

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 5.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1882.

NO. 209

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### When I Was Little.

FROM THE DANISH OF JENS BAGENSEN.  
There was a time when I was very tiny,  
My dainties form had scarce an eel's length  
Of when I think thereon, fall tear-drops  
And yet I think full many a time thereon.  
Then I upon my mother's bosom toyed me,  
Or rode delighted on my father's knee;  
And sorrow, fear, and gloom no more annoyed me,  
Than ancient Greek or modern minstrelsy.  
If smaller, then, the world to me was seeming,  
Alas! much better was it in my eyes;  
For I beheld the stars like sparklets gleaming,  
And wished for wings to mate them all my prize.  
When I behind the hill the moon saw gliding,  
Of thought I earth had then no mystery;  
That I could learn, and bring my mother  
Lying, how round, and what that moon might be!  
Wondering I traced God's flaming sun careering,  
Toward the west, unto the ocean bed;  
And yet again at morn in east appearing,  
And dyeing the whole orient scarlet red.  
And then I thought on Him, the great, the gracious,  
Who me created, and that bosom bright,  
And those pearl-rows which all heaven's arches span,  
From pole to pole, illuminate at night.  
My youthful lip would pray in deep devotion  
The prayer my blessed mother taught to me;  
Thy wisdom, God! thy mercy, shall the emotion  
Of worship wake, and wake unceasingly.  
Then prayed I for my father, for my mother,  
My sister too, and all the family;  
For unknown things, and for our wretched brother,  
The cripple who went sighing, staggering by.  
Then slid away my childhood's day of pleasure,  
Away with them my joy and quietude;  
Remembered but remains, and of that treasure,  
That I should be bereaved, O God! forbid!

### CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union.  
"ARCHBISHOP FOLKES, an Englishman, 'takes the cake.' Speaking at some missionary meeting the other day, this luminary of the Anglican church attributed the war and fact of American independence to the neglect of the English government to send a due supply of bishops to the colonies. The separation that occurred was a divine judgment upon the English nation for their neglect."  
—Rochester Democrat.  
This divine judgment on the English nation proved a divine blessing on the American colonies. We should be truly thankful that the English government neglected to send to the colonies a due supply of the anti-republican article above spoken of. If the English nation should send a due supply to the sandy plains of Egypt would it be a case of "hail fellow, well met?"

This is how the "Man About Town" in the New York Star, pictures the sleek little fraud called Ingersoll:  
"Ingersoll is a clever mouther of stale and pointless infidelity; brave, because in this land of religious liberty there are no fleshly torments for him to fear; impudent, because nature in a stepmotherish whim denied him veneration, and he never knew good breeding; so full of self-conceit that there is no room in his heart for other adoration; so shallow as to think there is no bottom to the universe because his tow-string finds none; no roof because he is unable to count the rafters, and no God because He hasn't invited Bob to dinner; mistaking bravado for courage, assertion for proof, and cheek for conscience; whose wit is like that of Rabelais, diluted with dirty water; a blatant defamer of the world's ancient worthies; and defender of its modern thieves; the doughty knight-errant of Republican rascality, and nickel-plated apostle of a gospel which appears to teach that ritalry, robbery, and rioting are man's chief business while alive, as after death it is his fate to rot; as comely to look upon as a polished brass kettle; as noisy and sensible as a beaten bass drum."

Milwaukee Citizen.  
A CORRESPONDENT of the New York World gives the following account of scenes during the recent earthquake in the city of Mexico: "People rushed out of their houses and kneeling down in the middle of the streets raised their eyes to Heaven and prayed aloud. Some sang litanies and others confessed their sins for the benefit of all those who could hear them. Children ran

out of school crying and wringing their hands. The balconies of the houses were full of ladies sobbing and praying fervently. Husbands and wives, mothers and their children bade each other an eternal farewell. Those who a few minutes before professed a deep hatred for each other now fell weeping into their greatest enemy's arms." Instances like these forcibly bring home to us the truth of this observation that man has religious instincts which infidelity can not destroy, though it may hide and deaden them. In the hour of danger when the mind is naturally at its highest tension and all the faculties are alive, the voice of conscience and the promptings of faith will not be stifled. We have all heard the anecdote of Volney, the famous infidel writer. Caught in a storm at sea, he commenced a vigorous recital of the rosary. His acquaintances were chagrined at the report and upbraided him for thus "showing the white flag" to the Christians. "Ah!" replied he, "atheism is good enough on land, but it won't do in a storm at sea." In the presence of death, whether the cause be natural disease or some chance calamity, the idle vanity of learning and the obstinate wilfulness of unbelief are dissipated. It is the most serious moment of existence, and the deepest and most earnest elements of our nature assume the command and drive out the frivolous and empty ambitions that have hitherto governed us. Heroism and faith go together in the hour of danger, being each parts of man's higher nature.

