

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 5.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1883.

NO. 235

## NOW

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Written for the Record.

### From Zenobia.

VALERIANE GAMES AT ZENOBIA'S RURAL PALACE—MURDER OF A SLAVE—DISCUSSION ON SLAVERY—HOW THE RENOWNED OENATUS WAS SLAIN.

An unpublished Poem, by the Rev. E. McD. Dawson.

Wearied by journeying and many cares,  
To her suburban Palace now repairs  
Zenobia; nor to thisylvan scene  
Does she alone proceed; around the Queen  
Are noble Palmyrenes. "Among these appear  
The wife Longinus, Zabdas, Lucia, near  
The Royal Dame. By special bidding  
Came good Heraclius and his Roman guest,  
His daughter Cortia and a noble train  
Of faithful friends, whilst o'er the flowery  
plain,  
Their Sovereign to attend, counsellors sage  
Were seen to ride, each anxious to engage,  
Though grave men all, in rural sports that  
please  
The most when time allows the mind due  
ease  
From statesman's cares, as oft they seek  
with grace  
The merry throng, or follow in the chase.

A lovely spot that rural home, sweet scenes  
On every side. A shady hower here screens  
From Asia's fervid sun; there wide-spread  
lawn  
Flowers enamelled, meet the rapt view,  
as dawns  
The morning light. For many a long mile  
Towards the town, in rarest beauty, smile  
Woodland and field; a tangled forest hides  
The Syrian desert, but secure abides  
The Lion, king of beasts, the Tiger shares  
With Panthers wild, the jungle where their  
lair.

Around the most, the Elephant finds place  
Where oftest lions engross the forest space,  
And for the eager sportsman's chief delight,  
The shaggy wild boar often greets the sight,  
In happier days, ere widowed was the Queen,  
This great forest many a cheering scene  
Had witnessed; boldest huntsmen in the  
chase  
Of noblest game engaged; Lions to face  
The sport of some; Tigers, untamed and  
fierce,  
Sought others, with sharp javelins, to pierce;  
To many, wild boars were the chosen game,  
All burning for victorious huntsmen's fame,  
'Twas thus, whilst hotly raged the Royal  
chase,  
The base Meonius, meanly, in the place  
Of Odenatus, struck the kingly game,  
And o'er his monarch boldly dared to claim  
The honor of the hunt, but met rebuke,  
A worthy seemed another's prize that took,  
Spurred as Meonius, revenged the traitor's  
sought.

One day, in hunting, unawares was brought  
The unheeding king within the villain's  
glance;  
Meonius, cruel, pierced him with his lance.  
'Twas now proposed that all their shield should  
prove,  
In throwing of the lance, at once they move  
Towards the lawn, Fortia to Pido said:  
True to my word, he said, the chosen game,  
How Palmyrenes the javelin can display,  
And strike with steadiest aim the target  
shield,  
Our Roman friend with pleasure will behold,  
Though not in strength excelling, will make  
bold  
The youthful Caesars, first, their skill to try,  
Lo! Heraclius next, his javelin fly;  
But, leechy through, short of the mark he falls,  
Timotheus, next, for the sharp weapon calls,  
A slave the lance presents; 'tis quickly  
thrown,  
But reaches not the shield; defeat must own  
The baffled Prince. Then Marcus throws a  
lance,  
By the shield staff, well aimed, 'twas seen to  
glance,  
Ere nobles seen of the Patrician train  
Striving with matchless skill the shield to  
gain,  
Their weapons in its centre struck, His  
place  
The powerful Zabdas left, and seized with  
glance,  
From the attendant slave, a ready lance,  
The appointed centre mark to strike his  
chance,  
But yet, too strongly thrown, to pass the  
shield,  
The weapon failed,—fell shivered to the field,  
At the proud game will now Zenobia play,  
New pleasure 'twas to watch the graceful  
way,  
Her lance she poised, then, with unerring  
aim,  
The target reached, yet could not rightful  
claim,  
Complete success. Her lance, indeed, had  
struck,  
The central aperture, but hapless struck  
In passing through, force failing, downward  
sent,  
In the green sod its impetus was spent.

