

WILSON'S ACADEMY... THE RELIGIOUS OF THE... HEART, LONDON, ONT.

The Catholic Record.

VOL. 1. LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY FEBRUARY 28, 1879. NO. 22

N. WILSON & CO. IMPORTERS OF FINE WOOLLENS, BEST GOODS, MOST FASHIONABLE CLOTHS, LOW PRICES. CARD.

DEAR SIR, I have lately built two brick churches in my parish, viz. one at Wardsville and one at Alvinston, and have yet another to build in Botwell next summer...

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR. March, 1879. Sunday, 2—First Sunday of Lent, Epistle (2 Cor. VI, 1-10) gospel (Matt. IV, 1-11).

LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. DR. CRINSON, BISHOP OF HAMILTON. DIOCESE OF HAMILTON, Nov. 5th, 1878.

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LET us not leave the smallest interval between our duties. Let our duty interlace with one another like the branches of a hedge, like the links in a chain.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

RESIGNATION OF DR. BUTT. London, Feb. 21.—It is understood that Dr. Butt sent a letter announcing his resignation of the leadership of the Home Rulers to a meeting of the Irish members of Parliament which had adjourned until Saturday.

THE AMEER'S WHEREABOUTS. London, Feb. 21.—A Berlin correspondent says the Ameer of Afghanistan is still on Afghan territory, either at Khulm or Tashkorgan, south of the Oxus.

THE EGYPTIAN DIFFICULTY. Cairo, Feb. 21.—Tranquillity has been restored. It is stated that the Khedive's son, Prince Mohammed Tefik, heir apparent to the throne, will succeed Nubar Pasha as Egyptian Premier.

THE FLUENCE. St. Petersburg, Feb. 21.—Gen. Melnikoff telegraphs that not a single case of epidemic exists throughout his jurisdiction. The military cordons isolating different villages have been abolished.

AMERICAN PORK PROHIBITED IN ITALY. Rome, Feb. 21.—The Italian Government has prohibited the importation of American swine or any preparation of their flesh, as a precaution against trichinosis.

THE GERMAN TOBACCO TAX. Berlin, Feb. 21.—The rates fixed in the bill proposed by the Minister of Finance for an increased duty and tax on tobacco, are 70 marks per cent. on imported and 40 marks per cent. on home-grown tobacco.

BERMACK ON PROTECTION. Berlin, Feb. 21.—During the debate in the Reichstag to-day on the treaty of commerce between Germany and Austria, Bismarck said he was not altogether opposed to treaties of commerce, but every such engagement must provide protection for home industries.

IT IS THE PLAGUE. Berlin, February 21.—At a sitting of the Medical Society Dr. Virchow declared that the epidemic in Astrachan is the Eastern plague. The plague was not more serious than cholera.

THE AUSTRALIAN EXHIBITION BUILDING. Melbourne, Feb. 21.—The first stone of the International Exhibition building, to open in 1880, was laid on Wednesday.

THE PLAGUE. HORRIBLE ACCOUNTS OF ITS RAVAGES. BUTT'S RESIGNATION DENIED. PROTECTIONISTS IN GERMANY. SHERE ALI DYING.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN EGYPT. London, Feb. 23.—A correspondent at Paris says a French despatch boat has been ordered to Egypt. An English vessel is also going there to demonstrate the accord of Great Britain and France, who will certainly insist that the Khedive shall not, by replacing into extravagance, become a cause of uneasiness to European powers.

HEALTH OF DR. BUTT. London, Feb. 22.—A Dublin dispatch states that Dr. Butt is slightly better. A correspondent denies the statement that Butt is about to resign the leadership of the Home Rulers.

DETERMINED STRIKERS. London, Feb. 24.—The striking weavers at Ashton-under-Lyne yesterday, numbering 3,000, decided with only four dissentient voices to continue the strike until reduced to starvation.

THE RUSSO-GERMAN FRONTIER. Berlin, Feb. 22.—Considerable alarm is felt at the statements in the East Prussian papers that reports from South Astrachan are being placed on the Russo-German frontier.

AMERICAN RAILWAY SCHEME. James McHenry has given notice that he will call a meeting early in March to separate the Atlantic & Great Western Railroad completely from connection with the Erie, and consequently to oppose the amalgamation project.

PROTECTIONIST FEELING IN GERMANY. Berlin, Feb. 22.—The North German Gazette continues to publish addresses of adhesion to Bismarck's new commercial policy, filling one or two large columns daily. The significance of the addresses as proof of the readiness of opinion throughout the country is unmistakable.

THE ZULU WAR. Cape Town, Feb. 4.—The latest information from Maritzburg states that the total loss in the attack on Col. Glyn's camp on the 22nd of January is now estimated at only 250 to 300 whites.

PARIS. Paris, Feb. 21.—The Agricultural Society of France to-day unanimously adopted a resolution requesting the Government to follow the example of England in prohibiting the importation of live American cattle.

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ROME. Rome, Feb. 21.—The Pope to-day received the representatives of 1,302 Catholic publications issued in Europe and America, and addressed them on the influence and mission of the press. He incidentally stated that Imperial power was indispensable to the Holy See.

STORM IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. Charlottetown, P. E. I., Feb. 22.—A terrific storm raged here yesterday. The snow in the railway cuttings is from 16 to 20 feet deep.

RAILWAY SMASH-UP AT ACTON. Acton, Feb. 24.—A collision occurred here last night by which three freight cars were telescoped and an engine badly broken.

AN ENGINE AND THREE CARS BROKEN UP. Acton, Feb. 24.—A collision occurred here last night by which three freight cars were telescoped and an engine badly broken.

COLLISION ON THE CANADA SOUTH-EASTERN. Detroit, Feb. 24.—Shortly before seven o'clock Saturday evening two Canada Southern passenger trains attempted to pass each other on the same track at the Grand Trunk junction—an experiment often tried in various parts of the country, but never yet successful.

AMERICAN TELEGRAMS. CHEMIST'S FINANCES. Cincinnati, O., Feb. 23.—The financial troubles of Archbishop Purcell appear to increase by later developments. The trustees appointed to audit the claims decline to make a public statement, but it is stated that the claims already filed amount to \$3,600,000.

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RESIGNATION OF THE R. C. BISHOP OF DETROIT. Detroit, Mich., Feb. 25.—It is rumored that the Right Rev. Casper H. Burgess, Catholic Bishop of Detroit, has forwarded his resignation to the Pope. No reason assigned.

