

# 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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### Christmas.

Shining over the crimson meadows,  
The bells of Christmas merrily chime,  
Out of the night and its starlit shadows  
As dawn the day of all days sublime;  
The winds are whispering glad evangel,  
The pine trees glisten in garbs of snow,  
And the air is sweet with the songs the angels  
Sang over Bethlehem long ago.

In the highest heavens to God be glory,  
To men of good will be peace on earth—  
Such was the theme of the joyful story  
The seraphs sang at the Saviour's birth:  
Listen and lo! from each lofty station  
The bells are ringing that greet wide;  
And sweeter or fitter a salutation  
Where may we find for the Christmas tide?

Ring it out, then, from your towers and steeples,  
Oh, blessed bells of the Christmas morn,  
To glad the homes of all climes and peoples,  
And comfort the hearts that are forlorn:  
Glory to God for the gifts and graces  
His love alleweith on us to fall,  
His peace pervading our dwelling places,  
And Merry Christmas to one and all!

—William D. Kelly in *Catholic Columbian*.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

The cable informs us that a preacher named Roesch has had his church closed by the authorities in Vienna. Pastor Roesch is a Methodist. The despatch goes on to state that the public prosecutor took this action because the preacher said Masses were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceptions. The unthinking portion of our separated brethren will doubtless conclude that this is another sample of "Romish persecution," but we doubt not the majority of intelligent people will decide that the pastor was treated as he deserved.

It would be a great blessing if in all lands the authorities would suppress such firebrands as pastor Roesch. We believe in freedom of speech in every country under the globe, but we think the line should be drawn when a creature calling himself a minister of the gospel sets out upon his mission by hurling opprobrious epithets at his neighbors. Using abusive language is a crime, and if the Vienna parson be not guilty of this crime in speaking as he did, we do not know the meaning of words.

The Canadian bank managers are agitating a movement to prevent the circulation of American currency in Canada. There may be some inconvenience and loss to the banks because of this state of affairs, but the interests of the business community, especially on the borders, should also be taken into account. We will suppose an American drops into one of our clothing stores in London, and buys a thirty dollar overcoat. He then hands out the money in greenbacks, but is told that it will take \$3.30 more of that money to pay the bill. He will likely leave the coat on the hands of the trader and wait until he goes home to make the purchase. American trade is a very important matter in various sections of Canada, and it would be bad policy to build a discount wall that might bring about a boycott.

Another matter. We do not suppose there is a business man in the country who would not vote for another issue of the 25 cent scrip notes. The want of them is a great loss to many. Some firms receive thousands of dollars worth of stamps in the course of the year to make up sums less than a dollar, and they have to dispose of them at a considerable discount. The treasury department and the banks may have some reason for the discontinuance of circulation of these small bills; but, nevertheless, the people want them, and in this, as in all other matters, the will of the people should prevail.

Two remarkable lady preachers visited London last week, one a converted Jewess, who drew immense crowds in some of the churches of our separated brethren, the other the daughter of General Booth, of the Salvation Army. The latter is "La Marechale Mrs. Booth-Clibborn." The greater part of the army is not blessed with much education, and if a member occasionally makes an awkward blunder the mantle of charity is brought into use, but it is not easy to excuse one who takes the title of "La Marechale," when she says she was distinguished with the "nummeries and the ceremonies in connection with the religious devotions of the French people," and in the same breath she said she "opposed the smoking and chewing of tobacco." What are we coming to? "Lo! the poor Indian," was a common expression at the sight of a red man who had no place in the community. It will shortly be said

"Lo! the poor preacher!" for truly it appears as though the fair sex will ere long storm and capture all the pulpits. The preaching of the Word seems to be not the popular thing now-a-days amongst our neighbors. Novelties and smart, laughter-provoking sentences bring the crowds and the coppers.

We are surprised that such a conservative body as the Presbyterians should allow these innovations, and the presence of the converted Jewess in St. Andrew's church must have been to many of the old heads a departure perhaps more disgraceful than even the introduction of a "kist o' whistles." The Church of England has up to the present held out bravely against this disorderly and unseemly departure, but soon, we fancy, its theological garrison will capitulate, for we find that the Bishop of Huron gave countenance to lady pulpitering by his presence on the platform at one of the meetings at which the converted Jewess delivered a "sermon."

