

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANIS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pagan, 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.

Of Flowers.

There were no roses till the first child died. No violets, no hazy-breathed heartsease, No heliotrope, no buds so dear to bees, And lowly dandelions, nor, standing wide, Clover and cowslip-fields, like rival seas, Meeting and parting as the young spring breeze. Runs giddy races playing seek and hide: For all flowers are but flowers of a kind, And all the world was flowerless while, 'Till a little child was laid in earth: Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes, And from its lids rose petals for its smile, And so all flowers from that child's death took birth. M. F. E. in *Preludes*.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

WHAT might not the Home Rule members of Parliament be able to do if they were genuinely united? A busybody has been making an analysis of the relative position of parties in the House of Commons with the following result:

There is 640 members altogether. Of these 337 are Liberals, exclusive of the two Blennerhassetts and Sir John Ennis, whose votes cannot be counted on. There are 240 Conservatives, including Sir John Ennis. There are 63 Home Rulers, including the two Blennerhassetts, Lever and Bellingham, and excluding Stuart. The total Liberal majority over Home Rulers and Conservatives is 24, or, excluding the Speaker and Bradlaugh, 32.

It is likely that at the next general election the Home Rulers could either gain ten seats, or, by putting up a candidate, throw the representation into the hands of a Conservative. This would reduce the Liberal majority to twelve. Supposing—that is not unlikely—the Liberals to lose more than six seats in Great Britain, the leader of the Home Rule party would have the fate of the ministry in his hands. This is the substance of the analysis. As a matter of fact, however, the belief in Ireland is that a general election would add thirty, instead of ten, to the strength of the Home Rule Parliamentary party. Never did the cause of Ireland stand in a more hopeful condition.—*University.*

The *New York Evening Post* has this:

"Summer-services were held Sunday afternoon in Grace Church, on Broadway, New York. There were many parishioners in the pews, and not a few strangers. Among others were two immigrants, seemingly of more than average intelligence. One was dark-haired, with a handsome imperial and moustache. The other was red-haired and had a boyish appearance. The usher placed them in one of the front pews. The dark-haired man fell upon his knees and made the sign of the cross just as the officiating clergyman had taken their positions on the altar. The strangers soon discovered that they were not in a Roman Catholic Church, but they remained in their seats throughout the rest of the service. Speaking of the incident after the services, one of the parishers said: 'A good many people come in here thinking that they are going to worship in a Catholic Church. The chimes at first allure them, and the appearance of the inside seems to satisfy them. A couple of immigrants went through the Catholic form of worship some Sundays ago without discovering that they were not in a Catholic Church. They were old people, however, and must have been nearsighted.'"

"This is not the most dangerous snare that awaits the immigrants. His faith is in danger, but it is his morals which the land-sharks first attack. Tracts have little effect, and perverts to Protestantism from Castle Garden are few, even though they may occasionally wonder into a Protestant church because they have no guides. 'If ever thou art sojourning in any city,' says St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, 'inquire not simply where the Lord's house is (for the sects of the protane attempt to call their own dens houses of the Lord), nor merely where is the church, but where is the Catholic Church, for this is the peculiar name of the holy (church), and mother of us all.' And yet, now-a-days, very 'high' Protestants make a false claim to the title Catholic; but Roman Catholic settles the question.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Why the European population of the Transvaal should be more favorably and more considerably treated by the Imperial Parliament than her

Majesty's subjects in Ireland is a thing not easy to understand. In the Queen's Speech proroguing Parliament the country is informed that a convention has been signed which secures to the population of the Transvaal a complete internal self-government, or, in plainer words, Home Rule. Over seven centuries of a connection has proved beyond all doubt that England cannot govern Ireland with credit to herself, or with advantage to the empire at large. This is as palpable as noon-day. The almost united voice of the people of Ireland demands Home Rule. The people of England have offered no objection to the idea. Why, then, any longer keep up this fruitless source of agitation and discontent? Why not have as much confidence in the people of Ireland as in the people of the Transvaal?—*London Universe.*

