

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 1.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1879.

NO. 16

## N. WILSON & CO.

IMPORTERS OF FINE

WOOLLENS,

BEST GOODS,

MOST FASHIONABLE CLOTHS,  
LOW PRICES.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

January, 1879.

Sunday, 10.—Second Sunday after Epiphany; Feast of the most holy name of Jesus.  
Monday, 21.—Saints Fabian and Sebastian martyrs.  
Tuesday, 22.—Saints Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.  
Wednesday, 23.—Saints Vincent and Anastasius, martyrs.  
Thursday, 24.—Espousal of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
Friday, 25.—Saint Timothy bishop and martyr.  
Saturday, 27.—Conversion of Saint Paul.

A Song.

Only a song of the olden time  
With its melody soft and low,  
And a tender grace in its rhythm and rhyme,  
And a silvery sound like a faint far chime;  
The old song of the olden time—  
Why does it haunt me so?

Why is it weaving its shining theme  
Thro' my dismal thoughts to-night,  
Back and forth—a sunbeam  
Penetrating a shadow'd stream,  
Thro' the depths with the glittering gleam  
Of its legend in lines of light?

Only a song of the far-off past!  
And afloat on its mild, sweet tide,  
Like a gliding shadow, the words call fast—  
A thought like a demon on each tall mast—  
And they come from the shores of the far-off Past  
And home to my heart they glide.

And the silence is filled with the passionate spell,  
And the dusk of my lonely room,  
Is doused with the tremulous rise and swell  
Of the mystical cadence I love so well;  
And over my heart comes the old sweet spell—  
And I dream in the silence and gloom.

LONDON, JAN. 30th, 1879. SENG.

ANOTHER LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE  
RT. REV. DR. WALSH, BISHOP  
OF LONDON.

ST. PETER'S PALACE,  
LONDON, ONTARIO, NOV. 13, 78.

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

DEAR SIR,—On the 22nd of September we approved of the project of the publication of a Catholic newspaper in this city. We see with pleasure that you have successfully carried into execution this project, in the publication of the CATHOLIC RECORD. The RECORD is edited with marked ability, and in a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and we have no doubt that as long as it is under your control, it will continue to be stamped with these characteristics. Such a journal cannot fail to be productive of a vast amount of good, and whilst it continues to be conducted as it has been thus far, we cordially recommend it to the patronage of the clergy and laity of our diocese.

I am yours,  
Sincerely in Christ,  
+ JOHN WALSH,  
Bishop of London.

LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV.  
DR. CRINNON, BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON,  
Nov. 5th, 1878.

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

DEAR SIR,—Your agent, Mr. Goodrich, called on me yesterday to procure my recommendation for the circulation of your paper in this diocese. I willingly grant it, and earnestly hope that your enterprise will meet with the hearty encouragement of the priests and people of this diocese. Your paper is well written, and contains a great amount of Catholic news, and what is still better, it breathes a truly Catholic spirit; so desirable in these days when rebellion against Ecclesiastical Authority is so rampant. I am glad that you are free from all political parties, and therefore in a position to approve of wise legislation and to condemn the contrary. Wishing your paper an extensive circulation,

I remain, dear sir,  
Yours very faithfully,  
+ P. F. CRINNON,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

Bro. Tobias, Director of the Christian Brothers, Toronto, writes:—"We like the first numbers of the CATHOLIC RECORD very much. It bids fair to be the best Catholic journal in Ontario."

THE SEPARATE SCHOOL BOARD.—The first meeting of the newly-elected Catholic Separate School Board of Education of this city was held last evening in St. Peter's School House. After the minutes of last meeting were read, and the declaration of office from each of the newly-elected members received, the following officers were appointed for the year 1879: Rev. M. J. Tierman, Chairman; Samuel R. Brown, Secretary; James Reid, Esq., Treasurer; Messrs. T. E. O'Callaghan and J. B. Phelan, M.D., Auditors; Messrs. Reid, Burns, Glyn, Simple and Gibbons, Improvement Committee.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

[We wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not responsible for the opinions of our correspondents. All correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the editor of the Catholic Record—not the publisher, and should reach this office not later than Tuesday morning.]

#### A POSTAL ANNOYANCE.

[To the Editor of the Catholic Record.]

SIR,—Will no one free us from this abominable Post Office regulation; that "all insufficiently stamped letters shall be sent to the Dead Letter Office?" Continually we find letters returning to us through the D. L. O. under this pretext; We even had one letter returned to us through that office, on which we had written the direction, that if not called for in 20 days to &c." Why was this letter sent to the Dead Letter Office at all? Could not the Post Master have retained it himself without sending it to be read by the Dead Letter Office. It is no use telling us that we ought to be careful to stamp sufficiently. Every one cannot afford a pair of letter scales, and even if they could how could we be certain of their continued accuracy? "Get your letter weighed then at the office (of departure)." We have done so and had them weighed by hand. "Oh! this is all right sir." And they came back upon us.

It is not a pleasant idea, that through your defective (contract negligence or insufficient stamps your most private correspondence may be read and laughed at by some enemy headed clerks in the Post Office department, and talked of and discussed all over the country. To say the least of it this regulation is an English and could only have crept into the country through the contamination of the United States.

I purposely omit dating my letter, lest it should draw down blame on the office whence it is mailed. I wish to blame the regulation, not the officials appointed to carry it out. Yours, S.

Given at least a hundred miles from London.

#### THE CORK THAT GRANT COULDN'T PULL.

[To the Editor of the Catholic Record.]

SIR,—All your readers know what and where Cork is; and not a few I make no doubt, treasure its image in the coziest little recess of memory's shrine. And very properly, for a right gallant old town is Cork, full of gay, dashing men, and fearless women. But I am not concerned with describing it now. Davin has done enough of that for current use.

What I am thinking of is this, a queer thought, surely, but then allowance may be made, under circumstances. I am wishing that somehow or other, not much matter how, good old Cork's own town, instead of the huge multitudinous, unembracable thing it is, could be approached as a single individual, and shaken by the hand, and patted on the back and cheered at and for, till our lungs ached. For all these manifestations of a most hearty admiration it would be a high delight to us, just now to make an acknowledgement as of Cork's general deserving, so chiefly if her special merit in administering a genuine unmistakable snubbing to Gen. Grant.

And this pleasure arises in no wise at all from the consideration that he is an American. This would be absurd; nor yet from a knowledge of the pompous independence by which he presumes to be, who he is not, a representative of the Great Republic. No, but because the whole proceedings at Cork show first, what I suppose nobody ever doubted, that the people there are thoroughly Catholic; and secondly, that they are a reading, well informed people, acquainted with their own principles, and not ignorant of the men and influences, even in foreign countries, who oppose these principles. And here is the reason of this opinion.

There is no sort of question America is very popular in Ireland. The mere fact of being a native of that country is sufficient passport to the affections of the Irish people, and, for special reasons, to the contrary, the presence of a high personage or a representative man from the United States would be said to work feelings of great respect not to say enthusiasm. Now these special reasons to the contrary, what were they in Grant's case? He came there as ex-President, as ex-general-in-chief of that part of the American army with which the Irish nation sympathized; he came with the added prestige of courtship reception from the highest people in Europe, and still Cork snubbed him, snubbed him bluntly, and made him go grizzle where he liked; they wanted none of him. And why? Because the good people of the queen city of the South are first of all a thoroughly Catholic people, holding their religion (as all men with brains in their head, who profess religion at all hold it), above every other thing on this earth, and next, being a well informed reading people, they know him, not merely as the ex-President, but also as the author of Des Moines speech.

They know that, in the hope of creating another Know-nothing excitement upon the waves of which he might be borne a third term into the Presidential chair, he did not hesitate to blacken and malign the Catholic religion, and to do what he could to plunge the great majority of the Irish people in America, into a condition little better than that from which they have escaped at home. Not all the glories of being an ex-President could blind the sharp-sighted citizens of Cork to this view of the General, nor all the incense, all the nobles or kings of Europe had burnt round him, would make them insensible to the ill odor that must ever be attached to the heartless unprincipled politician, who was prevented only by the good sense and love of justice of the American people, from originating a new persecution of the Catholic Church, and the Irish people in America. And so they said to him, "Go about your business. We do not grade you our oysters or champagne or other liquors, but until you repent and do penance for the Des Moines speech, we want none of you." Again I say, "Good for Cork!"

### "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO."

BOTHWELL, JAN. 14, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD:—  
SIR,—On the 29th of December, 1878, a new Catholic Church was solemnly dedicated under the patronage of St. Thomas, by His Lordship Bishop Walsh, in Wardsville, which, in itself, is an item of sufficient interest to all Catholics, more especially to those immediately concerned. But it is my pleasure to chronicle the opening and solemn dedication, also by His Lordship, of another church in the same neighborhood on Sunday last, namely, at Alvinston, under the patronage of St. Matthew. Both these churches belong to the parish of Bothwell, which is under the ministrations of the Rev. M. McGrath. To open two churches within the short space of a fortnight is a pleasure which few priests ever experience. Too great praise cannot be given to Father McGrath for carrying to a successful completion this dual event, rendered all the more remarkable by the fact that it is only eight months last Saturday since Father McGrath undertook the charge of the mission of Bothwell. This speaks well for both priest and people, who have worked together in the greatest harmony, and with a determination which alone could bring about such splendid results.

