

# 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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## 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.

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### Turning to God.

BY CARDINAL BEMBO.

"O, gracious God, in life's green, ardent year,  
A thousand times Thy patient love I tried,  
With reckless heart, with conscience hard  
and sore,  
Thy gifts perverted and Thy word defied,  
Oh grant me, now that wintry snows appear  
Around my brow, and youth's bright promise  
hide—  
Grant me with reverential awe to hear  
Thy holy voice and in Thy word confide!  
Blot from my book of life its early stains;  
Since days mispent will never more return,  
My future path do Thou in mercy trace;  
So cause my soul with pious zeal to burn,  
That all the trust which in Thy name I place,  
Fruit as I am, may not prove wholly vain."  
—Catholic World.

### CATHOLIC PRESS.

**SINCERE**, God-fearing Protestants—who have thus far escaped the greedy maw of Rationalism, Materialism and Nothing-at-all-ism—if they at all reflect, must surely now realize with chilling sense how defective is the Bible as a sole and only rule of faith.—*Catholic Union*.

A POLITICIAN will adhere to a party so long as it serves his temporal ends, and occasionally we find a Catholic—so called, remaining away from the Church so long as it does not serve his temporal ends, or the priest does not buy his matches of him.—*Catholic Columbian*.

THE BAPTISTS in concave think the new revision a "vast improvement" upon the old version of the Bible, "yet it still lacks consistency." How it can be an improvement and lacking in consistency is more than we can understand, unless the old version was a bundle of inconsistencies.—*Tablet*.

MR. TIMOTHY MICHAEL HEALY, M. P., is a relentless man. He follows the ill-fated Mr. Forster with a persistence and a ferocity astonishing to those who imagine that the calm and impressive face of the member for Wexford betokens an equally quiet, unassuming disposition. Mr. Forster brought his fate upon his own head. He challenged Mr. Healy to go to Ireland and give certain advice, and Mr. Healy went over by the next boat. Once there he gave his mind to Mr. Forster pretty freely. He dared him to mortal combat, and concocted a parody of an old song, which will not, I think, be soon forgotten.—*Tablet*.

"There was an old prophecy found in a bog,  
That Ireland would be ruled by an ass and a dog.  
Now this old prophecy's come to pass,  
Coveper's the dog and Forster's the ass."  
—*Liverpool Times*.

We are told of Locke that he said to the Anglican divines of his time:

"Why do you press upon me the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ? You say you find it in the Scriptures. That is your private judgment. I say that I do not find it there. That is my private judgment—as good as (perhaps better than) yours." It is sufficient merely to recall the fact that the Bible is the most difficult book in the world to interpret to show that, by itself, it can never be a rule of faith, and that the Protestant theory that there exists a divine right of private judgment as to the interpretation of the Bible is at once imbecile and impious.—*London Universe*.

THE cablegraph has sent word to this country that the Holy Father expects the Bishops of this country to put an end to this Fenian talk and not to permit any dynamite to be shipped over to England. It seems providential for some reason, that the reporter for the English end of the cable does not sit down some day upon a pin-head's size of that powerful explosive. Even over such circumstances pieces of him would be lying about Ireland.—*Catholic Columbian*.

THE Catholics are taxed for all institutions that get appropriations, as for all the chaplaincies, and when it comes to a general equalization they

would not be any greater losers by the agitation made by the Methodist preachers than the sects would be. It was recently asserted in New York that Catholic institutions were aided beyond other denominations, but investigation proved the reverse to be true.

Withal, we do not think that Methodist preachers are the men to rule American politics, and if they get in the entering wedge, as they are trying, they will find final results not more satisfactory to themselves than to the public at large. They may be competent Know-Nothing politicians, but political science is a little too high for them.—*Catholic Mirror*.

