

wish them to keep on changing until they strike the congenial state. We thank you, general, for your noble efforts in behalf of godless education, and we pledge ourselves to vote for you when you again become a candidate for the Presidency."

REACHING THE MASSES.

Last week, there was a meeting—we forget for what special purpose—of ministers in Toronto, and, as was to be looked for, not a little pious and zealous talk. With most of it, of course, we have nothing to do; it certainly wasn't worth much.

There was one reverend, however—we don't care to mention names—who brought under his brethren's notice a hobby of his own, which consists in preaching out in the open air in the Queen's Park, we believe. We have been in Toronto, and seen some exhibitions of the kind, and we can't help saying we are no admirers of them. Evangelicalism is not very dignified or impressive at the best, but when, so to say, it takes off its coat, and rolls up its sleeves, and rants, and roars, and gets red in the face out in the face of the sun, we consider it as by all means the most successful invention of the devil for making religion ridiculous. But this by the way. The reverend gentleman having said his say about field-preaching, the meeting took it into consideration and appointed a committee to report upon (something which we forget, and) "the best means of reaching the masses," upon which we write to comment. And first we object most decidedly to the use by a minister of any religion of this insulting term, "the masses," as descriptive of the people.

We are no socialist, much less radical, and are quite convinced it was below, and not above, the cry "liberty, equality, fraternity," originated. Politically we hold opinions, which, while we will not describe them here, are at all events not based upon the assumption, as stupid as it is mischievous, that all men are equal.

But there is one place where equality should reign, and that is in the church. Let despots join with paganism in calling the people of *pollor*, or *profanum vulgus*, the mere many or the profane herd—and demagogues reveal their equal shallowness by proclaiming an impossible equality. Religion at least should speak the truth! What is her mission, if not to teach men in the right and wrong of things, and lead them safely along the narrow way. How then can she afford to begin by insulting the great majority of those she pretends to guide. Is calling a man opprobrious names a means of winning him to the gospel? The masses, indeed! If a Russian autocrat had used the word we could understand why, or a statistician whose business it is to estimate men by their mere numbers, and wealth, and position, and the like—but how a Christian minister whose profession obliges us to think he sees an immortal soul in every human being, how he can use such language passes our comprehension. It is not merely bad taste arguing little refinement, and worse manners, it is an outrage for any man to try to identify Christianity in any degree with a sentiment so cold and heartless, and utterly at variance with the adorable charity of the gospel. Yet these men in public assembly, leaders, as they are in their sects, find nothing in their heads or hearts to check them or hold them back from throwing such an insult in the face of the vast majority of mankind!

No wonder they are in search, and never will get farther than being in search, of means to reach those whose feelings they begin by disrespecting.

But, whilst we cannot help feeling a little indignation at the use of such language by those calling themselves clergymen, we confess we are not surprised. It was to be expected. There is no such tyrant as your radical in power, and all heresy, and especially Protestantism, is radicalism in the last analysis. It began, and succeeded, as for as it had success, by vulgar declamation against an authority, heaven-high in its majesty, which had control of the people, and used that control for their good. It raised aloft and gave

what blessing it had to bestow upon the banner of spiritual rebellion. Like its prototype before the throne of God, it cried out to the uninstructed—"I won't serve, follow me, and you will have freedom," and now, when it finds people taking it at its word, and refusing to submit to the galling man-made yoke it sought to substitute in place of the obedience of faith, it turns round like a naughty child and calls nicknames. Indeed, we are not surprised, unless it be at this, that "the masses" so long endured the slavery it imposed. And we tell these gentlemen whose zeal and good intentions are no doubt better than their temper and taste, that they will never get farther than being in search of means to reach "the masses," unless by the aid of divine grace they give up their revolt, and turning their backs upon the folly and wickedness of heresy, seek a home in Christ's church, which never lost and never will lose control of those who with spirit of faith and obedience are seeking to work their way to heaven.

THE ANGLICAN BISHOP OF ROCHESTER AND ST. AUGUSTINE.

