

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 4.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, NOV. 18 1881.

NO. 162

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.

A Shadow in the Valley.

There's shadow in the valley
Where the lilies lie asleep,
And the sweet flags droop and weep,
There's a shadow in the valley
And a sigh floats in the air,
Like the breath of angels resting
O'er the fair scene mirrored there.

Such a shadow in the valley
Brings a burden to my heart;
Canst thou, too, understand it?
Have you never felt the smart?
I have watched the lilies lying,
I have seen the sweet flags weep,
And have wished that I, when dying,
Might be laid with them to sleep.

I have heard the breeze murmur
Low, soft song within this vale;
I have seen the blackbirds hover
O'er the lilies fair and pale,
I have seen a ray of sunlight
Linger 'mong the reeds at play;
But the silent, creeping shadow
Chased the memory spite away.
Like the human heart o'ershadowed
By a sorrow swift and deep,
Lie the sweet flags and the lilies
In the shadow vale asleep,
There's a melancholy sweetness
In the perfume laden air,
And the tall reeds seem to whisper,
"You'll find sorrow every where."

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Columbian.

It is a bad sign for a Catholic to say that he is willing to follow the Church in spiritual matters but to take his own judgment in temporal concerns. Our faith must be carried by us into all the walks of life. Even the common exchanges of commerce must be governed by the law of contracts as expounded to us by the Church. "The end never justifies the means." "No evil can be allowed, though good may result." We cannot be a child of God in the Church and a servant of Hell outside the Church.

Baltimore Mirror.

The Methodists held a convention in London a few weeks ago, to which they gave the name of Ecumenical Council. The Churchman, commenting on the assembly's name, says: "What an utter confusion of ideas, that of an ecumenical sect. To what an estate is the fellowship of Christians brought down when two such words can be joined together as 'ecumenical' and 'Methodism.' Could incongruity be exemplified in more utter ignorance of the meaning and force of words? It is like the Kansas girl on the boulevards of Paris, who appeared in full Paris fashion, forsooth, and being costumed regardless of expense, mistook for admiration the amazement with which she was stared at—she having innocently put together a superb ball-room dress, walking-shoes, and a cape and bonnet designed for a lady's toilette de voyage." Whew! But is not this rough on our Methodist friends?

Here is a beautiful paragraph from Zion's Herald, a Methodist paper published in Boston: "It is a significant fact that the great immortal works of pictorial art in the galleries of Europe are illustrations of the divine Christ. The finest pictures, that command fabulous prices and give a name and character to the largest collection upon the Continent, are not landscapes or works of the imagination simply, but the divine Babe, the crucified Son of God, Christ the mighty Saviour, the vicarious Sacrifice, the transfigured Deity, the ascending King, are forever placed at the head of acknowledged masterpiece art all over Europe. In spite of destructive criticism and speculative doubt, although the churches might be temporarily neglected, all along the walls of the great galleries, silent, eloquent, and persuasive discourses will be preached, appealing to the spiritual nature within man, interpreting the word of Revelation, and declaring with a solemn emphasis that cannot be forgotten, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; that He was truly the Son of God; and that He died the just for the unjust." But Zion's Herald does not tell its readers that the artists who painted the great masterpieces to which it refers were Catholics; that their patrons were Catholics who ordered the kind of pictures which they liked best; and that sacred subjects were popular until the Deformation, when, in compliance with its spirit, which introduced divorce, degraded marriage, despised virginity, and lauded

sensual delights, studies of the nude became common, and "wine, woman and song," Luther's penates, engaged the painter's brush.

The Chicago Living Church, an Episcopalian paper, devotes an item to the apostasy of ex-Canon Campbell, and winds it up with these words: "While we agree with Dean Swift that the Pope has a perfect right to pluck the weeds out of his garden, we cannot but feel thankful that this time, he has not flung them over our wall." So that, so far as the Living Church is concerned, the Methodists are welcome to their treasure-trove.

McFee's Weekly.