Let noble Fortia now the skill display  
Of Syria's women—art, as all men say,  
Unrivalled. Fortia, graceful, wings the dart,  
Straight and sure it speeds, faultless gains  
the heart  
Of the great shield, and passing even on,  
At distance to the ground it level thrown;  
A perfect feat, applause, admiring and loud,  
Spontaneous bursts from the surrounding  
crowd,  
'I knew it," said the Queen, "there's not the  
art  
Fortia excels not in. What'er her part,  
Superior she proves. Well in music skilled,  
The harp her playing, while her mind rich  
filled  
With philosophic lore, she's fit to meet  
Longinus, or the wisest of the feet  
Of Moses or of Plato wisdom drank;  
Alone with her my own Lucia claims rank.  
Now to the play, my child, you cannot boast  
The firm hand of Fortia. Let not be lost,  
Meanwhile, the power of art." Shakes in  
her hand  
The well poised lance; prompt at the Queen's  
command  
It speeds, the central opening happily gains,  
But, there, not strongly thrown, its head not  
reins,  
"My Princess," Zabdas, quickly rising, cried,  
"A Roman chose that lance, as you said;  
Let me select another, and once more  
Your fortune try a victory you'll score,  
I deem, when trial fair your skill is given."  
'Now that our hero bravely has arisen  
My arm to nerve, glad to renew my fame  
I'll strive, but first, let Zabdas play the  
game;  
The lesson he can set I sorely need,  
His art undoubted, triumph sure his need."  
Thus Lucia, the roused warrior sought the  
feet  
Obedient to the call, nor feared defeat,  
His energy awake, he threw the lance,  
Through the shield's open mark 'twas seen to  
glance,  
'Yond Fortia's sped, and level struck the  
ground,  
Admired they all who were gathered  
round,  
With wakened courage Lucia now essays,  
New strength with skill and firmness dis-  
plays,  
Her lance, by Zabdas given, unerring thrown,  
Hath Fortia's reached, prompt through the  
centre flown.

"Our fortunes, Fortia, still the same abide,  
United still, my place is by your side."  
'Would not our cousin in the sport engage?  
What says Antonius?" "The play war we'll  
wage."  
From his attendant slave prompt he receives  
A right good lance, and now fondly believes  
In wondrous victory will believe,  
By skill unusual his lost fame retrieve,  
The huge ungainly man his weapon throws  
As awkwardly, the grassy sod it strews.  
With fragments, wide of the mark; there a  
slave  
Observant, indication heedless gave  
Of his contempt by laughing at the feat,  
Intended to be great, but proved defeat.  
In height of rage, Antonius seized a dart  
And plunged it in the Ethiopian's heart.  
By the Queen's command the games were  
ended.

"Were not such deeds by our laws defended,  
Were seen to ride, each anxious to engage,  
To us insulting this outrage rue,  
To us insulting no less than you,  
Our chosen friends. Our wise Longinus says  
Though law forbids not, plainly are such  
ways  
Inhuman, 'gainst the eternal law that binds  
Our nation's law owned by the wisest  
minds."  
Thus spoke Zenobia, Pido would reply:  
Widely speaks your queen, desirable to rely  
On nature's voice were vain. The slave at  
Rome  
A chattel is. Dominion in our home  
We claim. Obedience prompt our slaves  
must pay;  
Yet frequent they rebel a slave to slay  
We, therefore, deem no crime. Hundreds  
have died  
Their masters to avenge and free from dread  
of new rebellion. But, while such our code,  
'Twas crime to violate this queen's abode."  
Each master lives. The slave to spare  
On this fair earth. Are not all men born  
free?  
'I grant you this. But, war, while we must  
wage,  
War captives makes, and captives must en-  
gage.

In slavery. For them no better fate  
So far, Heraclius, "the need must own,  
That slaves should be; but this poor plea  
alone  
The system stays not. Big, with evil fraught,  
Like a dark cloud it lowers. If ever aught  
Should blot the light of Rome precipitate,  
And hurry on the awful doom of fate,  
'Tis slavery. Even now in dastard fear  
Each master lives. The slave to spare  
On this fair earth. Are not all men born  
free?  
'I grant you this. But, war, while we must  
wage,  
War captives makes, and captives must en-  
gage.