COLLISION. Detroit, Feb. 24.—A passenger train on the Canada Southern Railway collided with the express from Buffalo at Detroit Junction last night. Both engines were wrecked and the baggage cars derailed.

A CATHOLIC COLONY. RESULTS ACCOMPLISHED BY PHILADELPHIANS IN VIRGINIA. LOCATION AND PROSPECTS—AN INDOMITABLE SPIRIT—RULES GOVERNING THE COLONISTS—SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.

One of the methods by which the overcrowded population of the large cities can secure relief by furnishing homes for a part, at least, of the surplus, is by the combination together of persons assimilating tastes and religion to colonize in various sections where land is cheap and the climate good, there to make a fresh start in life.

REQUIREMENTS FROM COLONISTS. In order that harmony should be secured and all the advantages supplied by the location be reaped, the organizers of the colony adopted some stringent rules that were to be lived up to.

THE CONDITION OF THE COLONY. The present condition of the colony is, from accounts of the colonists themselves, very favorable. The greatest drawback, as in all other schemes of this kind is the idea that many mechanics and dwellers in cities possess, that any one, without training, can be a farmer; think all that is necessary to be done is to till the soil with a plow, cast in your seed, and in due time it will bring with a harvest.

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The Poor Soul.

By Percy Boyd, from the German.

A spirit once lay sighing Beyond the dim unknown, Where through long years of penance The souls of mortal groan.

"And still," sighed the spirit, "A thousand years of pain I've come to behold once more Mine own dear love again."

From heaven an Angel floating, With wings as white as snow, In his arms took up the spirit, To head of all its woe.

In gentle accents speaking, Full of sweet peace and love, "Come with me hapless spirit, To Heaven's bright realms above."

But the mournful spirit answered, "I'd pass a life of pain, Could I revisit only The bright green earth again."

"A thousand years of penance In torture I would dwell, To see for one brief instant Him whom I loved so well."

A glance of tender pity In the Angel's eye had birth, As she bore the weeping spirit Again to the green earth.

"Beneath the broad, cool shadow Of the waving tresses, I know mine own loved wanderer, Still sorrowing for me."

When they neared the ancient lindens, Where the pleasant waters flow, There sat her heart's beloved, But he loved another now.

"Forneath the waving shadows Of their ancient tresses, I feel me again in the place, Was locked in loves embrace."

Then, through the hapless spirit, Sharp pang of anguish thrill, But the bright Angel gently, In his dear arms held her still.

And higher still, and higher, They winged their way above, Until they reached the portals Of heaven's bright hall of love.

Then sighed the spirit, weeping, "I cannot enter here; A thousand years of penance 'Tis yet my lot to bear."

A smile benign and tender, O'er the Angel's features stole, As he gazed with heavenly joy, On the fond and hapless soul.

"Poor spirit! all thy sorrows, Thy woes are over at last— IN THE TORTURE OF ONE MOMENT, THY THOUSAND YEARS HAVE PASSED."

FABIOLA:

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

After he was gone, she hardly looked at the parchment, which he had left open on a small table by her couch, but sat musing on the sorrowful scenes she had witnessed, till it wanted about an hour to sunset. Sometimes her reveries turned to one point, sometimes to another of the late events; and just at that moment she was dwelling on her being confronted with Fulvius, in the Forum. Her memory vividly replaced the entire scene before her, and her mind gradually worked itself into a state of painful excitement, which she at length checked by saying aloud to herself: "Thank heaven! I shall never behold that villain's face again."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when she shaded her eyes with her hand, as she raised herself up on her couch, and looked towards the door. Was it her overheated fancy which beguiled her, or felt the wretched eyes show her reality? Her ears decided the question, by the words which they heard. "Pray, madam, who is the man whom you honour by that gracious speech?" "You, Fulvius," she said, rising with dignity. "A further intruder still; not only into the house, the villa, and the dungeon, but into the most secret apartments of my lady's residence, and what is worse, into the house of sorrow of one whom you have betrayed. Begone at once, or I will have you ignominiously expelled hence."

you appreciate her artless simplicity, her genuine honesty, her rare understanding, her candid innocence, any more than the wolf can value the lamb's gentleness, or the vulture the dove's mildness? No, it was her wealth, her family connection, her nobility, that you grasped at, and nothing more? I read it in the very flash of your eye, when first it fixed itself, as a basilisk's, upon her."

"It is false!" he rejoined; "had I obtained my request, had I been thus worthily matched, I should have been found equal to my position, genteel, contented, and affectionate; as worthy of possessing her as—"

"Surrender this property to you! I would give it willingly to the first leper that I might meet in the street, but to you never. Never shall you touch anything that belonged to that holy maiden, be it a grain of wheat or a straw! That touch would be pollution. Take good of mine, if it please you; but anything that ever belonged to her, from me no treasures can ransom. And one legacy I prize more than all her inheritance. You have now offered me two alternatives, or die, Agnes taught me which to choose. Once again, I say, depart!"

"The tomb of Dionysius, physician and priest," lately found at the entrance to the crypt of St. Cornelius, in the cemetery of Callistus. The great thoughts, which this occurrence would naturally have suggested to the noble heart of Fabiola, were suppressed, for a time, by the exigencies of the moment. Her first care was to staunch the flowing blood with whatever was nearest at hand. While she was engaged in this work, there was a general rush of servants towards her apartment. The stupid porter had begun to be uneasy at Fulvius's presence (the reader has not heard his real name), when he saw him dash out of the door like a maniac, and thought he perceived stains of blood upon his garment. He immediately gave the alarm to the entire household.

deemed it, of nursing the servant, to whom a few months before she could hardly feel grateful for having tended her in fever. She had informed the others how the wound had been inflicted, concealing the relationship between her assailant and her deliverer.

"No, no," exclaimed Fabiola, with enthusiasm; "do not try to make me mean and vile to my own heart, by teaching me to undervalue what I cannot but prize as an unrivalled act of virtue. I have been reflecting on it, night and day, since I witnessed it; and my heart has been yearning to speak to you of it, and even yet I dare not, or I should oppress your weakness with my overcharged feelings. It was noble, it was grand, it was beyond all reach of praise; and I know you do not want it. I cannot see any way in which the sublimeness of the act could have been enhanced, or human virtue rise one step higher."

