

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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NO. 189

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.

Persecution.

There was silence in the heavens
When the Son of Man was led
From the Garden to the Judgment:
Sudden silence, strange, and dread:
All along the empyreal coasts,
On their knees the immortal hosts
Watched with sad and wondering eyes,
That tremendous sacrifice.

There was silence in the heavens
When the Priest his garment tore;
Silence when that twin accused
Their false witness bore:
Silence (though a tremor crept
O'er their ranks) the Angels kept
While that Judge, dismayed though proud
Washed his hands before the crowd.

But when Christ His cross was bearing,
Fainting off, by slow degrees,
Then went forth the angelic throng:
Of legions rising from their knees,
Each bright spirit grasped a brand;
And lightning flashed from hand to hand,
An instant more had launched them forth,
Avengeing terrors to the earth.

Then from God there fell a glory,
Roared and o'er that multitude;
And by every fervent Angel
With hushing hand another stood,
Another, never seen before,
Stood one moment and no more:
"Peace, brethren, peace!" to us is given
Suffering: vengeance is for Heaven!
AUBREY DE VERE.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Review.

THERE is a comic opera, in which the principal character, who has a most amusing disregard for social and moral conventionalities, says to the audience, after whipping off his wife's head, or indulging in some other little eccentricity of a similar character, "I may be a hard citizen, but when people don't rile me I am a good father and a tender husband." Whether Mr. Beecher is a hard citizen or a soft one is a point on which public opinion is divided, and which will probably never be settled. But he has certainly cultivated the paternal manner with a success which is overpowering, and would suggest that his proper attitude is that of the benevolent father of the drama who is always stretching his hands over happy couples and saying unctuously: "Bless you, my children." Nothing on the stage could be more humorously paternal or more gushingly mellow, than the fatherly way in which he patronized some of our prelates a few Sundays ago. That Mr. Beecher on the whole was satisfied with his proteges, must be a great relief to the Catholic population of this State. Last Sunday Mr. Beecher took the Irish nation to his paternal bosom, and patted it kindly on the head and pinched its ears in his usual much mixed manner. He administered the honey of flattery to Paddy, and then, fearful of its effects on a constitution to which sweet things are unusual, he distilled into it a few drops of the vinegar of misrepresentation. Then, as an alternative, he insisted that he should swallow the gall of calumny. But Mr. Beecher is good-natured if he is anything, and he gave him a decoction of his own blarney to wash it down. A great artist is Mr. Beecher, and he mixes his materials judiciously. But does he not stretch a point when he assures us that out of every ten riots in this country nine are caused by Irishmen? We think we have heard of some peculiarly brutal tumults in this country to which Irishmen were certainly not a party, except they possessed the ubiquity of Sir Boyle Roche's bird. The infamous wretches who attacked a convent in Charlestown did not hail, we believe, from Connemara, but from classic Boston, and we think we have heard of some heroes named Beecher, who were concerned in it. The other riots in which churches were wrecked, priests mobbed, and citizens shot were not the work of our Irish citizens. Coming later down, in the railway riots which troubled the peace of several States, and in which the army of the United States was required to restore order, if Irishmen took any part, they certainly disguised their nationality by assuming names of a thoroughly Teutonic character. But "Quidquid incipit, Catilinam timer." It would seem as if some of our citizens would be disappointed if they did not trace an Irishman's hand in every villany. When Garfield was shot, the first reports were that the assassin was named Doherty! An Irish name, that! And the next day the Rev. Mr. Peck proceeds to