WONDER IF O'DONOVAN ROSSO OR PAT  
CROWE could give any information in  
regard to the condition of Queen Victoria's  
knee? They had better suffer an inter-  
view by some enterprising reporter.

JOHNNY BELL keeps kicking the Irish  
cow that gives him so much milk, but he  
will discover ere long, we think, that rub-  
ber boots are extremely dangerous to the  
feet during such a performance.

"ROMANISM" is good, but suppose we  
say Englishism, or King Henryism, Knox-  
ism, Calvinism, Wesleyism. No matter  
education could properly use any of these  
words, but the literati that love to dabble  
in affairs of the Catholic Church, of which  
institution they are entirely ignorant, must  
necessarily use language that betrays their  
ignorance.

Is it not startling to see Protestants  
claiming the glory of infidelizing France,  
Germany and Italy. They will run with  
any herd, infidel, pagan, or Jew, that will  
butt their heads and knock their brains  
out against the Catholic Church. Consistent  
Protestantism is rank infidelity, nothing  
else. The Catholic Church has stood  
more furious assaults, and more bloody  
persecutions than those of modern times.  
She does not weep for herself, nor does  
"Leo XIII. wail" on account of the pros-  
pected destruction of the Church, but  
rather because the world does not com-  
prehend the light shining in the dark-  
ness.

Father Muller, in his work "God the  
Teacher of Mankind," says the Church  
"having triumphed over two great enemies  
of her faith, she has yet to win another  
triumph—over secret societies."  
'It requires, of course, in view of  
the extended and well organized bodies  
solidly arrayed against her, a great deal  
of faith to believe this. Yet our dear Lord  
stilled the storm on the miniature Judean  
sea—which is emblematic of his power to  
still all future storms against His Holy  
Church, whether excited by princes or  
people, by persecutors or by secret socie-  
ties.

The city of Argenteuil, France, possesses  
one of the most precious relics to be found  
in the whole world. In the ninth century  
Charlemagne deposited there the seamless  
Tunic worn by our Divine Saviour when  
He ascended Mount Calvary, and on which  
lots were cast by the soldiers charged with  
the Crucifixion. The Bishop of the diocese,  
Mgr. Goux, wishing to give a new  
impulse to the veneration always paid to  
this sacred relic, some time ago consulted  
the Congregation of Rites in regard to  
installing a new office for his diocese in  
honor of the holy Tunic. The answer of  
the Congregation has been favorable.  
Before applying to the Sacred Congrega-  
tion, Mgr. Goux had the reliquary of  
Argenteuil opened in his presence. From  
the document which he drew up on that  
occasion the following extracts have been  
made public: "We, Pierre Antoine Paul  
Goux, Bishop of Versailles, having gone  
to Argenteuil on the 17th of July last, for  
the purpose of renewing the seals placed  
on the reliquary by our venerable prede-  
cessor in 1844, in our previous visits we  
had ascertained that these seals were in  
danger of falling off, and on which  
reliquary, to which they were attached,  
having become decayed by age, we found  
the sacred reliquary placed, as we had  
ordered, in the reception room of the  
Sisters of Mary Joseph, whether it had been  
borne in procession by M. l'Abbe Tessier,  
his vicars, and other ecclesiastics. After  
having knelt and prayed before the holy  
relic, we broke the seals and opened the  
reliquary. We then promptly took out the  
sacred vestment, which we spread on a  
table prepared for the purpose, in order  
to examine in what state it had been left  
by the mutilations of former times, espe-  
cially of 1793. We have ascertained that the  
holy Tunic is no longer entire; consider-  
able portions of it remain, divided into four  
pieces, one large and three smaller ones, the  
following being an approximate measure-  
ment of them: the largest piece, one  
metre and twenty-two centimetres in its  
greatest length and one metre in its great-  
est breadth, shows the form of the neck  
and the sloping of the sleeves at its upper  
part. On the surface of this piece are five  
holes of different sizes, and the piece ap-  
pears to be about half the Tunic. The  
three other fragments measure respectively  
sixty-two centimetres by forty-three,  
thirty-six centimetres by twenty-two, and

forty-two centimetres by fourteen. Besides  
these, are some very small fragments, one  
of which—about ten centimetres in length  
—has the form of a round hem,  
and seems to have been detached from  
the neck or from a sleeve. The texture  
of the holy Tunic is formed of threads  
of the color and about the thickness of  
camel's hair. The wool is not close, and  
is silky to the touch. We noticed in the  
principal piece numerous large reddish  
stains, as of blood."