WHAT a precious lot of intermeddlers are the parsons of Toronto. In matters purely municipal we are often treated to the opinion of the members of the ministerial association, and very frequently a "Whereas" and "Resolved" communication is hurled at the heads of the aldermen of the Queen City. There is an agitation now on foot to run the street cars of Toronto on Sundays and the members of the ministerial association have in consequence put on a very thick coat of war paint. To hear them talk one would suppose that should this innovation be introduced either the heavens will fall or "Toronto the Good" will be swallowed up in an earthquake.

Seven thousand signatures have, we believe, been attached to a petition requesting the city fathers to submit the question to the people for their decision. The preachers say the people should not be given an opportunity of voting; and they claim, at the same time, that they are the champions of civil and religious liberty. They are, like the Orangemen, in favor of civil and religious liberty for themselves alone; and in this case at least they appear to be very untidy logicians.

Let us look at the matter from another standpoint. The merchant or the banker's son may take out his wheel and disport himself to his heart's content. Those who can afford it may hire a livery rig and drive about the city all day. The wealthy man may order out his magnificent equipage and revel in all the luxury and glory which his wealth brings. Even the preacher himself will drive out once in a while on Sunday to get an airing, or to preach at some distant mission. The humble toiler could for five or ten cents enjoy himself in like manner. The street car is the poor man's equipage, but, being a poor man, it would appear as though the preachers feel that he has no rights which they are bound to respect. We do not wish to put ourselves on record as the advocates of Sunday street cars, but merely to draw attention to the inconsistency and meddlesomeness of the Toronto parsons.

Our contemporary the *Globe* in making reference to Cabinet reconstruction, says that "Mr. Meredith is talked of as the future Ontario leader, but just as Sir John Thompson was excluded from the Premiership by Ontario prejudice against his Ultramontanism so Mr. Meredith may be kept out of the administration by Quebec prejudice against his ultra-Protestantism." This is not a fair way of putting it. Sir John Thompson was never known to be offensive or aggressive towards Protestants, nor are the people who are termed Ultramontanes known to be so. He has a happy faculty of minding his own business. Mr. Meredith, on the contrary, made war on the rights of Catholics at the last two elections held for the Ontario House. The bigots of Ontario object to Sir John Thompson simply and solely because he is a Catholic. It matters not to them that Sir John Thompson is a man gifted beyond many of his fellows—it matters not to them that he is learned and eloquent, the very soul of honor and honesty. He is a Catholic, and that is enough. Catholics, on the contrary, were loyal and true to

Sir John Macdonald, a Protestant—even an Orangeman—for over thirty years, and we have yet to hear of the first Catholic who ever expressed want of confidence in him because of his creed.

The opposition of Catholics to Mr. Meredith's entrance into the cabinet is called by the *Mail* "fanatical antagonism." The editor evidently possesses the idea that we are a sort of inferior race of beings, fit only to handle wood and carry water, and that, no matter how roundly we may be abused, no matter what hard names may be called us—that we are "a danger to the state" and "the common enemy"—yet we must forget all this, and say pleasant and forgiving words about those who hate us with an unholly hatred and who would to-morrow, were it in their power, forcibly take from us our dearest rights. The *Mail* deviates considerably from the actual condition of things in the following sentence:

"These utterances are quoted in the *Mail* that the people of Ontario may know what sort of opposition awaits the man who dares on important subjects to think as the great majority of the people of this province do."

The writer is speaking of the unanimous opposition of the Catholics of the country to Mr. Meredith's entrance into the Cabinet. As Mr. Mowat was returned to power by an immense majority, we fail to see how Mr. Meredith should be called the spokesman of the great majority of the people in this Province. Hating the Pope is a trade. The Conservative party of Ontario have followed that trade during the past ten years. They now find that the business is unprofitable, that it has thrown them into bankruptcy, and they are looking about for some one who will give them so much on the dollar for the concern, and who will start the old machine running again with a new engineer at the throttle. We are not surprised at the anxiety of the *Mail* to refurbish Mr. Meredith, because the influence of that paper, more than any other influence, served to change the Wm. Meredith of the olden days to the Wm. Meredith who became commander-in-chief of the Orange army of Ontario.

MANY of our Catholic exchanges have this year published beautiful Christmas numbers. To the *Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, Ohio, we must, however, give the palm. Its last issue was simply superb.

### CATHOLIC PRESS.

Pittsburg Catholic.

It was a wise provision that commanded women to keep silence in the Church. Their religion is oftentimes of a visionary nature. They imagine virtues and duties, nowhere to be found but in their own brains, and make for themselves a law which is nothing else but an excuse for their follies.