The church at Wardsville is in the most finished condition of the two and presents a very fine appearance, standing as it does on a rising plot of ground, donated some thirty years ago by a Protestant gentleman, a Mr. Ward, from whom the village takes its name. It is of brick, measures 90x35 feet, has a seating capacity of between 700 and 800, and cost about \$6,000.

The one at Alvinston sister to it, being in almost all its details similar in size construction and cost. The inhabitants both Protestant and Catholic are justly proud of this imposing edifice and ornament to the village and right royally did they do their duty on Sunday last. It was evident from an early hour that an event of no ordinary circumstance was to be witnessed, for the number of teams which arrived every few minutes loaded to their fullest capacity with people whose faces betokened anxiety. When, however, the Alvinston Band, eleven strong, marched through the village playing, "The sweet bye and bye," all was astir and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the villagers possessed a truly Christian spirit worthy of the name and of emulation. The band also assisted during mass, and vespers in the evening marching in line through the village afterwards playing triumphal marches. The band has only been organized some six months, but from the manner in which difficult pieces were executed, it showed what an amount of study, training and careful practice the members must have undergone. The most pleasing feature in connection with these gentlemen is the fact that all are Protestants yet they felt themselves called upon to contribute their valuable services to the general edification and rival the pleasure experienced by their chosen friends. Bigotry evidently has no place in Alvinston. His Lordship was so well pleased with this exhibition of good feeling that he made them a suitable present.

The church was packed morning and evening, fully three-fourths of the number being members of other denominations. After a brief but well chosen remarks by His Lordship, explaining the nature of blessing a church the ceremony of solemn dedication, commenced from the outside of the building.

High Mass was then sung by Father Murphy of Strathroy. The choir under the direction of Miss Croft, rendering Peter's Mass in a manner which would have done credit to much older organizations. The sermon was previously announced by His Lordship, and was a masterpiece of eloquence which gave great pleasure to his Protestant hearers, a fact which formed the theme of conversation during the whole day.

#### LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

[To the Editor of the Record.]

SIR,—Even unto Washington, unto the heart of the Union, has your sparkling journal penetrated, coming from the snow-draped North like a beam of the boreal aurora, eliciting our admiration by its lustre, even though it fails to touch our hearts with its warmth.

Among the articles which failed to warm our hearts was the one on "Annexation," which appeared some weeks ago. Your utterances, in the main, were, I am sorry to confess, correct, but in some places I think you were unnecessarily bitter, and just a little unjust. Allow me to offer for your consideration a few plausible parts. You call us a "multifarious conglomeration." So we are. What then must be the strength, the solidity of that Government which has conducted a nation composed of individuals differing so widely in habits, tastes and prejudices, in one short hundred years to the position we now occupy among the nations of the world? Let me quote your countryman Mr. Goldwin Smith, on the principles of our government: "There can hardly be," says Mr. Smith, "a more crucial test of the strength of a government than its power of going through a perilous crisis without suspending the ordinary course of law and resorting to violent measures of repression. Nothing more decisively displays its confidence in the soundness of its foundations and the free allegiance of its people." He then proceeds to show where England's government, "reputed the very type of strength," gave evidence of weakness when threatened by the French Revolution, by suspending the ordinary course of the laws, interrupting personal liberty, gagging opinions, and having recourse to many other extraordinary measures of repression. And his too when the war was a foreign one, and the sympathizers of the French in England, were few and weak. Contrasting this with our government he says: "The existence of the American government was threatened by a great rebellion on its own soil, the hostile armies menaced the capital, sympathizers with the enemy were ripe and avowed. The French in England, were few and weak. 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The Old and the New.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

How swift they go! Life's many years, With their winds of woe, And their storms of tears, And their darkest nights whose shadowy hopes...

And ah! we pray With a grief so dear, That the years may stay When their graves are near...

For the heart so true To the Old Year cleaves, Tho' the hand of the New Downery zephyrs waves...

Yes! men will cling With a love to the last; And wildly sing Their arms round the past!

As the vine that clings to the oak that falls, As the key twines round the rumbled wains...

And why not so? The Old Year's years They knew and they know All our hopes and our tears...

We walked by their side, and we told them each grief, And they kissed our tears while they whispered relief...

Let the New Year sing To the Old Year's grave, Will the New Year bring Downery zephyrs waves...

Let the New Year smile When the Old Year dies, In how short a while...

Yet, bright New Year! With song and cheer They will greet thy birth: They will trust thy face, they will land thy power...

FABIOLA:

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

What is your history? Whence do you come?

"I have no history. My parents were poor, and brought me to Rome when I was four years old, as they came to pray, in discharge of a vow made for my life in early sickness, to the blessed martyrs Chrysantha and Daria. They left me in charge of a pious lame woman, at the door of the title of Fabiola, while they went to their occupations. It was on that memorable day, when many Christians were buried at the tomb, by earth and stones cast down on them. My parents had the happiness to be among them."

"And how have you lived since?" "God became my only Father then, and His Catholic Church my mother. The one feeds the birds of the air, the other nurses the weaklings of the flock. I have never wanted for anything since."

"But you can walk about the streets freely, and without fear, as well as if you saw?" "How do you know that?" "I have seen you. Do you remember very early one morning in the autumn, leading a poor lame man along the Vicus Patricius?"

"She blushed and remained silent. Could he have seen her put into the poor old man's purse her own share of the alms?" "You have owned yourself a Christian?" he asked negligently.

"Oh, yes! how could I deny it?" "That that meeting was a Christian meeting?" "Certainly; what else could it be?"

"He wanted no more; his suspicions were verified. Agnes, about whom Torquatus had been able or willing to tell him nothing, was certainly a Christian. His game was made. She must yield, or he would be avenged."

"After a pause, looking at her steadfastly, he said, 'Do you know whether you are going?'" "Before the judge of earth, I suppose, who will send me to my Spouse in heaven."

"And so calmly?" he asked in surprise; for he could see no token from the soul to the countenance, but a smile.

"So joyfully rather," was her brief reply. Having got all that he desired, he consigned his prisoner to Corvinus at the gates of the Æmilian basilica, and left her to her fate. It had been a cold and drizzling day, like the preceding evening. The martyrs of their deaths being the fruit of prayer, as in St. Praxedis, St. Cecilia, St. Agatha, &c.

"In the stillness of awe and wonder, a clear bold voice cried out from the group near the door: 'Impious tyrant, dost thou not see, that a poor blind Christian hath more power over life and death, than thou or thy cruel masters?'"

"What! a third time in twenty-four hours will thou dare to cross my path? This time thou shalt not escape."

These were Corvinus's words, garnished with a furious imprecation, as he rushed from his father's side round the enclosure before the tribunal, towards the group. But as he ran blindly on, he struck against an officer of herculean build, who, no doubt quite accidentally, was advancing from it. He recoiled, and the soldier caught hold of him, saying, 'You are not hurt, I hope, Corvinus?'"

"No, no; let me go, Quadratus, let me go." "Where are you running to in such a hurry? I help you!" asked his captor, still holding him fast. "Let me loose, I say, or he will be gone."

"Who will be gone?" "Panicratus," answered Corvinus, "who just now insulted my father." "Panicratus?" said Quadratus, looking round, and seeing that he had got clear off; "I do not see him." And he let him go; but it was too late. The youth was safe at Diogenes's, in the Subura.

While this scene was going on, the prefect, mortified, ordered Catulus to see the body thrown into the Tiber. But another officer, muffled in his cloak, stopped aside and beckoned to Catulus, who understood the sign, and stretched out his hand to receive a proffered purse.

"Out of the Porta Campana, at Lucina's villa, an hour after sunset," said Sebastian. "It shall be delivered there safe," said the executioner. "Of what do you think did that poor girl die?" asked a spectator from his companion, as they went

"I thank God that I am poor and meanly clad, and face not daintily; because by all these things I am the more like Jesus Christ, my only Spouse."

"Foolish girl!" interrupted the judge, losing patience a little; "hast thou learnt all these silly delusions already? at least thou canst not thank thy God, that He has made thee sightless?"

"For that, more than all the rest, I thank Him daily and hourly with all my heart. How so? dost thou think it a blessing never to have seen the face of a human being, or the sun, or the earth? what strange fancies are these?"

"They are not so, most noble sir. For in the midst of what you call darkness, I see a spot of what I must call light, it contrasts so strongly with all around. It is to me what the sun is to you, which makes a sign to Catulus to place her upon it."

