

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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The Catholic Record.
London, Saturday, Dec. 24, 1892.

All who are interested in the cause of Catholic journalism are watching with painful anxiety the course of the *Freeman's Journal*, of New York. Its columns are filled with articles and letters as unseemly as they are undignified. Surely it has deviated from the line of march traced out for it by one whose memory is enshrined in the love and admiration of all impartial readers of American history—the late McMasters. Once it was in the front rank, battling with dauntless energy in the cause of Catholicity, and, to-day, it turns aside from the conflict, to concentrate its attention upon ill-timed controversies. Its aim is, perchance, the defence of a principle, but it should not ignore a greater and more sacred principle—respect for authority. A singleness of purpose and a spirit of self-denial should characterize the Catholic editor. He should be ever mindful that the duties of his noble mission call upon him to promote the interests of his faith, and to carry the teachings of his religion into Catholic homes. He will give no space to clerical disputants, for that comes not within the legitimate sphere of a Catholic newspaper. Right or wrong, he will never permit his columns to be sullied by one word, no matter from whom, that can lessen the veneration that Catholics have for their ecclesiastical superiors.

EMILE ZOLA, the apostle of realism, has been touched by his visit to Lourdes. He admired the unaffected piety and simple faith of the multitudes that thronged to visit that far-famed shrine. The sordid wrappings of the soulless life that he loves so much to depict in his widely read romances fell from him, and he saw for an instant the beauty and the purity of a Catholic life. May the ever Blessed Mother of God intercede for him, and his admirers may not see his remains deposited in the Pantheon.

The signs of the times betoken a gradual distaste for the arguments which our separated brethren once pressed into service against the Catholic Church. The ordinary mind, unperceived by prejudice, has too keen a perception of the truth to be misled by the mere assertion of the minister of any religion. The cultured mind has an innate delicacy that shrinks from feeding on calumny, just as a master musician would refrain from touching an ill-tuned instrument. And so, with hopes of better things, we notice with pleasure that topics more or less edifying now form subjects of ministerial Sunday discourse. Now and then, however, we read sermons equipped with the controversial armament, that has time and again been shattered by Catholic dialecticians.

The much vaunted charge that Catholics are poorer than Protestants is adduced to prove the falsity of Catholicity. This is an objection passing strange in the mouths of those who are forever boasting of their purer and more spiritual form of worship. And if worldly prosperity and the successful pursuit of wealth and power are arguments to demonstrate the truth of Protestantism, then it is not the religion founded by our Divine Redeemer. Never for a moment did He impress upon His disciples the necessity of striving after the riches of the world. His life and teaching were opposed to such a doctrine. He declared that we cannot serve God and mammon. He repressed the ambitious longings of His disciples, and He sent them forth to combat a world immersed in sin and luxury, with no weapons save His protection, with no argument save His teaching, with no distinction save that of outcasts, and with no passport to human favor save a most miserable poverty.

We might prove that London, so proudly called the "workshop of the world," is a city where meet the two great streams of wealth and pauperism. Statistics could be adduced to demonstrate that for every one who can call a palace his home in London, there are ten thousand human beings who are, from birth to death, clothed in poverty's shabbiest raiments, and whose ideas of life consist in unremitting

toil and a deprivation of every comfort. The Protestant clergyman who professed to find in the fact that the Greeks and Syrians celebrate their services in Greek and Syriac, an example for the use of the vernacular, was sadly mistaken. A little investigation would have shown that the ritualistic language of these people is very different from that in daily use.

Bad books furnish hell with countless victims. This is a trite saying, but one that may well, in this indiscriminate reading age, claim attention from any reflecting mind. We have, to our astonishment, seen upon the shelves of Catholic booksellers, novels permeated with the spirit of licentiousness, and representing passion as working out its ends successfully, even at the sacrifice of duty. Do they recollect—these booksellers—the solemn words of Jesus Christ threatening woe to the scandal giver: "Woe to that man by whom scandal comes." With regret have we beheld young men purchasing these miserable volumes, which rob them of their purity, the most precious jewel that may adorn a Christian manhood; and corrupt the well-spring of enthusiasm, so necessary to success in life; and unfit them for serious business, by filling the mind with a baneful love for trifles and unrealities. Beware, young men and women, of endangering the salvation of your immortal souls by the reading of pernicious literature!

