

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 5.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 31, 1883.

NO. 255

**NOW**  
is the time to order your Spring Suits from N. WILSON & CO., the most Fashionable Tailors in the city.

Our assortment of Tweeds, Serges, etc., cannot be beaten, and our prices will compare favorably with any other house in the city.

Also the latest novelties in gentlemen's furnishings.

136 DUNDAS STREET.

Let This Cup Pass.

So many times, dear Lord, I've come to thee Praying for that that—help, sympathy, Courage strength to bear that which must be.  
Now, O my God, let this cup pass from me? Have I not borne enough of sorrow yet? Have I not walked with bleeding feet o'er wet?  
Hard roads? Have I not strained my nerve and set My muscles firm to crush the pains I've met?

O gracious God! have I not tried for years To keep my bitter troubles and my tears Just to myself, nor show the World my fears?  
The laughing World, that looks on woe and sneers.

Let this cup pass; I cannot drink its gall; Say, wouldst thou leave a vestige of all— Take the last precious love I have? I fall Prostrate before thee, and for mercy call.

Yes, God, I've earned the right to call on thee By what I've suffered! Let not this thing be! Let death away, that her he may not see! Let, oh, I pray thee, this cup pass from me!  
JAMES BERRY BENSL.

CONFIRMATION AT INGERSOLL.

On Sunday last His Lordship Bishop Walsh administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation to about sixty children, in the town of Ingersoll. At the High Mass, which was sung by Father Tiernan, of London, His Lordship delivered a very eloquent and impressive sermon; he spoke of the great compassion of our Divine Saviour for poor suffering humanity, as was instanced in the miracle related in that day's Gospel, where our Blessed Redeemer comforted and brought joy to the heart-broken widow of Naim, by restoring her dead and only son to life. His Lordship exhorted his hearers to strive earnestly to gain eternal life for their immortal souls, and this they could do by faithfully corresponding with the graces God gave them, and by making use of the salutary means which Christ has left at their disposal, viz: constant and fervent prayer and frequentation of the holy Sacraments.

In the evening, at vespers, Father Tiernan delivered discourse on the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, and on the love and respect which should be shown to this Most Holy Sacrament.

Father Boubat, the worthy pastor of Ingersoll, is deserving all praise for the very beautiful church he has erected in the town. It is one of the most devotional churches we have as yet seen in the diocese.

The singing both at High Mass and Vespers was very good. Miss Keating, of Ingersoll, presided at the organ, and the singing of each member of the choir was exceptionally good.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Pilot.

The accursed spirit of sectarian strife has been finally killed in Ireland, after centuries of evil-doing. To-day the Orangemen and his Catholic neighbor have one common-sense purpose; they no longer quarrel with each other, because their remote ancestors were silly enough to fight for a dastardly Stuart or an usurping Nassau 200 years ago. It has taken time, but prudence and patriotism have at length overcome bigotry and folly. Now, mark how the old policy of sowing discord is being employed in Scotland, the moment that Scotchmen begin to demand their rights. The cable tells us that a great riot occurred on August 29th, between Orangemen and Catholics, at Contbridge, Scotland. But what have Orangemen and Catholics to fight about in Scotland? asks the amazed reader. As much as they have had in Ireland, and that is just nothing. But the landlords, the rulers, the local holders of power and privilege have much to gain by disseminating discord amongst the people; and so long as Catholics and Orangemen allow themselves to be made parties to idiotic quarrels, in Scotland, or Ireland, or elsewhere, so long shall the privileged classes be able to ignore the real interests of the peasants. How long shall it be? Are the Catholics and Protestants of Scotland to be duped by their common enemy, as those of Ireland have been for ages? Now that Irish Orangemen no longer wear the false glasses of bigotry, but stoutly demand their material rights, Irish landlords have begun to evict Orangemen, and such a piece of news as the following is cabled across the ocean as a matter of course:—

London, Aug. 20.—Three policemen have been shot during the eviction of an Orangeman from his tenancy in County Down, Ireland. The shooting occurred at Bambridge. The man who was evicted is named Denis Redshaw. He has been arrested on the charge of having shot the policemen. While the evictors were advancing toward Redshaw's house a volley was fired at them. The head-constable was wounded in the abdomen and a policeman in the knee. Both men are in a dangerous condition.