Is our duty discharged on Sunday when we have returned from Mass? Can we give up the rest of the day to enjoyment of the appetite, the senses and the body? In this age of daily newspapers and light literature, how many Catholics ever look at a religious book except it be the mechanical perusal of their prayer books? The days of controversy are seemingly over. The polemics of Milner, Hughes and Purcell are out of print. But the breach has not been filled up by devotional books. The Imitation of Christ, Christian Perfection and the Lives of the Saints, have not obtained an increased circulation. The Catholic population has indeed doubled, and the parochial school has multiplied. Yet Catholic publishers make the announcement that they sold more books in 1870, than they have disposed of in any one year since 1870. Have our people given up reading, or has the newspaper driven out the book? Secular journalism has made wonderful strides since the Atlantic cable joined two worlds into one household, but it does not seem that the increased circulation of the newspaper has injured the trade of the booksellers. More books are sold to-day than ever before, and the American people have won a world-wide reputation as a reading community. Why then this dearth in the demand for reading matter? Why does the circulation of Catholic devotional works fall off, while eulogies are being written on the wonderful increase of Catholicity in America? Chiefly, let us answer, because faith and population are two different things. Secular journalism and the meditations of the saints can not be read together. The one is arid, skeptical, unproductive and blighting. It leaves no disposition for devotional and meditative reading. It cultivates a superficiality which cannot comprehend the deep thought of the ascetic. It begets a craving for sensationalism that can not yoke itself down to the calm quietude or ardent fervor of the saint. Yet for the purpose of preserving the faith and cultivating a religious devotion, no man or woman who reads even a little of the indiscriminate mass of current literature, can get along without spiritual reading. No Catholic family can long deserve the name without such aid. And such books must not merely be bought "to have them in the house" or because they are well bound, but that they may be read thoughtfully and frequently reflected upon.

substituted to Protestant worship. We thought how Dr. Magee, its Irish-born chief pastor, the only ritualistically inclined English bishop, would have enjoyed the spectacle—how now and then furtively assumes a cope, though he has never dared to put on a mitre; even as it is, he received a severe rap on the knuckles, the other day, from one of his own canons, in his own cathedral. Would it not be a good idea for Bishop Jamot to write to Father Moser, who is struggling to erect a small church for the Holy Souls in Protestant Peterboro', and ask him to send some relic of the Ages of Faith, from that city, to be preserved with jealous care and veneration in the Catholic Cathedral of Peterboro' in the New World? Plenty of such relics are to be had.

THE Gazette recently remarked that this journal was "more rigid than Cardinal Manning," relative to the Salvation Army, and seemed to suppose that His Eminence almost approved of that most singular organization. It is only necessary to read the whole of the Cardinal's article in the current Contemporary, of which we gave extracts, to see that he entirely disapproves of the blasphemous ravings of these Dervishes of the gutter. The secular papers are against them. The London World has the following:—"If obscene announcements are not allowed to offend the public eye at street corners, it is hard to see why these blasphemous proclamations should be suffered a larger license. Here is one of them: 'Monday, at 2.30, in Barracks: Yankee Las will talk for Jesus, with other officers; 6.30, Soldiers meet at Barracks for PARADE IN FULL UNIFORM: Red Handkerchiefs, White Aprons and Jackets. GREAT DOINGS ALL THE WEEK: TERMS OF PEACE GIVEN TO ALL REBELS Of our King. By Male and Female Warriors. The Army Doctor will attend to the Wounded. By Order of King Jesus and Major Cadman.'

And if such miserable cranks succeed, what wonder that religion becomes a by-word and a mockery? Somebody ought to draw the line." Such stinging Dervishes, properly advertised, do a fine business in this country. We have one of them with us now.

