some thirty
years ago traversed the country delivering
snappy lectures "to gentlemen only," and
finally ended his miserable life in prison,
in Chicago; sending for a priest in his ex-
tremity and desiring to be reconciled to
the Holy Mother whom he had long reviled
and maligned. Excessive drinking
was not by any means the worst vice
to which he had been addicted.

Catholic Columbian.

SCARCELY a week passes during which
some murder is not committed in Ohio.
These murders are not telegraphed to Ire-
land or England, yet when even a man
knocks another down in Ireland we know
it here the next day, and the poor Irish
suffer for their lack of civilization. Ohio
is about equal to Ireland in territory but
the latter almost doubles the former in
population.

The Catholic Church has all the ele-
ments of continuity and perpetuity and
consequently has no need of resorting to
outside means for defense. If her right
to exist is God-given then only God could
cause her to cease to exist, but this He
will not do, for His words will never pass
away, and His words were the assurance
that he would be with the Church "all
days even to the consummation of the world."

A GENTLEMAN of veracity who called in
our office the day, was unfortunately in-
having an interview lately with the notori-
ous anti-Catholic Covles of Cleveland.
The latter declared that if his will could
be executed, he would to-morrow order
that every Bishop, Priest and Convent,
be burnt to ashes. There are many such
as Covles, who are too sneaking to de-
clare their feelings openly. Satan would
like a chance to issue that order. Mr.
Covles, but we all know that the gates
of his realm will not prevail and long
after your miserable body will have passed
away, that glorious Church will continue
on earth, the self-same doctrine.

Cincinnati Telegraph.

THAT good and venerable man, known
as "Papa" Oertel, died on the 11th instant
at his residence, Jamaica, Long Island, N.
Y., in the seventy-first year of his edify-
ing and useful life. He came to this
country in 1837 as a Lutheran minister,
but was converted in 1840 to the True
Church. He edited a Catholic paper in
Cincinnati, removed to Baltimore and
edited the *Katholische Kirchen Zeitung*,
then removed, with his paper, to Jamaica,
where he died. May the soul of James
Maximilian Oertel, and all Christian souls,
be the mercy of God, rest in peace.
Amen.

The London Times devoted its editor-
ial leader, the other day, to the illness of
the Prince of Wales, and the dailies, gener-
ally, are making an awful fuss about it.
But the people must be getting sick of
sympathizing with him, though they all
feel for the poor Princess. During his
last serious illness, we were in our native

place, the sea-port of King's Lynn, about
four miles from the Prince's Norfolk seat
of Sandringham. We well remember the
universal anxiety that was then felt for
him, and the general joy over the appar-
ent repentance of the convalescent prodi-
gal, who publicly attended the Thanksgiv-
ing service, with *Te Deum*, for his restora-
tion, held at St. Margaret's Church, at
Lynn. His local medical attendant, Dr.
Kendal, since dead, told us how deeply he
was touched at the spectacle of the sor-
row-stricken Princess, sitting night and
day by the bed-side of her husband, sick
unto death, and praying to God for his
recovery. Was he worthy of such devotion?
The countrymen of Alexandria do not
seem to think so. The Danish cap-
tains, then in port, would come into the
office of our father, who is still the Danish
Consul at Lynn, and ask us: "How is the
Apple of our Eye?"—that is the pet-name
given to their deservedly beloved Princess
by the people of Copenhagen—"How is
the Princess? We do not care about him,
blank blank him, he is not worthy to
drink the water she washes her hands in."
And these bluff old sailors, descendants of
the Scandinavian vikings, voiced the sen-
timents of the English people, properly so
called.

Baltimore Mirror.