Yes! he is full of joke and jest, a right jolly good fellow. How his company is admired; he is much sought after at the festive board, the light and laughter of all around. His wit is exquisite, his repartee delightful. But view him at home with wife and children. Never the kind word, the cheering smile. There sits and broods discontent. The church scarcely misses him, so seldom he darkens its doors. O! these jolly good fellows! You meet them every day.

There is no evil influence that has you within its grasp, there is no bad habit that has worked its coils around you and holds you in subjection, there is no evil association exercising its spell which you imagine cannot be broken, but the grace of God can break it, if you but have confidence and place your hope in prayer. His grace will come in answer, and strike off your chains, and give you back your liberty. Our Divine Lord has taught us, both by word and example, the necessity of prayer. The most beautiful of all prayers, the "Our Father" was composed by Him. While reciting our prayers with our lips, we should always be conscious of their import. Routine in prayer renders us oblivious to the meaning of its truths. While we pray we should meditate on the words and thus learn the untold stores of this truly spiritual mine.

The man who tried to kill Russell Sage has been identified. He was not a foreign Anarchist, but a broker from Boston named Norcross. His former teacher in the Somerville, Mass., High School, says: "He was one of the brightest young men I had in the school. His tendencies were all toward the study of the classics. I have had many long talks with him on religion. He was a cynic in all matters. His whole aim in life was to be rich; that was the goal of his ambition." His

aim in life was to be rich? He was insane when he tried to kill the New York millionaire; but is not anybody insane who has no higher ambition than that of "being rich?"

Note those remarkable figures. During the fortnight from Dec. 1 to Dec. 14 inclusive, the number of drafts for Ireland sold at the Exchange Office of Mr. Patrick Donahoe, Boston, was 3,759; cash received, \$59,953.45. The Cunard Company, during the same interval, report from its agents in Boston and its neighborhood about \$60,000. Post-Office orders and sales at other places amount to \$25,000. Bear in mind that these figures stand only for Boston and its vicinity. What of New York, Chicago, and other great centres of the Irish-American portion of our population? Most of this money goes to relieve distress in Ireland. This annual outpouring of American money into Ireland is an old story. It has a variety of morals—the most striking one being that the Irish question is a very important American question, in its financial aspect at least.

The *New York Sun* reproduces a picture from a Chinese placard inciting the fanatical natives to attack the Christians and burn their books. It also quotes from one of many pamphlets and posters distributed for the same purpose, which says: "The Roman Catholic religion had its origin from Jesus, and is practised by all Western countries and taught by them to others. The Founder was nailed by wicked men on a cross and put to death. The Prince is called the Pope." The rest of the production is unfit for publication, but no more so than the vile things which are occasionally put forth by anti-Catholic propagandists on this side of the Flowery Kingdom. The object is the same in both cases, to instill ignorance and bigotry into the minds of the ignorant and bigoted people to whom it is addressed. The religion which is accustomed to such assaults, and will survive them in China as it has in Europe and America.

The manger in which Christ was born is kept in the Church of St. Mary Major at Rome. It was taken from Bethlehem to Italy in the seventh century. It is visited by multitudes on Christmas Day.

Cardinal Newman once said: "Those nations and countries have lost their faith in the Divinity of Christ who have given up devotion to His mother; and those, on the other hand, who have been foremost in her honor have retained the orthodox." How, indeed, could the Lord bless those who slight His mother?

The happiest hours are the hours spent at home in the quiet joys of family life. To them the mind turns in after years, to them—and not to theatre or dance hall, to winter festival or summer resort—does memory go for its pleasant recollections. They are not always appreciated, as they are passing, but when they are gone, when the family circle is broken, when its members are scattered or dead, the last survivor will exclaim: "Oh! how happy we were then!"

When our Lord was on earth to tell men the way of salvation, He said: "Hear the Church." And He told His apostles: "He who hears you, hears Me." Now which Church keeps to the word and way of Christ? All the Protestant churches say: "Search the Scriptures." Get a Bible and use your private judgment to interpret it. There is no other authority and no better interpreter. But the Catholic Church says: "I am the Church established by Christ. Hear Me. He who hears Me, hears Him. He promised to be with me to the end of time and that the Holy Ghost should safeguard me from error. I keep His word. Trust Me, for then you trust Him. I have preserved the Scriptures through many centuries. I am the official and infallible interpreter of the Bible. But Christ did not say: 'Read a book, written in strange languages, and find out for yourself what my doctrine is.' He said: 'Hear the Church.' I am His Church. Hear Me. The Catholic Church is the only Church that claims or exercises the powers and the rights of the Church of Christ. It speaks, as the Jews said of our Lord, 'as one having authority.' And its authority is Christ.