A FEW THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christmas Day is come, and the good tidings of great joy are ringing throughout the world, bearing holy peace to the good and pure, and reminding those that have grown hard and cold in the service of the world of the happiness that would be theirs would they celebrate worthily the birthday of Christ our Lord.

Christmas Day is come, and the prayers of Mother Church sound forth the note of rejoicing. Her exultant canticles betray her happiness, and her majesty and splendor which adorn her ceremonies manifest alike her joy and her spirit of adoration. In storied cathedral and in poor missionary chapel the glad tones of praise and love are borne by hands of ministering spirits up to the throne of God, Who so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son.

"What an incomprehensible mystery of love!" exclaims St. Thomas. Yes, incomprehensible! But created things through which, as through a glass "darkly," we behold the perfections of God, can give us some slight idea of the divine love for men. Who, then, in meditating on the mystery of the Incarnation, has not beheld Him of the love that lives deep down in the heart of a mother, who, like a visible angel, is ever at our side, to counsel us in trouble and to partake of our joys. Her children, heedless of her commands and entreaties, may run swift in the path of degradation and destruction—outcasts and condemned by man they may be—but the mother will banish the dark shadow of the present by the light of those pure and holy memories of our innocent childhood, and her heart will yearn for them with unutterable love; and when they return to the old home, the same loving arms will clasp them round, and words, true and tender, will teach them how unsteady is a mother's love—a feeble image of the love of God for man; for what is the love of all mothers united compared with the love of God for man! For man He descends from His heavenly throne and appears on earth in the form and similitude of a slave—a little child in a stable—to break down the barrier which stands between earth and heaven, and to exhibit in His own person the spectacle of a life devoted to the service of His Father and to our instruction and salvation.

"Therefore I announce to you good tidings of great joy." The world was in sad need of these good tidings. From the day that Adam cried out in the words of the rebellious angels, "I will not serve Thee, my God," and stripped himself and his posterity of habitual sanctifying grace, mankind lay under the curse wrung from the Divine Justice. Farther and farther it receded from

the path of virtue; deeper and deeper it sank in the mire of the most degrading superstition and idolatry. Passing their lives in the most debasing heathenism, men were fast forgetting they had immortal souls. "The Lord looked down from heaven on the children of men—they are all gone aside and the way of peace they have not known." Even the Jews, the favored people of heaven, though still retaining a knowledge of the true God, had again and again fallen into idolatry. Their ancient glory was but a thing of the past and a prey to envy and pride; they cared not to remember the day when the mercy of the Most High had overshadowed them and His power had vanquished their enemies. Truly, in the words of the prophet, "Darkness had covered the earth and a mist the people."

But the inspired words of another seer come to us pregnant with love and promise, "A star shall arise out of Jacob and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel." Nearly twenty centuries ago that prophecy was fulfilled. Mary and Joseph go, in obedience to the mandate of the Roman Emperor, who was enumerating his subjects and taking the census of his provinces, to the little town of Bethlehem.

The earth has beheld many a wondrous sight, but it has never witnessed such a scene as Mary and Joseph and the Eternal Word seeking a shelter in Bethlehem. Timidly they go from house to house, imploring a shelter from the cold breeze of the winter night. Throngs of people, with other garb and other ideas than our own, but with the same human hearts, lulled, perchance, to joyous rest by the happy present, or weighed down by bodings of future peril, or a prey to the buffetings of angry and sinful passions—jostle them rudely as they push on their way.

In not one of all the hearts that night at Bethlehem dwelt a feeling of compassion for Mary and her gentle spouse. There is no room for her! "There is no room for God, even in His own world! Mary and Joseph depart from the town, leaving a blessing behind them. Patiently they go on their way till they find a stable occupied by an ox and an ass, and therein we see our God a little child. The Mother is kneeling in lowly adoration before the newborn Infant. With what solicitude does the Virgin Mother watch Him; with what reverence does she touch Him whom she knows to be her God; with what affection and tenderness and veneration does she embrace and kiss Him.

