

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## CLERICAL.

**WE** have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments.

We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade.

**N. WILSON & CO.**

### In Memoriam!

Mary Estella Spoor, died Sep. 28th, 1881.

Dead—sweet flower of faith,  
Gone to thy Father above!  
Gone like a ray of the morn,  
Beam from the ark of God's love,  
Now narrow keeps watch at the door,  
While we bow to death's chast'ning rod!  
At the altar of Mary we kneel  
And pray for thee flower of God.

Dead—Sweet emblem of grace—  
Star in the rosary of Heaven!  
Our tears are but rainbows of hope,  
Thinning each prayer that is given,  
How short was thy sweet tender life!  
How rich in the perfume of love!  
Rest to thy pure bright soul  
With Jesus and Mary above!

Dead—dear child of thy God  
Yet living in memory here!  
For souls that are holy and good  
Live embalmed in the heart like a tear.  
No more from the convent walks  
Will thy footsteps be heard in the hall;  
No more at the altar of prayer  
In response to thy Master's call.

Dead—and we live in tomorrow  
Through hopes and fears and tears;  
Dead—but thou livest forever  
And we but a few short years!  
Dead—while we chant *De profundis*  
In cloudlets of sorrow and care!  
Miserere! my God! Miserere!  
We kneel at thy altar in prayer!  
Belleville, Oct. 4th, 1881.

### CATHOLIC PRESS.

New York Freeman's Journal.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas is a Methodist. What he believes is doubtful. At any rate, he is, according to the variable and fallible decrees of Methodism, a heretic. The Observer severely says, commenting on his trial, "The Church is fast coming to see that a minister who denies the inspiration of the Bible, the atonement of Christ, and the endless punishment of the finally impenitent, may not justly lay claim to a standing in the Christian Church."

The Observer means the Methodist "church," whatever that is. From this admission that the "church" is just beginning to see that Christianity is necessary to Methodism, only one conclusion can be drawn—namely, that Methodism has found it necessary to draw the line somewhere—that a man cannot reject the Scriptures and remain a Methodist in good standing—that he may be a Deist, and yet, whatever he could officiate in the past, he cannot officiate in the present and expound now. This is rather hard on Methodists, when we remember that they have always been great sticklers for private judgment. But are we justified in taking the word of the Observer for this? The Observer is not infallible. A man may, after all, be an unbeliever in Christianity and remain a Methodist. The Methodist Ecumenical Council could not decide what constitutes a Methodist, or define any dogma, since that would be an interference with the right of private judgment, which is one of the cherished belongings of Protestantism. Mr. Thomas, then, does well to appeal to the highest denominational court, which, if it decide against him, cannot prevent him from starting a Methodist sect of his own on a "liberal" plan. Mr. Thomas has not greatly accepted the censure of his brethren. He talks back; his friends say that there are many leading Methodists who share his peculiar views. Among them are "three Presidents of theological seminaries," one "General Secretary" and—worse still—two "official editors" and three Bishops. If the higher court declare him heretical, all these will the Rev. Mr. Thomas declare heretical too. If there are so many heretics in the Methodist church, it may be that the heretics are the real Methodists, and the apparently real Methodists only heretics. But the question is complicated. Who's who? Mr. Thomas and the doubters have a right to throw back the cry of "heretic"—since Methodism is without an infallible guide.

When the great Bismarck, as some of the Germans once loved to call him, said, "I will never go to Canossa," the non-Catholic world believed him. But the Church waited. Greater and more powerful men than this ruler of blood and iron had gone to Canossa. Henry IV., arrogant, powerful, Emperor regnant over more lands than William rules to-day, went to Canossa, where the persecuted Pope, Gregory VII., waited, as Pope Pius and Pope Leo have waited. Pursued by the furies of an

