

TESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS

The True Witness

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

ELSEWHERE we publish the powerful appeal made by Rev. Father Quinlivan, on last Sunday, in St. Ann's Church, on behalf of the TRUE WITNESS. While inviting our readers to kindly peruse carefully that logical and touching address, we will supplement it now, by earnestly inviting all our friends, and the friends of true Catholic literature, to come forward and, each according to his means, to aid in the grand work by subscribing stock in the company, or else by subscribing for the paper itself, and by advertising in its columns or giving it the printing patronage that may be at the disposal of each one. In one way or the other each person can add a mite to the aggregate and that aggregate will secure, on a permanent and lasting basis, a solid, reliable and fearless organ for the English-speaking Catholics of this city and Province. Now is the time; and we hope to be able to see our people in possession of a sterling advocate of their cause and defender of their rights.

EMPEROR WILLIAM visited Prince Bismarck in Friedrichsruhe on Monday last. When we were children we always fell out with our dearest companions and the one that we would "never speak to again" was our most cherished bosom-friend in a few hours. Old Bismarck, in his second childhood, and young William, who never got over the whims of his first childhood, seem to be playing this little game of "falling out" and "making it up;" and Europe looks on and shrugs its shoulders, and merely remarks, "child's play; it is little odds to the world whether they are friends or enemies; they are both fools."

REV. J. C. MADILL, of Belwood, Ont., President of the P.P.A., has been completing the organization of a lodge of that order in Ottawa, and has undertaken to invade Quebec. This reverend gentleman's name is very suggestive; it seems to correspond with his rashness and folly in coming into this province to spread his moral cholera. *Mad-ill* indeed! *Mad*, if he thinks that success is going to crown his efforts here; *ill* when he finds out how few Protestants in Quebec want to be bothered with this peace-destroying element.

THE news of the burning of portion of that historic building on the farm belonging to the Ladies of the Congregation de Notre Dame, recalls to mind the sad event of last June when the magnificent structure of the Mother House, on Mount Royal, was destroyed by the flames. It had been the wish of the Venerable Foundress, Marguerite Bourgeoys, that the members of the community should earn their livelihood and continue the work of education without being a burden to anyone. We have noticed in the history of that institution that this desire has been ever carried out, despite the most overpowering embarrassments that at times arose. But

Providence seems to will otherwise; the elements oppose it. Of late years the number of Sisters has greatly increased, and the old Mother House on St. John Baptist street—which they are forced to occupy—is in no way capable of providing them with proper accommodation. The result of these sad, but uncontrollable, circumstances is that it became necessary to open a building fund, under the patronage of the Divine Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother, a design which has received the approbation and encouragement of His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal and several other Ecclesiastical Dignitaries in Canada and the United States. An appeal—the first we believe in the history of the Congregation—has been recently made to the former pupils; and it is to be hoped that it will not be made in vain. We go a step more; we believe it to be the duty of every Catholic, who has been blessed with abundance, from Heaven, to add to this fund. No fervent appeal is necessary: the case is too well known to require any elaboration from our pen. We feel confident that the hint is all that a great number require, and that, once reminded of it, they will not hesitate to send in something to Sister St. Mary of the Cross, Mother House, Congregation de Notre Dame, Montreal.

FOR a long time Rider Haggard had been the rage; his mad ravings in "He," "She" and "It," filled the imaginations of thoughtless and careless readers, and even critics—so-called of course—undertook to point out the depth of meaning in all that jumble of nonsense. But when Mr. Haggard attempted to belie and calumniate the purest of women and the best of men, in the persons of Catholic nuns and priests, he suddenly awoke to find himself more notorious than was pleasant. The Liverpool Catholic Times has the following comments in its last issue:

"The collapse of Mr. Rider Haggard's Mexican story of 'immured nuns' has been so complete that we are reminded of another ridiculous mistake made by him in the domain of elementary science. In 'King Solomon's Mines,' the most famous of his romances, he not only causes two worn out travellers to ascend a very high mountain without taking the 'mountain sickness,' but he actually makes the famous eclipse of the sun take place almost at full moon. Of course every schoolboy knows that an eclipse of the sun can occur only at new moon, when the moon is between the earth and the sun. At full moon, and near that time, the moon is at the opposite side of the heavens to the sun, and cannot eclipse the light. Of course errors of this kind are comparatively trivial in a romantic story, but we take notice of them when their authors make similar blunders to the disparagement of so large a body as the Catholic Church."