"Miriam, who was now raised to a reclining position, took Fabiola's hand between both hers; and turning round towards her, in a soft and mild, but most earnest tone, thus addressed her.

"Good and gentle lady, for one moment listen to me. Not to depreciate what you are good enough to value, since it pains you to hear it, but to teach you how far we still are from what might have been done, let me trace for you a parallel scene, but where all shall be reversed. Let it be a slave—parlan me, dear Fabiola, for another pang—I see in your face, but it shall be the last—yes, a slave brutish, ungrateful, rebellious to the most benign and generous of masters. And let the stroke, not of an assassin, but of the minister of justice impinge over his head. What would you call the act, how would you characterise the virtue of that master, if out of pure love, and that he might reclaim that wretched man, he should rush beneath the axe's blow, ay, and his preceding ignominious stripes, and leave written in his will, that he made that slave heir to his title and his wealth, and desired him to be considered as his brother?"

"Miriam, Miriam, you have drawn a picture too sublime to be believed of man. You have not depicted your own act, for I spoke of human virtue. To act as you have now described, would require that, if possible, of a God!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

The tomb of Dionysius, physician and priest, lately found at the entrance to the crypt of St. Cornelius, in the cemetery of Callistus.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

The sacrifice accepted.

Through the whole of that day the patient seemed occupied with deep, but most pleasing thoughts, Fabiola, who never left her, except for moments to give necessary directions, watched her countenance with a mixture of awe and delight. It appeared as if her servant's mind were removed from surrounding objects, and conversing with a totally different person. Like an unbroken stream, his features, now a tear trembled in her eye, or flowed down her cheeks; sometimes her pupils were raised and kept fixed on heaven for a considerable time, while a blissful look of perfect and calm enjoyment sat unvarying upon her; and then she would turn round with an expression of infinite tenderness towards the man to whom they had been handed to be clasped in hers. And Fabiola could sit thus for hours in silence, which was as yet prescribed; feeling it an honour, and thinking it did her good, to be in contact with such a rare type of virtue.

At length, in the course of the day, after giving her patient some amusement, she said to her, smiling: "I think you are much better, Miriam, already. Your physician must have given you some wonderful medicine."

"Indeed he has, my dearest mistress," Fabiola was evidently pained; and leaning over her, said softly: "Oh, do not, I entreat you, call me by such a title. If it has to be used, it should be by me towards you. But, in fact, it is no longer true; for what I long intended has now been done; and the instrument of your liberation has been ordered to be made out, not as a freedwoman, but as an ingenua; person freed from slavery retained the title of freedwoman or freedwoman (liberta, liberta) of the persons to whom they had belonged to a free class, they were liberated as ingenua or ingenua (well-born) and restored by emancipation to that class, for such I know you are."

"Miriam looked her thanks, for fear of further hurting Fabiola's feelings; and they continued to be happy together in silence.

To be continued.

EAST INDIA.—The Protestant Bishop's College at Calcutta, in the British East Indies, which was built at a cost of several millions of dollars, and of which the endowments for scholarships at 4 per cent. interest are yielding an annual revenue of \$20,000, is now in spite of all those inducements, a complete failure, only the president and one professor, with a dozen or so of students, are the inmates of the vast building, capable of giving comfortable shelter to more than one thousand persons. St. Mary's Catholic Institute at Bombay had during the sessions of 1877, 220 boarders and 180 day-scholars. The faculty consisted of nine Jesuit Fathers and three secular teachers; the necessary work in the institution was done by six Jesuit lay-brothers and twenty hired servants. The expenses for all amounted to about \$14,000, not including, however, the interest on the purchase and building capital of the house, and the yield of garden and orchard. These numbers give another striking illustration of the expense and of Protestant and Catholic missionary labor.

We love a thing in proportion to what it cost us. You may judge by that of our Lord's love for our soul, which has cost Him all His blood.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FASHION NOTES.

Mrs. J. J. Skelton, Editor. Sets of jewelry consisting of brooch, earrings, necklace and bracelets are not as arbitrarily fastidious as formerly. Long lace mitts, white, black, or colored, to match the dress, are as much worn with ball toilets as long kid gloves. Gold brocade, with white, blue, rose and old-gold-colored silk and satin stripes, is much worn in Paris.

Plush and velvet are in demand, since the cold weather began, for trimmings, in the place of moires and Pekins.

Paniers are certainly coming in vogue, but as yet the panier is not the Marie Antoinette version of that style of dress.

Amyre satin is a beautiful fabric, and will make up dressy winter toilets. It is particularly lovely in shades of bronze, olive or sea-brown.

The favorite plaids are those of large designs in blue and green, with tiny streaks of crimson and yellow. The esquin is worn by ladies of elegant figure, with a belt of crimson gros-grained and nickel clasped, with a caveat to match. Some very elegant ties made of satin, or of some other material, are liked by many ladies for house wear, but young girls prefer chemisettes of tucked muslin and thick ruffles of Brussels net.

India muslin ties, collarettes, and neckerchiefs are trimmed with Breton lace arranged in double rows, the upper one closely and the lower one loosely plaited. Some very elegant ties made of satin, embroidered in colors, and others of loops of satin ribbon and Breton lace. The last named can be easily made at home, but the others may be bought at such a very small advance on the cost of the material that it seems foolish to spend one's time in making them.

Complete suits of pale pink and blue flannel underwear are now imported from Berlin, but are not liked so well as white by ladies of taste. The newest hosiery is of spun silk with embroidery of contrasting colors. Lace medallions are now laid on the inside of the stockings intended for evening wear instead of forming a part of them, and the effect is far better.

ABOUT CLOTHING.—Clothes should vary, not only according to the weather and temperature, but according to the active or passive state of the wearer. Heavy and cumbersome clothing should be avoided. Over-heating in this way produces febrile and delicate, induces too excessive and constant perspiration, and, as a result, colds and lung diseases. Moderate warmth is the grand object of all clothing. The color of clothes is very essential, and should never be a matter of indifference. Those who are acquainted with the laws of color will be surprised to find that an effect different colors have upon the feeling and disposition of wearers. White and light-colored clothes reflect the heat, while black and dark colors absorb it; hence it is that in the summer we wear light-colored clothes. But after all, light colors are best for all seasons, for, though black and dark substances absorb heat best, they also radiate or give it off sooner. Heavy head-dresses, bandages around the neck—where all the great blood-vessels have their course, and where pressure ought especially to be avoided—tight stays, belts, bands and braces are all destroyers of health. Any article of dress so fastened as to prevent a free return of blood to the heart causes such a troublesome and sooner or later injures those following such silly customs.