Aso Maria.

The editor of the English *Review of the Churches* has been publishing a species of symposium on the subject "The Reunion of Christendom," and has succeeded in eliciting a brief expression of opinion from His Eminence Cardinal Manning. The Cardinal recalls a saying of Pope Pius IX., on the occasion of his first visit to that illustrious Pontiff: "The English do a multitude of good works; and when men do good works, God always puns out His grace. My poor prayers are offered day by day for England." The Cardinal says that he echoes these words, and that he rejoices in the fact that a special power of the Holy Ghost has breathed and is still breathing over the English people. "Contrary," he adds, "repels, but charity unites. Your present action can not fail to bring many minds into closer union of good-will. Union, however, of religion is not that which generalizes Unity, and it can be recovered

only by the same principle and from the same source from which it descended in the beginning." The union of Christendom may be sighed for, and talked of, and written about for centuries; but it will be realized only when all Christians accept of their legitimate spiritual ruler Christ's Vicar on earth, Peter's successor, the Roman Pontiff.

A discovery is made that the man who demanded \$1,200,000 of Russell Sage, the Wall street magnate, and then answered the refusal with a dynamite bomb, whose explosion killed himself and another, and maimed two more, was a Boston note-slaver named Norcross—made crazy by speculation and pecuniary losses. The announcement comes simultaneously that Norcross "was most pronounced in life of his utter disbelief in either God or a hereafter." This being his idea of the end of human existence, it is not to be wondered at that the poor maniac went in for the utter annihilation of himself and all around him. He was a consistent infidel—recognized no responsibility but his own self-action—and there are those who shudder in horror as they think of him who will yet pronounce the same belief unhesitatingly, and blame this poor maniac in the same breath for his atrocious but logical result of his annihilistic principles. As we think upon this matter, how wise indeed does the Catholic Church appear in the exercise of its supreme authority, and how beautiful is the hope of eternal happiness which it holds out to him who submissively follows its teachings, and implicitly relies upon the truth of what it claims to be the repository— that bound up in her is the secret of life and the interpretation of the mysteries by which this world is surrounded.

London Universe.

The Irish are proverbially a witty race. Their fun is spontaneous, and flows from them as naturally as water from a spring. It is limited to no class in the Irish people, to no particular section or grade of society, but is common to all alike. The Irish peasant can be excruciatingly funny, but there is never the slightest suspicion of coarseness or vulgarity in his wit. His innate love of gentleness and purity prevents that. Some little time since a special train was about to start from Dublin on the occasion of the famous Punchestown races. Two of the saloon carriages were reserved for the "His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant" and the second "Sir E. C. Guinness, Bart." One of the porters in attendance at the station noticed the writing, and was instantly struck with a bright thought. He resolved to improve the occasion, and wrote upon one carriage in large letters, "For His Ex.," and, in equally large capitals, on the other, "For His XX."

Boston Republic.

The *Boston Herald* argues that because disturbances and personal violence have characterized some of the recent electoral contests in Ireland, the Irish people are unfit for self-government. This is an unjust aspersion upon a nation, and an unfair deduction to draw from the present situation. As we have already pointed out, the reports of outrages, riots and assault sent to this country are grossly exaggerated. We quoted last week from a letter written by William O'Brien, M. P., in support of this contention. The distinguished member for North-east Cork declared emphatically that he had been an active participant in the campaign for Cork, and that the conduct of the rival factions about the contest was scandalously colored for political effect. The *Herald* should remember that England controls the cable press service, and that it is for England's present advantage to make the world believe that the Irish are unfit to govern themselves. The conduct of elections in England, Ireland and Scotland has always differed from that to which we are accustomed on this side of the water. Election day is a holiday, a day when the operations of the ordinary law are suspended, when freedom of action is granted to the electors. There is in every case more or less faction fighting. In London, Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds, as well as in Dublin or Cork, broken heads are frequent. Nobody thinks of burdening the cable with a recital of the events that produced them. But if a street brawl occurs at an Irish election the whole American press is informed of the fact. There is no more reason why the Irish people should be adjudged incapable of self-rule on this account than there is to claim that free institutions in America are a failure because of the Mafia associations in New Orleans, the Pennsylvania St. Louis labor riots, the dynamite enterprise of Norcross or the deliberate murder of his brother by Isaac Sawtelle.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

A little girl is to be made the subject of a strange experiment. Her name is Robin. She is seven years of age. When she was about eighteen months old she became blind, deaf and dumb. She is now kept in ignorance of religion in order that it may be ascertained whether or not the idea of God is inborn. This is a stupid and

sinful experiment. It is stupid because, even should the child conceive the thought of a divine being, she may never give expression to it; she may have it, and those who are testing her will most probably never know it. It is sinful because those who are keeping her ignorant of Christ are violating their duty, and because the lack of that knowledge of her Redeemer may cost her soul.