THESE two howling dervishes, Moody and Sankey, opened their fire and brimstone batteries in Ireland the other day. This brings to our mind an anecdote about Moody. He was preaching in San Francisco last spring on the horrors of brimstone. People who do not believe exactly as he believes, he maintained, are bound to go below to the stove-room. "My grandmother," he said, "was as nice, amiable, and good an old lady as ever lived; but she was not a believer, and now I am sorrowfully convinced she is burning in the pit." This intemperate impley was too much for an Irishman in the edifice, and he rose, took his hat, and approached the door. Moody interdicted his discourse to address him. "Halt, young man," he cried, "do you know what you are doing? You are walking headlong to hell." Paddy turned, bowed, and said, "quite aware of that, sir. Any message to your grandmother?"

It is of a powerful Earl of Kildare that his enemies in reporting his turbulence to the English king reported, "All Ireland cannot govern this man." Then, said the king, "This man shall govern all Ireland." Just as surely Mr. Gladstone will be forced to advise his sovereign in these days, only with this difference, "All England cannot govern Ireland;" and the popular warrant that called Mr. Gladstone to power in England will have to be recognized in Ireland when Mr. Parnell is summoned from prison to the premiership of his native country.

Catholic Review.

The Rev. Mr. Simpson, a Presbyterian minister of this city, is—if his words may be taken as indices—more thoughtful and honest than most of his brethren. Last week he amazed his congregation by proposing to withdraw from the Presbyterian pulpit. It is so unusual now-a-days for a Protestant minister to resign for the reason which Mr. Simpson gave, that it is not strange the members of his congregation were astonished. If he had, with many tears, stated that he had sold his library, that he might gather in souls through the medium of life-insurance, the people who sat under him might have been astonished. And this is one of the reasons Mr. Simpson gave.—There was another thing, Pastor Simpson continued, which, as an honest Christian man, he felt compelled to say. He had for some time been much impressed with the fact that many persons hold religious views by tradition rather than by an intelligent study of the scriptures. He could find no Scriptural warrant for things which the Presbyterian sect, professing to be built strictly on the Scriptures, held. He felt that, especially in regard to the question of Baptism, he could not follow the tradition held by the Presbyterians, apparently without authority. Probably Mr. Simpson was troubled, too, by the fact that Presbyterians keep the first day of the week "holy," instead of the seventh, commanded by Scripture. Here is tradition again; and the head and guardian of this tradition is the Catholic Church. Mr. Simpson is not the only Presbyterian worried by the inconsistencies of his sect. He is more honest than the others. If he is in earnest, he will soon discover the insufficiency of the Scriptures, misinterpreted by an infallible guide. And where shall he look for this? Let him follow the Presbyterian traditions in regard to Baptism and the keeping of Sunday to their source. He will then find the Infallible Guide—the only Church with an infallible head—the only Church claiming infallibility. Then Mr. Simpson, if God gives him grace, will learn that this Guide leads through reason, teaching much that is above reason, but nothing contrary to it.

Mrs. John Francis Maguire calls attention to a great abuse in Ireland, borrowed like so many other evils,

from its Sister Isle. That is the custom of having female bartenders. In Ireland such a means of earning a livelihood is not considered inconsistent with purity or even dangerous to purity. The latter supposition is far fetched, as Mrs. Maguire well points out. In America, girl waiters in drinking saloons are already among the lost, and no decent person goes to these places. Mrs. Maguire's letter is as follows: "In times like the present, when the 'spirit of evil' seems to walk arm in arm with respectability, I beg to call your attention to a glaring evil which exists in this civilized century—namely, the employment of women, or girls, in bars, saloons, and public houses. Our neighbors in America do not tolerate it; their ministers of religion of all creeds discourage and have put a stop to it. The Catholic priests refuse absolution to the girl unless she quits it. Permit me as a Christian woman to ask, are the scenes therein enacted fit for the eyes or the words for the ear of a young girl to behold or to hear? Her delicate hands may administer the overflowing drop which engorges, or the last that helps dependency ending in the plunge into eternal life. Is it Christian—is it womanly work filling up glasses or grooming pints; picking up money flung with a clank upon the marble or wood, with an affection of willingness often wrung from their bleeding, foolish hearts in a spirit of bravado—perhaps the widow's pittance, which she has sold that boy to hold precious for she has no more. The girl at the bar shall not see him mean or close, he is a spirit above it! No matter who it is that is pinched he will do it handsomely. It makes the woman so familiar with oaths and curses, flushed faces and drunken habits that she concludes that this is their normal condition. What an elevated idea of manhood, its nobleness and its mission, must the girl at the bar conceive! It is painful to behold in the newspapers your girls advertising for the situations of barmaid; proclaiming their fitness, their training for such. Would we had the pen of Tennyson to help to raise the standard of noble womanhood—to bring back the days of chivalry, of piety, and of true gentleness."