Alpine winter, the Emperor made his way over the mountains to throw himself at the feet of the saintly Pontiff whom he had insulted. But Gregory was not easily moved. He represented the offended dignity of God. Justice, not mercy, was what the unscrupulous Emperor deserved. During three days the proud Emperor, dressed in penitential sackcloth, the snow of winter falling on his head, begged for admission and forgiveness. At last he was admitted. Prince Bismarck should have been careful when he made his arrogant boast. He was flushed with victory. He fancied that the sword which had been so powerful against a sister nation might also conquer the Church—the Church, which seemed weak and helpless, strong only in a strength which this man of material force did not acknowledge—the promise of God. A few years have passed, and Bismarck has begun his pilgrimage to Canossa. Many steps must be taken before the Catholics of Germany will enjoy their rights—before the poor can live and die Catholics under the guidance of their pastors. And much sackcloth and ashes will not wash away the heinous crimes against God which this iron-headed chief of a gigantic bureau of corruption has committed. Hope has dawned for Germany. Let us pray that it may not be eclipsed. The Greeks, even when they bear gifts, are to be distrusted; and Prince Bismarck is not penitent; he either hopes or fears! Socialism has grown since the Chancellor exiled Bishops and imprisoned priests. The Emperor trembles at the horrors of irreligion; and Bismarck, going toward Canossa, is forced in spite of himself. If he hopes, however, that the noble band of Catholics in the Reichstag—nobler than that at provincial Thermopylae—will yield a principle in return for his concession, he hopes in vain.

London Universe.

TOLERATION and liberality are all very well to talk about and to boast about; but let us look around us and see how they are practically. England, according to Englishmen, is the land of toleration, of civil and religious equality, and general liberty. If that be really so, how comes it that there is not as much as one single Catholic in the House of Commons representing any constituency of Great Britain? Of course we shall be told that this is only the result of chance. How comes it, again, that Catholic Ireland sends plenty of Protestant members to Parliament? A Catholic candidate—Mr. Jennings—has had the pluck to stand as a candidate for Berwick. We are curious to see what the result will be. We shall be agreeably surprised to find bigotry so weak in that part of Great Britain as not to be able to successfully oppose a Catholic candidate.

A committee of the House of Lords has made a report against the present jury system in Ireland, because, forsooth, juries in that country will not always convict prisoners. Now, it must not be forgotten that in some cases which occurred this year the judges themselves directed verdicts of acquittal, and that in all cases the jurymen (who, as neighbors, know the character of witnesses better than the judges, who are strangers) are by law the only persons to decide on matters of fact. We notice that Lord Ardilaun (lately Sir Arthur Guinness, the Dublin brewer) voted for depriving his fellow-countrymen of their constitutional rights, and filling the jury box with Government officials, and others possessing no sympathies of the people. But, happily, there is no danger for the present. The opponents of the change are Ministers and Ministerials, and a bill in the form suggested could not, in the present state of parties, pass the House of Commons.

Herr von Schlotzky has, we understand, been most happy in the success which has attended his mission to the Vatican. The enemies of the faith, of true liberty and of justice are proportionally in a condition of pitiable discomfiture. For true-blue Protestants to be compelled to admit that Catholicity is the only power able to save the people of Prussia from royal despotism is enough to make Martin Tupper break his banjo upon the head of the sepulchral Potter.

It is now plain to every mind in Prussia that the May laws will have to disappear. The so-called Liberal papers are crying out that the Government are going to knuckle under, and that the Catholic priesthood will

henceforth be all-powerful. But a Government journal, the Grenzboten, points out that it shows strength and not wisdom in a Government to admit its mistakes and correct them. We translate the following passages from its article on the subject:

When the Old Catholic movement began, it was hoped that it would be a powerful confederate of the State; but this was a mistake. Do the handful of generals without an army expect us to continue the struggle for their benefit?

The writer next adverts to Dr. Falk, the father of the May laws. He says:

Every child knows now that Dr. Falk may be a good lawyer, but that he is no statesman. His penal laws have done nothing but procure a cheap martyrdom to the clerical party.

Well, it is not a cheap martyrdom to see the entire organization of the Church of nine million people broken up by violent means, and three million Catholic people, entirely deprived of spiritual comfort. But still it is true what the writer says in the concluding words of his article:

It is necessary to repeal laws which can either not be carried out, or which give opposite result of the one contemplated. The only thing to be ascertained now is the method by which the Prussian Government means to carry out this repeal.

Cincinnati Telegraph.

It is said there are snobs in England who dearly love a lord, no matter how wretchedly mean, or bestially profligate he may be. A poet has been found to make the hysterical prayer that whatever else might pass away "oh! leave us our old nobility." From beer to a barony one would think to be a long step. Not so, Gladstone has just made the big beer-man Majoribanks, aristocratically pronounced Marshbanks, a baron. What say the "old nobility"? But beer-lords are plentiful as blackberries in England. Sir Arthur Guinness, the noble inventor of that boon and blessing to men, "bottled stout," was last year transformed into Lord Ardilaun. Lord, lord, when plebeian republicans quaff their bottled Bass they may lay the flattering unction to their souls that the boss of the bottling firm is a Baronet with all the honors of the bloody hand on his escutcheon.