A CAPITAL movement has been organized in London; its object is to aid members of the Irish constabulary who are tired of the service to emigrate. We believe that three-fourths of the members of the Irish constabulary are heartily sick of playing bailiffs and evicting their own kindred, and would quit the service if they could only afford to do so. If the police force once become demoralized by resignations, the vacancies would not be filled up, owing to the present state of feeling in Ireland. Without police the landlords could not carry out their eviction schemes, for it is only on extraordinary occasions that the soldiers can be used for such vile purposes. Why not make an effort here to encourage this spirit of desertion from the police force? We fully believe that if there was a combined effort to pay their passages and to secure employment for them when they arrive here the Irish police force would soon be depleted. Who will start the good work?—*Tablet*.

"We hope that on the programmes of the commencement exercises of our convent schools the pet names of the girls will not be printed."—*Catholic Mirror*.

We made the same suggestion some years ago and our hair has been falling out ever since. The Sisters are not to blame. The young ladies protest that these pet names were given them in baptism. What is more, we believe them. When female infants are brought to the Church to be baptized the sponsors generally announce these pet names. This every priest knows to be a fact. When asked what name they wish imposed on the child they almost invariably give Nellie or Tillie or Nellie or Nannie or Mamie or Susie or Lizzie or Maggie, or something else ending in "ie." The priest baptizes the child without further ado and forever after it has the pet name. Of course the right name is entered in the register; but that does not mend the matter. The name given by the sponsors is the name of the child. If priests would have the children of the parish bear Christian names they must not accept these absurd nick-names. The fault is with the priests and not with the Sisters.—*Western Watchman*.

THERE is no doubt but that the steady growth of the Catholic Church in America and the spread of Catholic reading as well as well as Catholic education, have done much towards dispelling the ignorance that so long existed amongst our separated brethren with regard to the teachings of the Catholic Church. With the enlightenment of the people on what the Catholic Church is, is the banishment of bigotry, for no man knowing Catholic truth can be a bigot at heart. Politicians and others, whose lives may be in opposition to the examples the Catholic Church sets up, are the very individuals who are responsible for the falsehood spread concerning the Catholic religion. They have influenced the gullible to believe that the Catholic Church is a terrible monster and should not be suffered an existence. But take intelligent Americans and all will acknowledge a very different opinion of the Catholic Church, from that held by their forefathers, when Catholics were persecuted as outlaws. One drawback the Church experiences is the bad example of men and women calling themselves Catholics. Their lives, it is true, contradict their professions, but the world is moulded as much, if not more, by the example than by precept.—*Catholic Columbian*.

A BODY called the Protestantverein, which means Protestant Union, is just now holding its annual congress at Berlin. The name of this association would make one imagine that it consists of strict fol-

lowers of the teachings of such men as Luther, Calvin, Zwingli and the like, but in reality it does not. The Protestant Union of Germany has for its chief object to protest against the doctrine of the Trinity of Christ. Their notions are a cross between those of Messrs. Newdigate and Bradlaugh. There are a good many persons in Germany who belong to the Protestant Union, and the royal ecclesiastical court is just as powerless to put them down as Lord Penance is in this country to contend against the Ritualists. The one great fault they find with official Protestantism is what they call its Catholic tendencies. Parson Frickhofer, of Bremen, in addressing the Berlin meeting, remarked:

"What our evangelical Church is chiefly suffering from is its disordinate love of the 'sister Church.' They are trying to disconnect themselves from the State, and throw themselves into the arms of those very men who are doing nothing all day long, but compass the ruin of Protestantism."

What a dreadful thing! And are not the Protestant Unionists compassing all day long, not only the ruin of Catholicity, but of Christianity itself? However, the supineness with which Protestants in general look on while the Catholic Church in Prussia is being persecuted does not show that "Catholic tendencies" are particularly strong among them.—*London Universe*.