The publication of Mr. Keatinge's review  
of "Moze's Reminiscences" recalls a  
remarkable vision of St. Teresa. No Cath-  
olic now doubts that the Oxford move-  
ment was the work of the Holy Ghost.  
The saint thought herself standing on  
the shore of a vast sea, and on the water  
she beheld a great ship with all sail set,  
floating majestically along. While she was  
gazing at the beautiful object, it suddenly  
began to disappear beneath the waters,  
with sails set and pennons flying. It sank  
deeper and deeper, till nothing but the  
tops of the masts could be seen above  
the water. While thus gazing on the  
spectacle, saddened and wondering, the  
ship, after a time, began to rise from  
the deep, first the masts and rigging, then  
the hull, until it appeared as at first,  
and then resumed her onward course.  
St. Teresa lifted up her heart to God,  
desiring to be enlightened in regard to  
the apparition. She was given to under-  
stand that the ship represented the Eng-  
lish Church, that England would fall  
away from the Faith, but after three  
hundred years it would be restored.  
When the Oxford movement began the  
three hundred years were just accom-  
plished.

MILWAUKEE CATHOLIC CITIZEN.  
The anti-Christian and immoral forces  
everywhere at work in the society of the  
present day cannot be effectually met un-  
less Catholics give a united support:

- (1.) to religious education.
- (2.) to the temperance cause.
- (3.) to Catholic literature.

If children are brought up without any  
knowledge or belief in God, Heaven,  
Hell and the Creed, they are the creatures  
of avarice, lust and falsehood. They have  
no sense of future responsibility for pre-  
sent misdeeds. Duty and right have no  
meaning or sanction in their regard. But  
pre-supposing that they have received  
instruction in their religion, if after leav-  
ing school and approaching the period of  
manhood they seek pleasure and con-  
viviality in saloons and drinking resorts,  
thereby exposing themselves to the tempta-  
tions in which these places abound,  
that in reality is gained? A drunkard  
cannot enter the kingdom of heaven be-  
cause he knows his catechism. Nor will  
shield or dissuade a man who has been so  
insensible as to become a habitue of a  
saloon. Once that he has begun the down-  
ward course it will take a miracle rather  
than a knowledge of miracles to save him.  
Again pre-supposing a good religious  
training and a temperate manner of living,  
still if the young man and the young  
woman give their minds up to irreligious,  
sensational and immoral reading, all is  
lost. Skepticism blights the crop sown  
in the Christian school—irreverence is  
neither the only nor the greatest sin.  
It may be said that the religious education  
received in the parochial school ought to  
forefend against the dangers of intem-  
perance and immoral literature. In a degree  
it does so, but neither so entirely nor  
so effectually that a constant temperance  
movement and a militant Catholic press  
are not essential. The climatic, social  
and political condition of this country  
boast of intemperance and especially men-  
acing evil, and the deluge of bad and  
poisonous publications render it a matter  
of the deepest concern that good literature  
shall be universally diffused.

THE MARCH ONWARD.  
Never in the whole history of the Church  
was a grander spectacle presented to the  
world than the silent, steady, onward  
march of the Catholic Church in this  
Union. Less than a century ago the ene-  
mies of God declared that the free atmo-  
sphere of America could never prove con-  
genial to the Catholic Church. They  
flourish in a land dedicated to liberty;  
they asserted that it was only through the  
influence of monarchy that it survived in  
the Old World, and they cherished the  
hope that when it had to fight its way  
through a free people it would be distan-  
ced in the race by the Protestant sects.  
False prophets! Vain visionaries! Un-  
wise counsellors! They forgot that God  
was on the side of the Church, and while  
He is with us we care not who is against  
us.

