

THE CATHOLIC RECORD,

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WALTER LOCKE, PUBLISHER.

388 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, FEB. 28, 1879.

TO THE GREATER GLORY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

LOVE'S PRISONER.

"But is He lonely? Bend not here Adoring angels, as on high? Ah yes; but yet, when we appear, A softer glory floods His eye."

ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR CHURCHES.

Approbation of His Lordship Right Rev. John Walsh, D. D., Bishop of London.

The object of this Association is to furnish poor churches gratuitously with vestments, linen or other requisites for the service of the Altar, when the Pastors cannot otherwise procure them.

This charity is made direct to our Lord Jesus Christ, which is our motive in urging Christian souls to aid this good work in every possible manner.

Annual subscription, one dollar. Gentlemen can be admitted as members by becoming subscribers.

Donations in money or goods will be received by the Directress of the "Children of the Sacred Heart," 422 Dundas Street, London, Ontario, where the good work will be carried on.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We hope that all our subscribers who have not yet paid their subscriptions will do so as soon as they conveniently can. Where we have a local agent all monies can be paid to him, thereby avoiding the trouble and risk of sending them by mail.

We are pleased to inform our patrons that we have secured the services of Mr. Patrick O'Reilly as permanent travelling agent for the Record. Any favors accorded to him will be duly appreciated by us.

The same remark applies to Mr. Daniel Fisher, who up to now has acted as agent for Stratford and vicinity.

Mr. Boone, 186 St. Paul Street, St. Catharines, is our authorized agent for St. Catharines and district.

REASON AND THE REAL PRESENCE.

In a previous issue we published an article under the above heading, in which we showed on grounds of reason that the doctrine of Transubstantiation, as believed by the Catholic Church, is most reasonable, and perfectly in accord with God's most merciful dealings with mankind. We proved that the same infinite love for man which caused God to give His only begotten Son to us our Redeemer, is a sufficient motive for us to believe that He continues to dwell amongst us in the Blessed Eucharist, under the appearance of our corporal food.

power of God, is infinite, and therefore cannot be comprehended by finite men. When the power of God is in question, it behooves us not rashly to place limits to that power. We are not to judge that because our experience has never witnessed a wonder similar to Transubstantiation, that therefore this miraculous change is impossible. Physical science brings us to the knowledge of many facts which the most learned scientific men are not able to explain satisfactorily. Wonderful indeed have been the discoveries of modern times; many secrets of nature have been brought to the light of day, still many of those secrets are still impenetrable, and will probably so remain for ever.

But even supposing for a moment that the soul is material, we do not see the difficulty, even "according to our limited knowledge of the laws of matter," of its getting out of the thick wooden box called a coffin. Of course if the soul as matter is further supposed to be a piece of granite or iron ore, or stiff clay, (and no supposition now-a-days is too outrageous for the man of science) we can easily conceive some difficulty in its escape into the air of heaven through a thick wooden box; but why the worthy Doctor having taken for granted that the soul is matter, should not be content to stop there, but should go to suppose that it is some heavy mass of matter, we know not, unless it is indeed that he wishes with Dean Swift to make another Gulliver's travels out of his Scripture searchings.

There are, however, certain specific difficulties which Protestants and unbelievers raise against the doctrine of Transubstantiation, whereby they endeavor to show that it is against reason. We stated already that these difficulties may be raised equally against the mystery of the Incarnation, and indeed unbelievers lay great stress upon them when arguing against this mystery, which is the very basis of Christianity. It may be proved, and even Protestants have taken pains to prove that they avail nothing against the Incarnation; it may also be shown that they are of no weight against the doctrine of Transubstantiation. We shall, however, reserve for a future number the consideration of these objections.

MATERIALISM AND THE SOUL.

"The thought may naturally suggest itself in the case of a man buried alive, how, according to our limited knowledge of the laws of matter, can we possibly conceive the means by which the spirit and the soul buried with the body, escape into the open air of heaven through a thick wooden box called a coffin and several feet of thick, heavy earth? Our ignorance ought surely to make us very careful lest we unintentionally bury people alive."

Be not scandalized, gentle reader; these are not our words, but those of a Protestant clergyman—of what persuasion we know not—writing a book on "Scripture Searchings." When Dean Swift wrote his history of Lilliput he merely took for granted the existence of a nation of hop-o'-my-thumbs, and behold what an extraordinary history became possible, and what a host of troubles immediately beset poor Gulliver. The Rev. E. D. Whitmarsh, D. C. L., takes for granted with Dr. Howard and the scientists of the day, the materiality of the spirit and soul, and behold what a dreadful consideration immediately stares the good Doctor of Canon Law in the face? This taking for granted is like the touch of Harlequin's wand in the pante-

mime—it turns the soberest men and things into the most wonderful of transformations. We wish that some one taking for granted, some unprovable proposition (that every equiangular triangle is not also equilateral, for instance) would write a euclid. What a pantomime would it be!