tell his hearers in Brooklyn that the President had been stricken down by a man "with a brogue on his tongue, who had thus repaid the country for the privileges it had generously bestowed on him." Of course the assassin might have been a Doherty, and an Irishman, or a Doherty with every bit of Irishism washed out of his race generations ago, and as sleek and saintly as some others who think it no discredit to fling a gibe at the country of their ancestors, but there would be no more justice in saddling the affair on Irishmen than there would be in making Mr. Beecher's congregation responsible for the crime of Gritenau, because the assassin was long a devout member of the same. If the calumny had been uttered in a moment of haste with regard to any other nationality, we have no doubt that Mr. Peck would have felt bound to retract the libel and apologise for its utterance. Such would have been the manly course. But gentlemen of Mr. Peck's character apparently think that Catholic Irishmen have no rights which they are bound to respect. Really we must protest against this kind of thing. An attempt is made to blow up Mr. Field's monument to Andre. At once the cry goes out, Irishmen did it! Some explosive compounds are sent to Messrs. Vanderbilt and Field. Straightway the detectives are directed to make their investigation in Irish quarters, although the fact of the boxes containing extracts from German socialistic papers, being German in form, and having German inscription, would point to the direction from which they came. The worst of the matter is, that while the officers of the law are sent on a wild-goose chase the real criminals escape.

An act of politeness to a child may impress a lifetime. Which of us is there that does not remember some great soul displayed in a kind, fatherly smile, or a pleasant word or some act of encouragement. How impossible it is to deceive the keen judgment of childhood on such a point. It knows what is assumed; it knows what is habitual and generous. But when the genuine courtesy of a gentleman, using the word in its true sense, greets a child, it justly makes a friend and admirer of him forever. This, we see by a late letter of Senator George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, was the effect produced on him in his childhood by Archbishop Purcell. This he says in a letter to a gentleman of Cincinnati: "One of the recollections of my earliest boyhood is a visit to Bishop Purcell in his old residence next to St. Xavier's Church on Sycamore street. He received me so kindly and sympathized so much with the object of my visit, that I have always held him in great reverence, and felt an attachment for the church over which he presided. I regret extremely that misfortune has befallen it, and desire to testify my regret by a contribution toward rebuilding it. Will you do me the favor to put my name on your subscription list for the amount of two hundred dollars."

The English miners in Cornwall have been mobbing the Irish, carrying their animosity so far as to destroy a small Roman Catholic Church. This brings out the fact that no Irishman is permitted to set foot in many of the Cornish mines—the objection ostensibly being that the Irish are not sound in their religious views. To the religious zeal of the English miners the Irish offer other minor aggravations, the principal of which are that they "take low wages and never entirely amalgamate with their brother workmen." Therefore the Cornish wail is that "the Irish must go." It is somewhat comical to notice that the Cornish miners against the Irish, and the Irish against the Chinese, are both battling for true religion, that their battle-cries are identical, and the means of grace, in both cases, are fists, clubs and stones. This is from the Chicago Interior. Let us add a little item from a Parliamentary report of an inquiry into the religious condition of the Cornish miners, who like so many of the other English workmen have been brutalized by the base desertion of their well-paid religious teachers. One of the parliamentary commissioners asked the miners what they knew of Jesus Christ. The answer was, "nothing, he does not work in our mine." We need not tell the Interior, that from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, there is not a desolate spot, so spiritually neglected that a single Catholic Irishman could be found, who

did not know of his Redeemer, His work and His promises.

Buffalo Union.

"No time" is too often an euphemism for "no inclination." Every one can find time for what he really desires to do. It is only irksome claims that make time scarce. "No time," pleads the man of business, when reproached with neglected spiritual interests. Week days are consecrated to toil—Sundays are too short for bodily rest. There is no time, because no desire, for God. Yet, one can have some charity for this excess from him whose hard and incessant labor is of necessity and not of choice. Far different is it, however, with that large class who have more time than they know what to do with, but are always alleging lack of leisure for duties unfulfilled. They have time for rest, for pleasure, for a hundred heart-hardening frivolities, but "no time" or scant time for the earnest work of life, on which their true honor here—not to speak of their safety hereafter—depends. Loving themselves well but not wisely, they are never too busy to respond to pleasant distractions, with a genial alacrity delightful to behold. Let some distasteful charity or civility put in a claim, and at once they are austere unapproachable, immersed in business—they have "no time." We have all, alas! a fatal facility in persuading ourselves of the truth of whatever we wish to believe. So it happens that this plea of "no time," even for positive duties, passes unquestioned by the soul, until it may be, that dread hour comes which dispels our dearest illusions; taunting us with the while that now at last, there is indeed "no time" to profit by our sudden clear-sightedness. Then the veriest dregs of life seem at what small sacrifice of time he might have won eternal rest; and the man of pleasure bemoans the squandered years that are a blank for time and a horror for eternity. Well for us if before that dread hour strikes we awaken to the purpose and value of time, and the knowledge that in the busiest existence there is time to worship God and aid our fellow-creatures. With this realization, we will, like a great man of ancient days, seldom plead "no time." Though laden with the cares of a vast empire, he took and kept this resolve—"not frequently, nor without necessity, to say to anyone, or to write in a letter, that I have no leisure; nor continually to excuse the neglect of duties required by our relation to those with whom we live, by alleging urgent occupations." It is not time the most of us need, but will. Pebbles are sufficient deterrent to unwilling feet, but mountains melt at the behest of the resolute.