"FATHER IGNATIUS," an English "monk" who has been once or twice, to his intense delight, taken for a real Benedictine, is the founder of the new Abbey of Llanthony. Several other "monks" live in this establishment and, with the help of their imagination, try to give a Catholic and medieval air to their surroundings. This is hard work, but no harder than that of children who "make believe" they are not children. "Father Ignatius" had imitated the real Benedictines so far as he could; but, hearing of those miraculous places from which so much consolation flows into Catholic souls, he determined to have "an apparition" and so they had one: the 30th of August was a day of pilgrimage to Llanthony. "Mass" was celebrated and a new statue to the Blessed Virgin dedicated. The "apparition" may have been an illusion of "Father Ignatius's" disordered imagination, or a manifestation of the devil, but, whether one or the other, "Father Ignatius," "playing priest," juggling with the symbols of sacred things, and aping the ceremonies of the Church of his forefathers, is a pitiable figure. If he is honest, he is insane; if he is not insane, he is dishonest. In either case his followers must be fools; and the mummeries at Llanthony are only additional examples of the triviality of those things which are without salt or savor outside the Catholic Church. There are men among us who follow the sham of Ritualism, compromising between God and the devil. The ceremonies of Masonry are more respectable, though more openly devilish, than these weak mummeries of the ritual of the Church.—*Freeman's Journal.*

GAMBETTA will give no quarter and he should get none. He was very frank in one of his speeches at Belleville, which lies before us as we write. He will secularize education and, if he can, he already has found that hitherto he cannot, he will kill *Clericalism*. Two or three sentences will show his spirit, "I come to education. Here, as in the case of the army, no struggle—complete union of all Republicans. The school is the seminary of the future—the Republican seminary. We wish it to be independent and free. The school for itself, the church for itself, the teacher for himself, and only allowing his threshold to be crossed by the authorized representatives of the country. The victory is ours. The only question disputed is the secularization of instruction, but it is a dispute without any possible consequences. It will suffice next time to knock a little louder at the door of the Senate, and the Senate will open it, knowing that it is France that summons it to open, and that the summons of France must be unheeded. As to the Church—I saw the Church, not the churches, for only one has made it a task to fight against the spirit of humanity—I said four years ago, '*Le clericalisme, vola l'enemi*,' and hoped after the 16th of May to be able to say, '*Le clericalisme is dead*,' but it is not dead. It has even found singular conjunctors to oppose me whom one did not expect to play their game. Against clericalism we have the resource of reducing the Budget of public worship, of abolishing, for instance, the salary of the *deservans*, which is not provided for by the Concordat, and of taxing the mortmain property. This is the true reform, and I could not view favorably the suppression of the Public Worship Estimates." Then later on he uttered these shrieks of bigotry: "I am, and have always been, an advocate of liberty of association, which

should belong to all who will not renounce multiplying their energies. For those who do not work, no association. For workers, yes; for monks, never. This is a task of the next Chamber, sufficient for the welfare of the country." It is a consolation to know that M. Gambetta's bark is far more vicious than his bite. Even at Belleville he was hooted and narrowly escaped defeat and not one of the propositions which he advanced would secure a majority in the chambers. A keen observer, who is no friend of M. Gambetta, Herr Blowitz, summarizes his platform in a few trenchant sentences. "The second part of M. Gambetta's speech may be considered as the programme of a future Gambetta Cabinet. It is more governmental than his previous speeches. But on close examination it will soon be seen that there is not a point on which a Cabinet cannot be beaten, even by a Republican, but independent majority. M. Gambetta deals with the magistracy, the army, the civil service, the clergy, and the right of association. As regards the magistracy, he proposes to diminish the number of magistrates in order to pay better those who are retained, and to give more extended powers to the *judges de paix*. This is legal corruption of the magistracy in the interest of the Government from whom the *judge de paix* holds his office at pleasure. With this system the Government is both a judge and a party, and the magistracy has henceforth only to render services and not to pass judgment. Of all the schemes proposed this is the most inconsiderate and the one which most jeopardizes the security and independence of citizens. As to the clergy, M. Gambetta proposes to deprive them of all possible influence, to make a minute investigation into the sources of their wealth and influence, and to strike these at their sources. This is just the counterpart of the Inquisition, it is a secular, democratic Inquisition. Lastly, as to foreign politics, M. Gambetta hopes to see the day when the justice of Europe will tender to France by mutual consent that which he does not think of taking by arms. This ideal of a Government of freedom lacks one temporary provision—viz., the locking up of anybody who should refuse to salute the horse or hat of the genius of liberty, M. Gambetta."—*Catholic Review.*