Dr. Thorold, the Anglican occupant of the See of Rochester, in an interview with a reporter, described himself as the 98th Bishop of the See, counting St. Augustine, its founder, as the first. Upon which we are tempted to exclaim—"Great is the power of Impudence." We wish we could make printed characters hiss out the feeling with which a dear friend of ours is in the habit of applying the above formula of words to many of the actions of men. Talent, he admits, is something, opportunity much, and means a great deal, but when a doubtful, or an ugly piece of business has to be put through, sheer impudence will carry it hollow against any or all of the three. Dr. Thorold may be, and no doubt is, a very respectable gentleman, with a serious cast of countenance, as becomes his exalted position in the establishment; a little sour of temper, perhaps, being an evangelical, and given to whine; he may wear lawn sleeves, and that other garment, as absolutely unaccountable as it is supremely ridiculous on a man, a tiny silk apron. All this and much more he is, and has, and doubtless deserves. But he is not the 98th Bishop of Rochester. Whew! "What, canst thou say all that and never blush." Cicero tells us that no two Roman professors of the prophetic art, Augurs, as they were called, could meet each other in private without laughing, the memory of the tricks with which they humbugged a superstitious people quiet overthrowing their habitual gravity. And surely his Lordship of Rochester must indulge, with dignity of course, and all manner of becomingness, but still indulge, a quiet internal chuckle as often as he finds any one silly enough to take him for the successor of Augustine, the founder of Rochester, or the glorious martyr Fisher, who, we believe, was its last bishop. He has the title, but what of that? He enjoys the temporalities, but this does not make him bishop.

We once had an argument with an ill-informed, but kindly gentleman on the question of negro intelligence, and would have had a poor show for our view if we had admitted his allegation that the great St. Augustine was of the colored race. But in spite of his pointing out Hippo, Augustine's See, on the map of Africa, we forced our good-natured opponent to confess that his conclusion was too wide for his premises. "Being born in a stable does not make a man a horse." This reasoning of O'Connell's seems to approve itself to the good sense of ordinary men. But, perhaps, Dr. Thorold's case is a special one. He may not think even title necessary. In his estimation, getting possession of the title and house and property of men who were bishops may be quite enough to make him a bishop too. If he claimed only the name we would not quarrel with him about it, but the honor of the saints requires that he be rebuked for presuming to thrust himself into their company.

But he did not thrust himself in. He was placed there—appointed. By whom? Why, by the very highest

authority in the land, by the sovereign herself! Oh, we didn't forget that, but what of it? Her Majesty—(God bless her, we all have a special love for her just now for obvious reasons; and besides not even Disraeli himself is more willing to enlarge the scope of the royal prerogative than the loyal writer of these lines,) but still, even Her Majesty can't do this thing. A Protestant minister is not beyond the power of her creation, and she may give him a seat amongst the Peers, with the title of My Lord, and the legal right to enjoy the temporalities of the venerable See of Rochester. But a link in the chain of the real episcopate must be forged by other hands. The royal writ does not run in the regions where even the raw material for that must be found.

Glendower, in the play, says boastingly, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," but let us remember Hotspur's contemptuous reply: "Why, se can I; or so can any man. But will they come when you do call for them." There's the rub. It is easy to call, but not so easy to bring the spirit. Or, to be serious, if St. Augustine was a Bishop, as he most assuredly was, it was by the appointment of neither king nor queen, but of Christ's vicar, the Pope; and until Dr. Thorold can show the same warrant for his title, and the same foundation for his claim, he will consult his own dignity by abstaining from all allusion to the Apostle of the Saxons, and from forcing people either to laugh, as we do, or, as it might readily happen, to become indignant at the impudence of a man professing to be a minister of a sect set up for the very purpose of destroying the Catholic Church, yet striving to represent himself as a successor of the true Bishops of that Church.

For shame, Dr. Thorold! Anglicanism has taken enough from us, when it seized on our cathedrals, churches, schools and charities. Don't you lay rapacious hands upon the vesture of good reputation our saints have bequeathed us. It doesn't fit you, and even if it could be adjusted in some way, your Protestantism, like the monkey in his master's suit, would grin out through it, and betray you.

BOYS' PAPERS.

We have frequently drawn attention to the urgent necessity which existed for parents to keep a watchful eye on the class of literature their children purchase. We have every day huge piles of this villainous stuff brought here from New York to be given to our young people as reading matter. Sporting papers, boys' papers, dime novels, illustrated tomfoolery, with a tinge of immorality traceable through it all. Such is the rubbish placed before the gaze of our thoughtless boys and girls from day to day by men who ought in some way be brought to book for the harm they are doing. It would, indeed, do a vast amount of good if most of the reading matter which comes to us from New York were placed in a large pile in the yards of the custom house, or the post office, and made a bonfire of from day to day. We would not have it understood that we object to light reading. Far from it. The works of fiction of many American authors are very entertaining for those who have the time to spare to read them, and they are oftentimes very instructive as well, imparting, as they frequently do, some useful knowledge. What we most strenuously object to is the productions of those soulless ruffians whose object is to make money at the expense of morals. The sooner we have some governmental check on this pernicious traffic the better will it be for those who are to come after us. If we value the future of our children, if we look forward with pride to the prospective grandeur and brilliant future of our young country, we should see to it that the minds of our children are not poisoned by this filthy, low-class literature which is coming to us constantly from the immoral sewers of New York and other American cities. If we wish to keep our Dominion from being a country of lax morals—from pying fast and loose with the Holy Sacrament of matrimony—if we wish our children to grow up good citizens in every sense of the word, we must