Scotch Orangemen will be treated with as much ceremony the moment the landlords find them of no further use as elements of dissension.

Freeman's Journal.

The newspapers are filled with accounts of suicides. Men, women, even children, are rushing into eternity. The mania is in the air, certain "scientists" say, in their eagerness to find a cause in the material world for every effect. There are many things in the air not analyzed by modern "scientists." Space is full of beings not material, but of these the "scientists" take no account. These have power; in this sense the air is full of malignant influences which are weak before the sign of the Cross or the blessings of the Church. In the columns of suicides given in the newspapers, there are few attributable to members of the Catholic Church. Occasionally, a Catholic loses his reason. Occasionally, he denounces the Church and rushes into hell. He gives himself over to the devil. But how unusual is this! The belief in eternal punishment by non-Catholics has come to be looked on as a dreadful story made to frighten ignorant people in the Middle Ages. The sign of the Cross is, with most of them, no longer a symbol of any definite thing. As the non-Catholic world is to-day, without fear of God's justice, with but little belief in the supernatural, it is amazing that the spirits of evil do not rush with a greater number of human beings into the abyss of despair. Take away the belief of a life to come, the hope of a blessed immortality, and the fear of a misery that shall have no end forever,—and the inducements to suicide are fearfully multiplied. Distress of external circumstances, disappointments, shame for ignominy incurred, the cruelty of others, are evil promptings, but not the only ones. In the last two years, how many, not suffering physical torments, and with every means money could give, and the kind of friends money attracts,—clothed with a satiety that is worse than physical want or pain,—with pleasure drugged, and as if "for change of scene," have rushed unbidden to eternal woe!

palian, not long ago assembled all his people and said to them: "Do not be surprised at what I am going to tell you. I have decided to abandon the Episcopal Church and join the Catholic Church. I have this long time past considered this step carefully, and I am convinced that the Catholic Church is the only true Church, the only one founded by God. In this Church peace and harmony flourish, in the Episcopal Church they are wanting. My people and my friends, I advise you to follow me into this Church." From what has been said it is easy to see how things stand here. I am very much rejoiced at all that I hear and see, and I am firmly convinced that God, who has so evidently blessed our labors in the past, will also crown them with blessings in the future."

Antigonish Aurora.

A Rev. Mr. Lane of the Methodist persuasion has created quite a stir in the good city of Halifax by a sermon which he preached on a recent occasion. He speaks of Halifax as a sink of utter, unredeemed villainy and profligacy. In this plainness of speech, he shelters himself behind the example of John the Baptist. We scarcely think that this is fair to the holy Baptist. There is a slight difference in the circumstances of the times, and in the credentials of the evangelists. The Baptist was a very rare sight of man. His very birth was preceded and accompanied by wonders. He broke his long fasts on a dish of locusts and wild honey. His shaggy coat and cord were better suited for the desert than for our modern cities. His mission was extraordinary and exceptional. And yet this martyr of chastity did not forget the gentleman in the preacher. And now glance at our modern aspirant to fame and distinction. He gets up of a Sunday morning, and a gentle, soft-voiced woman—the wife of his bosom—superintends the work of fixing him up for the occasion. She combs his hair, parts it in the middle, and spangles it down with brush and aromatic dews. He arrays himself in fine linen, faultless broad-cloth, and praelecta boots. No haircloth, no moccasins here. He fortifies his inner man with a tender mutton chop, peas and beans, and a slight decoction of brandy and water. He mounts the pulpit, greans over the degeneracy of the times, denounces promiscuous damnation, dubs the good people of Halifax as steeped through and through in profligacy. And all the while he imagines that he is a second and improved edition of John the Baptist! Upon our word the very thought is diverting, and reminds us of the words of Burns concerning another rightly righteous coo.—

For a saintly life must, The corps is no nice of recruits; The royal blue may boast, If the ass were the king of the brutes.

