

THE RUSSIAN JEWS.

Famine and cholera are still carrying off thousands of victims in Russia; and to add to the horrors, of life, in the land of the autocratic Bear, a fearful persecution continues against the unfortunate Jews in that barbaric land. Why Jews should be subjected to in-human treatment simply because they do not believe in the Messiah having come, we fail to comprehend; why they should be made suffer untold injustice at all is something, that seems to us, so alien to the spirit of Christianity and so at variance with the common dictates of human nature, that only a power scarcely better than the brute creation could sanction its execution. But some day or other we may look forward to a gigantic revolution in that land of slaves and tyrants. The volcano may appear extinct, but it only smoulders; and whenever it does burst forth, the world may expect to feel the effects of the convulsion in its quarter.

DeQuincey, the "Opium Eater," tells, in his own inimitable style, the story of a Russian event that occurred about one hundred ago. He calls it the "Flight of a Tartar Tribe," and he pictures, in his graphic and weird phrases, the tortures, persecutions, miseries of that people. Once they came from China, and established themselves on the banks of the Volga. After one hundred years in the land of the stranger, the descendants of that tribe, to the number of six hundred thousand, arose one night and fled back to the home of their forefathers. Desolation behind them, privation and death around them, and uncertainty ahead, they travelled from the middle of January until the end of September. Pursued, harassed by the Tartars and Cossacks, frozen upon the bleak stoppes in the winter months, scorched upon the arid sands in the summer, they left a well-defined track of bones—the remains of camels, horses, men, women and children—extending in an unbroken chain, from the shores of the Volga to the banks of the Ely beneath the shadow of the Chinese wall. That author tells us that the *Anabasis* and *Katabasis* of Napoleon, from the Rhine to Moscow, and back from the ruins of the Kremlin to the Russian frontier, the retreat of the "Ten Thousand," which Xenophon so forcibly describes, and the "Exit of Israel from the house of bondage," followed by the forty years in the desert of Sin, were as nothing compared to the "Flight of the Tartar Tribe."

De Quincey may have drawn somewhat upon his vivid imagination, and we think he has done so, for the only data upon which to base his story seems to be a gigantic monument, just outside the China wall, on the shores of the Ely, which tells the tale of the return and the persecutions of the tribe in question. But whether he exaggerates or not, one thing is certain, that the most harrowing pictures drawn by De Quincey could not be too trilling if applied to the state of the Jews in Russia to-day. We can form no idea of their helplessness and misery. And we would not be astonished if some day the children of the Hebrew race, combining with others as unhappy as themselves, would rise in their united strength and fly from the "land of bondage and the barbarous people." Patience must finally become exhausted and there is a point at which human nature can resist no longer. When such social volcanic upheavals take place they destroy everything. Even as the lavas of Vesuvius have destroyed the glories of fair cities, and a broken column tells to-day of Pompeii, a shattered mosaic speaks of Herculanium, so will it be should the Vesuvian fires of revolt flash up from the great yawning crater of the

Russian social structure. Beneath the debris, the antiquarian of the future may discover the ruined columns of autocratic power and the scattered relics of barbaric government.

But it is in vain for us to plead or to argue. The united voices of all the Western European and American press could never penetrate beyond the walls of the Winter palace, and even were an echo of their protests to fall upon the ear of the Czar it would serve more to harden his heart than to subdue it. Mercy and even Justice, as we know these two spirits, cannot approach within twenty-five Russian *versets* of St. Petersburg; they are kept at bay, and are driven back over the Baltic by "the iron-voiced monsters" that look down upon the outer world from Cronstadt's gray walls.

We see for Jew and Gentile, for Christian and Pagan—we mean in Russia—but one hope. It may sound strange to many, but we feel confident of what we say: the only hope of an amelioration of the unhappy condition of these unfortunate people is the Pope of Rome, the great arbiter of the nations, the sincere and potent friend of the people, the soul of justice and the advocate of universal freedom, Leo XIII. Seated upon the ruins of the autocratic power of the Cæsars, issuing his mandates from the down fallen palaces of barbaric despotism, the Vicar of Christ is looked upon by the nations of the world as the only individual upon earth possessing the power, the tact, the will and the devotedness to intervene on behalf of human liberty, of general emancipation, of universal peace, and consequently, unlimited individual happiness and national prosperity. His great genius and his holy influence can do more to soften the iron heart of Russian despotism, than could all the armies of the world in forcibly subduing that power into reason and humanity. There he sits to-day, "every knee bending and every eye blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another," his home might be a dungeon, his throne might be a shadow, his crown might be broken, still, even as His Master before Pilate, in his suffering and sorrow, he is a king, a ruler, and a judge more potent than any of earth, and is the hope, the consolation and the father of the human race.