Boston Pilot.

The Irishmen who defend the assassination of Cavendish and Burke are the bitterest enemies of Ireland, and are playing into the hands of the Coercionists, who assuredly are guilty of the crime.

BEECHER says that ninety per cent. of the riots in this country have been caused by Irishmen. Of course. The Broad Street riots in Boston were caused by Irishmen; because if they had not been there, the Know-nothing mob would not have attacked them and gutted their houses. The burning of the Ursuline Convent was caused by Irishmen; because if there had not been Irishmen to support a convent the mob would not have had been put to the trouble of burning it. But the attack on Garrison in Boston was not caused by Irishmen. It was the anti-slavery agitators who were responsible for that. It was Macready who caused the Forrest riot; and everybody knows it was the "niggers" who caused the riot in New York by having perversely come here as slaves, and so provoked a war for the abolition of slavery. Still it is quite possible to make the Irish out responsible for all they ever suffered as well as all they ever did. Even an apprentice casuist might make Theodore Tilton responsible for his wife's infidelity.

Freeman's Journal.

"We can't live with the Irish, and we can't live without them," a Brooklyn preacher recently said. Then he proceeded to show that the common schools were to be the means through which these "horrid Irish" are to be Americanized—that is, made rationalistic and materialistic. America is young enough to profit by the experience of older countries. Germany fos-

tered non-religious education, and Bismarck now looks helplessly and hopefully towards the Pope. France—and it would seem that Republic learns nothing by experience—is bringing on herself the very evils which Bismarck and the Emperor of Russia are trying to avert. America has seen the tragedy of irreligious education played to the bitter end in Germany; it is time to profit by the example.

"WHAT! The son of an Irishman, yet not a Catholic?" was asked of a bright young man not long ago. "I came here young," he said, "and dropped the Catholic religion, like many of the children of Irishmen in this country. You notice," he continued, after a pause, "that a large number of the sons of Irishmen drop their religion. They go to the public schools, read the newspapers, and judge for themselves. It's in them to kick against the priests, you know." "And your father?" "Oh, the old man was a Catholic, of course." This is "enlightenment." He was hopelessly "enlightened." There might be something in religion. But he was like Ingersoll—he didn't know, and didn't care much.

If many of our own people—Catholics who were born and bred in older countries—could only be brought to see the evils which the public-school system is bringing upon their children, the struggle in behalf of religious education would not be so disheartening. To the ignorant or careless, a priest appeals in vain. "The public schools are good enough for them!" But they are not good enough for observant Protestants who have risen above popular prejudice. "Why do so many children of Catholic parents fall away from the Faith?" is a question often asked. And the answer from the Protestant always is: "Because of the enlightening (?) influence of the public schools and the newspapers." How long will Catholic parents remain blind?

WHAT would the stern bigots who landed at Plymouth Rock say to a minister who publicly declares himself in favor of prayers for the dead? This minister is the Rev. Mr. Merriman, of Somerville, which is perilously near Boston. Mr. Merriman, however, purges himself of any suspicion of Papistical leanings by denying the doctrine of everlasting punishment. But when Kant's Critique of Pure Reason is admitted as a textbook into Amherst College, what may we not expect from the religious descendants of the Puritans? This Mr. Merriman, in spite of his unorthodox views, remains Pastor of a Congregational church. It is evident that Congregationalism has become so broad as to hold a belief in Purgatory and a denial of hell. In time, it may give the hand of fellowship to Mr. Robert Ingersoll.