Catholic Columbian.

It is the silent prayer welling up from the heart that pierces the clouds and brings down Heaven's graces. We are not to display our prayers before mankind.

A man in carelessly handling a gun discharged the contents into the heart of a beloved friend and cried out: "I did not know it was loaded." He had often been warned but felt sure he was right. A soul wings its flight to its Creator and is condemned to eternal punishment. "I did not know I was acting rashly," cries that soul, when it is too late to make amends. It, too, had its warnings.

GENERALITIES are easily indulged in but coming directly to the point let it be shown in one simple instance where the Church opposed civilization in its true and noble sense. It is certain that the Catholic Church has always opposed, and will continue to oppose the civilization of barbarism, the refinement of crime. Her mission is to build as well as to destroy, but if she has been inimical to the interests of mankind how is it possible it could have existed to the present time?

The effects of intemperance are manifold. Not only do they show themselves upon the individual drunkard in his bodily formation and appearance, but he raises children to be living curses of his terrible passion. His house in its squalid misery and the dejected care-worn wife, with delicate trembling children, appeals in plaintive cries to the drunken father to forsake the intoxicating cup. The very devils in hell hold high revelry over him who sacrifices his reason to the baseness of animal passion, for in that, he has one of its greatest agents for obtaining souls. The quarrel, the fight, the murder would never have stained many a soul, were it not for the exciting of passion through liquor. We need a greater argument against its use than the covert way in which it is sought? Is there any collection of human beings more repulsive than those that generally gather about the bar of a low whisky shop? The curse of God follows those who are careless of their soul, by stupefying its faculties.

AN INTERESTING PASTORAL TOUR.

The Bishop of Ottawa in the Far North.

Last month was in great part devoted by His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa to a visitation of his distant missions in the Upper Ottawa country. A very interesting narrative of the Bishop's tour was published some short time ago in a series of letters addressed to *Le Canada* of Ottawa by the Rev. Father Proulx, one of His Lordship's *compagnons de voyage*. We regret that neither time nor space permit us to transcribe in full the elegant productions of this reverend gentleman's pen. We cannot, however, deprive our readers of the pleasure of a brief recital based on Father Proulx's letters—of the principal incidents of a journey at once interesting and instructive.

His Lordship left Ottawa on Monday, the 25th of July, to reach that same evening, via the Canadian Pacific R. R., the station known as Mackeys', nearly fifty miles to the North West of the town of Pembroke. Here he was met by the Rev. Father Delage, Superior of the Oblate mission at Mattawa. The bishop and companions met with marked attention and kindest hospitality on the part of the railway officials at Mackeys. The 26th, being the festival of St. Anne, His Lordship celebrated Mass in the presence of a small but devout auditory, and immediately after resumed his journey. It was not, however, till 7 p. m. that he reached Mattawa, a thriving village at the confluence of the Ottawa of the river from which it takes its name. Here, besides the residence of the Oblate fathers, there is a neat Catholic church, a convent and a hospital. It is besides the metropolis of the Nipissing judicial district, and will soon in addition to its registry office enjoy the benefits of a commodious lock-up. The Mattawa river is already spanned by a bridge six hundred feet long, the work of the Ontario government. With the extension of the Canadian Pacific R. R. the place must rapidly grow in importance. The arrival of the Bishop was the occasion of a pleasing demonstration on the part of all classes of the population of Mattawa. Proceeding to the convent chapel, His Lordship addressed the people at length, basing his discourse on the festival of the day. He announced that upon his return from Lake Talon, twenty-four miles from Mattawa village, he would hold his regular pastoral visitation of their mission.