HOUSEWIVES' CORNER.

EGG BAKES.—Two hard-boiled yolks of eggs; mix with the raw yolk of one egg; a little flour; roll the size of a hazel-nut.

EGG SOUP.—Boil a leg of lamb about two hours in water enough to cover it. After it has boiled about an hour and when carefully skimmed, add one-half cup of rice, and pepper and salt to taste. Have ready a little stock, and add to it the fat from the boiling soup, a little at a time, stirring constantly. Serve the lamb with drawn butter, garnish with parsley and hard-boiled eggs cut into slices.

BOILED FISH.—For four or five pounds of fish, nearly cover with water and add two heaping table-spoonfuls of salt. Boil thirty minutes, and serve with drawn butter.

PICKLING FISH.—Spice the vinegar for cucumbers, put your fish in and let them boil slowly for a few minutes, until they are cold; then pack them away for several weeks, and the bones will be entirely dissolved.

OSTER POT-PIE.—Have ready nice light-raised biscuit dough, cut into small squares, season the oysters well with butter, pepper and salt, and thicken them with a little flour; drop in the pieces of dough and boil till done. This may be baked in the oven in a pudding-dish, allowing the dough to brown on the top.

PICKLED OYSTERS.—Take two quarts of oysters, put them in a saucepan, and if they are fresh, salt them; let them simmer on the fire, but not boil; take out the oysters, and add to the liquor in the saucepan a pint of vinegar, a small handful of whole cloves, quarter of an ounce of mace, and when the oysters are cold in the jar, pour the liquor over them.

BEef Omelette.—Three pounds of beefsteak, three-fourth of a pound of suet, chopped fine, salt, pepper and a little sage, three eggs, six Boston crackers rolled to make into a roll and baked.

POUNDED BEEF.—Boil a shin of twelve pounds of meat until it falls readily from the bone; pick it to pieces; mash gristle and all very fine pick out all the hard bits. Set the liquor away; when cool take off all the fat; boil the liquor down to a pint and a half. Then return the meat to it while hot; add pepper and salt and any spice you choose. Let it boil a few times, stirring all the while. Put into a mould or deep dish to cool. Use cold and cut in thin slices for tea or warm it for breakfast.

PRESSED CHICKEN (OR VEAL).—Boil three chickens until the meat comes off the bones, then remove all bones, etc., chop, not very fine; add a piece of butter as big as an egg, salt and pepper to season well. Have about a pint of the broth, into which put one-half-gallon gelatine until dissolved; then put each the chopped chicken and cook until the broth is evenly absorbed. Press under a weight in a pan until cold.

JELLIED CHICKEN OR VEAL.—Boil a chicken in a little water as possible, until the meat falls from the bones; chop rather fine, and season with pepper and salt; put in a mould a layer of the chopped meat; then a layer of hard-boiled eggs cut into slices; then layers of meat and egg alternately until the mould is nearly full; boil down the liquor left in the pot one-half; while warm, add one-quarter of an ounce of gelatine, and when dissolved pour into the mould over the meat. Set in a cool place overnight to jelly.

FRANCE AND IRELAND.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR OF 1870.

BY A. M. SULLIVAN.

From the Catholic Herald.

PART II.

Meanwhile a terrible overthrow awaited the Irish faith in the invincibility of France. While boudiers were being prepared and flags got ready for that glorious French victory, which we all regarded as a simple certainty, came one morning the news that in the first great encounter of the war the French had been utterly defeated; and, in consequence, a heavy blow for Ireland the vanquished corps was MacMahon's!

I shall ever remember the way in which the intelligence of this, and of the other French reverses was received in Ireland. Stupefaction, incredulity, grief, dismay, anger, came in turn. At first, the somewhat similar incidents occurred at various places. Excited crowds surrounded the newspaper offices, waiting for the afternoon bulletin. When it appeared telling of some new disaster to the French cause, a groan of anguish, or a cry of wrath burst from the assemblage. Strong men have been known to weep like children, and some, it is said, were actually dumb-struck.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLIVE.—This plant is named in the earliest account of Egypt and Greece; and at Athens its cultivation was taught by Ceres, 1535 B.C. It was first planted in Italy 562 B.C.

A GIANT TREE.—A patriarch of the forest has been lately felled in California, and the greater portion of the wood taken to San Francisco. It was known by the epithet of "Old Moses." It is now under the name of its age, from the number of its rings, it must have been 4,840 years old.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD,

Published every Friday morning at 388 Richmond Street, opposite City Hall, London, Ont.

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WALTER LOCKE, PUBLISHER.

388 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, FEB. 28, 1879.

TO THE GREATER GLORY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

LOVE'S PRISONER.

"But is He lonely? Bend not here Adoring angels, as on high? Ah yes; but yet, when we appear, A softer glory floods His eye."

ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR CHURCHES.

Approbation of His Lordship Right Rev. John Walsh, D. D., Bishop of London.

The object of this Association is to furnish poor churches gratuitously with vestments, linen or other requisites for the service of the Altar, when the Pastors cannot otherwise procure them.

This charity is made direct to our Lord Jesus Christ, which is our motive in urging Christian souls to aid this good work in every possible manner.

Annual subscription, one dollar. Gentlemen can be admitted as members by becoming subscribers.

Donations in money or goods will be received by the Directress of the "Children of the Sacred Heart," 422 Dundas Street, London, Ontario, where the good work will be carried on.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We hope that all our subscribers who have not yet paid their subscriptions will do so as soon as they conveniently can. Where we have a local agent all monies can be paid to him, thereby avoiding the trouble and risk of sending them by mail.

We are pleased to inform our patrons that we have secured the services of Mr. Patrick O'Reilly as permanent travelling agent for the Record. Any favors accorded to him will be duly appreciated by us.

The same remark applies to Mr. Daniel Fisher, who up to now has acted as agent for Stratford and vicinity.

Mr. Boone, 186 St. Paul Street, St. Catharines, is our authorized agent for St. Catharines and district.

REASON AND THE REAL PRESENCE.