IT is not our purpose to quote the testimony of impartial observers concerning what they have seen of Protestant missionaries in Pagan countries. Let us cover their operations with the pall of silence. Robert Fortune, the Botanical collector of the Horticultural Society, in his interesting work, "Wanderings in China," pays this honest tribute to the work of the Catholic missionaries:—"The Roman Catholic missionaries conduct their operations in a manner somewhat different from the Protestants. They do not restrict themselves to the outskirts of the empire, where foreigners are permitted to trade, but penetrate into the interior, and distribute themselves over all the country. One of the Chinese dress-makers, an Italian nobleman, resides in the province of Kiang-soo, a few miles from Shanghai, where I have frequently met him; he dresses in the costume of the country and speaks the language with the most perfect fluency. In the place where he lives, he is surrounded by his converts, in fact it is a little Christian village, where he is perfectly safe, and I believe is seldom if ever annoyed in any way by the Chinese authorities. When new Roman Catholic missionaries arrive, they are met by some of their brethren or converts, at the port nearest their destination, and secretly conveyed into the interior. The Chinese dress-makers, and the European, their heads are shaved, and in this state they are conducted to the scene of their future labors, where they commence the study of the language—and in about two years are able to speak it sufficiently well to enable them to instruct the people. These men submit to many privations and dangers for the cause they have espoused, and although I do not approve of the doctrines which they teach, I must give them the highest praise for enthusiasm and devotion to their Faith. European customs, habits, and luxuries are all abandoned from the moment they set their feet on the shore of China; parents, friends, and home, in many instances, are heard of no more; before them lies a heathen land of strangers, cold and unconcerned about the religion for which they themselves are sacrificing everything, and they know that their graves will be far away from the land of their birth and the home of their early years. They seem to have the first of the spirit and enthusiasm of the first preachers of the Christian religion, when they were sent out into the world by their Divine Master, to 'preach the Gospel to every creature, and to obey God rather than man.'"—*Catholic Review*.

THE Christian Brothers deservedly have the reputation of being excellent teachers. A parochial school taught by Christian Brothers is sure to attract pupils. They do not always stay, it is true, because the Brothers, being unable to fill all the demands upon them, too often set inexperienced young men, scarcely novices, to teach classes in which much tact and skill is necessary. A man may be careless and incompetent and yet wear a black robe, and the experience of pupils of the Christian Brothers in this country proves that some of the young persons thrown into schools because the demand for Christian Brothers is greater than the supply, are unworthy of the responsibility put upon them. The least efficient Catholic school, wherein God and His Blessed Mother are not ignored, is better than the most "improved" public school; but there is no reason why Catholics should put up with bad teaching. In Ireland the Brothers' schools are unsurpassed. Here, in the colleges managed by the Brothers good teaching, particularly of mathematics and the English branches is the rule, but in the lower classes of some of the parochial schools a black robe often covers the rawest material. It is time that the Christian Brothers and all the teaching orders remembered that it will not do to rest on a reputation. Catholics have reason to hold them in reverence and gratitude. It does not take long to find out that there are Brothers and Brothers, and the

iron system of the Venerable de la Salle, which tended to make the whole phalanx efficient, from him who taught A, B, C, to him who taught religion, seems to have fallen into abeyance. The colleges have no right to the picked men; the parochial schools are suffering from the effects of a policy which gives raw and undisciplined teachers to them. The reputation of the Christian Brothers is suffering; and it is better that this truth should come to them from our own ranks in time to induce them to keep back some of their novices until they are fit to undertake that most important and delicate of all charges—the education of Catholic youth.—*Freeman's Journal*.