London Universe.

Not a bad idea. It has been suggested by a correspondent that the government should buy or hire the Great Eastern, and have her moored off Ireland, and that she should be fitted up as the official residence of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Chief Secretary, and all the hangers-on of the viceregal court of that singular portion of the United Kingdom on the other side of the St. George's Channel. On board the Great Eastern the members of the Lord-Lieutenant's court could reside without fear of an attack from any quarter, and the large body of police and military now employed in guarding Dublin Castle, the viceregal lodge in Phoenix Park, and the person of the popular Mr. Forster, might have their services turned into more generally useful channels. A most admirable notion truly! We commend it to the prompt attention of Mr. Gladstone.

WHAT a sight for the Protestant nervousness and the Reformation bigotry of England! The legal head of the legal Church of England standing side by side with the head of the Catholic Church in England—and only a Lord Mayor separating them—on the same platform, joining positively in the same prayer and advocating the same cause. This remarkable sight was realized a few days ago at the London Mansion House, and was witnessed, and seemingly highly approved, by an immense gathering of influential Londoners. The object of the meeting was the suppression of the opium trade—happily one object upon which even all the free-thinking and conveniently-believing sections of Christianity can agree. Remarkable sight, and no mistake—his Britannic Majesty's hand in hand with his Protestant Grace of Canterbury! All very well so far. But wait till the old women of both sexes come together. It will be a strange thing if the antiquated females of Exeter Hall, notoriously do not, when they have an opportunity, make an attempt at bringing his Protestant Grace to account.

SIXTY things are still going on in Prussia under the regime of the May laws. For some time past a priest—Father Zielinski—has had to pass from one criminal court to another to answer some frightful charges that had been brought against him, and which he had all the work out

for him to clear himself of. In the criminal information laid against him it was said:

The prisoner at the bar is charged with having repeatedly celebrated Mass in the church at Ilgen, which, being done in public, other persons were afforded an opportunity of joining in the worship by prayer, and deriving edification therefrom.

Surely, such hideous offences could not go unpunished. In point of fact, the indictment specified sixty-six counts, all of them for "sacerdotal actions" contrary to the May laws, the delinquent not being duly licensed by the Government to carry on the calling of a minister of religion. The first judge before whom he appeared found him guilty of all the horrors imputed to him; but, taking a lenient view of the case, only fined him £33, or sixty-six days under lock and key. The culprit had the coolness to appeal, and the second court reduced the punishment to £3 10s., or seven days, and this judgment has been finally confirmed by the Supreme Court of Prussia. But they cautioned him that next time he would be locked up without the option of a fine. The culprit had the hardihood to say that he did not care.

Boston Pilot.

ONE of the latest English converts to the Home Rule idea is Goldwin Smith. Writing to the Pall Mall Gazette about the Land League, he says it is his wish that Ireland and England had "always been independent of each other," but "the past cannot be annulled," and "the present and future can be dealt with." "I am persuaded," he adds, "that the aspirations of Irish patriotism may be gratified, so far as they are practicable, by a measure of self-government which would be good for all the three Kingdoms and for their over-laden Parliament."

Catholic Mirror.