Philadelphia Standard.

With the exception of an expression or two, to one of which we call attention in the text, we have no special fault to find with the following paragraph taken from the Churchman, an Episcopal paper published in New York:—"Cardinal Manning, while in the Church of England, ranked as one of its most logical theologians. In the Roman (sic) Church again and again he stood up for unpopular truth, and has won victories for it against decided opposition. Once more he has done this in the July Contemporary Review in an article in defence of the proposition that the social and civil commonwealth of mankind had its origin, and still has its perpetuity in God, and in obedience to Him springing from that knowledge." In defence of this proposition his early power of logical statement comes out distinctly, and he has rendered a substantial service to all religious people. He holds that without God there can be no stable commonwealth. They are no less applicable to the present social and political life of the State the recognition of God, men are not only stripping off the recognition of the God of the bible, but of the God of nature also, and of his all-pervading presence in the public life of the nation. The Cardinal's words have the ring of the words of the Hebrew prophets, and have been felt throughout the British realm. They are no less applicable to the present social life of what God is to the nation in America. It is because the Cardinal has enforced the idea of God's presence in national life with such a comprehensive conviction of the importance of the fact that his words have exerted a profound influence. It is not often, since he left the Anglican Church, that he has so voiced the thought of Christian people generally."

How a Great and Good Man was Converted.

Joseph Cox Alger, M. A., of Oxford, a gentleman of great learning, became a Catholic through the instrumentality of two little children. He was out walking one day, when he overtook two children on the road. Entering into conversation with them, he discovered they were Catholics, and their sweetly innocent arguments led him to the bosom of our great mother. He joined Cardinal Newman's party, became a Catholic, and from that day devoted all his studies and manifold accomplishments to the grand cause of Catholic truth. He died a holy death on the Feast of St. Thomas who doubted, but sealed his reconciliation with his blood.

Wrongs that are fostered in life become the instruments of torture in eternity.

The most difficult undertaking a man can attempt is to unlearn what he has already acquired. It is an admission of defeat that few men can bring themselves to acknowledge.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL.

Sermon on the Priesthood.

Monsignor Capel preached last Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock in St. Paul's Church, Burlington, N. J. The little building, which will not seat more than five hundred people, was crowded before the bell in the modest steeple clanged the summons to the afternoon devotions. The day was a marked one for the parish, not only because the Monsignor was to preach, but also because it was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the installation of his pastor, Father Pattle. Every effort had been made to beautify the building in honor of the day. Here and there among the candles on the altar gleamed the red and white flowers. The choir of eight young girls sang very well.

THE TONE OF THE DISCOURSE.

The discourse of Mgr. Capel was almost purely doctrinal, yet was of unflagging interest. He did not address himself wholly to the members of the church, though running like a thread through all his argument was a constant and implied reminder of the pastor's anniversary.

HIS MANNER AS A SPEAKER.

It was in the skilful adjustment of his hearers' mental attitude towards his argument that Mgr. Capel indicated the secret of his power. He did not treat his audience as controversial antagonists, but assumed that they wished to know the truth, that he was possessed of the truth, and that to their patient attention he would present that truth. Clad in a purple vestment, the first impression he gave was that of a man of high rank. His strong face, rounded in outline, but with projecting chin, mouth mobile, but firm, and square forehead overhanging eyes at once piercing and kindly, glowed with the light of fervor and an expression of winning persuasiveness. His voice had about it an indescribable charm. It was not the loudness of the elocutionist's gaud, and there was in its inflections no more striving for effect than there was in his language. But the voice filled the church with exquisite modulation, never faltering in its steady flow for lack of a word or groping for a phrase. His utterance was rapid, but his language was so idiomatic and his thoughts so clear that the simplest of his hearers could not easily lose the thread of his discourse.