Catholic Review.

In expressing their sympathy for the President and their horror of Guiteau's crime, some of the sectarian preachers have made very awkward blunders, showing how far from them is even a very slight knowledge of the letter of the Bible, and how entirely absent from them are its spirit and the teaching of Christ. Of course Guiteau's crime was one of the most dastardly known to man, but even such crimes as his are included within the forgiveness of God. The sentiments, then, of the blundering Talmage, are revolting in the extreme. Contrast their brutal paganism, unadvised by a single redeeming trait of Christian feeling, with the just and sensible remarks of the Bishop of Kingston, when in referring to the murder, said: "It is not alone to proclaim our abhorrence of the murderer that we have assembled—we would consider him unworthy of our attention; we can have no feeling but pity for the miserable wretch, whom we leave to the justice of public law and to God's mercy."

The Irish bishops assembled at Mayo have issued an address to the Irish people on the subject of the new Land Act and the questions connected with it. Their words in any case would not fall to the ground among their faithful flocks. Least of all could they be expected to do so when the noble and patriotic stand of the Irish hierarchy through the extremely trying scenes of the past two years is taken into consideration. Notwithstanding all the intriguing of the British Government at Rome and at home, notwithstanding all the efforts that the government knows so well how to use and where, the Irish bishops have never swerved from their close alliance with the Irish people in their lawful agitation against a great and grievous wrong. While laboring with much success to keep the agitation always within the bounds of order and of law, while repudiating every hint or shadow of lawless conspiracy and false alliance, the bishops boldly told the British government that they could never expect peace or contentment from the Irish people while their liberties were outraged, and while they groined under an infamous system of legislation. This was the substance of the declaration of the Irish bishops, while as yet the

Land League was in its infancy. It was their influence also that upset the English intrigues in Rome, and laid the true state of the country before the Holy Father, who with his usual wisdom, in Ireland as in Germany, let the people fight their own battle in their own way under the law. In the hurly-burly of the times and the noisy brawls in the English House of Commons, in the wild scenes on the hustings and the tumults attending great meetings, this solid, steadfast, quiet but far-reaching action of the Irish bishops is apt to be forgotten or overlooked. As a matter of fact, it was they who gave the whole movement for reform in the Land laws its back bone and staying power.

Irish American.

The London Standard's "Roman Correspondent" is, undoubtedly one of the irrefragable. As an accredited inventor of colossal falsehoods he has long ago carried off the palm from all competitors. He never stoops to anything small; his lies are almost invariably immense; and, as our French cousins say, he shows that he has the courage of his opinions (or assertions); for, no matter how often they may be refuted and exposed, he comes up again, in the parlance of the prize-ring, "smiling, and with confidence"—in the next round he is prepared to float. On Irish affairs he is especially strong. He has, in his dispatches, placed the Land League movement successively under the "ban" of the Pope, Cardinal Manning and the Irish Hierarchy; and when each of these Balaams of old, refused to curse it at his bidding, but rather gave the movement their blessing, the genius of the Standard man rose to the height of the occasion, and summoning the College of Cardinals to his aid he boldly proclaimed his latest dictum, as follows:

"The Extraordinary Congregation which has been for a long time making an examination, with the object of ascertaining what action the Vatican can take in regard to the disturbed state of Ireland, has concluded its labors. The report remains secret, as it comprises many cases of conscience; but the general result is that there are no means of accommodating the differing views of the Irish Bishops, because the Congregation sees no way of interfering in strictly political matters."