Through the kindness of Mr. Worthington, of the Canadian Pacific R. R., the episcopal party was enabled to reach Lake Talon the following evening. In this neighborhood there are about eighty French Canadian families settled. It is but two years since the work of colonization here began, and already satisfactory progress has been made. The soil is fertile and the climate favorable to the cultivation of roots and cereals. The advent of railway communication—a matter of few months—will give the settlers a market at their own doors, and thus largely increase the value of their lands. It was indeed difficult to point out a section of country more inviting to Catholic settlers. His Lordship in the course of his admonitions to the people at Lake Talon, urged on them earnestly and fervently the necessity of their devoting their every energy to the clearing of their lands, and the cultivation of the soil. It is to be hoped that when he next visits this mission he will find it the centre of a large Catholic population. Needless to say that the exercises of the pastoral visitation at this place were eagerly seized on by the people to approach the Sacraments and hear the word of God.

It was not till Friday, the 29th of July, that the Bishop returned to Mattawa, when he was again received with every mark of respect. The two following days were devoted to the religious exercises observed on the occasion of the visit of a chief pastor. His Lordship preached frequently, and with his accustomed earnestness in both languages. Large numbers of persons took advantage of the blessings of the visitation, a fact made manifest by the crowded confessionals and numerous communions.

His labors at Mattawa concluded, His Lordship set out on the 1st of August for the mission at Lake Temiscamieque. The journey occupied the greater part of two days. A large bark canoe manned by eight stalwart men is the mode of conveyance placed at the disposal of the episcopal party to reach that place. It cannot be said, considering the distance covered, and the frequent debarcations made, owing to the numerous rapids, that any time was lost. The time was most agreeably spent during the journey. The magnificent scenery of this comparatively unknown region did not fail to attract attention. Father Proulx in his letters does justice to many of the most prominent features of this—one of the most picturesque portions of Canada. Prayer, reading and conversation occupied the time of the travellers, amongst whom were Mr. Colin Rankin, the estimable factor of the Hudson's Bay Coy's post at Temiscamieque, till the Long Sault, a chain of rapids through which the waters of Lake Temiscamieque find their way into the Ottawa, is reached. Here the party remained under tent for the night. Next day His Lordship arrived safe at the residence of the Oblate Fathers, who have in charge the Temiscamieque district. Father Ryan is the zealous Superior of this mission. His coadjutors are Fathers Laverlochere and Moutiez. The bishop having resolved to proceed at once to Lake Abitibi before

holding his visitation at Temiscamieque, left on the third of August for that place, distant from the latter one hundred and fifty miles. On the morning of the fourth, His Lordship celebrated Mass at Mr. Angus McBride's, and addressed a few words of exhortation to the faithful who had assembled there to meet him. It was not till Saturday evening, the 6th, that the mission of Abitibi was reached. The Catholic population attached to this mission is almost exclusively aboriginal. To these poor children of the forest, the Bishop's arrival was the occasion of general rejoicing. To the number of two hundred they came in their canoes to escort him to the neat little chapel of the mission. Here His Lordship was met by Father Nedelec, a veteran missionary, and made solemn entry as prescribed by the ritual. During his stay at Abitibi the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to no fewer than ninety persons—and besides addressing the Indians in their native tongue also delivered at their own request an interesting and well-sustained discourse to the Protestants of the Hudson's Bay Coy's post. The episcopal visit to Abitibi will long be remembered in that district and must leave enduring results of good as well amongst the white as the aboriginal population. It took four days on the return trip to get to Temiscamieque. But the journey was heartily enjoyed. A halt was again made at Mr. Angus McBride's and the Bishop once more celebrated the holy mysteries there. The country in this vicinity offers many advantages for colonization. The soil in many places is extremely fertile—as evidenced by the magnificent crops raised year after year by the Hudson's Bay Coy's officers and by many of the lumbermen. Next year a steamboat will ply the waters of Lake Temiscamieque bringing settlers then a day nearer to civilization. Even now a ready market for all farm produce can be had at the company's post or at those of the lumbermen.