ONE of the organs of Methodism, Zion's Herald, makes the bold acknowledgment that a minister of that denomination may be a heretic according to its standards, that he may even openly preach his unorthodox views, and yet remain undisturbed, provided he does not make himself offensive to his brother clergymen. Here is the statement of the paper referred to: "If Dr. Thomas had simply held the views for which he is now under discipline, if even they had occasionally been made evident in his Sabbath sermons, there would have been no trial or expulsion in his case. But he has openly and often affirmed and boasted that he held opinions upon vital points totally at variance with the standards of the Church. He has made these divergencies quite the staple of his preaching, and fairly challenged the Church to attempt his trial for heresy." The Methodist Church certainly is a poor concern if it will not protect its members from false teachers until these bastards of their delinquency. It is true, and if this rule of conduct is followed, the fact may be that quite a number of Methodist pastors now in charge of souls are theologically unsound.

THREE hundred and sixty-seven Mormon converts, hailing from England, Scotland, Wales, Switzerland, Germany and Scandinavia, arrived from Europe at New York one day last week. It is a noticeable fact that the thirty creed to which they have been attracted finds no favor with the inhabitants of Catholic countries. Now, isn't it?

It is a pity that the Yorktown Centennial could not have been celebrated without a dash of religions. The Roman Catholics are as much citizens of the United States as Protestants are and there is no reason why they should not be permitted representation in the ceremonies at Yorktown. It is idle to say they are enemies of liberty. They bore their full share in the struggle for the Union, and made a better record in colonial days in the settlement of Maryland on the question of religious liberty than some Protestant colonies.—New York Independent.

We would offer an apology to the sensible Protestants who read the Catholic Mirror as well as to its Catholic subscribers, for copying the above paragraph from the leading Protestant paper in America, if there were not many loud-mouthed fanatics like Mr. Cowley, of Cleveland, and the Rev. Dr. Newman, of New York, who persist in affirming that the Catholic Church is opposed to republican institutions. And, even as it is, we must remind the independent that the "dash of religions" was all on one side, being nothing more than an indecent attack on the Bishop of Richmond by the less intelligent, less respectable and less

Christian portion of the Protestant press.

The Boy-Preacher Harrison said at a revival in San Francisco: "Sometimes I think I shall not die. But when my time comes angels will come and place me under their wings and bear me gently away." This may be the humility of the saints, but it has all the appearance of the awful sin of presumption.

A gentleman, who was once a Presbyterian but has lost his faith, was in this office last week.

In the course of conversation he made two admissions, which are a new proof of an old verity: that atheists are not satisfied with their negations and do not desire their own to share their darkness.

"I do not believe," he said, "because I can't. If any one could convince me of the existence of God, I would gladly fall on my knees and worship Him."

He emphasized the word "gladly" as it he spoke from an eager heart. Then he went on:

"I send my children to Sabbath school regularly, and every night before they kiss me going to bed, they kneel at my knee and say their prayers. I do this because I want them to be good. I want them to grow up moral and virtuous."

Strange words these from the mouth of an atheist; and, if shining brightly it is hard for any man to keep his eyes shut and say, "There is no light."

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP O'FARRELL.

The most imposing function since the dedicating of the Cathedral took place on All Saint's Day. This was the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, late pastor of St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, as Bishop of Trenton.

Very many invitations had been issued, and long before ten o'clock Fifth Avenue was blocked by an expectant crowd of people. Bishop O'Farrell's old parish was represented, and, from casual remarks dropped, it was plain that the people of St. Peter's regretted the thrusting of this high honor on their beloved pastor. The Trentonians were also present in force. It was evident that Bishop O'Farrell's hard work in St. Peter's parish had borne my last prayer on leaving you will be for all the little children. Oh, take care, above all things, of your children. There is not a piece in the world where there are so many pitfalls in their path as in this city, even with the best religious training they can receive. I conjure you, by the blood of Jesus, which was shed for them—

The emotion of the congregation at this point burst in uncontrollable sobbing, and the end of this sentence was lost.

"If I have any hope," Bishop O'Farrell resumed, "of enjoying the beatific vision hereafter, it will be when I offer to the Eternal Judge my labors for the children—to Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' and who further assures us that 'those who instruct others unto salvation shall shine like stars for all eternity.'"

