

# 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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**ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.**  
JANUARY, 1881.  
Sunday—Octave, First Sunday after Epiphany. *Semi-Double.*  
Monday, 10—Fourth Day within the Octave. *Semi-Double.*  
Tuesday, 11—Fifth Day within the Octave. *Semi-Double.*  
Wednesday, 12—Sixth Day within the Octave. *Semi-Double.*  
Thursday, 13—Octave of the Epiphany. *Double.*  
Friday, 14—St. Hilary, Bishop and Confessor. *Double.*  
Saturday, 15—St. Paul, 1st Hermit, Confessor. *Double.*

**The Old Year's Blessing.**  
BY ADRIAN A. PROCTOR.  
I am fading from you,  
But one draweth near,  
Called the Angel-guardian  
Of the coming year.  
If my gifts and graces  
Coidly you forget,  
Let the New Year's Angel  
Blow and crown them yet.  
For we work together;  
He and I are one;  
Let him end and perfect  
All I leave undone.  
I brought Good Desires,  
Thought as yet but seeds;  
Let the New Year make them  
Blossom into Deeds.  
I brought Joy to brighten  
Many happy days,  
Let the New Year's Angel  
Turn it into Peace.  
If I give you Sickness,  
If I brought you Care,  
Let him make one Patient,  
And the other Prayer.  
Where I brought you Sorrow,  
Through his care, at length,  
It may rise triumphant  
Into future Strength.  
If I brought you Plenty,  
All wealth's bounteous charms  
Shall not the New Year  
Turn them into Ashes?  
I gave Health and Leisure,  
Skill to dream and plan;  
Let him make them nobler—  
Work for God and Man.  
If I broke your Idols,  
Showed you they were dust,  
Let him turn the Knowledge  
Into Heavenly Trust.  
If I brought Temptation,  
Let sin die away  
Into boundless Pity  
For all hearts that stray.  
If your list of Errors  
Dark and long appears,  
Let this new born Monarch  
Melt them into Tears.  
May you hold this Angel  
Dearer than the last—  
So I bless his future,  
While he crowns my Past.

**CATHOLIC PRESS.**  
Does the English Government keep *in* commission, to appear at some Irish port, now and then, with a lot of rusty old fire-arms on board, and furnish points for cock-and-bull stories about the Irish arming for revolution?—*Pilot.*  
The Pope has been unbosoming himself again to the Rome correspondent of the *London Times*, and, as usual in those confidences, His Holiness always condemns the Irish Land Leaguers. It is astonishing how much the Pope is willing to say to a newspaper correspondent more than he would confide to anyone else. It is astonishing; and nobody would be more astonished than the Pope himself, to learn that he had made a confidant of the scribe.—*Pilot.*

The advocates for a revision of the King James' Bible should have considered earnestly before they paraded, in support of their project, the errors of a version which has been held up for many years as an infallible rule of life and morals. "Popular feeling," says the Rev. Charles S. Robinson, in *Scribner's*, "has been lately aroused on the whole subject. In order to give the new version a proper send-off, it has been deemed necessary to parade somewhat conspicuously the exigencies of the case, that is to say, the paramount demand for this fresh translation of the Scriptures. The arguments have been drawn from a detailed exhibition of the blemishes in the King James' Bible. But who does not feel that the first result of this is to break the confidence in the version which we are using when the scholarship of the age is invoked to show how many faults need corre-

tion, who can complain if the people who have been taught to believe implicitly in the Bible and nothing but the Bible begin to doubt? Protestantism which has so long rested its claims on the Bible loses much when it begins to throw doubt on the infallibility of the King James' version.—*Catholic Review.*

Yes, history repeats itself. When O'Connell was tried, no Catholic was allowed on the jury. In Dublin, the other day, the Crown Solicitor struck twelve Catholics, one after another, from the panel of 48, from which the jury to try the Land Leaguers is to be chosen. But he did not strike off one Protestant. "Another Papist," cried Mr. Dillon, one of the counsel, as each of the twelve went down, for which, it appears, the Master of the Crown Office "severely reprimanded" him. Mr. Dillon is a cousin of John Dillon, and he does not seem very much afraid of the Master of the Crown Office. In the light of what has already been done, it will not be surprising if the O'Connell jury be exactly duplicated. As for considerations of decency, why, the main thing is to convict.—*Pilot.*