ON THE 16th, Henry Fowler, president of the Local Government Board, directed the attention of the House of Commons to several questionable features in the Peers' amendment of the Parish Councils Bill. The Speaker ruled that the Peers had exceeded their rights and in

structed the House to ignore the amendment against which Mr. Fowler had protested. The announcement of the decision was loudly cheered. Connect this fact with the following: The Daily News says: "Sir William Harcourt's assurance in his Portsmouth speech that the Government will not endure the dictation of the House of Lords fully satisfied his audience." Sir William's words were these:

"It has never been more needful that Liberals should stand shoulder to shoulder. The party is about to enter a great struggle from which it will finally emerge victorious. Is it this nation's will to be controlled by the representatives of the people or by a chamber representing nothing but a selfish class? I especially regret the recent actions of the bishops. Property has been the chant of the Lords temporal, and amen has been the response of the Lords spiritual. Lord Salisbury has thrown down the gage of battle. The Government will not shrink from the conflict. It is the business of the Liberals to convince the Lords that people will not allow them longer to override the people's will."

This simply means war to the death between the people and the Lords; the result of which must inevitably be the end of the Lords. They have brought it on themselves. It is the first bitter fruit of their action on the Home Rule Bill. *Mane, Thelkel, Phares*, are written upon the wall of the Upper House.

THE Anarchists have got over to London; they are at work there. Another Vaillant tried to play socialist apologist in the tribune of the French Chamber of Deputies; he was soon silenced. The fellow who threw the last bomb in Paris came from London; the fellow who blew himself up near the Observatory in London, came from Paris. It is Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," with anarchists for actors and murder for a plot. The sooner the governments of Europe put an iron hand on these devils the better.

IT has already been mentioned in the TRUE WITNESS, and in the daily press, that the widely-known American *litterateur*, Rev. Father MacDermott, will lecture at the Windsor Hall, Montreal, on St. Patrick's night. The subject of the address will be "The Literary Movement of the Century." Any one who loves a pure, original literary treat, should not fail to hear Father MacDermott.

THE London Universe, of recent date, says: "We expect a great success for the next volume of the New Library of Ireland, which is to be a more modern 'Spirit of the Nation,' edited by the patriot veteran, Martin MacDermott. There will be some fresh and beautiful poems in the book." Like the dear friend, who called our attention to this remark, we were under the impression that Martin MacDermott had long since joined the ranks of the departed. But we are rejoiced to learn that the author of "The Exiles" and "The Coolun" still lives to enrich the literature of Ireland, even as he has already done in the days of his youth. We are anxious to see this new

volume; we hope to have our dreams realized; to dwell again with the revived "Spirit of the Nation" is something to be anticipated with feelings of indescribable fervor. Times numberless, when pouring over MacDermott's sweetly patriotic and nobly-loving poems, have we felt the unbidden tear trickle down the cheek as we repeated—for we supposed him dead—those lines from his own exquisite and touching "Coolun":—

"Heaven bless thee, Old Bard, in whose bosom was nursed,
Emotions that into such melody burst!
Be thy grave ever green!—may the softest of showers
And the brightest of beams nurse its grass and its flowers;
Oh, oh, be it moist with teardrops of love;
and may angels watch round thee, forever above!
Old bard of the Coolun,
The beautiful Coolun,
That's sobbing like Eire, with sorrow and Love!"

It is like a soothing story recalling happier days, scenes that are vanished and friends that are gone, to hear that Martin MacDermott is still in the land of the living and still wielding his glorious Celtic pen. May he add some new poem of his own to the "Spirit of the Nation;" his was a poetic soul that could lose none of its fire and tenderness, even with age. At twenty-four he was "An old, old man;" to-day he is surely "A young, young man," for he beholds the visions and hopes of youth flashing upon the scene around him.

"CELT VS. SAXON, OR, IRISH HONOR VINDICATED," is the title of a domestic drama, in four acts, specially written for the St. Ann's Y. M. S. by Mr. James Martin—a member of the society. In one of our coming issues we will comment more fully upon this brilliant addition to our Canadian literature. Suffice for the present to say that the author has far surpassed any of his former efforts, and there are numerous points of excellence in this new work deserving of careful analysis and of the highest praise.

IT CERTAINLY speaks volumes for the popularity of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry that on last Friday night crowds of eager citizens should collect at Nordheimer's door and stand there until Saturday morning, awaiting a chance to secure tickets for this week's performances. But it decidedly does not prove very much concerning the common sense of people who would spend such a night as last Friday out on St. James street, packed like sardines, against a store door. The cuffs, collars, pieces of coats and caps that were found in and around the store, gave evidence of a pretty rough time during the twelve cold hours that the ticket seekers wrestled for places and fought for room. A portion of our city must have been struck with a species of histriomania—if there be such a term. There is such a thing as going to extremes; while the thermometer was in one extreme these people's stage fever must have been in an opposite one otherwise they would have frozen. Truly it is a strange world.