"Oh, no! Christians never hurt one another." The rack was standing, as usual, before him; and he made a sign to Catulus to place her upon it. The executioner pushed her back on it by her arms; and as she made no resistance, she was easily laid extended on its wooden couch. The loops of the ever ready ropes were in a moment passed round her ankles, and arms, drawn over the head. The poor sightless girl saw not who did all this; she knew not but it might be the same person who had been conversing with her. If there had been silence hitherto, now he held their very breath; while Cecilia's lips moved in earnest prayer.

"Once more, before proceeding farther, I call on thee to sacrifice to the gods, and escape cruel tortures," said the judge, with a stern voice.

"Neither tortures nor death," firmly replied the victim tied to the altar, "shall separate me from the love of Christ. I can offer up no sacrifice but to the one living God; and its ready oblation is myself."

The prefect made a signal to the executioner, and he gave one rapid whirl to the two wheels of the rack, round the windlasses of which the ropes were wound; and the limbs of the maiden were stretched with a sudden jerk, which, though not enough to wrench them from their sockets, as a further turn would have done, sufficed to inflict an excruciating, or more truly, a racking pain, through all her frame. Far more grievous was this, from the preparation and the cause of it being unseen, and from that additional suffering which darkness inflicts. A quivering of her features, and a sudden paleness, alone gave evidence of her torture.

"Hast thou?" the judge exclaimed, "thou feelest that I come, let it suffice; obey, and thou shalt be freed."

She seemed to take no heed of his words, but gave vent to her feelings in prayer: "I thank Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that Thou hast made me suffer pain the first time for Thy sake. I have loved Thee in peace; I have loved Thee in comfort; I have loved Thee in joy, and now in pain I love Thee still more. How much sweeter it is to be like Thee, stretched upon Thy Cross, even than resting upon the hard couch at the poor man's table!"

"Thou triflest with me," exclaimed the judge, thoroughly vexed, "and makest light of my fealty. We will try something stronger. Here, Catulus, apply a lighted torch to her sides."

"The executioner advanced, and stretched forth his hand to her robe, to withdraw it for his torture; but he drew back, and, turning to the prefect, exclaimed in softened accents, 'It is too late. She is dead!'"

"Dead!" cried out Tertullus; "dead with one turn of the wheel? impossible!"

Catulus gave the rack a turn backwards, and the body remained motionless. It was true; she had passed from the rack to the throne, from the scowl of the judge's countenance to her Spouse's welcoming embrace. Had she breathed out her pure soul, as a sweet perfume, in the incense of her prayer? or had her heart been unable to get back its blood, from the intensity of that first virginal blush? (There are many instances in the lives of the martyrs of their deaths being the fruit of prayer, as in St. Praxedis, St. Cecilia, St. Agatha, &c.)

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out. "Of fright, I fancy," he replied. "Of Christian modesty," interposed a strange who passed them.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETRIBUTION.

The prefect of the city went to give his report on the untoward events of the day dyed, and do what was possible, to screen his worthless son. He found the emperor in the worst of moods. He found Corvinus come in his way early in the day, and now the result of the inroad into the cemetery had revived his anger, when Tertullus entered into the audience-chamber. Sebastian contrived to be on guard.

"Where is your body of a son?" was the first salutation which the prefect received. "Humbly waiting your divinity's pleasure outside, and anxious to propitiate your godlike anger, by the tricks which fortune has played upon his zeal."

"Fortune!" exclaimed the tyrant; "fortune indeed! His own stupidity and cowardice; a pretty beginning, forsooth; but he shall smart for it. Bring him in."

The wretch, whining and trembling, was introduced; and cast himself at the emperor's feet, from which he was spurned, and sent rolling like a lashed brand, into the midst of the hall. This set the imperial divinity a-laughing, and helped to mollify its wrath.

"Come, sirrah! stand up," he said, "and let me hear an account of yourself. How did the edict disappear?"

Corvinus told a rambling tale, which occasionally amused the emperor; for he was rather taken with the trick. This was a good symptom.

"Well," he said at last, "I will be merciful to you. Lectors, bind your faces. They drew their axes forth, and felt their edges. Corvinus again thrust himself down, and exclaimed, 'Spare my life; I have important information to furnish, if I live.'"

"Who wants your worthless life?" responded the gentle Maximian. "Lectors! put aside your axes; the rods are good enough for him."

In a moment his hands were seized and bound, his tunic was stripped off his shoulders, and a shower of blows fell upon them, delivered with well-regulated skill; till he roared and writhed, to the great enjoyment of his imperial master. Smarting and humbled, he had to stand again before him.

"Now, sir," said the latter, "what is the wonderful information you have to give?" "That I know who perpetrated the outrage of last night, on your imperial edict."

"Who was it?" "A youth named Panicratus, whose knife I found under where the edict had not seized him and brought him to justice."

"Twice this day he has been almost within my grasp, for I have heard his voice; but he has escaped me."

"Then let him not escape a third time, or you may have to take his place. But how do you know him, or his knife?"

"Yes, sir," Torquatus, who at the school of Cassianus, who turned out to be a Christian, "A Christian presume to teach my subjects, to make them enemies of their country, disloyal to their sovereigns, and contemners of the gods! I suppose it was he who taught that young viper Panicratus to pull down our imperial edict. Do you know where he is?"

"Christ's superstitious, has told me." "And pray who is this Torquatus?" "He is one who has been staying some time with Chromatius and a party of Christians in the country."

"Why, this is worse and worse. Is the ex-prefect then, too, become a Christian?" "Yes, sir, he lives with many others of that sect in Campania."

"What perfidy! what treachery! I shall not know whom to trust next. Prefect, send some one immediately to arrest all these men, and the school-master, and Torquatus."

"He is no longer a Christian," interposed the judge. "Well, what do I care?" replied the emperor peevishly; "arrest as many as you can, and spare no one, and make them smart well; do you understand me? Now begone, all; it is time for my supper."

Corvinus went home; and, in spite of medicinal applications, was feverish, sore, and spiteful all night; and next morning begged his father to let him go on the expedition into Campania, that so he might retrieve his honour, gratify his revenge, and keep the disgrace and sarcasm that was sure to be heaped on him by Roman society.

When Fulvius had deposited his prisoner at the tribunal, he hastened home to recount his adventures, as usual, to Euratias. The old man listened with imperturbable sternness to the barren recital, and at last said, coldly, "Very little profit from all this, Fulvius."

"No immediate profit, indeed; but a good prospect is view, at least." "How so?" "Why, the Lady Agnes is in my power. I have made sure, at last, that she is a Christian. I can now necessarily either win her, or destroy her. In either case her property is mine."

"Take the second alternative," said the old man, "I have been glowering in my eye, but no change of face; 'it is the shorter and less troublesome way.'"

"But my honour is engaged; I cannot allow myself to be spurned in the manner I told you."

"You have been spurned, however; and that calls for vengeance. You have no time to lose, remember, in foolery. Your funds are nearly exhausted, and nothing is coming in. You must strike a blow."

"Surely, Euratias, you would prefer my trying to get this wealth by honourable? (Euratias smiled at the idea coming into either of their minds) rather than by foul means."

"Get it, get it any way, provided it be the surest and the speediest. You know our compact. Either the family is restored to wealth and splendour, or it ends in and with you. It shall never linger on in disgrace, that is, in poverty."

"I know, I know, without your every day reminding me of the latter condition," said Fulvius, wringing his hands, and writhing in all his body. "Give me time enough, and all will be well."

by which we concentrated in your hands the divided remnant of family wealth." Fulvius covered his face with his hands and shuddered, then said entreatingly, "Oh, spare me that, Euratias; for heaven's sake spare me!"

"Well, then," resumed the other, unmoved as ever, "I will be merciful. Remember, nephew, that he who does not recoil from a brilliant future, to be forward and honest; for there is an honesty even in sin. Nature has given you abundance of selfishness and cunning, and she has given me boldness and remorselessness in directing and applying them. Our lot is cast by the same throw,—we become rich, or die, together."

Fulvius, in his heart, cursed the day that he came to Rome; or bound himself to his stern master, whose mysterious fate was so much stronger than he had known before. But he felt himself spell-bound to him, and powerless as the kid in the lion's paws. He retired to his couch with a heavier heart than ever; for a dark, impending fate never failed to weigh upon his soul, every returning night.

Our readers will perhaps be curious to know what has become of the third member of our worthy trio, the apostate Torquatus. When, confused and bewildered, he ran to look for the tomb which was to guide him, it so happened, that, just within the gallery which he entered, was a neglected staircase, cut in the sandstone, down to a lower story of the cemetery. The steps had been worn round and smooth, and the descent was precipitous. Torquatus, carrying his light before him, and running heedless, fell headlong down the opening, and remained stunned and insensible at the bottom, till long after his companions had retired. He then revived; and for some time was so confused that he knew not where he was. He arose and groped about, till consciousness completely returning, he remembered that he was in a catacomb, but could not make out how he was alone, and in the dark.