Cheering indeed it is to every Catholic  
heart to note the grand victory which the  
Catholic faith has won in this free land  
wherein the cross planted by the holy  
hands of Columbus is destined to endure  
forever! The trials of our martyred  
priests have been turned into the triumph  
of the faith they died for. The persecu-  
tions endured by our Catholic ancestors in  
the past but inflame anew our love for  
ever-living faith of the present.  
Doubt, dismay or despair has no place in  
the Catholic soul, no matter how dark may  
seem the surrounding world. We always  
feel that the same God presides over the  
destinies of His Church whose promise we  
have that it should endure to the end of  
the world. And if we but reflect upon all  
the wrongs which the Church has over-  
come in this country during the past cen-  
tury we shall be all the more astonished  
at the mercy of God in bringing her out  
of the bondage of bigotry into the eternal  
freedom of the Land of Promise!

Under the providence of God there is a  
great future for the Catholic Church in  
England, stand, there stands hope and  
cheer for the Irish people at home. It  
would destroy this hurtful influence by  
threat, if it dared; by bribery, if it could;  
by lying, which is its favorite weapon; by  
suborning the press, which it cannot do to  
any extent, for the coteries of Anglo-  
American journalists are known and de-  
tected throughout the country. England's  
action in this matter will only serve to  
strengthen the Irish cause here and deepen  
the righteous hostility to its methods and  
its Government.—Catholic Review.

Intemperance and Crime.  
In a lecture on intemperance, delivered  
last week at Bay View, Wisconsin, by  
Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, he said:  
'Statistics show that over three-fourths  
of the crimes reported in our courts are  
due, directly or indirectly, to intemperance.  
Consequently three-fourths of the expense  
entailed by police forces, jails, reforma-  
tories and such institutions are attributable  
to alcohol. A year ago the statistics of  
the Bureau of Labor in Boston undertook  
to find out exactly the full part which al-  
cohol bears in producing crime. All the  
crimes in Suffolk county were  
traced to their origin,  
and it was found in twelve months 84 per  
cent. were due to alcohol influences. The  
great misfortune is that we are so accus-  
tomed to it that we are not alarmed. Pau-  
perism tells the same tale. The people  
who belong to this class are the victims of  
alcohol or their natural protectors are such.  
We live in a most beautiful land. Opportu-  
nities for all are golden. No independ-  
ent class monopolize the avenue to wealth  
and prosperity. There should be no pov-  
erty in America, and if there is poverty it  
is to our shame. If there is poverty it is  
because a despot more insatiate than tyrants  
of old reign supreme among us. The  
institutions of our country are tottering  
on their pedestals. God has given us a  
country of unparalleled liberty where every  
man is a ruler. Yet America ranks among  
the intemperate nations of the world. In  
monarchies it matters not how the people  
fare, for the hand at the helm may yet  
guide aright the ship of state, but in our  
country what is to become of us if we are  
intemperate and deposit our ballots amid  
the fumes of whiskey. Alcohol is our  
political king, when we have elected him  
we obey him, and our slaves are made up  
amid beer glasses and whiskey bottles.  
The home is a fount of hope and the  
guardian of innocence, and every father  
should give to his family a home, a hearth  
which he can hold in spite of emperor and  
king. And if our people, I am talking this  
evening especially to  
'THE IRISH PEOPLE,  
own no homes in America it is because of  
alcohol, were it not for which they would  
be among the most wealthy classes of the  
country. They are a hard-working, indus-  
trious race. Why are they not wealthy?  
The saloon, again, is the response. To  
advance in business man must be reliable,  
and a man who takes whiskey is not to be  
depended upon. God has blessed the  
Irish people with warm hearts, with a tem-  
perance so mercurial that they can pass  
through life with more of its joys and less  
of its shadows. But they are an excitable  
people, and one glass will do more to un-  
seat their reason than four in the case of  
other people. I know that 95 per cent.  
of their vices are attributable to intem-  
perance, so good are they when sober, or  
bad when intoxicated. Why do we not  
send our energies to annihilate our enemy?  
Ireland is not simply across the ocean, Ire-  
land is wherever her people are, and what-  
ever they do in any country reflects to her  
glory or disgrace."  
At the close of the lecture 200 persons  
took the pledge.

