

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, NOV. 4, 1881.

NO. 160

CLERICAL.

WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments.

We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade.

N. WILSON & CO.

The Miss-Nomers.

(From the Dublin Penny Journal.)
Miss Brown is exceedingly fair.
Miss White is as red as a lily.
Miss Black has a grey head of hair.
Miss Green is a flirt ever merry.
Miss Lightly weighs sixteen stones.
Miss High source can muster a guinea.
Miss Hare wears a wig and has none.
Miss Solomon is a sad nitwit.
Miss Midway's a terrible scold.
Miss Day's ever cross and contrary.
Miss Young is now grown very old.
And Miss Heavenside's light as a fairy!
Miss Short is at least five feet ten.
Miss Solide's of humble extraction.
Miss Love has a hatred towards men.
White Miss Still is for ever in action.
Miss Green is a regular blue.
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily.
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view.
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly.
Miss Goodchild's a naughty young elf.
Miss Lyon's from terror a fool.
Miss Mee's not at all like myself.
Miss Carpenter no one can ruse.
Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse.
White Miss Green from the stable will run.
Miss Kilmore can't look on a corpse.
And Miss Almswell ne'er revell'd a gun.
Miss Heartwell is ever complaining.
Miss Lane ne'er has been at a ball.
Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes returning.
Miss Wright she is constantly wrong.
Miss Tinkell, alas! is not funny.
And Miss Singer ne'er watch'd her flight.
And alas! poor Miss Cash, has no money.
Miss Bateman would give all she's worth
To purchase a man to her liking.
Miss Merry is shocked at all mirth.
Miss Rover the men don't find striking.
Miss Bliss does with sorrow sorrow.
Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb.
Miss Joy still anticipates we.
And Miss Charity's never "at home."
Miss Hamlet resides in a city.
The nerves of Miss Standfast are shaken.
Miss Pardon has had many a trial.
Miss Faithful her love has forsaken.
Miss Porter dispises all froth.
White Miss Green will I think I can't
find.
Miss Neekly is apt to be wrath.
Miss Lory to meanness is sinking.
Miss Seymour's as bold as a bull.
Miss Last at a party is first.
Miss Binkie, dislikes a striped coat.
And Miss Water has always a fairst.
Miss Knight is now changed into Day.
Miss Day wants to marry a Knight.
Miss Prudence has just run away.
And Miss Charity's never "at home."
But success to the fair—one and all.
No Miss-apprehension be making.
Though wrong the world is making.
There's no harm, I should hope in Miss
Tacking.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Pilot.

"The arrest of Parnell is generally approved here."—Telegram from Berlin.

Moscow, Constantinople, and Dahomey are yet to be heard from.
Another batch of Mormon agents, twenty-four in number, left for Europe a few days ago, to gather up "converts." They are Scandinavians, Welsh, Scotch and English, and they are to "labor for the cause" in their respective countries. Forty more are ready to follow and take up the same kind of work. There is also a batch of about forty preparing to operate in the South.

The parish priest of Brockton, Mass., has asked the Irish-Americans of his town to boycott the Brockton Gazette for publishing an unjust and offensive article on Parnell and the Land League. The editor is also charged with having stolen the article from a Boston paper, probably the Advertiser; but he says he didn't. If the Irish-Americans of Brockton and other places respect themselves they will try the efficacy of not buying the papers that dislike and insult them.

The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser calls attention to the fact that English editors say "the arrest of Parnell is a sign that the patience of the British Government is exhausted;" words very like the ones used by the same class of men when it became known in London that orders had been sent to the Royal Governor of the Province of Massachusetts to seize and send to England for trial Sam Adams and John Hancock, "those avowed enemies to the British Crown." "Let the Irish," says the Advertiser, "take comfort and courage out of the past history of human liberty, and patiently wait for the freedom that is sure to come to them."

It goes terribly against the grain with the New York Herald to admit that England is in the wrong, but it has to do so. While still abusing Mr. Parnell, it is obliged to confess that England enters upon her new programme of persecution "without the sympathy of the civilized world." "The extremity of arresting Mr. Parnell," the Herald says, "and of violating the cardinal principles of that liberty which underlies the Brit-

ish system, alienates from the Crown that sympathy which would have followed an effort to enforce the Land Act."