If we read the Doctor aright, he thinks that seeing the materiality of the soul, and the consequent impossibility of its getting out of the thick box called a coffin, we ought to be very careful lest we unintentionally bury people alive. (The italics are the Doctor's.) For our part, without troubling ourselves at all about the materiality of the soul, we think there is sufficient reason for caution. Of course if the soul is material, and if it consequently (we think inconsequently) can not get out of the box, the case is every way aggravated, but we should have supposed that even under the old way of thinking, wherein men believe the soul to be spirit and capable of getting out of the box, the case of burying a man alive is bad enough without needing any fresh stimulants to caution.

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Especially did he commend the love of the Catholic Church for the poor, not proclaiming her charity through the newspapers, but hunting up the hidden misery of humanity—he spoke of her magnificent Cathedral, not only open for the rich, but equally accessible to the poor. In St. Peter's in Rome, he said he had seen the ragged beggars kneel beside princes and Counts. He Potter didn't care how much Rev. Van Meter, Protestant preacher in Rome might boast of his Sunday schools and collect thousands of dollars in America, he was yet but a humbug and the only living Sunday school there originated from Pius IX., and was continued in the same spirit by Leo XIII. The Catholic Church from times immemorial had ever been indefatigable in her work for the poor and oppressed, and yet it was now the fashion to calumniate that church. When he thought of England he could but feel contempt for a country that had despoiled the Catholics of their grand Cathedrals. The Catholic Church had ever been misrepresented by her enemies. Her dogmas upon the whole were quite reasonable, and of superstition he hadn't found a vestige (at this point his reverend brethren began to hiss). If they "were of a different opinion," he said, "it was because they had never read a Catholic book and hence were not qualified to form an impartial judgement."

After the oration Rev. Mr. Fulton took the floor and said:—Never in his life had he read, and God helping he did never hope to read a Catholic book; and on this account he was free from any prejudice concerning the Catholic Church—he was rather impartial, (sic!) That the Roman Catholic Church, however, was an institution of the devil, he had always believed, and now he was 60 years old—too old to change his opinion!

Without taking any further action the Conference adjourned; at some future Session the question will be discussed: "Is the Catholic Church an institution of the devil?"

Nothing in MacMahon's presidential life became him so well as his manner of quitting it. He took leave of his ministers with dignity, and, being Frenchmen, they used the national privilege and shed tears without shame—all the more likely to be honest ones, as they had no unseemingly violence to regret. Then, wearing his civilian dress, he went to visit the new President, temporarily installed for the moment in his old official residence as President of the Chamber. "Ma foi," he said, shaking him heartily by the hand, "another year of it would have killed me. I have come to thank you for saving my life—at the risk of your own."

THE MOORE CENTENARY.

A preliminary meeting with a view to the celebration of Tom Moore's anniversary, was held recently in the Mansion House, Dublin at which the Lord Mayor presided. Communications were received from several noblemen—including Lord Dufferin—expressive of approval, and preliminary arrangements are being made for placing the celebration in the hands of a body that will represent all classes and creeds. We wonder if anything will be done in Canada to show that the Irish people of the dominion glory in honoring the memory of Ireland's sweetest bard? Who will be the first to initiate a movement in favor of a grand demonstration to be participated in by Irishmen of all denominations? Will Montreal or Toronto make a move? If they do, they can rely upon the assistance and co-operation of every true-hearted Irishman in the Dominion.

TESTIMONY OF A BAPTIST MINISTER.

The following is a substantially true English translation of a German correspondence from New York to a Prussian paper. It has been translated especially for the CATHOLIC RECORD:

Rev. C. Potter, a Baptist minister in N. Y. city had been to Europe on a prolonged trip, and shortly after his return the Baptist Conference met in New York some time in December last. Brother Potter's heart was full to overflowing of what he had seen in the different countries of the European continent, and was truly glad that at length the moment had arrived when he would be permitted before the assembled Brethren to give free vent to his long pent-up feelings and in glowing language unfold before them in retrospect a brilliant panorama of all the grand sights that had gladdened his soul and refreshed his spirits. Brother Potter, though he hates "the Church," did not shut his eyes, as travelling Protestant preachers are wont, to the fact that there is really such a Church in existence in Europe and very powerful and influential too, and quite too vigorous indeed for being looked upon as antiquated and obsolete. So Brother Potter did find and see this great communion, and was bold enough to tell his brethren not only plainly but with true Baptist eloquence and force, all he had been able—as a Catholic outsider—to learn about that much calumniated Church.