Catholic Columbian.  
THERE are two principal causes of destruction of souls,—one is the keeping of bad company; the other is the feeling that there is no necessity for religion. The former destroys those who may have had the faith; the latter tries to convince those who never believed that they are good enough. Want of prayer and meditation, and correspondence with Divine Grace, lead many souls away, but the principal cause is one or other of the first named. If every one would think in his heart, he would not only avoid sin, but also its occasions; he would not only be honest and morally correct in the natural order, but he would raise himself up to the supernatural life. How few there are who do think in their hearts!

NINETEEN hundred years ago the Catholic Church established the Sunday. She has ever since kept it holy. She has, with the authority she possesses of binding and loosening, commanded her children to abstain from servile work on that day, under pain of mortal sin. She makes it a grievous offense for one of her fold to miss attendance at Holy Mass on that day, without necessity. Where is the church organization that does the same? Why will politicians prate but because the preachers cannot force their people to the same observance?

ALMIGHTY God frequently manifested His displeasure with man on account of the passion of lust. He destroyed cities with fire and brimstone from Heaven; he washed the earth with a deluge; He wiped out nations with plague and pestilence; He exterminated men with the sword, as a punishment of uncleanness; but nowhere has He visited such chastisements upon man for other crimes. God repented that He had made man, because all flesh had corrupted its way.

ALL the bigotry in the world results from ignorance or malice. We never met a bigoted person who spoke reasonably of the Catholic Church, who did not manifest great ignorance of its teachings. Sometimes such ignorance is wilful, and then it becomes malicious. Now, would it not be worth while for public journalists and others who attempt to form the public mind, to study the teachings and practices of the Catholic Church? We know that when a Jewish feast is to be written up, reporters will study up its meaning and antiquity by searching books of history and interviewing those who know something about such festivals. Not so, generally, with the Catholic Church and her festivals. They are at once hurled or passed over as meaningless, or an attempt is made to explain, and the result is a melange of the veriest nonsense. Every one who talks or writes, should know what he talks or writes about.

London Universe.  
A POKER! A local preacher of the Primitive Methodist persuasion, hailing from

the Crowle district near Goole, offered to go to Limerick to hang poor Hynes as a substitute for Marwood. The Primitive Methodists for the Crowle district became wildly indignant, and passed a resolution in these emphatic and unmistakable terms, "that Mr. Longhorn's name be taken off the plan, he having accepted an offer to hang a man at Limerick." Mr. Longhorn turns upon his brother Primitive Methodists with the very awkward inquiry why he should be regarded as more blameable than the judge and jury through whose instrumentally the unfortunate man has been executed. The wisdom and cleverness of the Primitive Methodists of the Crowle circuit have in vain endeavoured to reply to Mr. Longhorn's question. They are not likely to succeed.

In the "centre of civilization" one thousand infants die annually from suffocation, either from the carelessness or neglect of their parents. This mortality of the "innocent" in London alone is, or ought to be, a very startling fact. What the total mortality from the same cause is for the whole of England is dreadful to contemplate. Dr. Thomas, the coroner for Central Middlesex, says that he holds on an average over two hundred inquests a year on the bodies of suffocated babies, and his experience may be taken as a type of what is common to all the other districts of the metropolis. It appears that each of these inquests entails a cost to the county of £3 5s., and there are in addition other expenses which fall upon the parish in which the deaths occur, bringing up the total cost to about £5 more. Most of these suffocations occur between Saturday night and Sunday morning, and it is more than certain that the publichouse is at the bottom of these tragedies.

A VALUED correspondent writes to us from Tipperary: "You can have no adequate notion of the pathetic interest created in the South-Western districts of Ireland by the execution of Francis Hynes. At Mass on Sunday in an ivy-clad rustic chapel, in one of the Upper Shannon valleys, I heard the priest, a tall, candid young Clare man, express his confidence of the guiltlessness of his former schoolfellow. He was almost moved to tears as he spoke. After Mass he and the congregation offered up the Litany of the Blessed Virgin for the repose of the soul of the deceased—done to death on the gallows!" The heart of Ireland is still true to the core. God will never desert such a country.

New York Freeman's Journal.  
It is announced that Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, has protested against the adoption of a textbook in the Canadian schools, and that the Canadian Government has taken action in support of his objection. Canadian exchanges confirming this report have just reached us. The objections of the Archbishop are sound, though some of our secular contemporaries do not agree with them. Sir Walter Scott was a great writer, and a moralist; but the lips that grew cold repeating the *Deus In* would no doubt have willingly offered the blotting out of many lines written to propitiate the anti-Catholic spirit of his time. Still, Sir Walter's faults were venial compared with those of others, and their root was not in malice.