THE PRIESTHOOD ACCORDING TO MELCHISEDECH.

For his text Mgr. Capel took Hebrews, v. 9, "Thou art a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech." The text, he said, which was suggested by a parish anniversary, was pregnant with a great Christian truth too often lost sight of. "It is not my wish," he gently said, "to enter into controversy with any, but I do wish to explain what is embodied in this great Catholic truth. Christ," he continued, "is spoken of as a priest according to the order of Melchisedech. Now, how is this contrast to be explained? When was he a priest according to the order of Aaron, and when according to that of Melchisedech? It should be remembered that when we use the word 'priest' we use terms which in logic are called connotative. Priest, sacrifice, altar—all these are connotative terms. In other denominations there is no priest, no altar, no sacrifice. Their highest ambition is to call this element of worship a communion table.

When Christ hung upon the Cross the Cross was the altar and He was Himself the priest, Himself the sacrifice. When the blood of His life was spilt, then and not till then, was the sacrifice redeemed. As He breathed His life into His Father's hands, then and then only was the race redeemed; then was the priesthood of Aaron closed. The blood of calves had been shed, not for their intrinsic value; because, had that been the case, man, the noblest of God's creatures, would have been the greatest sacrifice. They had their value as types of the great sacrifice which was to purify man and offer to an unbragged God the payment for the wrongdoing of our first parents and all who came after.

When, now, did the priesthood according to the Order of Melchisedech begin? It must have been in some circumstance where there was made offering of bread and of wine. That was at the Last Supper where he pronounced the bread His body and the wine His blood, "shed for you." At that moment he becomes the priest according to the Order of Melchisedech.

THE PRIESTHOOD PERPETUATED.

But how is he priest "forever"? How is his priesthood to be perpetuated? He says, "Do this in commemoration of me." At that moment the Apostles became priests. Just as they had received the power of teaching, so now they received participation in his power of priesthood. And this, in due course, they handed on to others.

Mgr. Capel declared that there was no cause for dissent from the dogmatic side of his argument. Even the Greek Church, which does not accept the procession of the Holy Ghost, or recognize the Pope as the head of the Church, does not deny this priesthood. Nor do those who assert that Christ had a double personality. Nor could the speaker find argument to controvert this doctrine in the early Christian writers.

"But now," he said, with a sudden change of manner and softening of voice, "permit me to turn from this, the dogmatic side, to another side which brings peace and joy to our hearts." No one, he suggested, would dare say that any of his acts was "completely holy." Even in prayer we are borne away in thought, and while we repeat the words yield to imagination. "That is our weakness, that is our misery." What is it, then, what is the service which can be pleasing to Him!

Not prayer, nor our best doing of good. How shall the Christians express to God His sovereignty and His duty? If there be the sacrifice according to the order of Melchisedech, then have we something stainless, which we may use as a true, pure and complete act of adoration to our God. Who can reach any conclusion but that the earth is a stagnant pool, sending up an atmosphere of guiltiness in the sight of God! How can that God of goodness bear with such iniquity! simply because His Son perpetuates that act of sacrifice. By the consecration of the bread and the wine, He once more presents himself before God, with the plea, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

THE APOSTOLIC POWER.

What must have been the power of those Apostles when they arose from that Last Supper with something akin to divine power? They were weak vessels strengthened. "It is this you have wished to honor, to obey in your pastor. He is not only your preacher; he is also above the people, able to offer God that alone which man apprehends. He will be the first to plead his own unworthiness; yet he is bound to proclaim himself, as he is, the priest of God Almighty, bound to offer to Him this priceless sacrifice in behalf of the whole world."

The discourse closed with a beautiful allusion to the work which Father Pattle had created, and with an appeal to the congregation to renew their faith in the sacrifice and their determination to cling to Him who represents that sacrifice.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF AN OLD PRIEST.