Dublin Irishman.

"We have left Scotland behind. While we were awake and hammering hard nails into the coffin of landlordism, the canny tribe north of the Tweed were dozing beside their toddy. Now some of them are stirring. The Aberdeen district is initiating a campaign against high rents, and in favor of compensation for tenants' improvements. What drowsy fellows are these in the higher latitudes of Scotia minor! Long ago we squeezed that thing, compensation for improvements, out of the grab-all rick. Our surprise is very great that Scots who have irack rents bid, have so long continued to bleed as weekly as a poor veal calf, hung up by the heels in the shambles.

Catholic Review.

"My Italy," he (Gavazzi) calls her. Do you wonder that Italy is precious to him? For her he has fought fifty years, and for her will continue to fight of faith, and work, and victory, while life lasts. "Golden Rule, Precious to him! "She" is a big bonanza. He could not live without her. To him she is what the Waldenses were to a certain Mr. Van Meter, whose insatiable appetite for the pennies of "Sabbath-school" children is so well known. Italy is also dear to Signor Campello, the ex-Canon. He will come among us by and by and collect. Lovers of Italy always collect. Italy demands this sacrifice of them. That is their manner of fighting; and the heavier their pockets are with the golden eggs of their geese, the greater their work and their victory. Signor Gavazzi has had his day; enter, into Methodist circles, Signor Campello and the lady—the "political reason"—for whom he left the Church.

Baltimore Mirror.

The Agnostic Mallock startled the intellectual world with the query, "Is life worth living?" His own answer is that if the solution of the mystery of existence offered by the Catholic Church be accepted, life is of inestimable value; but that otherwise its curses outnumber its blessings. The life proposed as a model by the church is the life of Emmanuel, who said of himself—"I seek not my own will, but the will of him that sent me." In that life God is the mainspring. As St. Paul taught the first Christians: "Whether you eat or drink or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God." The intention is the main thing. It high itself, it enables commonplaces, elevates littleness, glorifies trivial things. So, when a man thinks to please God, his supernatural intention gives a merit to his deeds that they otherwise would not possess. This intention need not be explicitly formed at every turn. It is not necessary to count every step of a journey and to say at every pace: "I am going to Rome." But the intention to do God's will during the day should be made every morning, and when it is made and kept, it makes any life worth living, whether on the farm or in the forum.

Why the Rev. Mr. Harrison, the one hundred dollars a week revivalist, is called the "Boy Preacher" we cannot imagine, unless it be because he is an immature, jejune, childish sort of a man, who is popularly supposed not yet to have arrived at the full use of his reason. Rev. David Swing, of Chicago, says of him: "If Mr. Harrison is not a Boy Preacher will some one please tell us why he is not and in what respect he comes short? He has that playfulness of style, and that peculiarity of speech and logic, and that free and easy relation with the great personages of the Bible that indicate the influence of some seven or eight summers in the world." Were it not for the painful anachronism, one might suspect Mr. Harrison of being the little nephew of the Apostle John, or a ruddy son of the sexton of one of the Seven Churches of Asia. In his prattle last Sunday this dear little fellow repeated some incidents of the crucifixion in an infantile manner. Christ said, "John, I want you to take care of my mother; John, give my mother a home until she dies." Persons who were not "boys" tell the story differently, and say that Jesus looked toward the loved disciple and said, "Behold thy mother." She was to be John's mother from that date—a fact overlooked by the dear little Mr. Harrison of eight summers. . . . Thus all the facts so far as known justify the words "Mr. Harrison, the Boy Preacher," and the same facts

justify the hope that he is the last of the series. There are many who are ready to follow such a leader, but that does not warrant the conclusion that the leadership is desirable."

Catholic Telegraph.