It then struck him, that he had a couple of tapers about him, and means of lighting them. He employed them, and was cheered by finding himself again in light. But he had wandered from the staircase, of which, indeed, he recollected nothing, and went on, and on, entangled himself more inextricably in the subterranean labyrinth.

He felt sure that, before he had exhausted his strength by his tapers, he should come to some outlet. But by degrees he began to feel serious alarm. One by one his lights were burnt out, and his vigour began to fail, for he had been fasting from early morning; and he found himself coming back to the same spot, after he had wandered about apparently for hours. At first he had looked negligently around him, and had carelessly read the inscriptions on the tombs. But as he grew fainter, and his hope of relief weaker, those solemn monuments of death began to speak to his soul, in a language that it could not refuse to hear, nor pretend to misunderstand. "Deposited in peace," was the inmate of one; "resting in Christ" was another; and even the thousand nameless ones around them reposed in silent calm, each with the seal of the Church's motherly care stamped upon his place of rest. And within, the embalmed remains awaited the sound of angelic trumpets, to awaken them to their death. And he, in a few more hours, would be dead like them; he was lighting his taper, and had sunk down upon a heap of mould; but would he be laid in peace, by pious hands, as they? On the cold ground, alone, he should die, unremembered, unknown. There he should rot, and drop to pieces; and if, in after years, his bones, cast out from Christ's sepulchre, should be found, and might be taken to the place of interment, and even the thousand nameless ones around them reposed in silent calm, each with the seal of the Church's motherly care stamped upon his place of rest. And within, the embalmed remains awaited the sound of angelic trumpets, to awaken them to their death. And he, in a few more hours, would be dead like them; he was lighting his taper, and had sunk down upon a heap of mould; but would he be laid in peace, by pious hands, as they? On the cold ground, alone, he should die, unremembered, unknown. 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LADIES' DEPARTMENT. WINTER FASHIONS.

Mrs. J. J. Skelton, Editor. The following are a few of the most fashionable skating-costumes adopted this winter:

SKATING COSTUME. The dress is of deep, dark velvet, trimmed with feather trimmings, and bows of black satin ribbon.

FOR YOUNG GIRL. Dress of Bengal check woolen goods; palette of fawn-colored diagonal cloth, deeply bound and piped with silk of the same shade, ornamented with horn buttons.

SKATING COSTUME. of seal brown cashmere, trimmed with bands of velvet; silk fringe, and small silk buttons of the same shade.

FOR YOUNG LADY. The costume is of grey cashmere trimmed with silver fox fur. Grey felt hat trimmed to correspond.

SKATING OR WALKING COSTUME. The skirt is of olive cashmere; polonaise of basket-woven woolen material, trimmed with bands of satin of a darker shade, rich chenille fringe and bows of corded ribbon.

SKATING COSTUME. This is composed of amand-colored cloth streaked with moss-green and Sultan. The skirt trimmings, plastron, sleeves and pockets are of faille;

HOUSEWIVES CORNER.

NEW YEARS CAKES.—One and a quarter pound sugar, one pound butter, half pint cold water three and one-fourth pounds flour, two eggs, one teaspoon soda.

NET CAKE.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, three cups flour, one cup cold water, four eggs, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar, two cups kernels hickory nuts, carefully picked out and added last of all.

FANNY'S SUGAR CAKES.—One leaping fourth of sugar, three-fourths teaspoon butter, one-fourth teaspoon sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon soda. Flour to roll, salt, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste.

BROWN SUGAR CAKE.—Two quarts of flour, six and rub quarter of a pound of butter in it; beat together ten eggs and one and a half pounds of sugar; stir in a wine-glass of brandy, with a nutmeg and some orange-peel grated in it, roll it out, and bake in an oven, in cakes cut out with a shape.

DIPHTHERIA.—The death of Princess Alice increases the melancholy interest which prevails in connection with this strange and fatal malady; and the following extract from the report of the physicians in attendance upon the Royal Family should be placed upon permanent record.

"No member of the household (in all the sixty persons), no nurse, no physician, has been infected. It is therefore clear that all the cases have been produced by direct infection, doubtless by kisses. It is unknown by whom Princess Victoria has been infected, but the physicians explain, in their report, that even slight and at first overlooked cases may infect others more gravely. Mr. J. S. Wiles, surgeon, Thornton, Dorset, confirms the excellence of sulphuric application. He mentions that the mother of a family, whose members he was attending for diphtheria, gave him an extract from an American paper recommending sulphur, and that he was afterwards much impressed with the efficacy of it. Mr. Wiles says: 'I never lost a case where the remedy was used at the earliest stage of the infection. In one or two instances where resorted to when the affection had almost blocked the throat before I was consulted it had complete success. For infants I used the milk of sweet gum, and for older children and adults I used the stronger 'flowers' of sulphur; and when it could not be swallowed, some of the powder was blown into the throat and nostrils through a quill. The admixture of as much sulphur as is possible with glycerine, bringing it to a creamy consistence, and then applying to age, three or four times a day—also the application of a little to the nostrils with a sponge—is what Mr. Wiles recommends. The prescribed remedy is very simple, safe, and procurable, and cannot be made too generally known."

HINTS FROM ELIZA COOK.—"To be frugal is wise, and this lesson of truth should ever be preached in the ears of youth. 'I will not kneel at morning's light, and thank your God, for health and sleep. Give what ye can spare, and be ye sure, he serveth his Maker who aideth the poor.' 'All the evil gold can do, cannot wip the heart that's true.' 'Ye lowly born! Oh, covet not one right the sceptre bring; the highest name and peeried lot amongst the pomp of kings.' 'I have that infant in my arms; I used the stronger 'flowers' of sulphur; and when it could not be swallowed, some of the powder was blown into the throat and nostrils through a quill."

The various sects and isms of every age have rejected Peter as the rock upon which Christ built His Church, and they think, contrary to Christ's declaration, that they can build upon another foundation. But Christ has made Peter alone the "head of the church," and declared him to be the rock upon which He would build His Church, and resting on this rock the Church is stronger than heaven and hell; for Christ said that "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." Now His words declare that "The gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church," founded on the rock of Peter—(Matt. xvi, 18). Rome, the grandest, the most corrupt, and the most populous city of all time—Rome, the city of the Caesars, and centre of the civil government of an enslaved world was the place selected by Divine Providence to be the seat of the spiritual empire of the world; and the spot selected in which to plant the conquering standard of the cross, which was to be held aloft by the strong arm of Christ's representatives, whose faith was never to fail. The clouds of temporal bondage were to be broken by the preaching—efficacy of spiritual freedom. Rome was to be the heart of the fallen world, and regeneration must commence in the heart; therefore, St. Peter conceived and executed the bold design of fixing the seat of his spiritual empire in Rome. This was the capital of the world made the capital of Christ's Kingdom, the Church. The world was seated in the darkness of slavery, both temporal and spiritual, and liberty had no name on the face of the earth. Hence the centre of tyranny was made the centre of liberty—the darkened spot from which radiated the divine light of Him who "was the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." From this spot alone, by the power of Christ's vicar, St. Peter and his successors, the bonds of civil and spiritual slavery were broken, and the sun of eternal justice and truth having dispelled the dark-

THE PERPETUITY OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

GRAND LECTURE BY FATHER COONEY IN CINCINNATI.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial of Jan. 6.] Last night Rev. Father Cooney, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, Ind., delivered a lecture in the Church of the Atonement, on Third street, on the "Perpetuity of the Church," to a very large and intelligent audience.

The reverend lecturer commenced by quoting the text, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—Matt. xvi, 13. He then called attention to Macaulay's description of the perpetuity of the Roman Catholic Church in his essay on "Ranke's History of the Popes." He said Macaulay called the Catholic Church a "human institution," although he gave it the attributes of a divine institution by declaring, among other things, that "she saw the beginning of all the Governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and that there is no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all."

Father Cooney went on then to prove that the Catholic Church is a divine institution, and that her perpetuity is a necessary consequence of her being the work of God, who has promised that she shall never fail—"the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

He alluded to the miracles of Christ, which prove His divinity, as recorded in the Gospels.

If, then, Christ is God, the words of Christ are the words of God. His commission to His Apostles is the commission of God Himself. The reverend lecturer then stated what the Gospels record—that Christ appointed twelve men, whom He "called Apostles;" that He appointed one of the twelve as the head and chief of the Apostolic College; that He gave to Simon the name of Peter, which signifies rock, as if to signify the nature of the office which Peter was to hold as foundation of His Church; that Christ prayed for Peter that his "faith fail not"; and, after His resurrection, that He gave to Peter the charge of feeding the "lambs and the sheep" of His flock; that these prerogatives belonged to Peter's office, and, therefore, that they descended to Peter's successors; that the Divine prerogative of infallibility, by virtue of Christ's prayer and promises, was given to Peter and his successors in office, as defined by the Council of the Vatican; that Peter's infallibility made the Church infallible, since the Church could not exist without a head, and the body partakes of the qualities of the head. The Church thus constituted and organized was taken possession of by the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost; and the Holy Ghost was promised to "abide forever" with the Church, and to "teach her all truth." The Church then went forth as a living organism, to do God's work to the end of time, and to speak His will to men; and Christ commanded all to "hear the Church," under the penalty of being "heathens and publicans." The Church is, therefore, divine, and her perpetuity rests on the promises of Christ, whose word can not fail.