What the Church has Done.  
An extract from the sermons of Rev.  
Clarence Woodman, O. S. F., preached last  
Sunday in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New  
York, says:  
'Ancient paganism was the personifica-  
tion of cruelty; Jesus Christ was the friend  
of the suffering and the sick. The former  
degraded women; our Lord raised them  
up and showed that they were intended  
as the helpers, not the slaves, of men.  
Paganism either ignored children or  
destroyed them at times by wholesale;  
our Lord Jesus Christ made the heart  
type of loving humility. The heathen  
world, in a word, was afflicted with the  
twofold curse of barbarity and pride; the  
Redeemer taught the lesson of gentleness  
humility. Contrast the cruelties of  
bloody paganism with the tender mercies  
of Jesus Christ. The Church removed  
from labor the unmerited stigma which  
was upon it. Our Holy Church has  
benefited the world intellectually and  
politically. In her ten thousand monas-  
tries she kept alive the torch of learning  
when it would otherwise have died out.  
Recall the works in painting, architecture,  
sculpture, music, and literature which she  
fostered. Compare Paine's "Age of Reason"  
with St. Augustine's "City of God" and  
note the difference. The Catholic  
Church is not opposed to true science, but  
only to that unstable sort which to-day  
contradicts a theory of yesterday, only to  
contradict the new theory on the morrow.  
To say that the Church is hostile to  
civilization is false, unless by word "civiliza-  
tion" progress is meant. I can only say  
that the Church kept civilization alive  
throughout centuries. If we would only  
be up to the teachings of our Church there is  
no reason why the whole world should  
not be converted to Catholicity."

Have the courage to cut the most  
agreeable acquaintance you have when  
you are convinced he lacks principle—a  
friend should bear with a friend's infirmi-  
ties, but not with his vices.

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Review.

The little town of Lourdes, in France,  
is certainly the scene of one of the most  
extraordinary developments of this or  
any other age. It is very hard for skeptics  
to account for them on any known  
natural principle. The very fact that a  
constant and ever-widening and increasing  
stream of pilgrimage is kept up, and that,  
during the past year, from 150,000 to  
200,000 persons visited the grotto from  
every nation of Europe, and, in fact, from  
all parts of the world, would seem to  
furnish, at least, a strong probability that  
something more than mere natural causes  
must be at work to produce the extraor-  
dinary results that are constantly wit-  
nessed there. There is no doubt that Rev.  
Mr. Tyng, the late energetic and independ-  
ent Episcopal clergyman of New York,  
who visited Lourdes, some two years ago,  
and afterwards published his experience  
to the world, was thoroughly convinced of  
the miraculous character of the cures  
effected there. Whether this publication  
had anything to do with his retirement  
from the ministry and engaging in secular  
employments, we are never heard. But  
we should not be at all surprised to be  
told that, after announcing his belief in  
Catholic miracles, he had found his theo-  
logical and even his social position any-  
thing but agreeable, and had felt compelled  
to retire from a contest as fruitless as it  
was hopeless. Truth has sometimes a hard  
fight for success in the world, but we are  
taught by the old adage that truth is  
mighty and will eventually prevail.

A CHICAGO correspondent of the Boston  
Congregationalist supplies us with a little  
anecdote, which so admirably and un-

intentionally illustrates the simple Chris-  
tianity of a Catholic people, unspoiled by  
Protestant missions or even the typical  
New England schoolmaster, that we make  
no apology for transferring it to our  
columns: "An intelligent gentleman  
just from Mexico, was in our office to-day.  
He has been spending some time in  
Chilhuahua. (She-wa-wa. The phonetic  
speller who tries it on Spanish-Mexican  
words is likely to 'get left.') This man  
has purchased a 'pasture' there. Not to  
put too fine a point on the size of his 'lot,'  
it is fifty by thirty—i. e., eight miles in  
extent, and nearly all good land at that.  
As he was traveling across it one day he  
and his guide got short of water. Meet-  
ing a small company of the simple natives  
with their jugs of water, this gentleman  
asked for a bottleful, which was most  
willingly given. The pay for it which  
was offered was pointedly refused. He  
then told his interpreter to turn and thank  
them. This, too, they refused to accept  
remarking with the same emphatic tone  
as before: "Thank King Henryism, Knox-  
ism, Calvinism, Wesleyism. No matter  
education could properly use any of these  
words, but the literati that love to dabble  
in affairs of the Catholic Church, of which  
institution they are entirely ignorant, must  
necessarily use language that betrays their  
ignorance."