In a previous issue we published an article under the above heading, in which we showed on grounds of reason that the doctrine of Transubstantiation, as believed by the Catholic Church, is most reasonable, and perfectly in accord with God's most merciful dealings with mankind.

power of God, is infinite, and therefore cannot be comprehended by finite men. When the power of God is in question, it behooves us not rashly to place limits to that power. We are not to judge that because our experience has never witnessed a wonder similar to Transubstantiation, that therefore this miraculous change is impossible.

There are, however, certain specific difficulties which Protestants and unbelievers raise against the doctrine of Transubstantiation, whereby they endeavor to show that it is against reason.

MATERIALISM AND THE SOUL.

"The thought may naturally suggest itself in the case of a man buried alive, how, according to our limited knowledge of the laws of matter, can we possibly conceive the means by which the spirit and the soul buried with the body, escape into the open air of heaven through a thick wooden box called a coffin and several feet of thick, heavy earth?"

Be not scandalized, gentle reader; these are not our words, but those of a Protestant clergyman—of what persuasion we know not—writing a book on "Scripture Searchings."

mime—it turns the soberest men and things into the most wonderful of transformations. We wish that some one taking for granted, some unprovable proposition (that every equiangular triangle is not also equilateral, for instance) would write a eulid. What a pantomime eneid it would be!

If we read the Doctor aright, he thinks that seeing the materiality of the soul, and the consequent impossibility of its getting out of the thick box called a coffin, we ought to be very careful lest we unintentionally bury people alive. (The italics are the Doctor's.)

But even supposing for a moment that the soul is material, we do not see the difficulty, even "according to our limited knowledge of the laws of matter," of its getting out of the thick wooden box called a coffin. Of course if the soul as matter is further supposed to be a piece of granite or iron ore, or stiff clay, (and no supposition now-a-days is too outrageous for the man of science) we can easily conceive some difficulty in its escape into the air of heaven through a thick wooden box;

We have no intention of entering the lists against the scientists of the day on this question of the materiality of the soul. The question is in too rudimentary a state at the present moment for sober discussion.

After the oration Rev. Mr. Fulton took the floor and said:—Never in his life had he read, and God helping, he did never hope to read a Catholic book; and on this account he was free from any prejudice concerning the Catholic Church—he was rather impartial, (sic!) that the Roman Catholic Church, however, was an institution of the devil, he had always believed, and now he was 60 years old—too old to change his opinion!

Without taking any further action the Conference adjourned; at some future Session the question will be discussed: "Is the Catholic Church an institution of the devil?"

Nothing in MacMahon's presidential life became him so well as his manner of quitting it. He took leave of his ministers with dignity, and, being Frenchmen, they used the national privilege and shed tears without shame—all the more likely to be honest ones, as they had no unseemly violence to regret.

THE MOORE CENTENARY.

A preliminary meeting with a view to the celebration of Tom Moore's anniversary, was held recently in the Mansion House, Dublin at which the Lord Mayor presided. Communications were received from several noblemen—including Lord Dufferin—expressive of approval, and preliminary arrangements are being made for placing the celebration in the hands of a body that will represent all classes and creeds.

TESTIMONY OF A BAPTIST MINISTER.

THE following is a substantially true English translation of a German correspondence from New York to a Prussian paper. It has been translated especially for the CATHOLIC RECORD:

Rev. C. Potter, a Baptist minister in N. Y. city had been to Europe on a prolonged trip, and shortly after his return the Baptist Conference met in New York some time in December last. Brother Potter's heart was full to overflowing of what he had seen in the different countries of the European continent, and was truly glad that at length the moment had arrived when he would be permitted before the assembled Brethren to give free vent to his long pent-up feelings and in glowing language unfold before them in retrospect a brilliant panorama of all the grand sights that had gladdened his soul and refreshed his spirits.

Brother Potter in expatiating on the subject of his experience abroad did of course condemn—and what else could we expect—the dogmas of the Church, but he praised her efficiency, and would hold her up as a pattern for all Protestant sects. Especially did he commend the love of the Catholic Church for the poor, not proclaiming her charity through the newspapers, but hunting up the hidden misery of humanity—he spoke of her magnificent Cathedral, not only open for the rich, but equally accessible to the poor.

He had never read a Catholic book and hence were not qualified to form an impartial judgement. Moreover, he would counsel his friends to spend not another cent for the missions of the Baptist Church in Rome since they were completely useless.

Without taking any further action the Conference adjourned; at some future Session the question will be discussed: "Is the Catholic Church an institution of the devil?"

Comment is needless; but who does not see in all this a parallel to the calculations of the Pharisees against our Divine Lord Jesus Christ!

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LETTER FROM MANITOBA.

The following letter from a correspondent in Manitoba will be found interesting to all who take an interest in the affairs of that province:

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, Feb. 13th, 1879. I arrived here a few days ago to find a little city exceeding my most sanguine expectations. Remembering that Winnipeg is one of the greatest cities on this continent, I began to compare the chances of its future with the realities of its past history, and then concluded that Winnipeg is destined to be to the British possessions in North America what Chicago is to the United States.

The hotel accommodation is very extensive, and in this respect the city reminds one of New York or Chicago. The Canadian Pacific is the leading enterprise, and the able management of Mr. John Haverly, it loses nothing of that character that tends to make the great hotels of the United States and Canada so popular.

The city hall, postoffice, custom house, land office, courts of justice, parliamentary offices, governor's house, university schools, and fire department buildings are all of an imposing character, leading to the city an air of importance surprising in itself. Without doubt the enterprise of the city to erect all these public edifices will be fully rewarded by the influx of men who will bring with them a large capital in the shape of strong arms and stronger hearts, or otherwise almighty dollars, to aid the occupiers in that great work which will open up, as it were, an Imperial Province to the world.

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schools, and everything in a marriage-hell. In fact, city disproves much, if against its morality. The only Catholic C at present is that of S priests of the order of a cure. There is a sap brothers of the order, epical. Catholicity adva church; even though Archibishop, assisted by enter upon the erection here at an early date, been purchased in a neither money or gne every reason to hope th will be pushed forward last Rev. Pere Lacombe I was delighted to learn that his appeal will find a word in conclusion a little village presents a River and opposite it, holds a line of edifices the hospital, the convent, the archbishop's St. Boniface. All t traveller a scene such most favored of pleas church is free to inclu tenance of great est the young for the gre religious order has d anity and civilization ing men have done ture on the other. munication with St. and trouble formal may be dispensed w

CHINQU.