cause them to laugh at all moral restraint, as the young men and young women of the United States now do to a large extent, we ought to be careful what is the character of the food we now provide their young and innocent minds. The Connecticut *Catholic* of a recent date speaks of the matter in a vigorous manner, which shows that public sentiment is now, even at this late date, becoming alive to the necessity of stamping out this shameful trade: "One of the greatest evils of the present day is the mass of vile reading matter gotten up especially for the young. From the city of New York there comes forth every week a stream of story papers of various kinds, which are exerting a powerful influence in the demoralization of the youth of the country. The managers of these detestable sheets, by filling them with the most exciting and sensational stories, render them attractive to the youthful mind. The result is, that they are widely read and eagerly sought after by children everywhere. Parents cannot be too careful in guarding their children from the pernicious effects of these papers. They should remember that the aim of such literature is not to inculcate respect for father and mother, nor to hold the minds of the children to a just and true standard of Christian morality, but on the contrary it tends to overturn all ideas of filial duty, makes the love of home appear unmanly, and fills the minds of the children with all sorts of ridiculous notions in regard to life and the methods of living. Let every father and mother keep such dangerous trash far away from their family firesides."

At the time the Communists of Paris were sentenced to death or transported to New Caledonia few persons, perhaps, asked themselves: What has become of the children? Were they put in poor houses? Were they scattered over the country to be brought up by those who might find it profitable to raise them? Or were the boys and girls allowed to run at large, to become like the "street arabs" of New York or the "gutter snipes" of old London? Oh! no. France has a Catholic heart. Revolutionize it as you may, it still has a Catholic heart. Archbishop Darboy was put to death by the madmen of the Commune. One of the first acts of his successor, Cardinal Guibert, was to make provision for these unfortunate children. Through his exertions, aided by relations even of some of the victims of the Commune, they were clothed, fed and educated, and are now good and useful members of society as they fondly welcome home their unfortunate parents. In reviewing this matter one of our contemporaries says:—"This is a remarkable and characteristic fact, to see these children, transformed by Catholic charity, restored to their parents just at the moment when the faith which protected and reared them is persecuted, when the sisters and brothers who educated them are threatened, and the priests who instructed them in the Christian doctrine are fired and insulted. What is most remarkable about this work is that it has been carried on with the greatest secrecy, and is now for the first time revealed to the world."

FATHER BAUDRY, Oblate of Mary Immaculate, was one of the two Catholic priests who were present at the battle of Ulundi, in Zululand. He states that "Most of the Catholic soldiers went to their duties before leaving camp for the King's kraal. During the action we had to deplore the death of one man only, William Bradley, Antrim, of the 13th. He was shot by a bullet during the action. He was buried on the battlefield, near a small house which must have belonged to a trader. There were, besides, some twelve or fifteen wounded, but not one dangerously. Yesterday, on our march, we found the bodies of two Lanciers, one of them being a Roman Catholic of the name of Cutter. All the information I could obtain regarding him is that he came from the neighborhood of Dublin, where his mother is still living. He was a steady man, much liked by his comrades. Being out signaling, he missed his way, and was assailed in a horrible manner by the Zulus. I buried him in a nice

a cross with two branches, and placed it on his tomb. Brigadier-General Wood, who was present at the funeral, with Lord Chelmsford, told me he would have a better one made and placed there instead. The parents and relatives of Catholic soldiers now in actual service in Natal will certainly learn with pleasure that the spiritual interests of that portion of her Majesty's soldiers have not been neglected. As only one Roman Catholic chaplain was sent from England, our zealous Bishop, Dr. Jolyvet, lost no time in supplying so great a want. Not having himself halt the staff of missionaries required to work out his immense vicariate, he at once detached two of us to accompany two different columns, himself going to a very remote station to perform the duties of a simple priest during the time of war. Thanks to his great zeal and activity, each column is now accompanied by a Catholic chaplain, and the Catholic soldiers will not die without the assistance of a priest."

LOCAL NEWS.

ANNIVERSARY.—On Sunday, the 12th Oct., the second anniversary of the dedication of the chapel of Lourdes, on the grounds of the Sacred Heart Academy, will be celebrated by a solemn benediction at 4 o'clock, p. m.

DISSENT.—We are glad that Squire Overy had the good sense to discharge Mr. Henry Bray, of Evelyn, who was charged by one of his neighbors with shooting rats on the Sabbath. We hope Mr. Bray will never do anything worse than this on Sunday.