Both the English and Anglo-American papers have tried to make capital out of the pronouncement of the Irish hierarchy on the Land Bill. The prelates stated that they considered the act an instalment of justice. Parnell does the same. The Bishops' opinions carry much weight, for instance: "The Bishops unite with the people urging on the Government the release of those who are still imprisoned under the Peace Preservation Act, hoping that such a measure will contribute not a little to the peace of the country." And the answer is to immediately throw into a dungeon the Tribune of the Irish people. This is a logical sequence of the Elizabethan tradition. The bastard Tudor used to say to her Bishops, those of her own manufacture, when they opposed her sovereign will, "By—I will unlock you." But to Catholic Bishops such a threat has no meaning. It is useless to try and misrepresent the faithful Irish prelates, they are truly animated with a deep solicitude for the welfare of their flocks. British bribes and overtures are unheeded by them.

United Ireland.

"Chiefest amongst the resources of civilization" in the dealings of the British with this island, we must reckon lying. Good, sound, full-bodied, rich-flavored lying—that is the article most in demand in the commerce of statesmanship with our country.

As we take some trouble to-day to riddle Mr. Gladstone's speech at Leeds from many sides, and to show how others have riddled it, we need only here summarise it neatly under these heads:—First, try to detach Mr. Dillon from the Irish cause by mixing him up in compliments to dead patriots and recreant living ones. That trick has recoiled with frightful force upon the trickster's head. Second, a confession—that the power of the landlords is gone, and that the Government has no moral force behind it. Thirdly, a threat—that if the people won't take his Act and worship himself, he will do something too dreadful to be mentioned. Cunning, disappointment, rage—these things act like Kilkenny cats and eat up each other.

But, since Mr. Gladstone is so fond of figures, we would like to set him a little sum to solve. The farmers of Ireland pay rent to the tune of £17,000,000 per annum. Supposing that, instead of going into the pockets of Absentees, this seventeen millions had for forty years been kept at home for the benefit of the people who earned it. Does he believe that (if no other channel for investment existed) there would not be more of the resultant £680,000,000 in bank to-day than his beggarly £30,000,000? He must be a very poor financier if he does not acknowledge that in such a state of things Irish farmers would have a much bigger balance than this at their bankers.

We deal with Mr. Gladstone's major propositions elsewhere. Let us here note a few minor ones, which are apt to escape notice.—A great point is made by Mr. Gladstone of the increase in forty years in the investments in Irish banks from five to thirty millions sterling. This he attributes, almost wholly, to the improvement in the farming classes; but the fact is that, assuming that £30,000,000 is a great balance for a nation like ours to have lying by, the sum represents not merely savings of the farming interest, but those of every landlord, merchant, trader, shop keeper, manufacturer, and artisan as well. We should much like to ascertain what proportion of this sum is banked by our half-dozen great cities, Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Derry, Waterford, and Limerick, with which the farmers can have little to do. We fear it would make a great hole in the splendid total.

Freeman's Journal.

"ONE of the three boys who recently robbed the railroad train in Arkansas says that they were all in love, and wanted to get money enough to marry upon; that they had read about the James boys in the papers and books, and thought it was easy to rob trains and get away."—Daily Paper.

Can not these sentimental people who are always interesting themselves in the cause of "humanity" raise a subscription for these amiable young criminals? The philosophy of the literature devoured by the rising generation teaches that "love"

excuse all things. Boys and girls take in this teaching with their daily breath; it permeates the whole mental atmosphere. It leads to hasty marriages repeated at leisure or made subjects of scandal in the divorce courts. It is the fashion to speak of the sin which results from the French system of marriage; but experience, boasting of their blind following of the impulses of "love," would do well to look at home. These boys only followed the lessons taught to youth in modern society—that money-getting and "love" are the levers which should move all men. Let any parent glance at the papers his children read. The old dime novels, bad as they were, were edifying compared to the stories of murder, sin and "love" which are eagerly devoured by every child in the country that can read and that is not carefully guarded. "The Boy Train-Robbers," founded on this newspaper paragraph, may shortly be expected to appear in the post office sheets as an incentive to youth.