The following paper, the Sydney Y no exaggeration in of apostate priests, If anyone thinks the ge reported in the terance of another in the Methodist mence Irish girl with of an abundance o Luther to the pres not acquainted with the Sydney Head- York namesake—

The eloquent ex- one day the delu ed by an excited an of mature age, wh when the Pope is th them with a taste holic theology; an noise and rustling ward that a land richly endowed by nature call them to a home in which health and happiness will reward lone labor. In another letter I shall deal more extensively with the subjects of emigration and immigration; meantime, I shall conclude this paper with a brief review of the men and institutions of which the settlers should bear something.

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IRISH NEWS.

FROM OUR IRISH EXCHANGES.

A BRILLIANT EXAMPLE.

Honor to Austria! The Conservative old state, which was supposed to be impetrate to ideas of progress...

About the middle of last month a proclamation issued by the commander-in-chief, the Duke of Wurttemberg...

DIMINUTION OF CRIME IN IRELAND. The Recorder of Dublin, in opening the Quarter Sessions...

DEATH OF MRS. MAXWELL, OF KILKENNY. The death is announced of Mrs. Maxwell, of Kilkenny...

CARDINAL CULLEN'S WILL. The will of His Eminence the late Cardinal Cullen bears date the 18th of November, 1876...

GALLANT CONDUCT OF A POLICE CONSTABLE. On Sunday night, January 19, a countryman named Michael Lison...

HOME RULE IN LONDON. The inaugural meeting of a new Home Rule Club was recently held in the Canon Street Hotel...

THE PHANTOM SHIP. The excitement recently created in Ireland and England by the report to the Admiralty of a suspicious steamship...

and that the Russians having destroyed the vessel, and either seized or sunk her, the crew got off.

THE LETTER MURDER.

The following appeal appears weekly in the Dublin National papers, and deserves the support of all who wish to see the man get a fair trial.

GROSS OUTRAGE ON TWO PRIESTS IN BELFAST. In the Belfast Police Court, Jan. 30, two young men named James Keith and William J. McCullough...

It has been ascribed to the Queen that, on asking the Duke (we suppose on a wet day) what boots he had on...

Frederick the Great, conqueror as he was, sustained a severe defeat at Coslin in the war of 1755. Some time after, at a review, he casually asked a soldier who had got a deep cut in his cheek...

A man on horseback stopped opposite the little church in B—, the other day, upon which some repairs were in progress.

"Are you engaged?" said a gentleman to a young lady from Marysville at a ball the other evening.

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER.

The law," said Judge Ashurst in a charge "is open to all men—the poor as well as the rich."

A charming young thing at a New York school examination, in reading her exercise before a large audience of parents, changed Keat's line "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

An ingenious wife tells her oppressed sister how to come out by the tyrant man. "When I want a nice snug day all to myself," she says, "I tell George dear mother is coming, and then I see nothing of him till late at night."

Jerry told one day that he would make a pun upon anything his friends would put to him.

A very loquacious female witness, whom the opposing counsel could not silence, so far kept her head on and, on being answered, "The people call them Wellingtons," she exclaimed, "What an absurdity! Where, I should like to know, will they find a pair of Wellingtons?"

A lady who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring, said to Jerrald, "I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn grey."

"Well, I don't want to brag, but I think I've got the boss stove." So far this winter I haven't burned out three tons of coal and the stove has kept the rooms warm.

PUZZLER'S CORNER.



We cordially invite contributions to this corner with the name and address of each contributor.

PRIZES TO PUZZLERS. To be awarded on St. Patrick's Day, 1879.

SOLUTIONS. Wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek. First things observe with care.

1. I trust you. 2. Letters. 3. Hopes. 4. Car. 5. T. 6. Fat. 7. Fats. 8. Watches. 9. A tick-name.

10. Malaga, city of Spain. 11. Antigua, county of Michigan. 12. Larrey, name of Australia. 13. Aracan, city of Birmah. 14. Gresen, town in Prussia. 15. Armagh, city of Ireland.

16. The first watch gaining 10 sec., and 2nd losing 10 sec. in 12 hrs.

17. King of Ivas domain. 18. Accompanied by his Queen. 19. Delicate messages of thought.

LIFE ON

BOD-PICTURE. The Burlington Hawk good deal by his paper with the to his of some people he is FINDI

A woman with the girl has just got on the three bird-cages and the little girl she glares around at her remain glued dreamily out of the down to the tablet feel her eyes fasten on other, I am always delicate nature. speaks, fastening her

"Sir, would it be a seat? A gentleman much more easily than you let myself be And she smiled. It was pleasing 'Oh, certainly. Without any trouble. She thanked me, comfortable seat and my valise my over girl went into the the wit of ejection they looked happy. Then I stepped those bird-cages at the coalbox, and vacated. I apolo woman, who was a pressman that boled warmer for the can didn't say anything that made it much five minutes, then the canaries. I do and I am uncom disapproves of my

A friendly pass not feeling parties and consequently anybody. He is weather, and I He laughs, he says there has I say: "Not for needed." He asks if I Central Railroad. Then he asks "I don't know; He wants to know and I say "I think stable." "Constable! Hayes." I say I thought Peoria. Then he asks "I say no." "How far? he "Fourteen bingly.

He thinks that I make no in car are rehearsal time, but with with one or two brother me to wing around." I looked up makes me 'brat,' and I manner, that cry than hear "This eminent rebuke has its and he is now revenge on the ling "My Gran ing himself by his fingers.

A woman got warm hearty sixteen-year-old and turns to that means go is a little quiv him: "Be a good as I tell you." He never looks He looks just do just as the ful to tell him have one brig trin moves of a clumsy stat form. Some man as gruff mother. Th and lick him him. Then happier for long deferred most wish I he is young, grow up a ven tremely diff have to wait justice. It u boys grow u

PAPER C made in Eng flooring, the to represent so that the floor is first level and the Paris; over ian is stree and then p being finis described a ing. This re fully clean problematic had rooms months wit

LIFE ON THE RAIL.

PEN-PICTURES OF TRAVELERS.
Bod Burdette, the pungent paragrapher of the Burlington Hawkeye, has been traveling a good deal by rail lately, and he supplies his paper with the following amusing pictures of some people he met on the cars.