From Jerusalem the Church arose as an eternal sun, never to set until time shall be no more, and she has since shone with meridian splendor over the nations of the earth, illuminating the way to heaven. For from the day of Pentecost, 1845, years ago, when Christ's promise was fulfilled of sending the Holy Ghost to abide forever with His Church, the history of the Catholic Church is but the history of the fulfillment of Christ's promises to Peter.

The Catholic Church has always been governed as the Church of Christ, and the "lambs and sheep" of His flock have ever been fed with the Divine aliment of truth by St. Peter and his successors in office. Never have the children of the Catholic Church—the Church of all ages—known any other teacher, and we challenge the world to show any contradiction in the teaching of that long, unbroken line of two hundred and sixty-three sovereign Pontiffs, from Peter to Leo XIII., now happily reigning, for their teaching has ever been the teaching of the Church, since no decree of any council or pope has ever been considered valid unless approved by the head of the Church.

Their unity of doctrinal teaching, therefore, clearly proves how faithfully Christ kept His promise—that Peter's faith should never fail, and that the gates of hell should never prevail against the Church, founded on Peter. In these promises, also, we find the true reason and only cause of that divine and wonderful vitality which in every age enabled the Catholic Church to survive the wrath and power of tyrants, to give the Christian faith and civilization to all nations, and thus to prove to an astonished world that she is not human, but divine. Christ says, in Matt. xxi: "The stones which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner." "By the Lord this hath been done, and it is wonderful in our eyes. And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."

The various sects and isms of every age have rejected Peter as the rock upon which Christ built His Church, and they think, contrary to Christ's declaration, that they can build upon another foundation. But Christ has made Peter alone the "head of the church," and declared him to be the rock upon which He would build His Church, and resting on this rock the Church is stronger than heaven and hell; for Christ said that "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." Now His words declare that "The gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church," founded on the rock of Peter—(Matt. xvi, 18). Rome, the grandest, the most corrupt, and the most populous city of all time—Rome, the city of the Caesars, and centre of the civil government of an enslaved world was the place selected by Divine Providence to be the seat of the spiritual empire of the world; and the spot selected in which to plant the conquering standard of the cross, which was to be held aloft by the strong arm of Christ's representatives, whose faith was never to fail. The clouds of temporal bondage were to be broken by the preaching—efficacy of spiritual freedom. Rome was to be the heart of the fallen world, and regeneration must commence in the heart; therefore, St. Peter conceived and executed the bold design of fixing the seat of his spiritual empire in Rome.

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ness of the pagan world, revealed to the astonished eye of man the glory and splendor of the Christian Church which gave to Rome one of its own attributes, and, therefore, Rome became the Eternal City, and the world "Roman" was a name to be known of the Catholic Church. From Rome, then, in every age St. Peter and his successors commissioned and sent those missionaries and preachers of God's will who carried the light of the Gospel to a benighted world, and procured for so many millions the glory of the children of God. And, as the honor of the priesthood to themselves, or preach without being sent, they waited for the appointment and commission of the Roman Pontiff, or those authorized by them. From Rome alone, therefore, the divine light of Christianity spread first through the Eastern Nations, then through Italy, Spain, Portugal and France, through England, Germany, and the continent of America.

And if some of those nations are now suffering from the cankers of heresy and infidelity it is because they turned a deaf ear to the warning voice of the vicars of Christ, and the noble army of martyrs and confessors, who either gave their lives for the cause of a crucified God. Thus we see that those who have ever been the greatest lovers of God, have also been the most devoted to His Vicar, by the light and strength of whose faith they knew and saw God. They knew with St. Ambrose, that "where Peter is, there is the Church," and with St. Paul, that "the Church is the pillar and ground of truth."

What but the fulfilled promises of Christ has made the successors of St. Peter the wonder of the world in every age? Where now are the successors of the Caesars? For thirteen hundred years their names and never have ceased to be mentioned in history; like all human creation, they are but things of the past. But the successors of St. Peter still live in the possession of the plenitude of his apostolic authority, and enshrined in the loving hearts of the children of God. And to-day three hundred millions of the human race—children of the Catholic Church—turn with anxious look and burning love toward the occupant of the Papal chair, enthroned upon the very spot which was consecrated by the blood of St. Peter, in whose honor the Catholic world has built thereon the grandest temple erected by the hand of man. 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 All communications should be addressed to the undersigned accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

**WALTER LOCKE,**  
 PUBLISHER,  
 388 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

**The Catholic Record**

LONDON, FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1879.

**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. Care should be taken when making payments to obtain a receipt, and subscribers are hereby cautioned against paying money to any person except our duly authorized agents. Our St. Thomas subscribers should pay money to no person except Mr. John Doyle, Merchant, or ourselves.

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

Mr. Dan'l. Fisher is our appointed agent for Stratford.

**OUR PREMIUM PHOTOGRAPHS.**

Some of our subscribers have neglected to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them of procuring one of our grand Premium Photographs, by paying up their subscriptions in full on the 1st of January. Had they been aware of the excellence and real value of the pictures, they would not have hesitated about forwarding their subscriptions in due time. We know, however, that many may have been prevented by the force of circumstances, and therefore deem it a duty of ours to extend the time, in order that all those who were first to come forward and assist in establishing the Record, and to whom we owe such a deep debt of gratitude, may have an opportunity of obtaining one of these beautiful pictures. Lest any of our subscribers should be without one, we will extend the time to January 31st, 1879. Remember, then, that all subscribers who pay up their subscriptions in full, on or before the above date, will receive their choice of a Cabinet-Sized Photograph of His Grace Archbishop Lynch, or their Lordships the Bishops of London and Hamilton, mounted on fine cardboard, making a picture 8x10 inches, executed in the best style of the art by Edy Bros., London, and value for \$1.00. All those who have paid up their subscriptions will please notify us by postal card, or otherwise, which picture they prefer, and we will forward it without delay. We would request those who can conveniently call at the office, to do so.

**THE EAGLE SHOUTS FROM WASHINGTON.**

We publish in another column a letter of an esteemed correspondent from Washington in which he complains that we have been "unnecessarily bitter" in an article which appeared in our columns some time ago, headed "Annexation," and simply showing reasons why Canada did not desire to become annexed to the United States. Our correspondent mistakes us when he supposes that we were intentionally unjust in drawing a comparison between the institutions of the United States and Canada. We stated facts—as our correspondent admits—and if there is anything unjust or bitter in that, why the facts must be blamed, not us. While assuring our correspondent of our sincere respect and admiration for the people and institutions of the United States, we can not at the same time lose sight of the fact that the Catholics of Canada—whose public servant we are, and for whom we are in conscience and justice bound to tell the truth—enjoy more real, genuine freedom than their compatriots on the other side of the line. We owe also, the duty of acknowledging this fact to the country which grants us such liberty. Our correspondent asks: "What must be the strength, the solidity of that Government which has conducted a nation composed of individuals differing so widely in habits, tastes and prejudices, in one short hundred years, to the position we now occupy among the nations of the world?" We answer, it

must be great indeed. But we might ask with equally as much logic: What must be the strength, the solidity of a Government that professes to rule by the voice of the people, whilst at the same time it tramples under foot that most sacred right of freemen? How much freer is America to-day than France was under Napoleon the Third? That celebrated juggler made the French people believe, for a while, that they actually had a voice in the Government of the country, that they had free institutions, and that they had the power of sending men of their choice to represent them in the Legislature of the country. But was it not a delusion? His Government, when they had everything ready in the way of stationing agents and prefects, and bullies, at the different polling places, proclaimed a certain Sunday for the polling to take place. The polling was all done in one day, the returns made out by hirelings, and, as a matter of course, the Imperial majority was always a large one. Gen. Grant is the Napoleon of America, and he manipulated the Government of that country in a manner nearly parallel. Of the two, Grant was the most despotic and tyrannical, in so far as he dare go. Is there any greater system of tyranny than that of denying a man the right of paying for the education of his children according to the dictates of his conscience, and compelling him to pay for the education of other people's children according to a system he does not believe in? In one of his annual messages Grant declared himself strongly in favor of this system, and he has on all occasions showed the most utter hatred of everything Catholic and Irish. Now, if the United States be such a free and liberal country, how does it come that one class of people are denied the privileges accorded to others? France under Napoleon was far ahead of the United States in this respect, Protestants and Jews being allowed not only liberty of conscience and freedom of worship, but also had their ministers paid by the State. France got rid of Napoleon, but America has not got rid of Grant yet. His term of office expired and he stepped down and out, but there is reason to believe he will walk in again. If his party manage the next election as they did the last one, there can hardly be any doubt about his again occupying the Presidential chair. Our correspondent thinks the people of the Union deserve the greatest praise "for having re-strained themselves in their great excitement, and practised wonderful patience 'under that mammoth outrage.'" So they do. But we would ask, is there not something radically wrong in the constitution of a country where a political party can inflict such an outrage—and may probably re-inflict it—upon a people claiming to be free? Such an outrage would be impossible in Canada under our existing institutions, hence we claim superiority in that respect over the United States. When our correspondent quotes Mr. Goldwin Smith as an authority, and a countryman of ours, he makes a slight mistake. Mr. Smith is no countryman of ours, he is English by birth and American by adoption. We are neither one nor the other. As to Mr. Smith's opinion of England as compared with the United States, all we have to say is, that, so far as we are concerned, he is perfectly welcome to it. In our article upon "Annexation" no reference was made to England. We simply defended Canadian institutions, and we will do that upon all occasions upon which we may feel called upon. We can assure our correspondent that any particular charms English institutions may have for Canada, it is "distance that lends enchantment" to them. We like them well enough as long as they keep them in England and allow us to model ours upon an improved plan. We claim, as before, that Canadian institutions are superior to those of the United States in some of the most important particulars, and if in support of our assertion we stated certain facts that did not redound to the honor of the land of Washington, we were not actuated by motives of ill-feeling, passion or prejudice. On the contrary, there is so much that we admire in American institutions we only regret that there is anything to find fault with.