THE members of the female religious
Orders devoted to teaching are among
the most useful members of the Church.
They live to do good. They have con-
secrated themselves to the training of young
girls, and of whatever militates against
that work they have made sacrifice. They
have quit their homes; and, abandoning
friends and comforts and pleasures, they
have gone apart by themselves, a holy
people, to practice the counsel of perfec-
tion, and to educate, Christians
should be proud to impart to others in-
struction in their care. There is a noble sim-
plicity, and nobly do they fulfill it. With
all a mother's love they guard the innocence
of their charge, and by precept and ex-
ample discipline them in righteousness.
Virtue they propose as the highest good,
and so arousing and directing the con-
science of the little ones, they get them to
perform all their duties from a religious
motive—even the most trivial, from the
time they rise in the morning till the mo-
ment when they retire at night. By this
means they instruct their wards how to
sanctify every one of their daily actions,
according to the admonition of St. Paul
to the Corinthians—"Whether you eat or
drink, or whatsoever else you do—do all
to the glory of God." By this means,
too, they make better students of them
than they otherwise would be, for the
gentle maids will go through with their
tasks more perfectly when they do so
please the Lord and to obey their parents,
when they have not these principles
to sustain them. And in the regulation
of these tasks, the Nuns and the Sisters
have no superiors. Themselves com-
monly graduates of convent schools, they
know from experience what lessons should
be given; themselves accomplished, they
are competent to impart to others a polite
education; and themselves zealous in
their vocation, they are skillful in
awakening in their pupils an enthusiasm
for learning in the branches which are
useful as well as in those which are ornamental.
The result of their ability and
methods are to be seen in the goodness
and decency of the children of the lightest
class in the land. Hardly a Catholic
family but had or has some of its members
under their refining hands, and not a few
Protestant and Israelite homes boast of
their amiable and talented daughters who
received their schooling in some of our
academies.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION OF "CURSUS."

Freeman's Journal.
Notwithstanding the fact that the
secular newspapers are notoriously unre-
liable in matters of Catholic news, there
will always be a number of gullible per-
sons ready to swallow every "curse" they
put forth. The Herald has continually
scattered abroad rumors which have no
foundation whatever in truth, and these
rumors it elaborates with a persistent and
evident pleasure in lying. On the tenth
of August the Associated Press gave this
dispatch to the papers connected with it:
MONTREAL, August 11.—Bishop La-
che of Three Rivers, has forbidden the
ladies of his congregation to wear curls,
under penalty of committing sin.
The Herald, of the 13th, "embroidered"
this bare statement very carefully:
"The announcement," it said, after
favoring the public with the usual
Heraldic analysis of Canadian morals, and
the intentions of the clergy, "of the pre-
paration of the Pastoral would have been
looked upon as a correspondent's canard
were it not that it filtered into the press
through one of these semi-official news-
papers, which are published in many parts
of the Province of Quebec, and thus
public attention towards the pulpits from
which it will be read."
La Parole thus characterizes the organ
which the Herald, in its wisdom, calls
"semi-official": "Having fabricated a
falseness which was at once spread
through all North America, this pretended
Catholic journal republishes the com-
ments of the American press on this 'fact'
which did not exist." The editor of the
Baltimore Mirror, Mr. L. W. Kelly, wrote
to the Bishop of Three Rivers, and re-
ceived the following reply, dated August
10th:
"Sir—The telegram published by the
New York Herald and dated Montreal,
August 11, is false. Bishop Lache of
Three Rivers has not forbidden the
ladies of his congregation to wear curls
under pain of sin." He has published the
decrees of the Sixth Provincial Council of
Quebec, which have been approved by the
Holy See. The seventeenth decree treats
of the education of young girls, and
among other regulations lays down this
rule: "They should be inspired with a
love of Christian modesty and simplicity,
and with contempt of everything that
they may faithfully observe this direction
of the Apostle, 'In like manner, women
also in decent apparel, adorning them-
selves with modesty and sobriety, not
with plaited hair, or gold, or pearls,
or costly attire, but as becoming women,
professing godliness, with good works.'"
I am, Sir, &c.

Boston Pilot.

THE Sultan happens to have some prin-
ciples, at least in religious matters. Bigot
and barbarian he undoubtedly is; but he
believes in his creed, and would look upon
any man who had or has some of its members
under their refining hands, and not a few
Protestant and Israelite homes boast of
their amiable and talented daughters who
received their schooling in some of our
academies.

New York Tablet.