Brother Potter in expatiating on the subject of his experience abroad did of course condemn—and what else could we expect—the dogmas of the Church, but he praised her efficiency, and would hold her up as a pattern for all Protestant sects. Especially did he commend the love of the Catholic Church for the poor, not proclaiming her charity through the newspapers, but hunting up the hidden misery of humanity—he spoke of her magnificent Cathedral, not only open for the rich, but equally accessible to the poor. In St. Peter's in Rome, he said he had seen the ragged beggars kneel beside princes and Counts. He Potter didn't care how much Rev. Van Meter, Protestant preacher in Rome might boast of his Sunday schools and collect thousands of dollars in America, he was yet but a humbug and the only living Sunday school there originated from Pius IX., and was continued in the same spirit by Leo XIII. The Catholic Church from times immemorial had ever been indefatigable in her work for the poor and oppressed, and yet it was now the fashion to calumniate that church. When he thought of England he could but feel contempt for a country that had despoiled the Catholics of their grand Cathedrals. The Catholic Church had ever been misrepresented by her enemies. Her dogmas upon the whole were quite reasonable, and of superstition he hadn't found a vestige (at this point his reverend brethren began to hiss). If they "were of a different opinion," he said, "it was because they had never read a Catholic book and hence were not qualified to form an impartial judgement."

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LETTER FROM MANITOBA.

The following letter from a correspondent in Manitoba will be found interesting to all who take an interest in the affairs of that province:

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, Feb. 13th, 1879. I arrived here a few days ago to find a little city exceeding my most sanguine expectations. Remembering that Winnipeg is only considered the nucleus of what promises to be one of the greatest cities on this continent, I began to compare the chances of its future with the realities of its past brief existence, and then concluded that Winnipeg is destined to be to the British possessions in North America what Chicago is to the United States. Everything here seems to compare favorably with the towns of the old Provinces. Society is almost European, i.e. if one may judge from first appearances—the able management of Mr. John Commeyre is manifested with a strict regard to commercial honor, and politics—that scientific evils—less much of the venom which attaches itself to it in Ontario and Quebec. In fact, social, political, national, and religious associations exist under similar constitutions to those of the last named Provinces; but there seems to be an unrecurrent of fraternity, peace, and good will among the members of the various societies, the absence of which renders such associations in other places remarkably unchristian adjuncts of Christianity.

The hotel accommodation is very extensive, and in this respect the city reminds one of New York or Chicago. The Canadian Pacific is the leading enterprise, and the able management of Mr. John Haverly, it loses nothing of that character that tends to make the great hotels of the United States and Canada so popular. Situated near the Hudson's Bay Co.'s fort on Main street, it commands a superb view of the Red and Assiniboine river valleys. The best is one of those good Irishmen who at once a favorite and a friend of those with whom he becomes acquainted.

The city hall, postoffice, custom house, land office, courts of justice, parliamentary offices, governor's house, university schools, and fire department buildings are all of an imposing character, leading to the city an air of importance surprising in itself. Without doubt the enterprise of the city to erect all these public edifices will be fully rewarded by the influx of men who will bring with them a large capital in the shape of strong arms and stronger hearts, or otherwise almighty dollars, to aid the occupiers in that great work which will open up, as it were, an Imperial Province to the world. Let it not be doubted that Manitoba offers to the capitalist and laborer a wider field for the investment of stout and money than any other land I know under the sun. A fortune awaits the worker here. The spring promises an immense immigration, and it seems to me I cannot do better than exhort those who have a hand richly endowed by nature call them to a home in which health and happiness will reward honest labor. In another letter I shall deal more extensively with the subjects of emigration and immigration; meantime, I shall conclude this paper with a brief review of the men and institutions of which the settlers should bear something.

The first to claim the attention of the traveller, as he certainly does of the settler, is he who, over thirty-three years ago, came to this Province carrying with him the truths of Christianity to that portion of the great Algonquin tribe scattered over the North-West, Archdeacon Tache. This ecclesiastic, who has done so much in the interest of the church with the rise and progress of Manitoba. The extent of this archdiocese is simply extraordinary; for it extends from the western limits of Ontario to the coast of the Pacific and from the international boundary of the Arctic Ocean, comprising in its vast area the dioceses of St. Albert, British Columbia, Athabaska, and MacKenzie, presided over respectively by Bishops Granguin, d'Hermon, Durieux, Farand, and Clut. His Grace the Archbishop is the author of many works on ethics, literature and education.

Lieut. Governor Cauchon, Governor of the Province, was appointed in December, 1877, being at the time President of the Privy Council and Minister of Internal Revenue of the Dominion. His administration seems to be characterized by scrupulous attention to all things which might conduce to the general well-being of the country.