Catholics need not flatter themselves that their children are not liable to the corrupt influences of this literature for boys and girls. In truth, Catholics give much support to it. It is doubtful whether, without this support, it would flourish as it does. Not very long ago one of these penny-papers, which counts its issues among the hundred thousands, published a story in which a bigoted account of a convent-life was given and a bad monk introduced. Instantly the circulation of the paper received a stunning blow. It began to go down. "Stops" poured in and the returns from the news-stands were overwhelmed. The story was revised or dropped. The zealous readers might have swallowed any story of crime, enjoyed carefully-arranged and exciting descriptions of passion, but their indignation exceeded all bounds when the discipline of their religion was attacked—an anomaly indeed! If the Catholic church were openly calumniated in the literature of the day, the danger would be less. A Catholic boy would stand less chance of perversion from a rigid Presbyterian than from a Humanitarian, who would preach all the pleasant sins without exciting antagonism; so writers to-day do not shock people by vile lies about monks and nuns, but gradually attack them in their morals. When evil thoughts are entertained, Faith soon becomes weak. And the highly wrought descriptions that abound in these tales soon make mental debauchees of those who read them, unless, through God's grace, their influence is shaken off.

It is plain that Mr. Gladstone fatally misunderstands the temper of the Irish people. The first step he can take is to further the release of Father Sheehy, one of those attempts at playing fast and loose which have caused every one of Mr. Gladstone's many compromises to deserve the epithet of "idiotic." If the Land League were living out in the country districts—if, as some apparently well-informed Irishmen have asserted, the farmers were willing to give England a trial, and the agitation had come to be confined to the towns—this issue action of Mr. Gladstone could only have the effect of reviving the flame of Irish loyalty to Parnell. It is a stroke worthy of the Cæsars when their names had become by-words of shame. It is a confession of impotence, as a despotism is. The pretext that Mr. Parnell used intimidation is foolish and false. A reference to the most fervent and patriotic of his speeches will prove this. Mr. Parnell could have done no more skillful act than to have forced the Government to arrest him. He needed only this to give him in Irish eyes the halo of a martyr, as well as the crown of a hero. Mr. Parnell has not always been prudent or diplomatic; but of late he has earned the respect of stern diplomats. He has beaten down his English antagonists. He has forced him into a cul-de-sac. The Irish people are not to be coerced into a hopeless insurrection; experience has taught them too much, and the influence of the Church is too strong for that. But what will sweet William do? He has opened the flood gates. He will, if he be wise, leave the Irish people to themselves—or the Tories. Better open enemies than treacherous friends.

Catholic Columbian.

All the Catholic Standard makes the point that all those who deny the honoring of the Mother of God are the very individuals who now testify so great a regard for the mother of Godfield, amounting almost to adulation. They sever her for her relationship to the great ruler, who met such a sorrowful and tragic end, but to raise their sympathetic feelings to the Mother of God, because of her relation to her divine Son, would be wrong! They speak of the Blessed Virgin as the Virgin of Mercy. They speak of Elizabeth's mother as Mother Garfield, or as Eliza or the woman. We, as Catholics do not favor such a comparison, for there can be none truly made, yet it serves in the natural order to show the inconsistencies of those who scoff over honoring the greatest of the friends of God. Our religion is not a natural, but a supernatural Christ declared this in word and act. He took upon Himself human nature, and then led us follow Him. He could not command us to do that which was unnatural, and if we follow our natural feelings in loving all that is good, we must love the Mother of God, above all creatures.

Is it possible that Baptists, stern unflinching haters of the "Sabblet Woman," are leaning toward "the abolition of Popery"? The last number of the Baptist Weekly contains a plea for processions, banners, etc., which ought to make the "only original" Baptists turn in their graves or their pews. "A cross on a church-

spire," says the pleader, "figures of saints in stained glass windows, paintings of sacred scenes in the house of God, were thought to be scurrilous—a leaning toward Popery. But all that prejudice has been overcome." Twenty-five years ago a real, hard-shell Baptist would have looked on this admission as a retreat from the principles of the Reformers, with whose iconoclastic creed the "hard-hell" had much sympathy. The fact is that Baptists find that bare walls do not "draw," in spite of infant phenomena in the way of revivalists and nice young girls as preachers. They want an introduction of the "spectacular" into their services. They are willing to use old-fashioned "Popish practices" as they use any novelty in the way of worship—a concert or merry jubilee singers. They do not care for the saint; it is the saint's picture on stained glass they want. Truth and sanctity are secondary considerations; the spiritual meaning of ceremonial is unimportant. To attract is the main thing. The Baptists have found that the Masonic numeraries are more attractive than the convulsions and contortions of the most popular revivalists. They fancy, too, that it is the ceremonies which draw Catholics to Mass. They are mistaken; but who can make them so? They are precluded the consultations of the Real Presence. The new departure is explained by the writer in the Baptist Weekly, in a few words: "The spectacular is attractive, and, if wisely and appropriately adopted, will pack our churches on the Sabbath."