The past two weeks have been a proud period for our colleges and academies. They have sent out a large number of young men and young women to take their places in the world. Whether they go out "cultured" or not in the complete and best sense of the word is not so easily determined until they shall have occupied their sphere in life. It is absurd and abusive to turn the graduates from our colleges and schools, and declare to them that they are useless; that they must not attempt this or that occupation; that their course of studies has unfitted them for the world. If such be the case, why not close the doors of our institutions of learning and acknowledge the failure? True education will enable not only to do the mind, and prepare it to encounter the world in the best possible manner. Education spoils fools, but our colleges and academies lunatic asylums, because some young men and some young women are spoiled when they come in contact with the world. We, therefore, feel to the college graduate, speaking generally, may not be allowed to exercise his faculties in any sphere that he may select, and not run the risk of being scoffed at as the "college graduate." At all our commencements, the degrees and honors are conferred with solemnity as well as joy, upon those who have gone through the prescribed curriculum of studies. In the traditional address delivered to them after receiving the honors of their Alma Mater, they are told to go forth and take their places in the battle of life, to become valiant men and women. They are told that the world is their arena, and that they must be prepared to fight the good fight of life. In his address to the graduates of Manhattan College, New York, Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, said: "In the literary, legal, medical and other professions, the graduates of Manhattan have made their mark. We need just such men—the sturdy, self-reliant, and true—who are not afraid to go out and battle for truth and right. Though we have many grievances in regard to public education, I have nothing but words of praise for our non-Catholic people who have shown esteem for education by princely bequests. Would to God that our Catholic laity would emulate the generosity and love of the college graduate. Catholics may with profit turn to those grand universities, emblazoned by Catholic genius, and founded by Catholic faith, where thousands have slaked their thirst for knowledge." The same can be applied to all our institutions, that educate the head and heart together. So we say again, let the college graduate put into practice in worldly affairs what he has been taught in theory. There are such anomalies as self-made men just as there are sturdy corn stalks in an otherwise barren field. It is accidents that do not destroy the harmony of the system, but rather add to its perfection.—*Catholic Columbian*.

HOW NOBLY, how splendidly, the great, truly Christian Archbishop of Cashel, sons over all Ireland, and guides her like another "Lion of the Fold of Judah." The miserable London press (which chiefly consists of Saxons who know very little of anything, and nothing at all of Ireland) has been sneering at the great, illustrious Archbishop and his school. Their sneers cannot hurt him. He will only, if he sees them, smile at them. The Archbishop of Cashel spoke out like a man. He said, "Don't commit any crime, but don't fear so long as you act right." Ireland (said his grace) is inevitable as long as she keeps within the law. This was the Cardinal's advice, and he carries us back to that grand old Catholic time when (as the Very Rev. Dr. Murray, of Maynooth, so beautifully wrote) it was grand

To see of priests the long and white array  
Around the silver shrines,  
The people kneeling prostrate far away,  
To think and chuckle at their king,  
To see the Prince of Cashel over the rest,  
Their prelate and their king.

And the great Archbishop Croke is now not only prelate, but king of the hearts of his people. This is the real source of Catholic Ireland's strength.—*London Universe*.

WHILE no words are strong enough to condemn the thoughtlessness of the parent, and the worthlessness of any system of education which turns young men out into the world with untrained heads and hands, yet no sympathy can be too strong or tender for the student standing on the threshold of life. The hapless, the self-conceited, the empty-headed, that on the surface, and the observer is often apt to take them as types of the whole; and haplessness, self-conceit and superficiality are strengthened by that semi-

education which Pope tells us is a dangerous thing. But among those who have entered school with an object, made use of every opportunity, and have learned how little they know, the entrance into the world is hung with symbols of hope and fear. The lessons they have learned—that faith, and honor, and steadfastness are better than ambition of earthly gain—will be rudely contradicted at every step they make in the world; but if they know that consolation and hope come only through the Cross, the schools have taught them all they can. To him who stands on the threshold the world is misty; but he who enters leaves not all hope behind. Patience, and perseverance, and honesty have their reward in this life, as well as in the next; and no man, whatever the world may say, who held fast to principle failed.—*Freeman's Journal*.