The Death of the Year.

They say the poor old year is dead  
And I do believe it was,  
For the old mill stream has a glossy gleam,  
And the earth a shroud of snow;  
And all through the darksome hours  
Of the long, long, lonesome night  
I heard the loud wail of the wintery gale,  
As the old year passed from sight.

Perhaps I was only dreaming:  
But this I know I did see—  
The maple and oak, that never yet spoke,  
Went red with the autumn breeze,  
And through the deep gloom and stillness  
I could distinctly discern  
A blue fisher, that held the old year,  
While the seasons stood close by.

And Spring wore a wreath of daisies,  
And Summer a red, red rose,  
And Autumn a train of golden grain,  
Old Winter a purple nose,  
These were the poor old year,  
A walking with measured tread,  
While gray Time decked all, both mourners and  
gall.  
With memories of the dead.

—Barley Campbell.

### MGR. PRESTON'S CONVERSION.

The Facts of the Matter as Written by Himself.

"Let me tell you the story as plainly as I can," wrote Mgr. Preston, Vicar General of New York, referring to his conversion to Catholicity. "I was very young. Many whom I revered pointed in another direction. They could not change my convictions. If I gained a step one day I did not waver and change my ground the next day. But they had the power to make me wait and watch the door when the goal of my hope was in sight. They bade me beware of the impetuosity of youth, and charged me to weigh well the arguments of those who had studied long the points of controversy. I can here recount only the theories which then seemed to me to have weight. To have told me at this stage of my religious experience that there was really no Church of Christ upon earth would not have influenced me. This denial of Christianity in its concrete form would have been to me equivalent to an infidelity for which I had no temptations. Extreme Protestantism, which leaves every man to make his own creed, I could not accept. But they said to me, first, that the Catholic Church had lost the primitive faith, and had become corrupt to such a degree that she could not be the divine organ of truth; and, secondly, that the true Church was to be found in the reformed branches, which, though cut off from visible communion with the parent trunk, have still kept the essential faith. Moreover, the Church to which you belong is one of these branches. It has the apostolic orders, and is a true portion of the Church which Jesus Christ founded. In it you have the primitive faith and all the guidance you need. If there are errors in it, abide manfully and do your best to purify and strengthen your spiritual mother.

"These arguments reduce themselves to two—the actual apostasy from the Roman Catholic Church, and the branch thereof of Christianity. I may say that I examined these arguments well. I remained in the Protestant Episcopal Church. I passed through the course of the principal seminary. I entered the ministry and for three years waited in patience and prayer. I read many Catholic books, but I read many more Protestant works. I tried to open my intellect and heart to God's light; but much as I wished to do so, I never entered a Catholic church, nor sought the counsel of a Catholic priest, until the happy day, when, upon my knees, I begged admission to what I knew to be the one fold of Christ. All human influences around me would have kept me where I was, but I felt that the voice of my conscience was more to me than any earthly attraction. If there was one Church founded by my Lord, I must seek and find it. "The Protestant Episcopal Church could be defeated only on Protestant principles, and by these principles, as I had convinced myself, there was no divine Church. I had long ago rejected such an opinion, and I could not accept it after years of study and prayer. There was then no logical course open to me but to believe that the Roman Catholic Church was the representative of Jesus Christ on earth, and that it was the ark of safety, the visible fold in which I could receive the faith taught by the lips of the incarnate God. So I sought its haven of rest, and placed my feet upon the rock of Peter. There were some worldly sacrifices, but although they sobered my face a little, they did not drive the sunshine from my heart. At last I was in my Father's house, and never from that moment have I had one doubt of the truth of the Catholic religion."

### Stories of Refugees.

A Cairo despatch says:—The refugee priest and nun, who escaped recently from Oudrman, got away during disturbances caused by internal intrigues. Twenty-four persons were killed in these disorders. Such disturbances are not infrequent, being due to religious intolerance. The refugees travelled night and day for three days without food and without sleep.