Here the genius of the Standard correspondent displays itself. The "report" of that "Extraordinary Congregation" remains secret—secret as a "case of conscience" always is in the Catholic Church. But the Standard's correspondent penetrates that secrecy at once, without an effort, and perceives that "there are no means of accommodating the differing views of the Irish Bishops, because the Congregation sees no way of interfering in strictly political matters." A little while ago, this same correspondent announced that the political situation in Ireland engrossed the almost exclusive attention of the Vatican, that an English "Legate" was about to be appointed; and that Irish prelates like Archbishop Croke and Dr. Nulty, who had the bad habit of being too Irish in their political leanings, were to be sharply rapped over the knuckles, and compelled to take very remote back seats. Now, it appears there are "cases of conscience" in the way of carrying out that very brilliant idea of the Standard,—a matter we can readily understand; for, of all the powers of the world, England has been the only one that has never shown any conscience whatever in dealing with the Irish people; and hence it is easy to see how one of her representatives—when he sees anything like justice accorded to our unhappy country,—must at once conclude that it is a "case of conscience."

New York Tablet.

It is truly said that God helps those who help themselves. This adage should be taken to heart by Irishmen. When Ireland is supine she is forgotten; when silent herself no one ever speaks of her. In these days there is a change. Ireland has spoken, and her voice has gone abroad. In future she will be neither a mendicant nor a suppliant—not while her own land bears the fruit that sustains life. The press of Europe now thinks it worth while to include Ireland among the nations whose doings command attention. The French papers that have correspondents in London must have news of Ireland, and must supply their readers with the movements of public opinion and Irish representatives.

The campaign in Ireland will be memorable in the annals of British warfare for the invention and intro-

duction of iron huts. Nearly every battle-field is provided with one of those Birmingham bastions for the protection of all whom safety may concern. The constabulary are chiefly the occupants of these abodes, which are significantly expressive of the iron rule of the foreigner. It should be known that it takes an army-service corps and a long train of wagons to get one of those war machines into a field of battle. All this happens in Ireland, which is blessed by English rule and England's glorious constitution.

ENGLAND having prohibited the growth of tobacco in Ireland, some Irishmen are thinking of proposing a bill next session for the purpose of asking the English Parliament to remove the boycott ban from the weed that soothes old heads and sickens young ones. If such a bill is moved next year, Mr. Forster, if he be then in the flesh, may think fit to countermand the second reading on the ground that if the Irish were allowed to grow tobacco they might take it into their heads to smoke out the alien garrison.

Harlem Union.

IN THE great Dublin demonstration in honor of Parnell last week, an incident occurred not likely to be soon forgotten. We read that—

As Mr. Parnell's coach passed the old House of Lords and the remnants of the Parliament building he rose in his seat, while the bands stopped playing and the hurrying multitude was hushed in silence. Baring his head, his figure standing out in bold outline amid the flickering torches of his body-guard, he pointed his outstretched arm towards the black old Parliament House and cried in firm, ringing tones: "Fellow countrymen, I cannot pass this hallowed spot without saying that here where our parliament died our nation shall yet reassert her freedom."

No wonder "the effect was electric," and that the shout that went up was echoed in those Dublin streets far into the night. The editor of the Catholic Union proclaims himself a firm believer in the National Gospel then preached by Parnell; and hopes to see the aspirations of a long down-trodden people, there so bravely voiced by their chosen leader, find full realization in the near future.

WE ARE one with McGee's Illustrated and the New York Freeman's Journal in their timely denunciation of those popular monstrosities—the stage Irishman and Irishwoman. Now that the amusement season is well upon us, we may look for Myles, Mick and Barney, with their respective indispensable colleens, the accommodating parish priest, the wicked lord, &c. But playwrights and managers are less blamable than are Irishmen themselves for these caricatures of the Irish name and nature. If Irish money did not call them into existence, it certainly sustains them in vigorous life, and encourages their multiplication. If the stage Irishman—adept in lying, swearing, whiskey-drinking, and sometimes—for "variety is charming"—in skull-breaking and indiscriminate love-making—is taken by strangers as a fair specimen of the nation, who but Irishmen themselves are responsible for it? Let Irish patronage be withdrawn from these false and degrading representations, and we will soon have reconstructed dramatic renditions of Irish life. The average playwright, like the average politician, is "according to circumstances," and has not the least objection to omitting vulgarity and improbability provided only the elimination pays.

Philadelphia Standard.

AN unseemly discussion is being carried on in the columns of the New York Sun by some of its readers as to whether it is right to pray for Guiteau. One of the latest parties to the controversy contributes the following precious *maxims*, which appears in the Sun of Monday last: "To the Editor of the Sun—Sir,—That lady whom you mentioned as praying and singing for the wretch Guiteau should be safely lodged in an insane asylum. I say, down, down to hell with him. Heat it a thousand, yea ten thousand times hotter for him is the prayer of—A CHRISTIAN."