Hon. Joseph Royal, minister of Public Works, appears to be a statesman of rare talents—*sine qua non* in this North-Western country. This is not very surprising to me, when I learn that he was one who was singularly distinguished during his University career, daily press, and successful, if not really brilliant, as an advocate.

In connection with the Government there is another who should certainly claim the attention of a new-comer—Hon. John Noyanay. He is first Minister of the Interior, a Manitoban of very pure mould, and as decisive in character as he is large in stature. From what I have seen of him within the council-chamber of his native Province, and from all I have learned of him outside, his policy seems to me to be as well-timed and as sound as his manner is conciliating.

Mr. Taillefer's connection with the politics of the Province together with some military renown won by him in Europe save me the necessity of a longer reference to him here. Descending from the pillars of the State, I shall now refer to a man, who, in my opinion, has done as much as man ever did in the interest of Manitoba. M. Joseph A. Lacombe, whose name is hallowed in the wigwags of the Indian, even as it is revered in the homes of the white man, appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary of men with whom I have met in my travels. During a period extending over thirty years he has toiled in the labors of a vast mission with untiring zeal. Day and night his thoughts seem to have turned towards the spiritual welfare of the Crees and Ojibway, many of whom have been brought into the Church through the instrumentality of this venerable missionary priest. Even at present his travels to and from distant missions are entered upon at intervals, the scorching sun of summer, or the cold winds of a northern winter to the contrary notwithstanding. Amid all this round of duty, and at an age when other men would retire to well deserved repose, he carries his studies as far as to be ranked with the greatest lexicographers produced by an age. Instance his great dictionary and grammar of the Crees' language, published in 1874 by Beauchemin & Valois, in Montreal, and another equally voluminous and learned work by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Durieux, on the Ojibway tongue revised and corrected by him, which is now in the press. These works will for ever be a living testimony of the excellence and erudition of the Ojibway, and will bear a favorable comparison with the literary and scientific works that, from time to time, have emanated from the monasteries of Europe during the golden age of intellectual development. Such are the men to be found in this distant Province, which Yankees proclaim to be mentally and physically deserted.

In the city of Winnipeg the various sections of Christianity are well represented. I have yet to learn of the existence of real infidelity. Here the Bishop of Rupert's land resides. The Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and other followers of the Protestantism of the 16th century have Churches,

schools, and everything a marriage-hell. In fact, city disproves much, if against its morality.

The only Catholic Church at present is that of St. Joseph, priests of the order of St. Francis. There is a superior of the order, a superior. Catholicity advanced; even though the Archbishop, assisted by the enter upon the erection here at an early date, been purchased in a neither money or good every reason to hope that will be pushed forward.

last Rev. Pere Lacombe I was delighted to learn that his appeal will find a word in conclusion. A little village presents a River and opposite it, a line of edifices the hospital, the convent, the archbishop's residence, St. Boniface. All the traveller a scene such most favored of all churches is free to include the young for the maintenance of the great and corporal works of impetus to Christian holiness. This is a the midst of winter, must be its appearance, would wander from a season in search of a scenery can bestow. This northern continent, religious order has dignity and civilization men have done ture on the other. munication with St. and trouble forward may be dispensed with.

CHINQU.

The following report, paper, the Sydney Herald, no exaggeration in of apostate priests, if anyone thinks the ge reported in the terms of another in the Methodist mission Irish girl with of an abundance of Luther to the present not acquainted with the Sydney Herald. York namesake—

The eloquent ex- one day of English ed by an excited an of mature age, when the Pope is th- them with a taste- holic theology; and noise and rustling, ber to leave the cha- in impure English. The ex-priest was J. Justicial Haude had now affirmed that supposed to have De. Vaughan for r- ecting a Catholic C- the Haude's theo- George, who knew valuation report of

My Brethren, night of a delicate of the dangers of and I will speak t- only knew of my maidens of the sav- and Le Jeune Lot- and of the well-f- forts accompanied bewildering beau- able—even among rare and excepti- the purpose of a- quisite scalping- and high-custome- things they told with a sweet aut- mote theatre, in streams, the very suffering, that on a gigantic sca- it rules over the- was a priest of th- as sweete- Could any living to me half so fine- and I was long- that the som- mo., and increas- with increasing- other

CREER, he who live in rich- in a special v- very purpose- dedicate Indian- dabbled in the- who came to n- ment of their- the seals, and- hanging round- was easy to lo- it was quite an- confessional g- they came—tr- after night, to- in love with m- Chiniqu? the- nations, thele- dark dancels- the Assiniboit- and asked him- open worship- agways. I tol- my position- he told me- stand on end- hear all the F- you can buy- dollar, relat- was of cons- sensualist, an- novels, Chri- passed his m- form of hum- ments to the- lift up to di-