On his return to Temiscamieque, Bishop Duhanel was the recipient of a hearty welcome. The Oblate Fathers have there a very neat and commodious chapel besides schools for boys and girls—the latter in charge of the sisters of charity. Ninety-eight persons were confirmed, and the exercises of the pastoral visit closed with the Forty Hours' devotion. This terminated a pastoral tour over an immense region by many supposed to be uninhabitable—but the church is doing its work in bringing into public life wealth and resources, and in after times when colonization shall have redeemed much of it from waste and abandonment, a great portion of the credit for the new order of things will have to be given to Bishop Duhanel, who has spared no toil and avoided no sacrifice to carry the "glad tidings" to the uttermost bounds of this vast diocese.

TOO MUCH LIBERTY.

Views of a Non-Catholic Journal upon the "American Plan" of Training Children.

The following, from Andrew's American Queen, a New York journal, conveys a terrible warning by means of a horrible text.

The fate of Jennie Cramer, the beautiful but unfortunate victim of passion, and to all appearance, crime, is naturally the subject of discussion, if not of pity, in every home in the United States. Her sad, and wretched to think not uncommon story, is briefly told. The daughter of respectable parents in moderate circumstances, she grew from childhood to girlhood without those restraints which a proper domestic rule, if not religious sentiment, should have placed upon her actions. Possessing the fatal gift of beauty and a lightness of heart, which, under proper training, and direction, might have made her the joy of a happy home; she was ready to listen to the seductive voices of giddy companions, and to look upon pleasure as the one bright star in the humdrum pathway of home existence. Taught by those companions the easiest learned lessons of idleness, and flattered by the attentions of young men of better social position than her own, the girl grew up, like many hundreds of others, to believe that youth was the season for enjoyment, that dress, dancing and flirtation were the highest ideal of human duty, and that such things as housework, needlework, reading, music, or religious exercises, were only fit for common drudges, or girls without spirit or style. While it is to be supposed that Jennie Cramer's parents did to some extent attempt to train their child to be a comfort to them in their old age, it cannot be doubted that much more liberty was permitted to her than could be justified or warranted under a proper state of parental discipline. She appears to have come and gone when she pleased, to have looked upon her home as a place to eat and sleep in, not as a haven of rest, or a shrine to be cherished as the dearest spot on earth. The girl was bright, happy, cheerful and goodhearted. She had the makings in her of a beautiful, lovable woman, but she was weak, frivolous, vain, and fond of admiration, and she fell, as many a fair but foolish girl has fallen, a prey to the willowy of heartless manhood. It is a sad, sad story, that which is now being told, and commented on in the press throughout the country, a story which it is unnecessary to repeat, but one which should cause every mother in America to strain her daughter to her heart, and swear to guard her as she would her precious life and honor. Poor Jennie Cramer! the heart is cold, indeed, which cannot feel for the terrible ending of that bright young life. It is not now the time to speak of the villains who deliberately set to work by cunningly devised schemes to blight

the hopes and happiness of poor Jennie Cramer. Their time will come. No punishment which the law can inflict upon them can ever bring back to life the spirit of their beautiful victim, but the story of her fall and death should teach a lesson to the mothers and fathers of America more eloquent than words.