FINDING A SEAT.
A woman with three bird-cages and a little girl has just got on the train. She arranges the three bird-cages on a seat, and then she and the little girl stand up in the aisle and she glares around upon the ungallant men who remain glued to their seats and look dreamily out of the window. I bend my face down to the tablet and write furiously, for I feel her eyes fastened upon me. Somehow or other, I am always the victim in cases of this delicate nature. Just as I expected. She speaks, fastening her commanding gaze upon me:

"Sir, would it be asking too much if I begged you to let myself and my little girl have that seat? A gentleman can always find a seat so much more easily than a lady."

And she smiled. Not the charmingest kind of a smile. It was too triumphant to be very pleasing. Of course I surrendered. I said: "Oh, certainly. I could find another seat without any trouble."

She thanked me, and I crawled out of my comfortable seat and gathered up my overcoat, my manuscript, my shawl-strap package, my valise, my overshoes, and she and the little girl went into the vacant premises as soon as the writ of ejection had been served, and they looked happy and comfortable.

Then I stepped across the aisle; I took up those bird-cages and set them along on top of the coatbox, and sat down in the seat thus vacated. I apologetically remarked to the woman, who was gazing at me with the expression that looked trouble, that "it was much warmer for the canaries by the stove." She didn't say anything, but she gave me a look that made it much warmer for me, for about five minutes, than the stove can make it for the canaries. I don't believe she likes me, and I am uncomfortably confident that she disapproves of my conduct.

ETHICS OF CONVERSATION.
A friendly passenger wants to talk. I am not feeling particularly sociable this morning, and consequently I do not propose to talk to anybody. He asks how I like this kind of weather, and I say "splendidly."

He laughs feebly, but encouraging, and says there has been a little too much snow. I say: "Not for health; it was just what we needed."

He asks if I heard of the accident on the Central Railroad, and I say "Yes."

Then he asks me how it was, and I tell him "I don't know; didn't read it."

He wants to know what I think of Hayes, and I say "I think he made a very good Constable."

"Constable!" he says; I mean President Hayes."

I say I thought he meant Dennis Hayes, of Peoria.

Then he asks if I "am going far?"

"I say no."

"How far?" he asks.

"Fourteen hundred miles," I say, unblushingly.

He thinks that is what he would call "far" and I make no response. Two babies in the car are rehearsing a little and in rather faulty time, but with fine expression. And the man with one or two "dashes" asks if it doesn't bother me to write with a lot of "brats squalling around."

I looked up at him severely, for it always makes me mad to hear a man call a baby "brat," and I say to him, in a slow impressive manner, that "I would rather listen to a baby cry than hear a man swear."

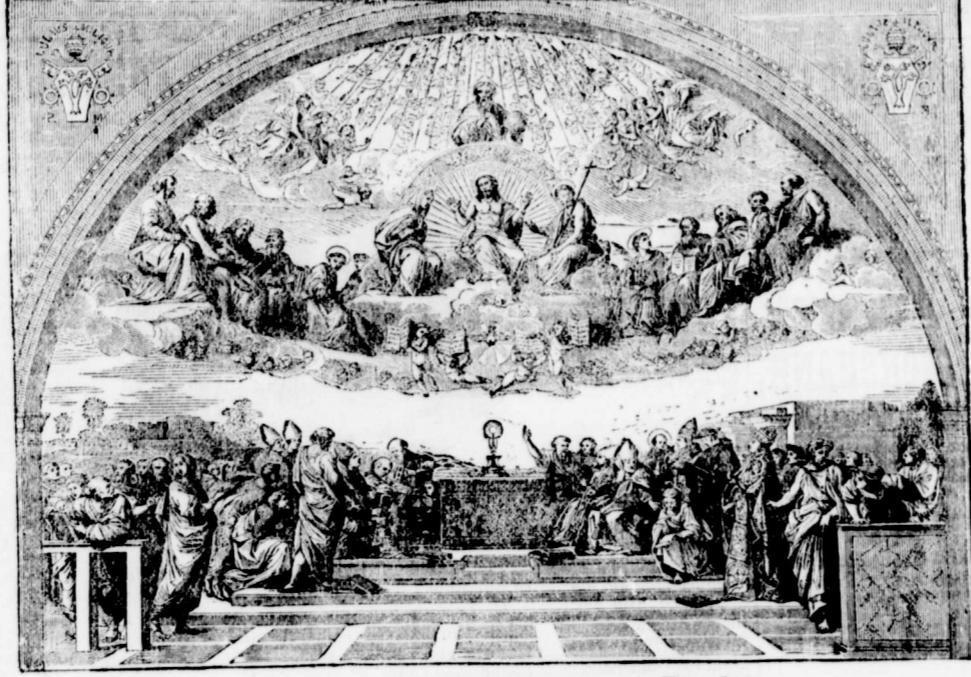
This eminently proper and highly moral rebuke has its effect. The man forsakes me, and he is now wreaking a cheap miserable revenge on the smiling passengers by whistling "My Grandfather's Clock," accompanying himself by drumming on the window with his fingers.

A woman gets on the train, and says a very warm-hearted good-by to a great cub of a sixteen-year-old boy who sets down her bundles and turns to leave the car with a gruff grunt that means good-by or anything else. There is a little quiver on her lips as she calls after him:

"Be a good boy, write to me often, and do as I tell you."

He never looks around as he leaves the car. He looks just like the kind of a boy who will do just as he tells him, but she must be careful to tell him to do just as she wants to. I have one bright spark of consolation as the train moves on, and I see that boy performing a clumsy satire on a clog dance, on the platform. Some of these days he will treat some man as gruffly and rudely as he treats his mother. Then the man will climb on to him and lick him—pound the very sawdust out of him. Then the world will feel better and happier for the licking he gets. It may be long deferred, but it will come at last. I almost wish I had pounded him myself, while he is young, and I felt able to do it. He may grow up a very discouragingly rugged man, extremely difficult to lick, and the world may have to wait a very long time for this act of justice. It frequently happens that these bad boys grow up into distressingly bad men.

PAPER CARPETS.—A paper carpet is now made in England, designed to imitate parquet flooring; the paper being printed in patterns to represent different woods from photographs, so that the resemblance is quite perfect. The floor is first prepared by being made perfectly level and the crevices filled up with plaster of Paris; over the surface, as thus prepared, hessian is stretched and on this first, lining paper and then patterned paper is pasted, the whole being finished with a peculiar kind of varnish, described as wonderfully hard, and wear-resisting. This kind of carpeting can be kept perfectly clean with the greatest ease, and though problematical, the inventor states that he has had rooms covered with it for some sixteen months without showing any signs of wear.