HYMENIAL.—Miss Annie Gorman and Mr. A. E. Massey, of London, were married in St. Peter's Cathedral by Rev. Father Tiernan, on Monday morning last. They left for New York on their honeymoon. We hope their lives will be long, and that a honey moon will even shine through it.

GOOD TIMES FOR LABORERS.—We have just received a letter from our old friend Duncan McMillan, Esq., from which we take the following extract: "Times are rather dull here just now owing to the scarcity of laborers, at present there are not 400 men on section B, whereas 4,000 could easily find employment. Wages at present is considered low at \$1.50 per day; board \$2.50 per week."

MARRIAGE IN ST. THOMAS.—Our St. Thomas correspondent sends us the following item of news:—Our town was enriched on the 30th ult., by one of those events of special interest, (particularly to the fair sex), a wedding in the Roman Catholic Church, where Miss Bridget Harvey, third daughter of Richard Harvey Esq., tendered her heart and hand to the man of her choice, Mr. Peter Reath, of this town. The service was conducted by the Rev. Father Flannery.

DOMINION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—We are pleased to see this company has made such marked progress that they are now enabled to increase the charge for ordinary messages twenty cents. We do not wonder at this success when we see such a staff of efficient gentlemen at the head of its affairs, and such capable, obliging operators managing the branch offices. Mr. Kerns has done much in London to make his company occupy the high position it now holds in the estimation of our business men and the public generally.

BOLD BURGLARY.—Some time during Sunday night or at an early hour Monday morning the clothing establishment of Mr. J. Goldner, opposite the City Hall, was entered by thieves. Once inside they seem to have made a thorough search of the premises, every department having been overhauled. Ready-made clothing first attracted attention, the thieves rigging themselves out in complete suits of clothing, hats, &c., besides the finest under-clothing and socks to match. Their old clothes were taken at the rear of the store. They also filled their pockets with choice jewellery from the case and two meerschaum pipes. In all it is thought \$200 worth of articles were taken. The detectives are said to have "a clue" to the perpetrators, and some startling developments may be looked for in a day or two.

DEATH OF MR. PATRICK SMITH.—We deeply regret to be called upon to chronicle the death of this gentleman, brother-in-law of our esteemed fellow-citizen, H. D. Long, Esq., which occurred in this city on the 1st of October. He was born in Roscrea, County Tipperary, Ireland, and the honors of his degree were obtained. For a period of forty years he held a responsible position in the mail department of the Dublin post office. He came to this country some four years since, all of which time has been spent in London. For some time it was noticed the climate of Canada was not suitable for his constitution, but it was hoped a continued residence might overcome this. His death was comparatively sudden, having been in apparent good health a short time before the fatal attack set in. Deceased made many friends during the period of his residence in this city by his genial, gentlemanly disposition. He was a most exemplary Catholic in every sense of the term. If a long life well spent, he any guarantee for the future, we doubt not he is now enjoying the reward of his useful career.

ANNUAL DINNER.—One of those social gatherings whereby employers and employees exchange their experiences, and which increases harmony and good will between them, took place at Appleton's Hotel, London East, on Thursday night, the occasion being the annual dinner of the proprietors of the Globe Agricultural Works, Messrs. Crawford & Co., to their employees and friends. This was also the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of the establishment of the firm, it having been organized in the year 1867. Since that time the business of this establishment has increased in magnitude perhaps more rapidly than any other similar enterprise in Canada. Those who deal with them, and those who work for them are

therefore, we see the outside part of the business so well conducted, and the internal arrangement working so harmoniously, and all combining to make the IXL really an IXL Reaping and Mowing Machine, we need not wonder at the unprecedented success of the farmer's favorite foundry.

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New Brocaded Velvets,
New Brocaded Velvetens,
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NOTICE.

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WILL BE REDUCED
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The same Reduction will be made between all offices in Ontario and Quebec, and Buffalo, Detroit, Oswego and Ogdensburg.
By Order,
THOS. SWINYARD,
Managing Director.
Toronto, Oct. 4, 1879.

WESTERN SCHOOL
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ART & DESIGN

THE NEXT TERM WILL COMMENCE in the rooms of the school, Mechanics' Institute, on Tuesday Evening, 14th inst., for Evening Classes, and on Saturday, 18th inst., for Day Classes.

HOURS OF STUDY.
Evening Classes—From 7 to 9 p. m., Tuesdays and Thursdays. Day Classes—From 10 to 5 p. m., Saturdays. For terms, etc., apply to the Teacher, in the school, or to the Secretary,
CHAS. CHAPMAN,
Secretary.

PAY YOUR
WATER RATE
BEFORE 15th INST.,
AND SAVE DISCOUNT.

Parties requiring water carried into their houses should apply forthwith, as according to By-law no service pipes are laid between 1st December and 1st March.

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