The Bishop concluded by tendering his thanks to the priests, the Sisters of Charity, the collectors of the parish and the members of the different religious societies, and gave a pathetic allusion to the "Children of Mary—the future mothers, on whom so much for good or evil depended."

A Good Thing from the States.

In this age of quackery it is so tempting to discover that there is something solid in existence, and that, though there are vendors who are most cheerfully about their wares, there are others who tell the truth and allow time to test the merits of what they offer for sale. As year after year rolls over, the frauds and the shams sink away out of sight in the pool and morasses of obscurity, while what is really good and true stands boldly forth all the grander for its age and solidity. Thus while within the present decade thousands of patent medicines, puffed at one time to inflation, have shrunk before the test of analysis, St. Joseph's Oil has bravely borne the strain, and is to-day renowned all over the world for its famous curative powers. It is truly one of the phenomena of the age we live in. The sale of this article is incredible. It is to be found all over the civilized world and in a good many places which are not civilized—for, unfortunately, the bones of sorrowing man are racked and ache with pain no matter what region he inhabits—and we believe it is yet destined to be found in every house, and to supersede the many nostrums which still remain abroad to rob and defraud humanity of its money and its health. The firm of A. Vogel & Co., Baltimore, spend half a million dollars yearly in advertising St. Joseph's Oil, and hence we may guess at the full extent of their enormous business. It is truly marvellous, or would be, did we not know the circulation of this inestimable blessing.

There is nothing Satan loves better than to get men to laugh at him, to use his name in jest, to interlard their conversation with some reference to him, which very soon makes men cease to fear him, and then cease to believe in his existence.—Cardinal Manning.

self in this parish, did I not feel bound to obey the mandate of the Sovereign Pontiff when he summoned me to another field of labor in the Church of Christ. There is one consolation left—I shall not be far away; but though absent, my affections will remain here. This is my last Sunday as pastor of St. Peter's Church."

Before the remainder of the sentence could be heard a loud murmur broke through the congregation, men and women alike being affected to tears. The Bishop himself was overcome at this manifestation. "Next Sunday," he continued, "I take formal charge of the Diocese of Trenton. When I assumed the pastoral charge of St. Peter's parish, eight years ago, I turned my attention at once to the establishment of schools where the religious education of your children would be attended to. Since that time sums of money were raised for their support sufficient to erect a large church. In addition to this the debt of the Church, which was \$120,000 when I took charge, has been reduced to \$10,000, and the property connected with the school is valuable enough to pay all the interest on the debt."

"Four years hence the centennial anniversary of the church will be held. It was erected in 1782. At that time there were only between

TWO HUNDRED AND THREE HUNDRED CATHOLICS IN THE CITY.

There were few on Long Island and fewer on the Jersey coast. But the old Faith was strong in those on Manhattan Island; and it must be a proud recollection for you that St. Peter's was the first church erected in the United States after the proclamation of independence. One year afterward the penal laws enacted against the Catholics, and which had been passed by the same Power against which the fathers of the Republic fought, were repealed. The founders of this Government saw clearly that they could not keep letters upon the following Catholics of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, or men who shed their blood to give birth to this nation. When St. Peter's Church was built there was not another church between this city and Albany. It was here that His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey was baptized and where he received his First Communion, and it was to this church that his pious mother used to bring him from Brooklyn, in a rowboat, on Sundays to hear Mass. No wonder that on the morning of my consecration the Cardinal dropped tears when memory brought him back to those days. It was my ambition to remain here till I saw this church cleared from debt, and in introducing to you my successor, Father McLean, let me hope that at the centennial celebration he will be able to present you with a church on which not a dollar will be due. And now, my dear brethren, let me say that my last prayer on leaving you will be for all the little children. Oh, take care, above all things, of your children. There is not a piece in the world where there are so many pitfalls in their path as in this city, even with the best religious training they can receive. I conjure you, by the blood of Jesus, which was shed for them—

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