"With the noble Bishop Dupanloup," says Mr. Hutchinson, an English convert, in a letter to the *Whitehall Review*, "I believe that when the hideous mask that for centuries has been pitilessly held before the fair features of the Church shall fall, not only every dread of her shall vanish, but all will be enamored with her divine beauty, and will bend with love and reverence before the Chair of Truth. The yearning after union that so many separated feel, must come from God. Men are weary of divisions, and millions are longing for the happy dawn, when over all our earth that blissful chorus shall again resound: 'Mercy and truth have met each other, justice and peace have kissed. Truth is sprung out of the earth, and justice hath looked down from heaven.'"

It was expected, according to our late advice from Rome, that Pope Leo would prolate during the month of January, the Jubilee granted at the accession of a new Pope. It was believed that he would limit its time to a fortnight or month at farthest for Rome and other places where the news could reach in time, and would appoint the anniversary of his consecration as the opening day.

**THE NECESSITY OF SAINTS IN RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.**

We must have saints—that is certain. We can no more do without them than we can do without the sunlight. What would the world be without the light of the sun? Well, the result would be too terrible to contemplate. The plant? It would not exist. To be a plant however small it must use its every effort to reach the sun; it must stretch every tendril to embrace it; it must put forth every leaf, every blossom, to drink in sunlight. Nay; there are those who affirm that every plant, from the palm to the hyssop on the wall, is nothing else but congealed sun rays. And so with every part of the creation. Even the mighty ocean would become a reeking, stinking, stagnant pool, but for the rays of the sun. And what would the soul become but for the sun of justice? She too would become a reeking, stinking, stagnant pool. And after all what is this saint worship but light worship, worship of everything that is bright, beautiful, and most noble in man? What is it but the plant action of the soul, using every effort to reach the sun (of justice), stretching every tendril to embrace it, putting forth every leaf and blossom to drink in this sunlight. Nay, is not everything that there is of good in the soul sought else but congealed sun-rays, that sun being the Sun of Justice? Yes, we must have saints—that is certain. The Protestant has his saints as well as the Catholic, though from a Catholic point of view they are of an inferior class. He himself acknowledges this; within himself, perhaps; but still he acknowledges it, and calls them heroes. Demosthenes and Cicero, and Burke and Bright, and alas! Spurgeon and Beecher amongst orators, and Homer and Virgil, and Dante and Tasso, and Schiller and Goethe, and Shakespeare and Byron, amongst poets; and Alexander and Darius, and Caesar and Napoleon, with a hundred others, amongst conquerors, and so on through every department of human attainments. There is something noble in this Protestant saint worship, even though it be human idolatry, the worship of everything of mental greatness that is in man. But when we come to Catholic saint worship, how much more noble still! Protestant saint worship renders homage only to prowess of body or excellence of mind. Catholic saint worship renders homage to prowess of soul. For what are our Catholic saints? Soul heroes; embodiments in the flesh of Christ's teachings; "other Christs," as the Apostle himself expresses it. Just as our philosophers would hold that all organic life is only congealed sunlight in different forms, so our Catholic saints are congealed Christianity (Christ teaching) under various aspects. In this view how much more noble is our Catholic saint worship than that offered by the Protestant mind to its heroes. Protestant saint worship reverses only all that is human (of the earth earthly) in man. Catholic saint worship, passing over all that is human, reveres only what is divine.

It is true that even Protestant hero worship may be made to partake of the nature of a divine worship. If the Protestant mind, passing over the individual hero, reverences in him the greatness of God as manifested in the intellectual greatness of that hero, this hero worship partakes immediately of the nature of a divine worship. But even then it is inferior to our Catholic saint worship, which is a worship of God's higher greatness as manifested in the divine grace with which God has adorned the souls of His saints. In other words, just as grace transcends intellect, so does our Catholic saint worship transcend Protestant hero worship.

But it will be objected, If saint worship is only another form of God worship, why not go direct and worship God alone. Never was there a more fallacious argument than this one of going straight to the point. Our chemists have found it out long ago in the matter of stomach food, and we suspect there is a strong analogy between it and soul food. Professor Leibig's extract of meat will never nourish any man. The whole structure of man goes to prove this, even if experience did not teach it. If concentrated meats have to become the food of man, his whole structure is a mistake. His mouth is a mistake; his throat is a mistake; his stomach is a mistake; his bowels are a mistake; his very stature is a mistake. A tablespoon of meat extract represents a beefsteak equal to a ploughman's dinner. For such a morsel as this table-spoonful a three-inch morsel is hardly wanted. To masticate a table-spoonful of extract with thirty-two teeth and jaws that will crack hickory nuts is evidently using five wheels to a wagon. A stomach that will hold five pints and bowels thirty-two feet long cannot be wanted for the absorption of a table-spoon of food. Five feet eight, the average height of man, cannot be necessary to enclose the organs requisite to absorb a table-spoonful. Concentrated meats, then, if concentrated meats have to be used in their concentrated form, are as food for anything short of angels an evident mistake. And so with soul food. If all our devotion has to centre in God alone,

we fear this concentrated soul food will be as little assimilated by our souls as Leibig's extract by our bodies. We cannot see God, nor understand his attributes. All our knowledge of God and His attributes is only approximation; we arrive at it by comparison with known standards of excellence, just as by our knowledge of inferior standards of admeasurement we arrive at an approximate idea of great distances. How, then, if we do not recognize the divine goodness and grace as shown in His saints, are we to grasp any idea whatever of divine goodness and race? No; as well might we throw away our standard yard measure and our standard mile in grasping the idea of the earth's circumference, as throw away saint worship in our endeavor to grasp the idea of God. SACERDOS.

**THE CALENDAR.**

By the term year as commonly used, we mean the civil year; and among the different divisions of time this is the most important. The sidereal year is the time which the earth takes to perform exactly one revolution around the sun, but as the seasons depend on the position of the earth with regard to the sun, it is more convenient to take for the length of a year, the time from the commencement of the spring to the commencement of that season again. This period, which is shorter than a sidereal year, is called a tropical, equinoctial, or mean solar year; and as it includes and corresponds with the vicissitudes of the seasons upon which all agricultural and other operations depend, it is the one about which we are most intimately concerned. The equinoctial year consists of about 365 1/4 days, and as it would be inconvenient to have a year begin at any other time except at the commencement of a day, we have the civil year containing exactly 365 days, and every fourth year 366. The method by which the two modes of computation shall be brought to agree from time to time, we borrow from the Romans. In the Roman calendar, before the time of Julius Caesar, the year was reckoned twelve revolutions of the moon, and the consequence became very apparent, for the vernal equinox, which was at the commencement of the spring months, gradually began to go back, until the calendar was involved in great confusion. Julius Caesar, aided by an astronomer of Alexandria, named Sosigenes, attempted a reform, and conceiving that the length of the year was 365 1/4 days, ordered that every fourth year a day be added to the calendar, and that the beginning of the year be the first of January. Previous to this, the commencement of the year was in March, having been formerly placed in that month by Romulus in honor of his patron Mars. The intercalary day was placed by Caesar between the 23rd and 24th of February; but the Romans did not number the days of their month as we do, they called the first day of March, the *Calends of March*; the 28th of February, *pridie Calenda Martias*, &c.; the 24th of February was *sextus Calendas Martias*, and as the intercalary day was added just after this day it was called double sixth day, *bisextile*. Hence the year in which the intercalary is added is called *bisextile* (Leap year). Had there been exactly 365 1/4 days in an equinoctial year the correction which Caesar introduced would certainly suffice to keep the tropical and civil reckonings together; the length of the tropical year, however, is not 365 1/4 days, but 365 days five hours, 48 minutes, 51 3/5 seconds, a difference of 11 minutes, 8 2/5 seconds. Hence the length of the year assumed as the basis of the Julian calendar being between eleven and twelve minutes too long, an error arose amounting to about one day in 133 1/2 years. In the year 1582 this difference accumulated until it amounted to over eleven days, of course the equinoxes and solstices did not happen on those days appointed to them. Pope Gregory XIII, who occupied the Pontificate in 1582, seeing that the equinox instead of falling on the 21st of March, happened on the 11th, suppressed ten days in the month of October in that year, by directing that the day following the 4th of October should be reckoned the 15th instead of the 5th, and thereby restored the vernal equinox to its former position. But something further had to be done in order to prevent the re-occurring of the accumulation, and Pope Gregory further directed that from that time, three of the four centennial years in each four centuries should not be reckoned as bisextile, but common years, that is, the intercalary day, although ordinarily omitted in each centennial year, was to be retained every four hundredth year. The 1st of January of the forty-sixth year of Caesar was adopted as the first of the Christian era, and, therefore, the fourth year A. D. was a leap year, and, as the intercalary day is added every fourth year, if we divide the year of the Christian era by four and there be no remainder it is a leap year, if a remainder, then that remainder is the number of years since the last bisextile; this method of calculating the leap year is correct, except in the case of the centennial year; thus the centennial years 1600, 2000, 2400, 2800, etc. are bisextile, but the years 1500, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, etc., are not leap years, for the reason above given, and this correction is quite accurate enough for all purposes, the vernal equinox always occurring on the 21st March.