Dr. McGlynn Reconciled to the Church.

The Rev. Edward McGlynn, D. D., has been reconciled to the Church.

The Pilot was informed about a fortnight ago that the question of his reconciliation was before Mgr. Satolli. Rumors of all sorts have been rife; but finally, on the night of the 23d inst., Mgr. Satolli authorized the publication of the following statement:—

"To end the many contradictory telegrams sent out to the University for inquiry, it is thought expedient to state that, at 9 o'clock p. m., Dr. McGlynn was declared free from ecclesiastical censures and restored to the exercise of his priestly functions, after having satisfied the Pope's legate on all the points in his case."

Archbishop Corrigan, promptly interviewed on the event, expressed great pleasure. He gave out this statement:—

"The Archbishop has learned with great pleasure the good news published in this morning's papers of the return of Dr. McGlynn to the communion of the Church. At the proper time he will not fail to express to the Most Reverend Delegate Apostolic his thankfulness for the good offices His Excellency has rendered in the premises."

The conditions with which Dr. McGlynn complied before the removal of the censures are stated to have been these:—

First, he gave testimony that he harbored no doctrine contrary to the Church's teaching. Second, he expressed regret that he should at any time have manifested a spirit of insubordination. Third, he promised that at

no future time would he take a course in opposition to that of an ecclesiastical superior.

Dr. McGlynn celebrated privately the three Masses permitted to every priest on Christmas morning in the Chapel of St. John's College, Brooklyn.

On Christmas evening, Dr. McGlynn addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society in Cooper Union. Over 2,000 people were present, including many of his old parishioners from St. Stephen's.

He spoke for some time on the event which has just taken place in his life, and then proceeded with his lecture on "The Significance of Christmas." After the lecture Dr. McGlynn said: "I wish to add that I will address you again next Sunday night in this hall on a subject to be decided upon hereafter. I wish you all good-night and a merry Christmas!"

Mgr. Satolli made through the New York Herald, the following statement, under date of Dec. 25:—

"Mgr. Satolli is gratified by the universal expression of joy with which the restoration of Dr. McGlynn has been received in New York and throughout the country. However, he deplors that some one in a New York paper has seen fit to cull and serve up to Christmas readers certain unguarded expressions of Dr. McGlynn spoken during the years of his excommunication. This proceeding on the day of peace to men of good-will—on this day of the Doctor's first Mass after the estrangement of years—is neither Christian nor gentlemanly."

"The Doctor has been absolved; the past is forgiven and should be forgotten. To recall it is cruelty to him and disrespect to the authority that knows and has done what was necessary before absolving him."—*Boston Pilot*.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Brother Madull Henry.

It is our sad duty this week to record the death of a noble soldier in the ranks of the Church Militant, one whose life, though short, has been a continued rosary of sacrifices and virtues. At the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers, Hochelaga, on Wednesday, the 28th December, the "Feast of the Holy Innocents," Michael, son of Robert Frewen, of the Glen of Aberlow, County of Tipperary, Ireland, passed from earth to his eternal reward. The deceased, in religion Brother Madull Henry, had just reached his 24th year. He came to Canada in company with his widely known and universally esteemed cousin, Rev. Brother Arnold, in 1883. Having had the benefit of an excellent training and education in the world-renowned National Schools of Ireland, he at once entered the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers, on his arrival in Montreal, and after passing through that institution with honor to himself and satisfaction to his Superiors, he entered the teaching field, under the direction of his Reverend cousin, Brother Arnold, of St. Ann's School. He remained for two years and six months, in all the vigor of manhood, teaching and assisting in that splendid Irish Catholic school, when suddenly and unexpectedly he was summoned from the field to which he had devoted his young and spotless life, to that bourne from which no traveller returns. His funeral, which was largely attended, by loving friends and a large concourse of his religious *confreres*, took place, Friday, December 30th, from the Mother house, Hochelaga, the scene of his death, to the Christian Brothers' place of interment, Cote des Neiges cemetery. There in the humble but glorious quarter of that city of the dead, where repose the ashes of many a generous one whose days on earth are over, but whose departure from this "valley of sorrow" was but the transition to the deathless home of God's Beatitude, he sleeps his last sleep. He died on the "Feast of the Holy Innocents," and his spirit fled to join theirs in the mansions above. His holy and pious life, one of great sacrifice and great merit, requires no vain eulogy at the hands of less worthy mortals, but deserves and has certainly won the crown that "from all time" has been suspended in heaven awaiting his arrival. Amongst his friends and *confreres* he was often compared to the young and glorious St. Aloysius. He was the object of the universal love of all who were near to him in life, and his virtues challenged the unstinted admiration of all who knew of his meritorious career. He was the youngest, and, like Benjamin, the