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1879 - - - 1879

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CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New York Cathedral will be dedicated next May. Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan of St. Louis has been invited to preach on the occasion.

The Whitehall Review reports the conversion of Miss Edith Potter, only daughter of Mr. Thomas Bazley Potter, M. P., for Bechevale, who was received into the Church by Cardinal Manning.

Speaking of the obligation which Catholics are under to be present at sermons, the Catholic Mirror says: "Some Catholics are unwilling to attend sermons. From year's end to year's end they go to low Mass, and so miss hearing the word of God. Faith then cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of Christ," says St. Paul; no wonder there are nominal Catholics who have little faith and less ability to explain their belief, since they slumber hearing the word of Christ."

Very Rev. Isidore Babot, O. S. B., Prefect Apostolic of the Indian Territory, is also Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery of the Sacred Heart, in that district. The new Abbot is in possession of a precious memorial of Pope Pius IX: consisting of a complete missionary trossouze, presented him at the request of the late Cardinal Franchi. This trossouze consists of a complete set of vestments, chalice, cruets, candlesticks, etc.—in fact everything necessary to celebrate the Holy Mysteries.

Luther's house at Mansfield, which remained in the possession of descendants till the middle of the last century, has been bought by a person who intends turning it into a public school. To avert this catastrophe a committee has been appointed to raise a fund for the purchase and preservation of the building.—New York World. The Catholic Universe remarks that there is no "catastrophe" about it, in consideration of the fact that the "public house" was where Luther used to spend most of his time.

"The Finger of God" is the heading of a local item in the Nouvelle Monde of Montreal Gabriel Cloutier, a pious old man, deemed it is his duty to chastise for intemperance and erring conduct his two grown-up daughters. The girls, however, chastised him and their mother, and one of them severely bit the third finger of his right hand. Next day he took out a warrant for them, but when he and the policeman arrived at the factory where the girls work, it was found that the noisy guilty one had just had the third finger of her right hand taken off by a machine. The policeman was dismissed, for the old man perceived in this curious coincidence that the Finger of God had been laid in punishment upon the principal offender.

A vicount Poli, once a soldier in the army of Pius IX, relates the following:—There was serving in the regiment a Protestant named Jecker from Luzerne, Switzerland, a man as a lion. He was struck one day by a cannonball, and mortally wounded. When near his death he expressed a wish to see the Pope. That same evening Pius IX went to visit the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital, and came to the bed side of this brave man. "Holy Father," he grasped, "I am proud and happy to die in your defence." "Thanks, my son," replied the pope. "But, Holy Father, I am a Protestant." "I am aware of that my son."

"I know I am going to die, but I feel happy and safe since you are near me." The Pope raised his hand and gave him his blessing. Instantaneously, although he had not mentioned it before, the wounded soldier declared that he wished to die in the ancient Faith. He was baptized, and expired a few minutes later.

CHINESE MISSIONS.—Rev. Angelo Cattaneo, priest of the Missionary Congregation of Milan, now engaged on mission duty in Hoonan, China, baptized 40 adults and 100 children during the year 1877; faithful Chinese Christians during the year had reached 1,000 infants abandoned by their unmatured parents, imprinted these forsaken creatures, of whom 500 died shortly after baptism. The Rev. missionary remained at his post during the horrors of the recent famine and typhoid fever following it. His good example, the charity of the native Christians towards their country men, and the effect of the alms distributed among the famine-stricken from the good Catholics of Europe and America, have been the means of adding at least fifty entire families to the true fold. Rev. Father Cattaneo had been stricken down by the typhoid fever, and ascribes his miraculous recovery to the use of the water of Lourdes. Thus the efficacy of our Lady's intercession has been manifested in Yan-tse-kiang as well as at the Grotto in the Pyrenees.

A MIRACULOUS CURE THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF PIUS IX.—Miraculous favors, obtained through the intercession of Pius IX, of blessed memory, are not confined to Europe, as will be seen from the following extract from a letter to the venerable Archbishop Blanchet, of Oregon City, by one of his priests, published in the Catholic Standard: During my last missionary trip, I stopped at the house of Mr. —, and to my sorrow I found his daughter, Mrs. —, in a truly deplorable condition, one of her arms being almost totally paralyzed and her whole body continually subject to nervous spasms so that it was most pitiful sight to look on her distorted features or to hear her attempts to speak. Providentially I had with me a relic of Pius IX, which I had received from Rome a few days previous, along with a photograph of the dead Pontiff while exposed in St. Peter's, in the Chapel of the Most Holy Sacrament. This I presented to the poor afflicted woman, feeling that her faith was strong enough to procure a miraculous cure through the intercession of Pius IX, whom she ever loved as a dutiful child. Accordingly, I proposed to her to commence a novena, and left the relic with her for that purpose. She followed my advice faithfully. The following day I returned my missionary journey, but you can scarcely imagine my surprise, when, homeward bound, I visited the house again, just the day after the conclusion of the novena, and was welcomed by Mrs. —, no more the half-paralyzed and prostrate patient I had seen, but fully restored to health."

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DID'NT WANT TO WASTE IT.

An old sea captain, well known in the days of Havre packets, "who sailed the seas over," for fifty years, used to tell that in the early part of his voyage as a captain, when he had but just turned twenty-one, his cabin boy complained of a lame back.

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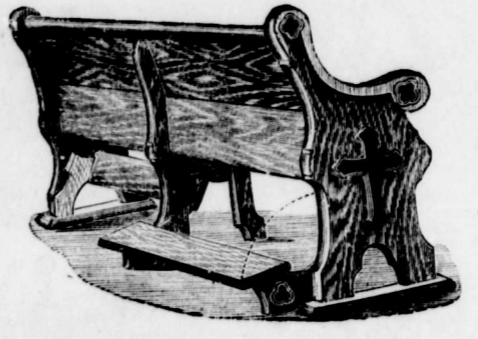
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TO THE READERS OF THE "CATHOLIC RECORD," Patronize A. B. Powell & Co., London's Great Dry Goods Retail Merchants. Our stock is always very large, our prices are so low that the name of our Establishment has become a household word for Cheap and Fashionable Dry Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Carpets and House Furnishings. Call and compare prices. A. B. POWELL & CO. Two Entrances, 134 Dundas and 135 Carling.

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