It is useless to close our eyes to the fact that thousands of young girls in the cities, towns and hamlets of this country are permitted to follow the bent of their own sweet wills, to choose their own companions, to gad about the streets, to visit theatres, attend picnics, dance at balls, and to go where they please, just as Jennie Cramer did. In no country in the world is more freedom of action permitted to young girls than in our own United States. In France, that paradise of matrimonial freedom, young unmarried girls are guarded as precious jewels, to be seen, not touched. In Germany, no young girl is permitted to appear at any festive gathering without her guardian or *diener*; and even in Italy, the land of love and song, the girls are watched over by vigilant eyes. In England, while the customs in this respect are less strict to-day than they were some years ago, young girls are not allowed to go about the streets after dark without some proper escort, belonging or well known to the family.

There are plenty of Jennie Cramers in England, but as a rule the license permitted to young girls is less than it is with us. It is argued in behalf of our system that a girl, who is allowed perfect freedom of action in her intercourse with her own and the opposite sex, is better able to take her own part in the battle of life; while this may to a certain extent be true, the boundary line between safety and danger is so very slight, and the risks to be run so very great, that it is a grave question whether the safety is not the better course. The period between twelve and twenty years of age, is the most important in a woman's life. It is then that she learns the rudiments of that knowledge which in after years is to fit her for the duties of a wife and mother. Duty and pleasure are diametrically and logically opposed. The devotee of the one can never be the steady follower of the other. A prudent and sensible parent will understand how to strike the happy mean, and while inculcating duty as a labor of love, also introduce sufficient pleasure to lighten its pathway. No girl who is permitted free and unfettered liberty to dance and sing and dress, and devote herself to a life of indolent frivolity, can settle down to the study of those home lessons which are hard to learn, but are worth their weight in gold. At the root of all training lies religion. Without its guiding star the light of love and the beauty of home are dim. With religion for her lamp, and love for her leading-string, no mother should find any difficulty in training a daughter, providing she is not naturally headstrong or vicious, to a love of truth and virtue. That many mothers do not perform the duty which nature, if not Divine teaching, calls upon them to perform toward their daughters, is evident from the number of young girls, who, like Jennie Cramer, are led astray from the paths of virtue, the thousands who contract foolish marriages, and the many thousands more, who, when thrown upon their own resources, find themselves utterly unable to undertake those arduous household duties which fall to the lot of every woman who marries a poor man, or a man of moderate means.

Richard Grant White, in a recent article, attempted to show that out of hundreds of girls who, year after year, are graduated from our public schools, not one in twenty or fifty is fit for anything but a dressy, useless gad-about, who will not and her pretty hands with household employment, but desires to lead the life of a lady, whatever, in her view of the subject, that may be. Making due allowance for Mr. White's poetical and linguistic imagination, there is sufficient truth in his statement to warrant the belief that there is something wrong in our system of training. Whatever the faults of our public schools may be, it is in the cases such as that of Jennie Cramer, parents have much to answer for. It is their duty to watch the direction of their daughter's tastes and habits. It is for them to say whom she shall associate with, and whom she shall not. While they can, and watch her every action, or sit in judgment upon every chance acquaintance, they can, at all events, cultivate that spirit of confidence which should always exist at least between mother and daughter. A good mother should know her daughter's heart; a good daughter should confide in her mother nothing. It is better that a girl should go into no company whatever, than that she should spend one evening within the contaminating influence of the giddy or the vicious. It is the duty of parents to see that she associates with no one of whom they do not approve, and goes nowhere, either for pleasure or profit, until they are thoroughly convinced that the influence of such a place is for good. The world is beset with dangers for the young. The ways of the world are only learned by experience, and the less a young girl knows of the world, so-called, until it is absolutely necessary that she should know it, the better. The trouble with the majority of young girls of the class to which Jennie Cramer belonged, is that they know too much. If parents did their whole duty, there would be fewer cases of record of early sorrow and death, fewer divorces, more happiness, more virtue, better health, and, consequently, greater individual and national prosperity.

The crawling serpent is more dangerous than the roaring lion—we are warned against the one but there is no protection against the other.