What kind of "Christian" wrote this our readers will easily determine. A Christian inspired with the spirit of the devil. Christ died to save the souls of men, whatever their sins might be, from hell. This "Christian" would consign them to hell. Christ commands us not to "judge" others, and says God is the final Judge of all. This self-proclaimed follower of Christ arrogates to himself that divine office, and there are thousands of people in the United States who indulge in a fiendish spirit towards the miserable wretch who murdered our late President. Is not this an instance of the fulfillment of our Saviour's prediction that the time would come when pretended followers of Him would serve the devil in His name, and in His name preach "the devil's gospel."

Catholic Columbian.

Of all created things man alone dares to offend his Creator by disobeying His laws. Yet he is the most perfect work of His Master, and has reason to guide him in rendering an intelligent service.

WHAT a mocking to cry for mercy and pardon, when we entertain embittered feelings against a fellow mortal! "Forgive us as we forgive others." O, God! what judgments we bring down upon ourselves.

STAND on your own merits. It is the surest footing and the glory will all be your own. The best man is the man who makes himself. He who sails under borrowed plumage is at best but a walking advertisement of another's goods.

"For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evils; for thou art with me." So long as the trustful heart beats in unison with these words of faith and hope no evil can befall it. With God doing battle on your side whom should we fear.

The work of destroying another's character must be indeed a pleasurable occupation, if we may judge from the delight and apparent satisfaction enjoyed by those engaged in it. They sow in joy but they shall reap in tears. The injury they would do others comes back to themselves.

EVIL minded persons have generally very plausible tongues. The greatest misfortune connected with their devilish enterprise is the fact, that those who do not know them may be and are deceived into believing them. Suspect every one you hear uttering bad of another—their employment is an evidence of their character.

The Bible teaches God created man and from him all races of men descend. Professors teach that there are at least twelve different species of man which cannot possibly have descended from one man. They believe in their doctrine as infallible. Other professors teach that man's great grand-father was a lump of mud that transformed itself through every species of the animal kingdom until after every change it laid aside the shape of the monkey and became man. They swear to their doctrine as infallible also. Which of the three doctrines do you prefer as the most reasonable?

### PASTORAL CHANGE.

It will be learned with sincere regret, by his parishioners of Caledonia and Danville especially, and by that portion of the community generally who have had the pleasure of Rev. Father Doherty's acquaintance, that he is about to leave his present field of labor for that of Bradford, having been appointed by the R. C. Bishop of this diocese assistant pastor of St. Basil's Church in that city. During his three year's residence in Caledonia Father Doherty has greatly endeared himself to the members of his own church by his zeal for their spiritual welfare, his kindly efforts to promote their temporal interests, and his Christian benevolence to the poor, in their hours of trouble and adversity, while at the same time his suavity of manner, gentlemanly deportment, and manifestations of friendly feelings towards those not of his church, have won for him the respect and esteem of the whole community. In the discharge of his clerical duties and in his intercourse with the public, Father Doherty has sought with true Christian charity to smooth down the asperities and jealousies which too often exist between different organizations and denominations of the Christian church; to allay all feelings of hostility between people of discordant creeds, and to excite in their place sentiments of peace, kindness and good will. Indeed his mission here seems to have been one of "peace and good will to man," irrespective of religious biases and sectarian predilections. With the pastors of other churches he has endeavored, as far as opportunity permitted, to cultivate and maintain the most friendly social relations. We are well aware from personal knowledge that Father Doherty has labored to crush out all those feelings of jealousy, suspicion and distrust with which Protestants and Catholics too often regard each other, and to introduce in their place the kinder amenities of the Christian graces and mutual confidence. That he has succeeded in his beneficent object to the extent of his desires we will not assume to say, but that he has accomplished much we know, for the evidence of it exists throughout this community where there is less of religious animosity and more liberality of feeling between Catholics and Protestants than is to be found almost anywhere else in an equally mixed and diverse population in race and creed. When Father Doherty leaves for his new mission in Bradford he will, we are sure, bear with him the warmest wishes of the whole community for his future welfare, health and happiness, and the hope that he will meet as cordial a welcome when he arrives there as his high merits as a cultivated Christian gentleman and devout priest deserve.—Grand River Sachem, Oct. 6.