COULD there be anything more outrageously unfair than this? On the 1st of May a census was taken of the numbers of people who attended service in all the churches of the city of London, the numbers of persons each church can accommodate, how the various congregations were made up, and the cost of administration. In one church the congregation numbered ten persons, in another nine, in another eight, in another four, and in another two. Out of fifty-seven city churches only eleven had a congregation of over 100 persons, and in more than half of the churches there were not fifty of a congregation. There were 706 chorists, most of them hired, to sing to a total congregation of 3853, and the total income of the clergy who ministered to the total general congregation of 3853 was £42,000. All of these churches were built and endowed by Catholics, and long before Protestantism was heard of they were filled daily by devout worshippers. The religion was abolished by law, and the churches and their endowments were handed over to the religion manufactured by Parliament. The churches are now empty, and the money of service only to a crowd of officials. Not surprising!—*London Universe*.

IN an article in the New York *Independent*, Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, speaking of Protestant "missions," says: "Neither here (Palestine) nor in Egypt have two dozen Mussulmans been yet converted." He says further:

"The Upas-tree of Islam is not doing out yet, by any means. If any man dreams that it is, let him go and visit in Cairo the immense Mohammedan University of El Azhar, with its ten thousand students, all busy over their Korans and preparing to be priests and missionaries. Moslemism is still an aggressive system." And yet, if the harangues made in support of Protestant missions were to be believed, Egypt and Eastern Asia are fast becoming Christian. Are not Protestant schools numerous there? and Bible and tract distributors? Then, too, those other inseparable concomitants and powerful instrumentalities of Christianity, according to Protestant ideas—telegraphs and railroads and steamships, and even the most appalling rifles and artillery are Mohammedans ought to be fast becoming Christians. Yet Mr. Cuyler says they are not, and Mr. Cuyler "has been there," and has seen with his own eyes. He is more frank than most Protestants in telling of the want of success in making converts, and the Protestant missionaries who are having a good time for themselves in Egypt and the East won't thank him very much for it.—*Philadelphia Standard*.

FALSE witness, deliberate perjury, is the crown and consummation of the liar's progress. But what a word, Lie! Careless, damaging statements, thrown hither and thither in conversation; reckless exaggeration and romancing, only to make stories more pungent, dusty records of character, and the most unscrupulous of a crowd; headless disregard of the supreme duty and value of truth in all things; these are what we should bear in mind, when we are told we are not to bear false witness against our neighbor. A lady who had been in the habit of spreading slandersous reports once confessed her fault to a good friend, and begged her to help her to a good life. She said she could cure it. He said: "Go to the nearest market place and buy a chicken just killed, pluck its feathers all the way as you return and come back to me." She was much surprised, and as she saw her adviser again, he said: "Now go back and bring me all the feathers you have scattered." "But that is impossible," she said, "I cast away the feathers carelessly; the wind carried them away. How can I recover them?" "That," he said, "is exactly like your words of slander. They have been scattered about in every direction, you cannot recall them. Go and slander no more."—*Catholic Columbian*.

WHEN men are on their death beds all the folly and nonsense of their past lives is seen in its true light, all the false motives and petty vanities that have warped their judgment and controlled their actions are cast aside with disgust, and they feel that their souls are again their own, either to save or to lose. The voice of conscience in this supreme moment re-claims all its old strength. The battle-worn veteran of infidelity pauses upon the brink of life and calls upon the God of his childhood. We have had two notable instances of this lately in the death bed repentance of Emil Giuardia and M. Laitre. Both fathers, living worldly lives and spreading the gospel of irreligion. Both, like Voltaire and hundreds of others before them, called in the ministrations of the priest at the last moment. Is there not in these repeated examples something upon

which the hosts of young men who lean towards infidelity should seriously reflect? If the men who have produced the most able arguments against religion finally acknowledge the truth of the Church, what are their arguments worth? If they give a verdict just contrary to the side they themselves have so ably championed, have their professions been really sincere and honest? Is not the follower of Voltaire badly duped, if in the end Voltaire goes back on his own teachings?—*Catholic Citizen*.