The angels are there in myriad bands singing in strains of divinity triumph the inconceivable love of God. Out over the sleeping city rings the jubilee of praise and glory to the Most High and peace to men of good will. How they rise and fall, the waves of heavenly harmony, bearing terror to the damned souls, and happiness to those in Limbo, and hope to the sin-laden earth. It is heard even on the hills of Galilee, where the shepherds, men of peace, are watching their sleeping flocks. With awe are they listening to the angelic chorus, when, lo! a bright star appears in the sky and sheds its radiance at their feet. Down from heaven, clad in robes of dazzling whiteness, descends an angel in rapid flight until he stands before them, and "the brightness of God shines round about them, and they fear with a great fear."

"Fear not, said the angel, "for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy; for this day is born to you a Saviour." And the gentle shepherds of Galilee rise up at the sound of the angel's voice, and say: "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see the Word that has come to pass.

They behold the Divine Child shivering with cold in that cheerless stable. Tears are trickling down the beautiful Infant face. And that Child is God! Is He, so humble, the God who framed this universe, with its millions of stars and countless worlds,—who holds the mountains in the hollow of His hand—who directs the storm where He will? Is that speechless Infant the God of boundless wisdom? Is He, so weak and puny, with a human soul and body, with a human heart and will, the uncreated Eternal God? Yes, the very same: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," so

that we who died in Adam might be raised up and strengthened and made to live unto God.

Christmas Eve.
God bless the little stockings,
All over the land to night,
Hanging in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson light,
The tiny scarlet stockings,
With a hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys,
The darlings have had to go.
And heaven pity the children
Whose home is empty and still,
Who wake at the first grey dawning,
An empty stocking hanging
Left in the faith of childhood
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's light will fall!
Alas! for the lonely mother
Whose home is empty and still,
Who has no scarlet stockings
With childish toys to fill!
Who sits in the swathe twilight,
With her face against the pane,
And grieves for the little baby
Whose grave is out in the rain!
Oh, the empty shoes and stockings,
Forever laid aside,
Oh, the tangled, broken shoe string
That will never more be tied!
Oh, the little graves at the mercy
Of the cold December rain!
Oh, the feet in the snow white sandal
That never can trip again!
But happier they who slumber,
With marble at foot and head,
Than the child who has no shelter,
No raiment, nor food, nor bed,
Yes? heaven help the living,
Children of want and pain,
Knowing no food nor pasture—
Out to-night in the rain.

KICKED OUT OF THE BOARD.

The following article from the Philadelphia *Catholic Times*, of which Father Lambert is editor, relating to the A. P. A., will be found particularly interesting to our Canadian readers, as an attempt is being made to plant the roots of the dirty concern in the fair soil of our Dominion:

It is a bit of interesting history that comes from Toledo, Ohio—one of those little chips that, drifting in the current, indicates its direction; a straw or a feather in the wind that tells whither it is blowing. For some time past a species of Orangism has been rampant in the West under the initials A. P. A., which mean, when interpreted, "American Protestant Association." It seems to be a political affair, that tries to utilize degrading bigotry as enterprising economists are trying to utilize garbage—for the money that is in it. The association has its roots in ignorance, its inspiration in stupid bigotry, and its purpose in the gain of a few shrewd unprincipled schemers, who are shrewd enough to play for their own advantage, political or otherwise.

It does not represent the great mass of American Protestants, who, as a rule, are liberal and well disposed towards Catholics. They are therefore not responsible for the disgraceful antics of the A. P. A., although some good people are seduced into helping it on with their money, thinking it is a zealous adjunct to Protestantism. This iniquitous association tries to stir up bad blood, for this product of human passion is what it lives on, as medical students tell us that certain micrococci thrive on the deceased blood of the leper. This A. P. A. hires played-out preachers, whose characters or temperaments prevent their permanent abiding anywhere among respectable Protestants, to go about and lie about Catholics and spread doubt and suspicion among good neighbors.

This A. P. A. had a high time in Toledo some time ago at a municipal election. It played its trump card—anti-Catholic bigotry—for all it was worth, and succeeded in electing the City Council and School Board. The newly elected City Council dismissed every Catholic official it was in its power to dismiss. The School Board undertook to do the same things with Catholic teachers, but, like thieves who quarrel about their plunder, they could not agree among themselves as to the division of the spoils, and some of them "peached" on the others. The result has been the exposure of characteristic A. P. A. work.