We have always considered life too short to engage even a few moments in reading the effusions of Bob Ingersoll's brain. We could learn nothing new from them in the way of infidel arguments and sophistries against the existence of God. He is one of those dazzling meteors that occasionally shoot athwart the midnight sky and then are lost in the regions of space. For the moment they engage the attention, but are soon forgotten. We are more convinced of the futility of Ingersoll's strategy upon his article on the "Inspiration of the Bible." In this he displays a woeful ignorance of history—both sacred and profane, and on this ignorance builds up his premises. He distorts the bible to such an extent that the smallest child in catechism could correct or rebuke him. It is strange that an intelligent man can exercise sufficient patience to reason with one who, in his desperation to retain his position, resorts to fallacies and sophisms. His article on the "Christian Religion," in the Review is not even a first-class article of literary style.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Cardinal Cullen is dead.

Archbishop Alemany has determined to erect a new cathedral in San Francisco.

Von Moltke was defeated in the late elections at Essen by a liberal.

Bishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, on Friday obtained four priests.

A recent religious census taken in Prussia shows that that country contains 17,645,462 Protestants, 9,205,136 Catholics, 263,700 Jews, 42,218 Moslems, and 22,000 persons professing no religion.

Mr. John Brockbridge McKay was received into the Catholic Church on Sunday, October 9th, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at the Cathedral, Louisville, Kentucky.

The daughter of the President of the French Republic was married last Saturday. To celebrate the event M. Grevy allowed a good old Catholic custom by giving 200,000 francs to the poor.

The great Dominican preacher, Father Burke, has so far recovered his health as to be able to return to the pulpit. He preached on Sunday, October 9th, in St. Dominic's, Dublin, on behalf of St. Saviour's Orphanage, and we need not say that a crowded congregation assembled to hear the rev. gentleman.

In his excellent little work on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, Bishop Vaughan, speaking of modesty of dress, says:—"It is very unbecoming in women and irreverent to go to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass extensively dressed in gay and attractive colors. We should go dressed to Mass just as we should have gone to Mount Calvary on the day of the Crucifixion. It is the same Sacrifice, the same Priest and Victim."

Mr. Birmingham, who is now contesting Barwick-on-Trent, is a Catholic. He is a member of Lord Stafford's family, who have been always liberal. If returned, he will be the only Roman Catholic representing an English or Scotch constituency. Mr. Thornhill, M. P., of Tory whip, however, opposes him, stating that the only thing he knows against him is his being a Catholic, but he regards that as an insuperable objection to his return. This seems a strange and impolitic consideration that the staunchest Tories in England are the Catholic peers, with few exceptions, from the Duke of Norfolk down.

The Bishops of the Province of Oregon, having held their triennial council, have issued a pastoral letter to the faithful under their charge, in the course of which they say: "Marriage is, by Divine institution, indissoluble; the thought of its perpetual duration is a powerful motive to induce husband and wife to live in peaceful harmony. Being aware that they are united for life, they endeavor to sweeten their existence by love and due subordination. But what agreement, what peace, what lasting love, can exist between parties who know that at the first disagreement they have it in their power to dissolve the bond of matrimony and to cling to another partner? The granting of

divorce from the bond of wedlock is an immoral practice, and altogether at variance with the designs of our Holy Redeemer. The Church does not acknowledge any divorce law, because what God has joined together no man can put asunder (Math. xix.).