Cincinnati Telegraph.

Our Spanish contemporary, *La Revista Catolica*, edited by the learned Jesuits of Las Vegas, New Mexico, quotes a passage from a letter, written by Monsignor Gregorio Yousseff, from Damascus, announcing a great Catholic movement among the Oriental schismatics: "The adherents of the Greek schism have given evidence of a notable and pronounced movement toward Catholicity. In Rachaya three hundred persons have abjured their schism and have petitioned for a Catholic priest and a good teacher for their children. The Catholic Bishop of Cesaria, in Capadocia, writes, that thirty thousand persons have made overtures for reception into the Roman communion." If we have to deplore some apostates, we may rejoice over many more conversions. We have great hopes that the broken branches will be rejoined to the main trunk of the tree.

WE are pleased to see our amiable neighbor, the Western Christian Advocate, quote, with approval, Professor St. George Mivart against the doctrines of the dead Darwin. Of course our learned contemporary is aware that the professor is one of those horrible converts from Anglicanism, and that he dedicated his book of admirable essays on "Contemporary Evolution" to the Marquis of Ripon, another convert. The Advocate will find the work interesting, especially as the author declares dogmatic Protestantism, as such, to be anti-scientific and profoundly anti-naturalistic.

Catholic Standard.

SEVERAL of the secular newspapers are making an ado, as if it had any real significance that

Charles Darwin was buried in Westminster Abbey. Westminster Abbey was once a temple of the only true God. Now it is a heathen pantheon, where the bodies of some of the most infamous men have been interred. The papers referred to say that twenty years ago Darwin's ideas were denounced as atheistic in their consequences and destructive of religion, and that now they are generally accepted even by believers in divine revelation. This is emphatically untrue as regards both the assertions. Some of the ideas and some of the consequences, real or supposed, of those ideas are atheistic, and antagonistic of revealed religion. But what is true in them must be separated from what is false. Moreover, what is popularly regarded as Charles Darwin's fundamental idea—that of evolution or development—is nothing new or original. He, or rather others who were, or claimed to be his followers, attempted to carry that idea out in a new direction, and to bolster up his or their idea of development by means of discoveries, actual or imaginary, which, it was popularly supposed, would overthrow divine revelation. In this they have signally failed. Moreover, very many of Charles Darwin's supposed facts or imagined observations have been proved to be no facts, and there is now a host of scientists of the highest reputation for careful, accurate investigation, and of unquestioned ability, who dispute the correctness of Darwin's observations and also of the theories he built upon them.

Catholic Columbian.

THE average income of a Catholic priest is about five hundred dollars a year, and his entire life is given to the people over whom he is placed by his Bishop. Every moment in the day he is at the bid of those who may need his ministrations. Besides the saying of two Masses on Sundays and holidays, whilst fasting for twelve or fourteen hours, the preaching of sermons, celebrating other offices of the Church, hearing confessions, attending sick calls, teaching catechism, organizing and perpetuating societies, he must also frequently give close attention to the temporal concerns of a parish, and celebrate Mass every morning for the living and the dead. The Protestant minister gets his two, three, four, or five thousand dollars a year, house rent for his family and all the comforts of life, with only a little work once a week in the preparation and preaching of a sermon on some social or political topic, or how the laws should be enforced to make people better, and thus lessen the work of the ministers a little more. It is easy to imagine what a fine old time a priest would have looking after a family of his own. As it is his congregation is his family, and as for temporal goods, he is satisfied if even a sufficiency of them is given him to provide for the sustenance of life, and to enable him to give to those seeking charity. His house is besieged by the poor, the lowly and the distressed, seeking assistance and consolation. But with all this labor and annoyance, there is, generally speaking, no happier man on the face of the earth than the Catholic priest, who does his duty, without the least hope of temporal recompense.