We hate cant, particularly patriotic cant; but some people seem to live and thrive by it. The man who tries to earn a little notoriety at the expense of his native country, is to say the least of him, a canting knave. A *Star* correspondent, who has just returned from Ireland, addressing a Land League meeting, exclaimed: "Mr. Parnell and a few of his associates are to-day under indictment before the Queen's Bench for high misdemeanor against the British crown. It may astonish you when I say here to-day, with sincerity, that I would like to see him convicted, for it would be the last spark from the flint necessary to make the Irish people rise in their might and rid themselves of the whole iniquitous system forever and ever. Amen." This man knows in his heart that an outbreak in Ireland would be a disastrous blunder; yet, in order to court applause, he approves of it. It is time that we should get rid of gas-bag patriots who rise, like bubbles, to the surface in times of political excitement, and be guided by reason and common sense. Another speaker at the same meeting, who has been lately elected by Irish votes to sit in Congress, exclaimed: "I want the whole caboodle of Irish landlords murdered!" Such clap-trap cant as this should cease. It is simply doing the work of England, and forging chains for Parnell and Ireland. The Irish are a brave, courageous people, struggling for the right of living as freemen in their own country and not a nation of thugs.—*New York Tablet.*

We are treated, at least once a week, to a cablegram in the *Herald*, taken from the *London Times*, or some other English paper equally friendly to Ireland, expressive of the profound regret the Pope feels at the disturbed state of Ireland, and his displeasure at the agitators who were keeping the country in a state of ferment. Let us just compare these manufactured telegrams with the statement made by Archbishop Crooke on his return to his archdiocese. Addressing his people he said: "The manner of His Holiness towards us was that of a father and a friend rather than that of the august head of the Church. He understands Ireland, he loves Ireland; he has read our history, and he has read it with fruit. We may, therefore, rely upon His Holiness at all times as a friend no less than as a father." Such language coming from the patriotic Archbishop of Cashel is certainly to be relied upon more than statements in the *London Times*, or even in Bennett's *Herald*.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

To the careful observer nothing can be more hollow or rotten than the present condition of Europe. We see a disordered society, uninfluenced by contending sects, yearning for the unity, the peace, which the Catholic Church alone possesses; we see all anxious to be guided by a power, and to be saved by a faith which is incompatible with no advance, material or intellectual, with no government, monarchical or republican; with no liberty, private or political; with no class, rich or poor; with no "progress," save that of vice; But there is yet a more definite sign

there is still a more potent call; "there is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord!" The voice of the aged Pontiff is heard above the distractions of the age. Standing on the steps of the Vatican he invites all to unity with God in that comprehensive fold which knows not king nor subject, rich nor poor, bond nor free, saying to each one, whosoever you be, whatever you seek, be it victory in the material or the spiritual contests, receive this banner of the Catholic Church, and "In hoc Signo Vincas."—*Catholic Herald.*

The Dutch in South Africa had no trouble among themselves, and very little with the natives, till the marauding English stepped in, and began to play the master. There has been a succession of troubles ever since. As the English advanced the Boers moved back to keep away from them, but the English instinct of plunder and power prevailed there, as in so many other places, and a conflict of arms finally came. The people who were simply defending their home against robbers were beaten, and England at last absorbed all the country that her army was able to enter. She went there to bully and steal, under the pretence of civilizing, and she carried out her "mission." She will, perhaps, defeat the Boers again, as she did before, and the black Basutos, who have been in arms in the same quarter for some time, will doubtless be beaten too. The Boers and the Basutos get on very well together. It is only when the English appear that there is revolt and conflict. What with South Africa, Afghanistan, and Ireland, England seems to have quite enough for her soldiers to do just now. And none of her military work, from gathering turnips and potatoes in Ireland, to getting whipped by blacks in South Africa, and by Afghans elsewhere, is particularly glorious. It costs the people a good deal, but when all is over there is very little to show for it.—*Pilot.*

A PROTESTANT professor of theology makes the following statement, which will find an echo among many of the advanced "theologians," who pretend to believe in "colorless" education: "As a book of religion there is no more room for the Bible. The Bible makes religious life scanty and unsound. The tradition of the Church is continually supported and fed by the Bible. The notions of man's guilt before God, of remission of sin by Jesus' death on the cross, of eternal bliss for the righteous—all these notions, according to our views so untrue, so ruinous to a pure religious development, are again and again learned from the Bible. We modern men have a number of partisans among the school-teachers. We are thus able to exert a strong influence in education." Modern Protestant theology is "advancing."—*Catholic Review.*