A fellow by the name of Elmer E. Scott has, as a result, been kicked out of the Board as a disgrace even to that Board of Education. This ignorant and malicious Scott proves to be a very fine specimen of an A. P. A. After his election to the School Board he laid it down as a principle that "them Catholic teachers has to go." He determined also to get rid of a Jewish teacher, "as he hated a Jew as bad as he did a Catholic." By these sentiments he showed his animus and his grammatical fitness to be a member of the Toledo Public School Board. This ignorant fellow went to work to carry out his idea by trying to induce the ex-animators to give the Catholic candidates for positions so low a mark that they would be rejected, and by trying to induce the principals to give false information about Catholic teachers. Considering that these teachers were young ladies who were trying by hard work to make an honest living, Elmer E. Scott deserves the spurs of a chevalier of the order of the A. P. A. He had some pets he wished to put in their places, but, unfortunately for him, some others of the chevaliers had pets for the same situa-

tions. Hence the row and the exposure. This precious A. P. A. School Board found themselves in a bad fix in view of the public disgust aroused by the exposure. So, to have a scapegoat, they put Dr. Scott—we had forgotten he was a doctor—on trial. This much must be said in the Doctor's favor, he really makes an excellent scapegoat. He was proved to be a dishonest, bigoted sneak, and was dismissed in disgrace. All this must have been very edifying to the children of the Public Schools of Toledo. When the author of "David Copperfield" met Uriah Heep in prison, wearing delicate slippers in a beautifully carpeted cell and eating better bread than was provided for the soldiers and sailors of England, he said to himself: "The harder a bad hobby is ridden the better, for the sooner it is ridden to death."

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Pittsburgh Catholic.
One of the coldest and most heartless sermons we have ever read met our eyes the other day. Of course it was not preached in a Catholic church. Its theme was "Heaven," and its dreary burthen was that the blessed had no thoughts of the ones left below. They were so wrapped up in their unspeakable happiness that there was no time for earth. What a hard and heartless heaven that must be! Is death a Lethe, where everyone and everything is forgotten, and heaven is gained without knowing why and wherefore, and all the past a blank? This preacher makes God a moral icicle that, coming anywhere near Him, checked every kind and helpful thought, and deadened every tender feeling. We believe in the communion of saints—consoling devotion. We are remembered ever before the throne of God. We know that when our hour comes, if we have been faithful, taking our sheaves with us, our redeemed ones will come to meet us rejoicing.

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.
The Anglican monk, "Father Ignatius," was finally at last pursuing the shadow, has finally clutched the reality. He has just been received into the Church at Wales.

The published will of Jay Gould with all its bequeathed millions does not leave one farthing for a charitable or benevolent purpose. It is not likely that any Lazarus-tears will be shed over the grave of this buried Divis.

N. Y. Catholic Review.
Plymouth Church, which was made famous by Henry Ward Beecher, will give no more money to the American Board of Missions, because the latter insists that its missionaries shall teach that all the heathen, who have died without the knowledge of Christ, have perished for ever. This is a horrible doctrine. The truth is that God does not demand what is impossible; if the heathen, who have not heard of the Gospel, will be judged by the light and grace given them. If we, with the Sacraments and the Sacrifice, are so apt to fall into sin, how hard it must be for the pagans to be faithful to natural virtue. Not some of them, no doubt, have been true to the voice of conscience and are to-day in Heaven. Having the disposition to do right, they had the implied desire for baptism, and St. Thomas says that if actual baptism had been essential for their salvation, the Almighty would have sent an angel from Heaven to pour the cleansing water on them. They are few, probably; but few or many, they manifest the mercy of God, and show that nowhere was salvation made impossible. No wonder that Plymouth Church revolts against the contrary propositions.

Ave Maria.
A somewhat unusual honor was accorded a few months ago to a zealous Jesuit missionary in Jamaica. To perpetuate the memory of his fruitful apostolate, a monumental statue of the Rev. Joseph Dupont was erected in the Parade of Kingston, the capital of the island. Among the speakers at the ceremony of unveiling the statue were Mr. Ogilvie, Mayor of Kingston; and the Anglican rector, the Rev. Mr. Downer.