YET there are not many of his works that Catholics would choose as textbooks. Fable historically, they are true to human nature, and as such we accept them and read them, and, with discrimination, let our children read them. In Marmon, Constance, having fled from her convent with Marmon, is punished for breaking her vows by being buried alive in the convent-wall. We do not care to have our children learn at school that horrors of this sort were usual in convents; nor do we want to have the sympathy of our hearts enlisted in behalf of a nun who has broken her solemn vows. This of itself is sufficient to condemn Marmon as a textbook for Catholic children. Every body has a warm spot in his heart for young Lochinvar, who came out of the West in such gallant fashion. The episode of King James' "flirtation" with Lady Heron, good rhythm and rhyme as it is, can not be commended as the most appropriate poetical exercise for boys and girls. Even if Marmon were the only poem in the English language, Catholics might reasonably object to these episodes. As it is, there are poems, even of Sir Walter Scott's which might in part be substituted for Marmon, which, beautiful as it is, is not, as a whole, suitable to be read in children's schools. The Abbot contains the fine character of Edward Glendinning, which nobody but an author of Catholic sympathies could have drawn; yet we would not like to put it, or the Monastery, with its poetical and Protestant license with historical facts, in the hands of Catholic children as a textbook. Both these novels, if the young reader were properly warned and instructed, might be read with pleasure and a degree of profit; but not as literary textbooks in school. Marmon is even more objectionable than these.

THERE is no depth of absurdity to which the New York Observer can not fall. In a foolish article on Xavier, the chief apostle of Rome, a contributor, who ought to have the palm for silliness and mendacity long ago awarded to the Evening Post's "Roman Correspondent," says: "Protestant missions have nothing to fear by an honest comparison with Roman missions, nor do the missionaries suffer by contrast with Roman missionaries. They are not found wanting, even when weighed against Rome's chief apostle, Francis Xavier."

Why, it is acknowledged that Protestant missions in foreign lands are generally successful only in buying "converts." The missionaries may mean well, their wives and children mean well, the "Sabbath" school people that collect the pen-

nies, to build houses and send out clothes, parlor organs, and chronos (old back numbers of Zion's Herald) to the Heathen (and to the missionaries, since they that serve the Heathen should live by the Heathen), mean well. Mr. Van Meter, who spent many "Sabbath" school collections in the conversion of mythical Albigenses, meant—what he did; yet nobody but the idiotic person writing in the New York Observer would think of mentioning men of his ilk in the same breath with St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies. It is sacrilegious. Judged by their own statistics, the Protestant missions are failures. In order that their "converts" may be Christianized, they must learn to read, the chief end of Protestantism being to spread the Bible. Unlettered Heathens can not read the Bible; therefore they must learn to read. The Heathen, like the Chinese in San Francisco, having learned to read, often stops short. As emissaries for the spreading of the act of reading among the Heathen, the Protestant missionaries have had a certain degree of success. The Catholic missionary does not offer the natives of an infidel country the Bible, but the Gospel. He preaches to them the living Word. He does not offer them the spectacle of a well-to-do Evangelical family, careful of its health, avoiding malarious districts, and living on the fat of the land. He comes to them alone, poor, zealous, willing to lay down his life for his sheep. He is their father in Christ, their brother. He conquers them through the Cross. The ignorant need not read to understand that sign. The life of the great St. Francis Xavier, if carefully read by any honest Protestant missionary, would make him turn aside from a hopeless task. To the Saint, Christ gave the command to teach all nations. Who gave it to the Episcopalian, the Methodist, the Baptist missionaries and their respective families?

WESTERN Watchman.  
A MARRIAGE in high life took place last week, the particulars of which was published in the daily papers, made every Catholic in the city blush. A young Catholic, a scion of one of the proudest French Catholic families of the city, wedded a Protestant lady before a Presbyterian minister. Why did the young man commit a mortal sin on his wedding day? Why did the young man tramp on his right hand his solemn record and on his conscience upon his wedding day? Why did the young man spit upon the cross and sell his manhood on his wedding day? Why did the young man insult the living and outrage the memory of his dead kindred on his wedding day? Why did he turn his back upon the altar and renounce his first communion on his wedding day?