MR. BEECHER, who lately made a characteristic speech at the New England dinner—the skeletons at this feast being the irrepressible Pilgrim Fathers—devoted himself to the glory of New England. Mr. Beecher said, too, that bachelors and the devils were close companions, and held up the inevitable Pilgrims to the admiration of the world because they were not bachelors. This assertion was meant to convey a direct blow at the Catholic practice of celibacy and Mr. Beecher's approval of the Puritan asceticism which, however, did not include a belief in celibacy. Mr. Beecher does not "hold" with St. Paul. This was suspected before. "The great mistake that is made in hanging," said Mr. Beecher, "is a want of proper selection." The ex-editor of the *Golden Age*, who is an amateur of pictures, will no doubt agree with this sentiment, and perhaps think that the devil sometimes bestows his attention on men who are not bachelors. "New England," Mr. Beecher said, "is a very small territory, but it is very populous, the blessing of God has fallen upon the cradle. The poorer a man is in New England the larger is his family and none are so large as clergymen's families. Wherever you find schools you will find Yankees, wherever you find well-regulated banks you will find Yankees; wherever you find railroads that are not watered you will find Yankees.

Wherever you find these things done by men who are not Yankees you will find that they have Yankee wives. They soon open their own schools, and in them they find their own scholars. I don't know that I could say anything better of a Yankee than to say, 'What kind of men must they be who were the fathers of such a posterity?' (Loud laughter.) No wonder everybody laughed. The sarcasm was positively coarse, and every Yankee in the land ought to resent what certainly seems an allusion to the shortcomings of the descendants of the Pilgrims.—*Catholic Review.*

A GREAT pity that this did not occur in Ireland. One morning recently a young man was passing along the south side of Fleet Street, London, when he noticed a small parcel in a box which it is the custom to place on the curb of the street for the reception of the sweepings of the shop. He picked up the parcel, and it exploded, blowing off his fingers and portion of his thumb. What a splendid thing it would have been for the Irish purveyors of news for the English market if such an occurrence as this took place in one of the streets of Dublin or Cork! One can easily imagine the sensational lines in the contents of the London evening papers—"Nihilism in Ireland." "Discovery of infernal machines in Dublin." "A man partially blown to pieces." And how the papers would sell! Occurring in London, the matter is disposed of in a short paragraph, and it has not been deemed worthy of even recognition in any of our contents bills. The moral is obvious.—*London Universe.*

So very unsatisfactory is the condition of the Catholics in Prussia—a country in which they talk so much about religious equality—that in one place even a Jew has taken on himself to stand up in defence of the violated rights of the Catholic Church! This man's name is Sonnemann, and he is the representative of Frankfort in the German Parliament. In a speech delivered by him recently Herr Sonnemann condemned the numerous disabilities to which the Catholic minority in that place are subjected. We translate the following portion of that speech: "Why should the parish priest be kept out of the school connected with his own church, where he wished to prepare the children for their First Communion? Why should he not be allowed to superintend the religious instruction of Catholic children in the non-denominational schools, considering that the Protestant clergy are allowed to do so in regard to Protestant children? And how is it that out of eighteen non-denominational schools, not one should have a Catholic for its head master?"

He goes on complaining of other kinds of injustice inflicted upon the Catholics, which together form a whole system of persecution. The Jews are by no means friendly to the Catholics in Germany; but Herr Sonnemann at least deserves commendation for thus standing up for the violated rights of the minority.—*London Universe.*

Several nobodies, as well as some somebodies, have held the Laureateship in England. Who hears, nowadays, of John Gower, John Skelton, Samuel Daniel, Thomas Shadwell, Nathum Tate, Laurence Esder, and Henry Pye? Each of these was a Laureate in his day and drew the pay of £100 a year and a tierce of wine, but the world has forgotten all about them, if it ever knew anything worth remembering, which is doubtful. Some of them would not, if now living, shine much beside a certain "poet lazar," written up by an American humorist in one of his books. The men of merit who have held the post since Chaucer's time, nearly five hundred years ago, are successively, Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Southey, and Wordsworth, the latter making way for the present Laureate thirty years ago. It may be a question if any one of a dozen Laureates now forgotten, who got £100 a year, besides the wine, earned the money. There are lots of just as good verse makers in this country, and perhaps some better ones, who can't begin to make \$500 a year out of the noses.—*Pilot.*