The London correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal writes: "I have good reason to believe that an effort has been made to induce Cardinal Manning to pay a visit to Ireland, with the condition of whose people he a short time ago expressed such a timely sympathy. I know that such a visit would afford His Eminence the greatest pleasure, as he feels that he could give a considerable impetus to the cause of temperance which he is advocating with such beneficial results in this country. Besides and above this he is possessed of a feeling of the highest admiration for the fortitude displayed by the Irish people in the dark days of religious persecution, which has long made him desire strongly to go amongst them. His health, however, at present is far from good, and his friends are extremely anxious as to the effect upon it of his present temperance-cruise through the north of England and Scotland, where he is addressing immense audiences every day. I am sure, if he is sufficiently strong next year to undertake the journey, that you will have the pleasure of welcoming him in Ireland."

"THEIR POWER IS GONE!"

"The landowners are silent or are refugees. Their power is gone!" We forgive Mr. Gladstone all his roaring catarrh of rage and hatred for that one golden confession. It was wrong from him in the bitterness of his soul. It is the avowal that the victory is won; if we have but the manhood to press it home. It is the last word of landlordism. The Prime Minister of England wringing his hands over his prostrate body has no hope for it. All the power of England cannot save it. Its hour has come. "Its power is gone! Joy and victory! How the words will circle round the world! How the millions it has banished will smile over its corpse! How the millions it has slain will tremble with joy in their coffinless grave! The power that ruled us in the grasp of a hand—the power that poisoned the lives of ten generations of Irishmen, that first their hands, that crushed their manhood, that scourged their backs, and plundered their purses, and gave them the dwellings of swine, and worse than the death of dogs; the power that for three hundred years back chained them like beasts to the triumphal car of England, and that in payment for its service had a full charter to lash, hunt, and torture them as beasts—that power is by the confession of England's Premier, conquered, hunted—gone! We thank thee, Jew, for teaching us that word." Mr. Gladstone froth and steam against Mr. Parnell—"the power of the landlords is gone!" The denouncer of Neapolitan dungeons have crumpled his jaws with unoffending Irishness—"The power of the landlords is gone!" The high priest of English Liberalism may rule Ireland with the Russian knout or with the bloody sabres of the Bash-Bazooks—"The power of the landlords is gone!" He may galvanise it with his Land Act, he may fire his assassin charge of bullets into those who have killed it. But dead it is, and damned, with the consenting voice of Christendom. And the power that has proved itself a match for Irish landlordism is not going to lay down its arms before the curse of an angry old man. It was not Mr. Gladstone that delivered us from the fiery dragon of landlordism. While it was raging and devouring, who were his wily plottings? When the people were perishing, where were his burning reproaches? If his spells could revive it, the dragon would once more range over the land, with clipped wings, indeed, but with as devouring an appetite and as deadly a breath as ever. In its dying days, he has lent out his armies in its service; even over its dead body he shrilled one vengeance upon those who slew it. He is afraid that the dragon of English misrule is going to share the fate of the dragon of Irish landlordism. If it do not, eternal shame rest on our heads! The garrison is gone. The new bullets and steel, indeed, remain; but there is no moral force behind them—afire that no human tyranny, though it had millions of bayonets at its command, has ever yet withstood for long—the force of a steady-going, resolute, and united Nation, strong as steel and pitiless as death. It was too strong for landlordism; it will be too strong for Mr. Gladstone and all his terms, even as Michael Davitt in his Portland dungeon is too strong for him. "The power of the landlords is gone!" If ever it comes back, or if English misrule does not go with it, we will deserve to be booted from the company of nations as a race of dastards who turned and fled in the very embrace of glorious Victory.—United Ireland.

GERMANY.

The Mission at St. Peter's, Gdansk, in connection with the Jubilee, was opened on Sunday, 16th Oct., by Father Schmidt, one of the Carmelite missionaries from Jersey City, who gave most valuable instructions to the congregation, every morning after the masses at 5.30 and 8.30 a. m. A large congregation attended at 3 p. m. every day. The Stations of the Cross were said by the Rev. Father Watters, and at 8.30 p. m. lectures were given by Father Schmidt, the first two evenings, and by Father Peelan, the succeeding ones. On Sunday, Oct. 23rd, the mission ended after High Mass with a renewal of the baptismal vows.