It is a lamentable and a disgraceful fact
that amongst a large proportion of our
so-called "Irish" young Irish-American
Catholics there is a growing disposition
to shirk Catholic society and abandon Catho-
lic practices as being unfashionable. As
for anything Irish, they would not touch
it with a forty-foot pole. Indeed, they
would pass unnoticed on the street their
Irish-Catholic fathers or mothers sooner
than admit to their high-toned friends
their Irish paternity. The male portion
of these creatures rejoice under the eupho-
nious names of "Hen," "Gus," "Vivian," or
"Rapert," the other sex bearing such "fashion-
able" names as Dollie, Emma, Jane, etc. If
they have the unpeakable misfortune to
be christened Bridget, it must be softened
into Delia or Beldia or "Bee," while the
grand name of Mary must be transformed
into Mamie or Mollie or Dollie. These
are the class who pocket all manner of in-
sults to their faith and their race from
their "cultured" non-Catholic friends. If
some Catholic doctrine or practice is made
the butt of ridicule in those refined circles,
they will actually take a hand in sooner
than divulge the dread secret that they
belong to the unfashionable religion which
disowns such unworthy members. If
those upstart Catholics condescend to go
to church at all, they will do so in a speak-
ing manner, as if afraid that the eyes of

their tony friends were on them. To be a
Catholic is, in the estimation of these
sneaking creatures, had enough, but to be
Catholic and Irish—oh! what would Hen
or Gus or Arthur think of that? What
matters it that America was discovered by
a Catholic, that Catholics first proclaimed
the grand doctrine of religious freedom on
these shores, that in the life and death
struggle of the revolution Catholics shed
forth their blood and treasures in the
cause of freedom? Oh! all that is history,
but it is not fashionable to mention it.
And, again, what a noble and glorious
part Irishmen played in revolutionary
times, the record of which is emblazoned
with the immortal name of Patrick
Henry, Gen. Sullivan, Commodore John
Barry, "the father of the American navy,"
and numerous other heroes of the same
race! This, too, is matter of history.
"But," whispers the sycophantic snob, "we
must not refer to the past. 'Hem' may
not like it." In the same manner the
services of Irishmen and Catholics in help-
ing to preserve the Union when its very
existence was threatened during our civil
war are gratefully acknowledged by all
Americans, but our Catholic toady would
never bring up such an objectionable topic.
The Irish popular movements of the day
he extols as a religious duty to freely
ignore; to be seen in converse with
Land-Leaguer would be social ostracism.
The reason for the condition of things de-
scribed above is not far to seek. Ignorance,
dense and downright ignorance, lays
at the bottom of it. In ninety-nine cases
out of a hundred the man or woman
whose goal will your tony Catholic doc-
trines and debasement regards him with
secret contempt and loathing. No person
in whose composition there is anything of
the manly element can regard such a
grovelling creature but with disgust. It
will always be found that he who denies
his race or his religion is devoid of any
of those noble qualities which constitute one
of God's noblemen. He will not lift an
arm in defence of his country or strike a
blow for freedom. A man without the
courage of his convictions is contemptible;
such a man is your Catholic snob. If
Catholic parents would see to it that their
children shall grow up imbued with the
principles of the faith, and be trained in
all hazards, the genus Catholic snob would
soon become extinct. "The child is father
of the man," and youth is the time to
mould the manly character.

LETTER FROM MINNESOTA.

Written for the "Catholic Record."
Kennedy, Minn., Aug. 27th, 1882.