On a cold and dark day in November, 1854, a young Irish priest sailed from Liverpool in the G— B— for Melbourne. The harsh, biting wind blowing over an angry sea, the wretchedly appointed vessel, the hoarse babbling of sailors and bewildered emigrants, curses loud and horrible, and all the other strange surroundings in that busy seaport, united in making him regret "the old house at home" and those sacred halls where literature and science met a holy welcome. For a moment "the blinding tears flowed o'er" as a homage to Innisfail and the memory of the past, while the ship was gliding swiftly on the waters of the Mersey with six hundred passengers. But the thoughts and sacred longings that had been so long preparing him for this departure from Erin quickly dried the tears and kept under the rising intimacy. When only a boy he had read the "horrors of transportation" by the learned Bishop Ullathorne. It was a thrilling statement, by an eye-witness, of cruelties and wrong doings of so dark a nature that you could only expect to find the like in Pandemonium.

Men, many of them brave and true, with aspirations pure and honorable, wrongfully transported to Australia, were driven at early morning through the prison gates like beasts of burden, their ears drinking in at every step the sounds of their clanking chains and the curses of their ruthless taskmasters. Their food was, indeed, little better than that of the Laplander's dog. Their coarse dress, partly grey and partly yellow, marked out the captive from the free. Here you met them yoked in couples, pulling loaded carts, under the direction of an inhuman driver, whip in hand. Again and again you saw them sink exhausted to the earth, not infrequently to be caught up in the arms of liberating death. The lash was the only instrument of reform on which they were to rely. Sentenced often to fifty lashes, the poor captive, tied to a triangle, received them from some wretch recommended for the office by the strength of his arm and the brutality of his nature, the thrilling screams of the scourged and lacerated patriot gradually sinking into a low moan as his strength faded away.

As the boy read this review his hands trembled, the blood flew to his heart, refusing to return, and a cold sweat spread over his whole body. And at once he resolved, with God's blessing, to seek out in their prisons under the Southern Cross those victims of injustice and haters of oppression, and one day, with a priest's words, to console and strengthen them. That day had now come. After long and earnest entreating he had received the blessing of the holy Bishop Healy. From him and a host of clerical friends blessings had fallen on him as he left Carlow College, the cross of Christ pointing the way. 'Tis true the iron of slavery at that time had ceased eating into the captives' hearts; but there were other chains and a slavery still more galling. For these was he hidden to reserve his tears and his pity in the land he was going to.

From his eighth to his twenty-sixth year life's stream had flowed without a ripple within the sacred inclosures of the seminary and the college. His young associates, during his collegiate course, besides giving promise of their own splendid careers, tried to enrich his mind with noble ideas, and to stir within his young heart elevating aspirations.

Dear Marymother, his Alma Mater, could then as now boast of her learned professors as well as her mild, loving superior. But of all the virtues, fond memory loves to bring before him their changeless justice in word and act; their simplicity, made lovelier by a ripe scholarship; and their unaffected devotion to the best interests of the students they truly loved. That harsh domineering spirit which so often renders authority repulsive and hateful to sensitive natures was far from them. They ruled for God's glory, and not for their own glorification. The tyranny which always marks and makes odious the superior lifted by some cruel play of fortune from slavery and beggary into power and position to worry and torture, with cat-like instincts, his miser-

able subjects, was abhorrent to their principles of justice and liberty.

The first three years after his ordination brought still greater happiness to one by nature generous and yet unacquainted with the world's crooked ways. They were spent in "Old Carlow," of which I have many things to say, but not in this paper. Nearly all the professors, then so happy and joyous in that venerable home of science and virtue, are dead. Only four remain—the present saintly Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and his gentle, charitable Vicar-General; the scholarly P. P. of Kildare, and the worried, wasted old priest whose feeble hand pens these saddening periods.