The Gregorian calendar was not adopted in England until the year 1752; at this date there was a difference of eleven days between the Julian calendar and the Gregorian, and the English Parliament at last ordered that the Gregorian calendar be adopted, and enacted that eleven days be left out of the month of September of the year 1752; since then we have used the Gregorian calendar. In Russia, and wherever the Greek Church is established, the Julian calendar is still used, and the inhabitants of those countries are, therefore, now about twelve days behind us in their reckoning. There is a move on foot in Russia at present to adopt the Gregorian calendar. The Julian calendar is called the "old style," and the Gregorian the "new style." In Asia a variety of calendars exist. The Chinese civil year is lunar, and consists of 12 months of 29 and 30 days alternately. In every three years a thirteenth month is added to accommodate

the variations of the solar and lunar years; but as this is not entirely effected by such an arrangement, the Chinese have a cycle of sixty years, in which period twenty-two intercalary months occur. Their year is divided into twenty-four periods, corresponding to the position of the sun—at its entrance into, and at the middle of each sign of the zodiac. In Japan the year is divided into twelve months, corresponding to the twelve signs of the zodiac; the months, however, vary in length, and the Mikado assigns the necessary intercalary days, and the months that have to be added to accommodate the variation of the solar and lunar years. The Hindu's year commences at the instant of the conjunction of the sun and moon in the sidereal month *Chaitra*. Their months consist of thirty *tithis* (lunar days), and are divided into two equal parts of fifteen *tithis* each, corresponding with the increase and decrease of the moon in regard to its brightness; but in different parts of India variations of this method occur, to make up deficiencies, etc., that arise in the annual, or successive annual calendar in regard to intercalary days. The Mahomedan calendar was first reckoned from our 15th or 16th of July, the date of Mahomet's flight, as regards the year. The latter is lunar, and consists of months of thirty and twenty-nine days alternately. A day is added 11 times in a cycle of thirty years, in a manner and for a purpose similar to our intercalary leap-year day. By this system the lunar year has 354 days 8 hours, and the year begins from 10 to 11 days earlier in the season than the preceding, owing to the difference of the Epoch.

**FOSSIL MINDS.**

Every now and again one comes across queer specimens of Protestant humanity which amuse the world with their quaint ideas of Catholic doctrine. Your fossil mind is never strong on historical Christianity. Like Rip Van Winkle and the bears, he hibernates as far as Catholicity is concerned half his time and sleeps the rest. What wonder then if he is ignorant? His ignorance, however is amusing, and if he will persist in airing it, he cannot blame the world if it laughs at him for his pains. We met the other day in a railway train a regular Yankee specimen of this genus, fossil, who thought Pope Pius IX. was the inventor of the Immaculate Conception. He had evidently got Catholic doctrines badly mixed up in his mind with patent dash churns and pump handles. We asked him if he thought Pius the Ninth was Pope before America was discovered? He reckoned not; he had heard tell that Pius the Ninth was made Pope the year "their Abe" was born. This was coming down to dates. We asked him if "their Abe" was four hundred years old? He reckoned the stranger was chaffing him. "Chaff or no chaff," we answered, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was at least four hundred years old, and that therefore, if Pope Pius the Ninth was the inventor he must have been Pope that number of years, which would leave "their Abe" a pretty old boy. "Do tell," said the Yankee. Exactly, said we, and we went on to explain to the fossil mind how in the year 1476 (Edward IV. being King of England) one Sixtus IV., Pope of the Universal Church (which had not in those days arrived at the time of the Reformation, nor heard tell of America), instituted, but did not invent this Feast to be celebrated by the Catholics of the whole world on each recurring 8th of December. That it had ever since been so celebrated; and that consequently when on the 8th of December, 1876, the Universal Church celebrated that Feast it was celebrating also the fourth centenary of that Feast; which left the doctrine which that Feast was instituted to commemorate at least 402 years old. Our fossil collapsed, and we—well! we meditated instinctively on the abnormal condition of fossil minds in general, and our Yankee specimen in particular. We did not take the fossil mind any further back than the institution of the Feast lest the tension should be too much for it.

**OUR ENGLISH LETTER.**

From Our Special Correspondent.  
 MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, Dec. 26th, 1878.

The severity of the weather during the past three days has, I believe, been for this district quite unprecedented. The minimum range of the thermometer at St. Bede's Catholic College, Alexander Park on Monday night registered the extraordinary temperature of 41 deg. Fahrenheit. Throughout Tuesday the cold was intense and street traffic was for some hours rendered almost impracticable by a dense and suffocating fog. All except a few of the town omnibuses were withdrawn at mid-day. The accounts that have reached me of the loss of horses belonging to the Bus Companies seem so incredible that I am afraid to give you the figures, but the tremendous work they have had to endure in dragging these large machines through the snowed-up streets would warrant any one in supposing that much horse flesh has been sacrificed. Such a severe and early winter as the one we are now experiencing was quite beyond all ordinary expectation. It is true that some of the weather prophets gave us timely warning but we do not readily believe what we are not willing to believe. Your readers may perhaps smile at what we consider a severe winter, but the snow fall has been so general in England and Scotland that traffic is seriously deranged. In the North of Scotland even the fall of snow has been almost unprecedented. We read of train after train being hopelessly snowed up, of passengers passing the night in wayside cottages or the cabins



My First Communion.

Quickly, onward by the moments, Laden each with earnest prayer, And my heart with love is throbbing, For her spouse will soon be there.

of the bishops and priests of England obeyed the order at once; the people of Ireland, as one man, declared they were prepared to die, but they would never forsake their religion. (Enthusiastic applause.) Then were England and Ireland divided for ages, but I hope not forever on the question of religion. I hold this to be a very mysterious fact, and we are now to try to find out the reason. (Hear, hear.) Those two peoples were under the one king; they had the same laws and had the same government; they have to-day, and how differently did they act! Four hundred years before Henry VIII. came to the throne the Saxon and the Norman had set their invading foot on the soil of Ireland. In that year of malediction—I can call it nothing else—there came to us one of the heaviest curses that could fall upon a people—the loss of Ireland's crown and of her independence. (Hear, hear.) I am not a revolutionist; I could not be one being a Catholic priest; but I am an Irishman—(immense applause)—and with an Irish heart, with the love of an Irish student of history, and looking back at the recollections of the nation in which I was born, I say accused was the day for Ireland when an adulterous, impure soul, flying to England, polluted the pure soil of Ireland, and brought that curse of invasion on this land of ours. (Hear, hear.)