St. Paul, the political capital of Minne-
sota, and commercial metropolis of the Am-
erican North West, is beautifully situated
on the Mississippi, and is a place of great
historical interest. In the days of French
dominion in America, St. Paul was a point
of importance and was visited by traders
and missionaries, some of whom have left
honored names in the history of the coun-
try. Father Hennepin in his exploration
of the Upper Mississippi, was the first white
man who visited this interesting spot.
Here he cast eyes on the rushing torrent
of the rapids which he called after St.
Anthony, and no doubt also paused to
contemplate the tender and suave beau-
ties of Minnehaha about midway between
the present cities of St. Paul and Minne-
apolis. This lovely fall, immortalized in the
verses of Longfellow, is justly considered
by the people of both places as one of the
greatest attractions to the visitor. In
summer Minnehaha is daily visited by
hundreds and sometimes thousands of per-
sons many from most distant points. I
remember driving there from Minneapolis
one day in early spring. The day was
clear and beautiful but the wind bleak and
chilling. We were, consequently, the only
pilgrims to Minnehaha that after-
noon. The snow and ice of the long
Northern winter yet skirted the sides and
feet of the fall, as if lingering to enjoy as
long as nature could permit the smiles and
fragrant breath of the "laughing waters."
We spent two or three hours in studying
the beauties of this favored resort and for
my part I could have spent days there,
every moment I remained, brought into
view some new point of interest, some
clearer line of beauty. If Minnehaha be
really lovely, as we all know it is, in the
sunshine of summer, it is, in my estima-
tion, much more lovely in the joyous days
of early spring-tide. Through some of the
vicissitudes and contradictions of nomen-
clature on this continent, the county in
which St. Paul is situated is called Ram-
say, and that in which its charming sister
city—Minneapolis finds place is called
Hennepin, a name like that of
Marquette, illustrative of that apostolic
zeal which emboldens and sanctifies the early
history of America. Why, then, I dare to
ask, did not the American pioneers of
Minnesota give the same name in the first
instance to the city and county and in the
second instance honor the city by the
name of the county? Surely the memory
of Father Hennepin should be dear to all
Americans but especially to these residing
in Minnesota. It is a fact worthy of
notice in the school histories of the
United States and Canada, very little
mention is made of the man who first
visited these vast regions to open them up
to the influence of religion and civilization.
It does seem that because they were
missionaries of the Catholic Church their
names of such men cannot die. To the
memory of such men cannot die. To the
fearlessness and exalted piety we owe
the exploration of the whole North Amer-
ican continent, if we except a narrow strip
on the Atlantic coast from Virginia north-
ward to Massachusetts. Before the exis-
tence of heresy dared to venture from
the seashore devoted missionaries of vari-
ous religious orders had carried the light of
evangelical truth and the goodness of
evangelical counsel and precept into the remotest
wilds of this vast continent. Whether
we look towards this Northwestern country
or direct our eyes towards Florida or Cal-
ifornia, we see the same evidences of Catho-
lic zeal and apostolic devotedness. The
flippant mendacity of Puritan bigotry has
never been slow to fasten on Catholic
devotedness and self-sacrifice every charge
that malignity could invent or cowardice
suggest. But history is at hand to bear
testimony to the fact that America was
first won to Christianity and civilization
through that devotedness and self-sacrifice.
Why then are not the names and
deeds of the sainted pioneers of religion
and civilization in North America brought
under the notice of our school children?
Do not these men deserve at least as much
prominence as others known only by their
names and distinguished only by a success
resulting too frequently from unscrupu-
lousness? Ought not the examples of
heroic virtue rather than those of men
of good fortune be held up to youth?
Near Minnehaha is Fort Snelling,
an important station of the American
regular army. There is always a body of
troops kept at this point. In former
times when hostilities with the red man
rendered settlement in many parts of
Minnesota a very perilous undertaking,
Fort Snelling was one of the business sta-
tions of the American army. It is now
as peaceful as if the sudden call to arms
never resounded within its walls.
St. Paul is a city of about sixty five
thousand inhabitants and is increasing
very rapidly. I visited nearly every point
of interest in the city. I regretted that
in retreat it was impossible for me to see any
of them or have the privilege of an inter-
view with Bishop Ireland who resides in
this city. The name of this worthy pre-
late is known throughout America in con-
nection with Catholic colonization. His
mission with Catholicism in establishing several Catho-
lic colonies in this state and has met in
this movement of true Christian charity
with very decided success. The churches
and schools of St. Paul are fine, com-
modious edifices. Some of the churches pos-