But I'm forgetting the main purpose of this communication. Having arrived in Melbourne one day in February, 1855, the warm-hearted and generous Bishop of that See laid a hearty welcome, making him feel at once that he was in a strange country, in a dear father's house. The good Bishop thought of appointing him to his seminary; but at the urgent request of disinterested friends, he, much against his will, sent him to a lone mission in the bush. Of his arrival there, and how he spent his first night on that mission, I shall write in my next paper.—B., in Sydney Freeman's Journal, June 17.

Hopes for Self-Government in Ireland.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal publishes a long editorial dealing with the Government's attitude towards Ireland. In referring to the future the Journal says it has every reason to believe that should the Liberals be returned to power at the coming election, Mr. Gladstone will next year promulgate a scheme which will have for its object the complete local self-government of Ireland. This statement, coming from the Journal, which in its prognostication, is usually markedly correct, excites no little attention, and is commented upon by many of the leading London journals, some of them treating the idea with respectful consideration, others making light of it, and exclaiming their wit in recitals of some of the wild scenes in the Parliament House in College Green. The Journal does not predict that a perfect autonomy will be given to Ireland, or that the system will be the same as in the days before the Union; but that in local issues the people will have the power to regulate their own affairs without any interference from the officials of the Imperial Government as at present.

A True Father of the Poor.

It is not an unusual thing for persons reduced to poverty to ask the assistance of the Holy Father. A late case of this kind is related by the United Catholic of Turin. On the 19th of July a letter from the Vatican reached the office of that journal, and this letter contained the appeal of a widow of Turin to Leo XIII. The widow's appeal spoke as follows:

"My poverty is sensitive. In the midst of my family there are a thousand privations on which we are silent for shame sake. . . . You, Holy Father, whom God has made His representative on earth, pity the undersigned, and in your large munificence wipe away a widow's tears. I speak to you Holiness as I would speak to God."

Mgr. Boccali, on the part of the Pope, wrote to the editor of the Unita as follows:—

"His Holiness desires that you should lend to the petitioner assistance to the extent you believe she deserves."

The editor found that the poor woman was in great want, and in the name of Leo XIII. handed her 100 francs.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 19.—Forty-eight novices at the Convent of Notre Dame took the black veil to-day.

Archbishop Bourget, of Montreal, is ninety years old. He has been a bishop for forty-six years. He resides at Sault Ste. Marie. The venerable prelate is the oldest wearer of the mitre in America, and has but two seniors in the world.

A Catholic priest from New Britain, on Aug. 13th, handed the Treasurer of the Catholic County Mutual Fire Insurance Company a check for \$100, saying that it was "conscience money," and explaining that the man who sent it did not belong to New Britain, but owed the Company considerable more money, which would eventually be paid in full.

P. Stanislao Simonetti, a Catholic missionary to Bolivia, has returned to Rome and delivered to the Pope various presents offered as tribute to the head of their Church by four Indian tribes, natives of the South American republic, who have been converted to Catholicism. Among the gifts were bows, arrows, battle shields, stuffed snakes, and other South American products.

Archbishop Croke, in a recent sermon, declared that, with all the efforts of the English for the last thirty years, there would not now be a Catholic church in the length and breadth of Great Britain worth noticing if it had not been for the Catholic churches of Ireland.

The Catechism classes need not be without Catholic reading when a weekly paper containing choice selections of history, fables, legends, stories and other entertaining and instructive reading, can be had as low as one-half cent a copy per week. Buy it for your schools. THE LITTLE CRUSAIDER. Rate: Payments in advance—25 copies, \$5; 50 copies, \$9.50; 100 copies, \$18.00; 250 copies, \$35.00; 500 copies, \$65.00; 1,000 copies, \$115.00. Impossible to make prices any lower. In 1882, 22,000 copies were circulated at about 4 mills apiece. First six months 1883, 250,000 circulated at about 4 1/2 mills apiece. LITTLE CRUSAIDER, 20 East Gay street, Columbus, Ohio.