Boston Republic.
The intolerance of a few Protestant fanatics in Detroit has precipitated a humiliating condition of affairs. A lot of Orangemen and others from Canada have succeeded in dividing citizens of different religious beliefs into hostile camps. Protestants and Catholics do not trade with each other. Against this scandalous and un-American bigotry a Detroit preacher named Woods spoke as follows in his pulpit: "There is now a religious boycott in every phase of life. By and by we won't have Mr. Jones' store or Mr. Browns' store, but a Protestant store and a Catholic store. Won't you hang your heads in shame when you go by a Catholic store to buy Protestant gloves. Some brothers are now standing in shame on the platform of the church, and instead of preaching the words of Jesus Christ, are telling their congregations where to buy things. I had information last night from a prominent member that such was the case. This is disgraceful. We haven't long to live. We shouldn't quarrel in this way. Before any church standard

say manhood and womanhood come first. If you have Catholic neighbors begin to talk to them to-morrow."

Catholic Standard.
Recently one of our exchanges gave the number of applications for divorces that were pending in one of our cities, and also the number of divorces that has been granted within a year. We cannot recall the exact figures, but they were appalling. They revealed a condition of society which is terrible to contemplate. They show that belief in the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage is rapidly fading out of the public mind, and that as a people we are fast approaching the social condition of pagan Rome at the period of its deepest corruption. Referring to this subject, brings to mind a mistake quite common among those of our Protestant friends who oppose the present system of divorce laws. Many of them seem to imagine that these laws cause the present laxity of ideas and morals as regards the marriage relation, and imagine that more stringent divorce laws would cure the evil. They are radically in error on this point. The laxity of the laws permits and fosters indulgence in the evil, and more stringent laws would check that indulgence to some extent. But instead of the laws causing the evil they are the result of it. They are a truthful index of the extent of this public demoralization, of the general prevalent demoralization of public opinion on the subject; for the legislation which makes legal divorce so easy, is but the practical expression of public sentiment. Where sound principles on the subject of marriage are held, such legislation would be impossible. The laws are loose because a corrupt public sentiment demands their looseness for its own gratification; because it is unwilling that the Christian law of marriage should be enforced. The evil can be radically cured, therefore, only by bringing back the public to belief in, and adherence to, the Christian idea of marriage. Where that belief is not held, violations of the marriage relation, as a matter of course, will abound, and divorces will continue to increase.

Catholic Citizen.
Does the fact that the games are played in a resort maintained for that purpose make up the surliness of gambling? Or has the fact that the game is poker rather than pool, faro rather than croquette, or roulette rather than shuttle-cock, the decision bearing on the question of its vice? There is no need to answer these questions. The gist of the vice consists in putting up the wagering money or other valuables on the chance of some occurrence, not in the ordinary process of legitimate industry. Gambling is betting on out-comes and contingencies, whether in games, in elections, or in prices. There is no moral difference, so far as the special act is concerned, in winning \$100 at poker and winning \$400 on the elections. You are no less of a fool if you lose money in either case; no less a knave if you win it and take it, and no less of a gambler and a lawbreaker, whether you win or lose. Similarly in dealing in lottery tickets. The gambler instinct is not confined to the night hawks who frequent gambling halls. There are lottery cranks who, in the matter of wasting their money and starving their families, are preparing for themselves a deeper damnation than even the worst of the gambling fraternity.

New Theory as to Conversions.

If brilliancy of imagination be one of the chief requisites for the post of high-priestess of Theosophy, Mrs. Besant will certainly have no difficulty in carrying off the palm from all competitors. Here is a story she has woven of the manner in which the Jesuits win converts for the Church. We assure our readers will be grateful to us for laying before them a tidbit so highly interesting: "It is one of their (the Jesuits') practices to gather together, and, sitting in a circle, to concentrate on a particular person, and 'will' him or her into an agreed-on line of action, working by hypnotic suggestion with all the strength of their trained and united wills." Here is the explanation of some of the strange 'conversions' of highly-placed persons that have marked the last few years. The victims are marked down and hypnotized into belief. Another of their practices is for a small group to attend a lecture given by any well-known and 'dangerous' speaker, and to endeavor to hypnotize him or her sufficiently to confuse, or, at least weaken the argument. In a pamphlet on the Jesuits, which Mrs. Besant has just published, there is such an ample store of these intensely amusing fictions that we are seriously thinking of reproducing a few each week, and doing away with our usual column of jokes.

"A snake in the grass" is all the more dangerous from being unsuspected. So are many of the blood medicines offered the public. To avoid all risk, ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and also for Ayer's New Year, which is just out for the new year.

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