any man living the virtues of the Irish character. For more than two hundred years, in the greatest gloom of days of Ireland's calamities, the greatest gleam of glory in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was the activity of the Irish chieftains when they banded from the land the violator of the sacred bond of matrimony. I admire the tenderness of the Irish character; I love what is beautiful in it, but I have sought in vain for one proof, for one evidence of grand determination with which history would credit us. If there was such a trait in our character, you think that Strongbow, with his handful of Normans, and his Saxon serfs would have been suffered to remain two hours on the soil of Ireland? (Hear, hear.) If they had that grandeur of determination when St. Laurence O'Toole, in his prophetic wisdom called on Ireland to rise as one man, and not leave standing-room upon their soil for Norman or Saxon, would not Ireland have responded to the call, and have freed herself from the invader? (Hear, hear.) No, no. The wretched history of this country for four hundred years from the landing of the Normans is but an illustration of the want of unity, and of the want of determination among the Irish chieftains. On one occasion a deputation of the Irish chieftains went to O'Toole of Wicklow, to join them in driving out the invader; and what was his answer? "No," said he, "I will not join you. I will join the English; we will both fight you, and when you are conquered I will turn round and drive out the English myself." This is a fair illustration of the wretched divisions existing among the Irish chieftains for four hundred years. (Hear, hear.) When it is said, therefore, that the adherence of the Irish people to their religion is because of this trait in their character, I must say I cannot believe it. (Hear, hear.) Other historians say that the adherence of the Irish people to their religion is because of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin; but I found that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin existed quite as strong in the character of the people of England. This is a beautiful idea; I was charmed with it when I read it, and I began to think that all my forefathers were saints. (Laughter.) It was told that the cause lay in the devotion of the Irish people to the Blessed Mother of God; but I found that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin existed quite as strong in the character of the people of England, by a solemn decree, declared herself to be the dowry of the Blessed Virgin; and although the devotion to the Mother of God existed as strong in Ireland as it does at the present day, she never did that, contenting herself with the title of "Queen of Heaven." (Hear, hear.) Others again tell us a tale heretic to the faith. Mr. Froude—(oh! oh!)—says we are the most pig-headed people on the face of the earth, and that when Henry VIII. told us to become Protestants we refused from sheer obstinacy. Now, amongst the many things I did in my lifetime I never drove a pig—(great laughter)—but I am a pig-headed man, and I would drive a pig a particular way, but he must pretend he wants him to go another way, and he will never get on. There is a humorous photograph extant in which an Irishman is represented as driving a pig along a road. A neighbor comes up and asks him where he is going to, when the other answers in great trepidation, and a kind of quaver, "I'm going to Kinsale." "I'm going to Kinsale," says the neighbor, "but the pig there thinks I'm going to Kinsale." Now, according to those historians, the reason why we remained Catholic was because Henry VIII. wanted us to become Protestant. If he had said to us, "Remain Catholic, but let me tell you that a very nice gentleman, one Martin Luther, has started a new religion; there will be no more priests, no more Mass; we will have no more confession, and no more penance, but on the peril of your lives don't touch it"—according to those historians, if Henry VIII. had spoken in that way to us we would have become Protestants at once. No one would lay such a trait in the character of my countrymen, but he would be glad to try to us, and see what was the real cause of their remaining true to the faith. (Hear, hear.)

LECTURE OF FATHER BURKE AT WATERFORD.

"THE GENIUS OF THE IRISH RACE."

On November 25th the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P., visited Waterford for the purpose of delivering the first of two lectures in aid of the new Dominican church which is being erected there in Bridge street, and which is nearly completed. Eight o'clock was the time fixed for the lecture, and notwithstanding that the weather was very unpropitious, long before that hour an eager audience thronged the spacious and beautiful temple. Within the sanctuary the seats were filled by the leading citizens and members of the corporation. On the platform were—Henry Lee, Esq., city high-sheriff; Alderman L. A. Ryan, Rev. P. Nolan, P. P. Trinity Without; Mr. William Kelly, T. C., Mr. J. McEnery, T. C., etc., etc.

Father Burke came on the platform shortly after eight o'clock, and his appearance was greeted with an outburst of welcome, again and again renewed. When silence was restored the very reverend lecturer addressed his audience as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I have to remind you in the first place that this building, though consecrated to God, is not to be considered in the light of a church this evening. I shall therefore hold myself free in the course of the lecture, which I shall have the honor of addressing to you to make what jokes I please, and I shall only feel the more gratified by your enjoying them if you should find anything in them that is laugh. (Hear, hear, laughter and applause.) I have, my friends, to thank you all for the honor of your presence here to-night. I know it is a small sacrifice which you have made to leave your warm comfortable homes in this un-English weather, to come here to attest by your presence the great desire which you entertain, to see this beautiful temple of God completed. Now if you please, without any further preface, I shall enter at once on the consideration of the important subject on which I mean to address you this evening, a subject to all true Irishmen most interesting indeed! (Hear, hear.)

History furnishes us with many mysterious things, and of our race are most mysterious, and that the philosophers of history are at a loss to find out the hidden reason of those strange facts, and in determining them the governing hand of God. (Hear, hear.) From the very beginning of the human race history tells many great facts which seem strange and mysterious; how, for instance, after the first great deluge the human race rapidly and widely propagated itself, and yet all that time reserved a unity of language and an identity of nationality, until the strange freak of building the Tower of Babel; and then God split them into many languages, so that one man could not understand what his neighbor said to him, and when they went away from the ark they were all of one language, and how he contrived to make that language understood—how he came to teach it—must always remain a mystery in history. The rise of the great Eastern empires, Assyria, Egypt, later on, Greece, and then Rome, each one successively taking possession of the empire of the world, one succeeding the other, and making the other bend down in subject—these are strange and mysterious facts which we have not yet ascertained. In the history of the Greek republics we are told that it was the martial spirit of Sparta which enabled that people to overturn all the other states of Greece. Then, again, we are told by history that it was the military power of Athens that raised her to the position of the state of Greece. Then when we find Philip of Macedonia in his conquests, and his greater son, Alexander extending his empire not only over Greece but in far off India; and when we ask the cause, history tells us that is the genius of organization, that is the genius of Rome, history accounts for the whole world by relating one of those strange facts, "Greece may surpass us in genius," said the Romans, "and Egypt in intelligent activity; but no nation can surpass the Romans in piety to the gods," and it was on this national piety that they rested their ability to sustain their supremacy; but we know that this rise was the work of God to prepare the way for the preaching of His holy Gospel. (Hear, hear.) Such is the tissue of history, and in such a way have those strange facts been dealt with by philosophers and historians in trying to account for them upon logical principles, and I am here to-night, as one of the strangest but that of intellect and genius, simple and plain facts in history. (Hear, hear.) What is that fact? One that occurred three hundred years ago, affecting one country and one race—Ireland and the Irish people. (Hear, hear.) Three hundred years ago England and Ireland were united as one kingdom and under one crown as they are to-day, and at that time the King of England called upon his subjects to do a certain thing. His English subjects obeyed the command to a man, and the people of Ireland refused to do so. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The mind and the heart of one people went one way; the mind and heart of the other went in the opposite direction, and the issue was most important. (Hear, hear.) Tell me, my friends, what was the cause of that? The King and he called on his subjects to give up the old religion; to change the essential features of that religion; to abandon the altar at which they worshipped; to give up what they had learned to love from their earliest infancy; to cease to be Catholic, and to become not exactly Protestant, he did not go quite so far, but to become Anglican. (Hear, hear.) The people of England with the majority

Now, my friends, I beg of you to remark the one strange characteristic of the Celtic people which was brought out most wonderfully by that fact of invasion, the strange attractiveness of the Irish character, the wonderful power the Celt has to assimilate to himself foreign elements coming in contact with the most ancient and the strongest in the world. These men degraded the Saxons they had conquered; they made them goat-herds and swine-herds; they reduced them to feudal slavery, and the name they had for the Saxons was *villans*. "Villain" was the best name those Norman conquerors had for their Saxon serfs. (Laughter.) So they spread a chain of servitude over the proud noble shaking hands with a Saxon, or one of them to marry a Saxon woman, never once entered into their heads; and it was a matter of the utmost astonishment to the historians of the times that Thomas a Beckett was made chancellor, he being of Saxon origin. The idea of the king making him, not only judge, but a chancellor, of the proud Norman nobles to the very heart. The Normans came to Ireland; they conquered the country after a manner, and took possession of the land, or that portion of it known as "the Pale." The De Burghs, ancestors of mine, went to Connaught and the Butlers, as you are aware, came to Kilkenny. So they spread a chain of servitude over the proud Norman nobles to the very heart. The Normans came to Ireland; they conquered the country after a manner, and took possession of the land, or that portion of it known as "the Pale." The De Burghs, ancestors of mine, went to Connaught and the Butlers, as you are aware, came to Kilkenny. So they spread a chain of servitude over the proud Norman nobles to the very heart. The Normans came to Ireland; they conquered the country after a manner, and took possession of the land, or that portion of it known as "the Pale." 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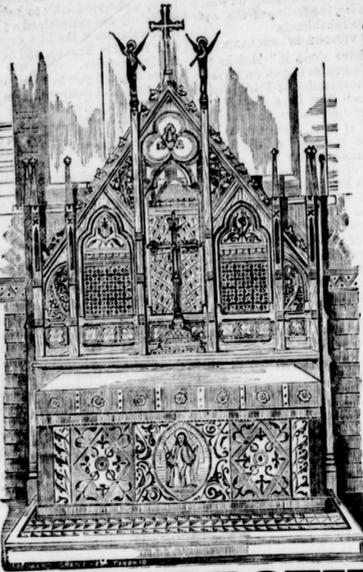
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