THE Maine Methodist Conference last week passed resolutions, says the New York Sun, looking to the amending of the divorce laws, by which, already too much license is given in the dissolving of the marriage relation. The Sun's article in reference to the resolutions does not state directly the Catholic Church's doctrine on the subject of divorce, but by implication would lead its readers to believe that the Church does permit divorce from the marriage tie for certain reasons. The Church believes, teaches and practices that the marriage bond once validly entered into can never be dissolved except by death, and this is the substance of the vows pledged solemnly in the presence of her ministers when the marriage relation is contracted. Divorce from co-habitation, of course, can be and is permitted, when the happiness, temporal and spiritual, of the married couple and their eternal salvation would require it, but only after other means have failed. Still, never can the marriage relation be a second time contracted whilst husband and wife live. Our Protestant brethren do not believe this doctrine. When for a cause, a husband and wife may part, they are at liberty to contract marriage with others. This is a

doctrine begotten of sensualism and not of Christianity, for it is in direct conflict with the words of Eternal Truth: "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Society's safety depends upon the sacredness of the marriage contract. The Catholic Church guards this sacredness more zealously than any other organization: the Catholic Church, then, is the sustainer of society.

Baltimore Mirror.

THE editor of our esteemed contemporary, the Southern Churchman, is positive that the Blessed Virgin "cannot hear prayer at all." Indeed! The Bible teaches that "there shall be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance." The angels beside the great white Throne, then, know what is taking place on earth. Why cannot the saints? As an authority we prefer the Bible to the Southern Churchman. The editor is sure that we are guilty of idolatry every time we pray to our Blessed Lady. He is in error, and the expression "pray to" is the fallacy which is the stumbling-block in his way. We do not pray to her for anything of hers; we do pray to her to obtain for us things from God. Our prayer is simply a request, a petition, for her intercession. It is not an act of divine homage. As proof of his erroneous assertion that we are guilty of idolatry when we pray to Mother Mary, the editor makes this quotation from St. Paul: "There is one God and one mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus." We accept that quotation, and we pronounce anathema against any one who denies it. Therefore, our conduct towards the Blessed Virgin cannot, at least in our opinion, be in violation of it, for surely we would not draw down a curse upon our own heads. But the editor should note a distinction—there is a vast difference between the mediation of redemption and the mediation of intercession. There is one and only one mediator between God and men in the way of redemption. He is Jesus Christ. "Neither is there salvation in any other name. For there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved." There are, however, mediators innumerable in the way of intercession. In this manner, all Christians are mediators between Him and them. Is not that true? We enjoy "the communion of saints," in which the editor of the Churchman professes to believe whenever he says the Apostles' Creed. Now, may we not ask our friends to pray for us? If they grant our request, do they not then become mediators between God and us? No doubt the editor of the Churchman has often mediated for members of his own congregation. St. Paul over and over again entreated his acquaintances to so mediate for him. "I beseech you, therefore, brethren," he wrote on one occasion to the Catholics at Rome, "through our Lord Jesus Christ and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help me in your prayers for me to God." And if we pray to saints, why may we not pray to saints? Why may we not ask the intercession of the blessed in heaven? We pray to the Blessed Virgin, to the other saints, and to the angels. We urge them to plead to God for us, them His friends, pure and pleasing in His sight, powerful with Him, His servants whom He delights to honor, and we know by experience that their intercession avails us much. And we know, further, that whatever they obtain is obtained through Christ, is obtained through the merits of the mediation of the redemption wrought by Him. We do not adore the Blessed Virgin. We do not worship her. We do not make of her a goddess. Therefore we are not idolaters. If we were, we should be guilty of a mortal sin, and we know that we cannot please God by sin. We do venerate the Blessed Virgin. We do love her. We do call her "Blessed," as she, when inspired by the Holy Ghost, predicted that future generations would do. We do call her Mother of God, for she is the Mother of Jesus, and Jesus is only one person, and Jesus is God. We do ask her to pray for us. We do seek her influence with her Father and ours, God, the Almighty Creator of the universe. And we are convinced that we do right in loving her whom Jesus loved, in honoring her whom Jesus honored, and in imploring her assistance to whom Jesus was obedient when a Child in Bethlehem!