sessing great merit in an architectural
sense. For the higher education of young
ladies there are well appointed conven-
tional establishments, in fact, from a
Catholic standpoint, St. Paul is one of the
best provided cities in the Union, with all
the requisites of a vigorous and progres-
sive religious life. So many of the houses
in this city are built of stone that St.
Paul wears a more solid and, in the eyes
of Canadians, a more respectable appear-
ance than many other cities of the public.
Building stone in endless quantities
is to be found within the city limits and
their immediate vicinity. I was glad to
learn that many of the leading business
men of St. Paul are Catholics and that
they enjoy the confidence of their con-
temporaries and the esteem of their separated
brethren. One of the very finest residen-
ces in the city, and indeed in the whole
North-West, is that recently purchased
from Mr. R. B. Angus, now of Montreal,
by Mr. Denis Ryan, an Irish Catholic
gentleman well-known in the Ottawa dis-
trict. This magnificent residence is situ-
ated on woodland avenue, one of the most
picturesque and fashionable quarters
of the Minnesota metropolis. The building
is constructed of white brick with
brown stone foundation and white stone
door and window facings and ornamenta-
tions. It is three stories in height and of
commodious dimensions. Its cost is esti-
mated at \$80,000. Mr. Ryan is one of the
most remarkable men in St. Paul. By
birth an Irishman, belonging to a respect-
able family, he came, while yet very young
with his parents to Canada and lived for
many years with them in the Ottawa dis-
trict. He was not far from the city of Ottawa.
Of an active, energetic turn of mind, he
devoted himself with assiduity in his ear-
lier years to put to profit the scanty ad-
vantages offered by the township schools.
With such success that assiduity re-
warded that while still a very young man
he could boast of a larger store of general
knowledge than generally falls to the lot
of youth in Canadian rural districts.
Shortly after the close of the American war,
Canada was suffering from such a severe
commercial stringency that thousands of
our young men sought homes in the
American republic. Mr. Ryan was one
of the many who resolved to find else-
where what his own country could not
then promise, success in some business
undertaking adapted to his tastes and tal-
ents. He left Canada for the territory of
Utah and there engaged in the mining
business. From the outset everything
seemed to favor him and in a few years he
became proprietor of mining interests of
immense value and to-day, through his
own industry, perseverance and merit he
is possessed of a large and secure fortune.
About five years ago Mr. Ryan married
Miss Rasche, a Catholic lady of good old
Maryland stock. Mrs. Ryan dispenses the
hospitality and kindly nature of the
affairs of their beautiful mansion with the
dignity and kindness that bespeak the
true lady.

Two Mysteries.

The existence of God is a mystery. We
know most surely that God is, we know
that he is infinite and eternal, the begin-
ning and the end of all things, but we
cannot understand these things. When we
begin to reflect on a Being, who had no be-
ginning and is changeless, we get lost,
we come from light into darkness, or rather
we get blinded with the excess of light. God
is then a mystery, and it is remarkable
that God should be a mystery. But the
behavior of man to such a God is also a mys-
tery; not a grand and divine mystery, but
a degrading, shameful mystery. If those
who believe in God were proud of being
his creatures, if they adored and loved
him, and spoke of him with awe and lived
only for his pleasure, and in the hope of
obtaining one day to behold and possess
him, then all would be right, all would be
reasonable. But to believe in God, and
to neither fear nor love him; to believe
in him, and to scarcely bend a knee to
him in praise or prayer; to believe in him
and show our belief mainly by taking his
name in vain, by outraging and insulting
him; to believe in him and to be ashamed
of serving him; to believe in him and
to make a mockery of him, to think we
can cheat him out of heaven in spite of
his threats of hell—this is the conduct of
many Christians, and I say it is an incom-
prehensible mystery, and a shameful and
horrible mystery.

A Convert Receives His Mother into the Church.

At Buffalo, N. Y., recently, Mrs. Mary
Stobinger became a Catholic, and re-
ceived conditional baptism from her son,
who, a convert too, became a priest.

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The wicked even acknowledge virtue
while living in opposition to it. They can
see what a beautiful adornment it is in
the person of another, but they cannot see
the void its absence creates in their own.