FRENCH bravery at this day is chiefly exercised against monks, women and defenceless persons generally. Bismarck may well rest on his oars; so long as there is a monk or a nun left in France, or some other person who sympathizes with the clericalism which is M. Gambetta's chief bugbear, so long will France have no thought of recovering the lost territory, and Alsace and Lorraine will remain in possession of the Prussian empire. Strange things do we witness in French law courts in connection with these expulsions of monks. Last month a detachment of police were sent to turn out the Benedictines of Solesmes, in Brittany. In doing so they had also to invade their church while worship was going on there. Among the worshippers was the Duchess de Chevreuse, and she refused to be turned out, and offered as much resistance as she could to the constable. At last she was overpowered, and locked up, and the police of La Fleche sentenced her to a fine of £5 last week for having resisted the agents of the public force.—*London Universe.*

## THE LAST SAD RITES.

BURIAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE CLAUDEBOYE ACCIDENT.

The funeral of the victims of this accident took place on Dec. 25th, when all that was mortal of James McGrath, his wife Rebecca, his brother Matthew, and Miss Ellen Blake, were conveyed to their last resting place. Your reporter never had the privilege, and hopes never to have again, of witnessing so melancholy a spectacle as this procession. Miss Blake's residence is situated 14 miles farther from the cemetery than the home of the McGrath family. From this point the procession started at 9:30 a. m., and arrived at the McGrath residence in half an hour. After a short delay here the hearse, containing the remains of Miss Blake, again moved on followed by the hearse bearing the body of the young man Matthew McGrath; then came a third conveyance carrying the remains of James and his wife. There were twenty-four pall-bearers, twelve of whom were dressed in white trappings, who were in attendance upon the coffin containing the bodies of the young man and girl. The other twelve bore the sable trappings of woe and acted in the same capacity for the coffin containing the bodies of James and his wife. In this order the procession moved, followed by the aged parents, and other relatives of the deceased, as chief mourners. Then came the conveyances of friends and neighbors, over a mile in length; in fact the bodies were deposited in the aisle of the church before the last of the procession had left the residence of Mr. McGrath.

Upon the arrival of the bodies at the church they were met by the clergymen who were in attendance for the purpose of performing the last sad rites.

The Rev. and Venerable Father Murphy, of Dublin (late Carronbrook), celebrated High Mass. The altar was heavily draped in black. In attendance upon Father Murphy were noticed the Revs. Father Brennan, St. Mary's; Father O'Mahoney, of London; Father Ronan, of Stratford; Father Kelly, of McGillivray; Father O'Keefe, Father Lamonte, and the incumbent, Rev. Father Connolly. The four coffins were placed upon stands prepared for the occasion in the centre aisle of the church, and here we may again remark that it is sincerely to be hoped a like melancholy spectacle may never again be witnessed within the walls of the sacred edifice. After the celebration of the mass the Rev. Father O'Mahoney advanced in front of the altar and delivered an address, so full of feeling that scarcely a dry eye was to be seen amongst the crowded audience. He said it was past the power of human sympathy to offer any consolation to the weeping relatives and friends of the deceased. He said the greatest trials are made the vehicles of the dearest blessings, and when hopes are brightest we are very often on the verge of despair. Who could have foretold one short week ago that the terrible scene now before us would have come to pass. Trials like these remind us, speak to us, with a warning, not to be mistaken, to be always ready. He would direct the congregation, individually and collectively, what state would any of our souls be in were we called before the dread tribunal, at a moment's warning, by a catastrophe similar to that which befel the friends now before us. An accident like this comes so suddenly it almost bursts the heart, and sympathy seems a mockery in such a trying time. In conclusion, he exhorted the hearers to offer up the prayers of the Church for the relief of the souls of the deceased from the pains of purgatory, and always to remember that what God does is always the best.

The Rev. Father Murphy, in a few words, said that the visitation was an awful one at this happy season of the year, but it comes alike to all. Sometimes the All-wise smatches the wicked without hope of good or consolation, and again He takes good and virtuous, for his own wise purposes, but our Holy Mother Church gives us hope and consolation, and such hopes and aspirations mingled with her prayers, reaches beyond the limits of earth. So long as the Church has children here below it shall always offer up prayers for the repose of the souls of the dead.

This concluded the church ceremony, after which the bodies were conveyed to graves prepared for their reception, James and his wife lying side by side in one grave, and the bodies of the young man and Miss Blake, in a similar position a few yards away from the others, in the family burying-ground of the Blake family.