IRLAND'S PRESENT CONDITION.  
From our excellent Catholic contemporary, the Buffalo Union, we take the following extract, giving the views of a most prominent Irish manufacturer of Rochester, who has just returned from a trip to his native land:—  
In the absence of the prominent Dr. Casey, Vice-president H. P. Mulligan presided at the Land League meeting last Friday evening.  
After disposing of routine business, Mr. Cox, who recently returned from Ireland, and who was present, was called upon to make some remarks.  
Mr. Cox responded to the call, and gave a very interesting sketch of his life in Ireland and the impressions which his intercourse with the people of that country had made upon him. He said the Land League had worked a great change in the people and that a spirit of manly independence was rapidly taking the place of cringing slavery. Many farms, he said were "boyotted," farms from which tenants had been evicted, and which the landlords could not re-rent, as nobody dared rent them in spite of the strong public opinion which forbids it; and in many instances the land was virtually being abandoned by the landlords, and whole farms were appropriated for pasture fields for cattle. Land grabbing, he said, was a thing of the past. In rare instances the emergency men had taken farms, but it proved of no benefit to the landlords as they got no rent from that class. Many of the landlords, said he, are reduced to poverty and are therefore in very bad humor and the wholesale evictions that occur only prove that they are in desperation.

Mr. Cox spoke of interviews which he had with Messrs. Biggar and Davitt. Both those leaders, he said, were endeavoring to have Mr. Parnell and Dillon come to America; the former dislikes the task, however, and the latter's health is shattered, and he desires rest and quiet for a time. The policy of the leaders at present, Mr. Cox said, was to foster a spirit of charitable brotherhood between those comparatively well-to-do tenants who had been most benefited by the recent land legislation, and their more unfortunate neighbors who need assistance, and also a concentration of forces preparatory to a demand for home government.

A LITTLE Lady of Eight Years, From Ireland.  
Among the passengers who arrived at Castle Garden by the steamship Britannic from Liverpool was Roy McEnery, aged 8 years, a bright-eyed, chubby-faced little girl, who had traveled all alone from her home in the County Cavan, Ireland, across the Atlantic, on her own way to her friends and relatives in Marshall, Mich. She is possessed of considerable intelligence, is neatly dressed, and self-possessed in manner, and talks freely with the attendants. Although she has only 40 cents in her possession, she was by no means discouraged by the situation. Under instruction from Superintendent Jackson the necessary preparations have been made to forward her to her cousin in Michigan.

Let your modesty be known to all men," says the great Apostle of the Gentiles. This advice he gives to the Christians of his day, admonishing them to give good example by that special virtue; and it is advice which applies equally well to us. Modesty is a virtue which regulates our exterior conduct, and makes it correspond with the rules of Christian propriety. It is beautiful even in man. It is the characteristic of the perfect gentleman, and distinguishes him from the poor and the poor, from the rowdy and the libertine. But in woman it shines with a double lustre, because it is the hedge which surrounds and protects all those feminine graces and virtues which we expect to find in the perfect lady. Modesty is the sister and guardian of chastity and without it cannot be preserved unscathed. It befits it a special mannerly young woman, and to them the advice of St. Paul applies in a special manner, "Let your modesty be known to all men." Without this virtue, innocence must suffer when buffeted by the rude storms of this world. Without it they must lose that respect which checks the advances of those who might be dangerous to virtue, and leaves them open to assault and injury. Our girls should guard with an assiduous jealousy that modesty which, whilst it renders them attractive, conciliates for them the esteem and respect of men, and shields them from dangers innumerable.

Many Protestants wonder why Catholics go to confession. Some of them imagine we pay to have our sins forgiven, and all of them think the confessional was invented to enable the priests to enable the priests to lord it over the people. They do not know what a comfort it is to have trustworthy confidants to whom we can acknowledge our transgressions and from whom we are sure to receive instruction, fatherly reproof, advice and encouragement. They do not know that the secrecy of the confessional was never violated. They do not know that every priest goes to confession, every cardinal goes to confession, and the Pope himself goes to confession—and this regularly about once a week. If they were aware of the peace that comes to a man after confession, and if they were convinced that Christ established the sacrament of penance when He said to His apostles—"Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (St. John xx, 23.), they would find no difficulty in the confessional, but would resort to it with alacrity to find relief for their troubled hearts.