beloved son of his devoted parents. When the voice of heaven called him to a religious life, they allowed their faith to conquer their worldly feelings, and without a murmur, yet with many a natural pang, gave him to God. In extending to them and to good Brother Arnold our heartfelt sympathy, we can but add the consoling reminder that since they freely give the dear, dead one to the Almighty, that all-wise Providence has accepted the gift, and has taken him, from all the worry of life, to the great and glorious peace that knows no ending. Like the presentiment expressed by that other great and noble member of the same order—Gerald Griffin—he found that "His lamp should quench suddenly," and that the "fall of Death" was at "his ear," even as life's sun was in the ascendant. But we are reminded, in presence of such a happy and consoling death, of the lines of that other Irish Catholic poet, poor McGee:

"Naught can avail him now but prayer,
Miserere Domine!"

[We ask the Tipperary *Nationalist* and the *Commel Chronicle* to kindly reproduce these few lines of tribute to the memory of a gifted and holy youth.—Ed. T. W.]

Mr. Michael Carey.

It is our painful duty, this week, to record the death of the late Mr. Michael Carey, who departed this life at his residence in the parish of St. Pudentienne, County of Shefford, on the 23rd of December last. The deceased was a native of the County of Waterford, Ireland, and was in the eightieth year of his age. He emigrated to Canada in 1848, and, two years later, settled in Shefford. There he made a most comfortable home for himself and family. He died respected and beloved by all who were his friends and relatives, and left his surviving family a good name and fond memory to cherish. My his soul rest in peace.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—In the course of over sixty years reading, I have never read anything, coming from a man with the pretensions and position of a gentleman and clergyman, more vituperative, more insulting, or possessing so much of the low bigotry and intolerance of the dissenting churches, as the four column diatribe from Doctor Douglas, as appears in the *Montreal Witness* of 24th ult., against Sir John Thompson. If that report be a correct one, the Doctor must have lashed himself into a terrible tempest of anger and hatred against a fellow-Christian man, because, forsooth, that man happens to be a Catholic.

Sir John Thompson became a Catholic from conviction (and according to the code of honor, every man's convictions should be respected), and from no other reason, as many scholars, divines and noble men have done before him, and are doing every day. It is time such bigotry and falsehood should be stamped out, and those who busy themselves in sowing discord should be frowned down. The day is gone when Catholics had to submit to such crude insolence for the sake of peace, and no doubt we are often attacked (as in this case) when the writer calculates on impunity. It is cowardly this striking under the belt, and attacking a man who, from his high position, cannot defend himself; but I hope he has friends enough in this broad Dominion of ours to castigate, with the pen, this defamer, and teach him and all his ilk a lesson to guide them in the future.

Search the land and you'll not find a church of England clergyman to be guilty of such mean and unchristian conduct. They are gentlemen and respect their high position as clergymen too much to forget their Christian duty. Doctor Douglas' object in this attack is to waken up that hydra-headed monster bigotry, that he thought was of late too long sleeping, and the long pole had to be brought into requisition. It is a pity to have disturbed the monster, for we had peace while he slept, and it would be far better let him sleep on to death, and die out of sight for ever; and then man could meet man in the bond of unity and peace, no matter at what altar he may kneel.

This bigotry is a fearful plague on the land; it puts man against man; "it has no head and cannot think, it has no heart and cannot feel, and its decalogue is written in the blood of its victims"—Sober and