Thus closed one of the most melancholy scenes it has been our lot to witness. The bereaved family has the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community.—*Free Press.*

## DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHURCH AT BOTHWELL.

Some time ago, on the visit of his Lordship to Bothwell, for the purpose of administering the sacrament of Confirmation, the Bishop remarked the incipient church accommodation at that time existing, and urged upon the people the necessity of procuring a church more commodious and more worthy of the service of God. The effect of his exhortation may be seen to-day in the existence of a beautiful brick church, which, under the able direction of the energetic pastor, Father McGrath, has been built within such a short space of time. On New Year's day the new building was dedicated, under the patronage of St. Ignatius, by his Lordship the Bishop, assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Wagner, of Windsor, Father Bernardine, of Chatham, and Father O'Mahoney, of the Cathedral.

Before proceeding to the dedication, the Bishop, having complimented the people on their readiness in carrying out his wishes, explained the ceremonies used in the act of dedication, and the meaning of the prayers and psalms which the clergy were about to recite. The church was then dedicated in the usual manner, and high mass, which was sung by Father Bernardine, was immediately begun. After the Gospel of the mass his Lordship advanced to the communion rails and preached a most eloquent and touching sermon from the gospel of the day, dwelling particularly upon the lessons to be drawn from the circumstances of the life of our Blessed Lord. In the evening the church was again well filled, when vespers were sung, followed by a sermon by Father O'Mahoney, and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Catholics of Bothwell may well feel proud of their work, having completed their church in an incredibly short time, and with but a trifling debt; and we are sure that those who contributed to its erection felt that they had given to their children a most valuable New Year's gift, in thus erecting an edifice wherein their young minds will be trained in piety and virtue.

## ORANGEMEN REBUKED.

WHAT A LEADING AMERICAN PAPER SAYS OF THEM.

A Belfast newspaper takes us to task for our strictures on the Orange Order, calling these our Yankee notions. The history, composition and character of the Orange Order is quite as well understood, and its doings as closely watched, on the banks of the Delaware as on those of the Liffey. The city of Philadelphia, if we are not mistaken, contains more natives of Ulster than does Belfast, and the doings of the Order in relation to the Land League have excited no small interest among Irish Protestants in this country. It was one of these who furnished us with the material for our paragraph. He did not authorize us to say, nor did we say, that the Order took formal action against the Tenant Right movement. That was not its way of procedure. It is never honest enough squarely to meet an issue of that sort. It only gave its whole support to the Landlords' candidates, and its members stigmatized those who voted for the Protestant Ascendancy, because they supported a Liberal. It played just the game it is playing at present, by obscuring economic issues under a dust raised about religious controversies.

Neither did we say that there are no Presbyterians in the Order. There are Irish Presbyterians who have so little self-respect as to join an association whose chief purpose was to perpetuate their system of oppression and abuse called the Church of Ireland, now happily abolished. But the Presbyterian Church always discountenanced this and all secret associations. The Presbyterians of Ulster are generally Liberals, and therefore hostile to Orangemen. And in purely Presbyterian districts the Order numbers the fewest adherents. In justice to the other Protestant Church, we must say that its more devout members are as shy of the Order as are the Presbyterians. Indeed, its chief support is in that class called in Ulster their "Sundayes" in the fields instead of the church. Of these we make it may be said, as of a brilliant English statesman, that they are excellent Protestants but very poor Christians. They are people whose religion consists chiefly of religious quarrelsomeness. Their awkwardness, when some fiery rector draws the Lodge to church on the 12th of July or the 5th of November, shows how unfamiliar they are with such places. Let the Order take a religious census of its membership, and ascertain how many of those religious champions ever took the sacrament in any church, or gave the value of half a crown for any church purpose.—*The American, Philadelphia.*

Our great want in social life is a deep and wide sympathy. This it is which enables us to see with another's vision and to appreciate another's instincts. Without merging a particle of our own individuality, we may so fairly put ourselves in the place of our friend as to feel how natural it is for him to speak or to act as he does. Sympathy like this is the only true preventive of those clashes and discords which mar the happiness and sully the purity of friendship. We are now in the midst of the joyous feasts, but not many of the happy of our feasts. In the midst of our joy, we are mindful of the anguish and pains that await the infant, when He shall become the Man of sorrows.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helix is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but we know its use and they hold the parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if it is a promise, redeem it. You know not what important events may hang upon it. Keep your word sacred; keep it to the children—they will mark it sooner than anyone else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind little things.