BUCKSHOT FORSTER! This is a hard name, but the world is given to hard names. It takes its descriptions like its prescriptions in homeopathic doses—very small but very strong and very drastic. "Buckshot Forster" is a pillule of many and important and powerful ingredients. In a very small space it men a many things. It is the political "ceredo" of English government of Ireland. I believe in a deeply religious and high minded people goaded to desperation by great and acknowledged bad government and in thousands of bayonets called by a pious euphuism police; and in this acknowledged bad government sustained and maintained by these thousands of bayonets; found face face with this deeply religious and high minded people goaded to desperation by bad government; and I firmly believe in the order to fire (given by this acknowledged bad government) to these thousands of bayonets by a pious euphuism called police, upon this deeply religious and high minded people goaded to desperation; and that this fire shall be not with bullets, which would only wound one man for each bayonet, but with buckshot which will rip and tear and riddle by the fifties, so that this deeply religious and high minded people shall be shot off from this earth, and the land and the fatness thereof pre-erred for alien rule and carpet buggers. Verily a respectable "Credo" for any civilized government!—*The Hoop*.

IT was said that the monks of old kept learning to themselves. If so, why did they allow Caxton to set up the first printing-press in Great Britain in the Abbey of Westminster in 1477? John Estney was the abbot at that time, and John read the first proof sheet of the first English translation of the Bible ever printed in these realms. The first printed Bible and the Abbey, which was much did the work in the Melleray library are two remarkable books—one was written in Latin on vellum, by the great St. Bernard himself, about 600 years ago. It is quite perfect, likely to last hundreds of years longer. It is illuminated. The other book is a Bible of 1600 pages, printed in 1841, and by a monk of Melleray, named Ryan, brother of the former abbot. Strange to say, the writer had been originally a sailor. He died and was buried in the Abbey close to his beloved brother, over whom there is a tomb, the only one in the inclosure of the dead, which was opened in 1843, and which now contains eighty graves.—*Catholic Columbian*.

CITIZEN Gambetta has been making a speech on education which leaves him in a strange plight. He said—"We have no dogmas, no creeds, no catechism to acquire or to propagate." Very well; so much the worse for Gambetta. A man with no dogmas, no creeds, no catechism is simply a nuisance, a nonentity, a dotard. As well have no brains as no dogma. Even an ass has dogma. Thistles are his dogma, not a very exalted one, but still dogma. And the possession of this dogma is proof that he has brains. "No brains no dogma"; "no dogma no brains," are converse propositions equally true. In proclaiming their absence from dogma Citizen Gambetta, the great tribune of the people, has only proclaimed his absence of character, not a very exalted or desirable position truly.—*The Hoop*.

ACCORDING to Oliver Wendell Holmes, the preachers of our day are a most wretched class of men, doomed to wear a face of faith to cover a heart full of doubt; and condemned to walk with stately tread on feet covered with the corns of unbelief. Catholic belief was too hard for the Reformers; the one they substituted is becoming ten fold harder.—*Western Watchman*.

A Free-thinker's Testimony to the Goodness of Priests.

Ernest Renan, the atheist, has contributed some reminiscences of his boyhood to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he declares: "I was educated in a college conducted by excellent priests, who taught me Latin in the old style, and it was a good one. These worthy ecclesiastics were men of the highest respectability. With nothing of what in these days is styled pedagogy, they carried out the primary rule in education, that is, not to render tasks too easy, in which there may be a difficulty to overcome. They sought above all things to form good, honest men. Their lessons and moral counsels, which seemed to me to be spontaneous dictates of hearts inspired by virtue, were inseparable from the dogmas which they taught. The fact is, that the many things said in disparagement of clerical morals, are according to my experience totally without foundation. I passed thirteen years of my life among priests, never saw the shadow of a scandal, and I have known none but good priests!"

If a tree in its maturity does not bear fruit, there is not much to be expected from it in its advanced old age. So with man.