

**THE TRUE WITNESS**  
**AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.**

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WEDNESDAY.....MAY 25, 1892

**THE ASCENSION.**

Three mountains rear their historic heads above the plains of the Holy Land, Tabor, Calvary and Olivet: three acts in the life of Christ tower conspicuously before the gaze of believing generations, the Transfiguration, the Crucifixion, and the Ascension. The scene in Bethlehem, and the mighty event of the Resurrection, are like the termini, at either extremity of that wonderful life of thirty-three years; but the other three scenes, enacted upon the summits of mountains, are surrounded with a special awe-inspiring grandeur. On Tabor, in presence of His faithful friends, the Son of God became radiant in the glory of His transfigured Body; on Calvary, in presence of His enemies, His friends, His persecutors, His followers, His disciples, His mother, the Son of God bowed down His head, gave up the ghost, and consummated the redemption of man, by the unsolved mystery of a Divinity suffering a human death: on Olivet, in presence of His apostles, His envoys, His Church, the Son of God left the earth and ascended bodily into Heaven, to open its portals for those He had redeemed upon the Cross, and to prepare their crowns and thrones for all who were, are or ever will be, unto the end of time, faithful to His teachings and to the precepts He has left them.

Mount Olivet is half way between Bethania and Jerusalem. Before the ascension Christ went to Bethania, where Martha and Mary resided with their brother Lazarus, whom He had raised from the dead. It is probable that he went to Bethania to visit those dear friends and to bring them to Olivet that, with the Apostles, they might behold His glorious ascension. Had Christ ascended into Heaven immediately after the Resurrection there might have been grave doubts amongst His own followers, as well as amongst His enemies, as to whether He really arose from the dead, or whether His disappearance were not a cleverly arranged scheme. But during forty days He travelled about the scenes in which His presence was familiar during His life-time; He appeared at different intervals and in many localities to divers persons; He talked with and instructed His disciples; He frequented the streets of the cities and the fastnesses of the mountains; He came and went—not as a man, but as a Divinity endowed with ubiquity and passibility.

That glorious Thursday at last came—to-morrow will be its anniversary—when collecting His followers and friends He proceeded to the top of that storied hill, and there, in the presence of the world, He bade them all adieu, promised them to be forever (invisibly) with them, and that He would send them the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, who would bring them wisdom and strength: then, as if lifted by an unseen power, He slowly ascended into the empyrean, disappeared gradually in the blue vault above, and entered the Kingdom that "is not of this world," the "Mansions of the Father," the "Celestial Jerusalem," the land that can be seen only by the eye of Faith. His visible presence no longer required on earth, His mission of redemption fulfilled, His church established upon a rock that the powers of hell can never undermine, Christ left to St. Peter the care of His "lambs and sheep," the charge of the "Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven," the great and wonderful office of visible head, on earth, of His Spouse.

It was, therefore, upon Ascension Day that the career of the Catholic Church commenced. Up to that point Christ had been on earth in person; He directed, instructed, guided; but from that hour the bark of Peter was left to the mercy of the billows that were surging upon the vast ocean of the future, with no other visible pilot than the Chief of the Apostles and no other chart than that of a simple and sublime Faith traced in lines too distinct to be mistaken. As the years rolled into centuries, on each recurring anniversary of that great event, the successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Christ upon earth must have pondered over the extraordinary responsibility that lay upon his shoulders. There were times when it would almost seem as if the shoals and quicksands were too numerous and that the Fisherman's hand could never guide the bark safely through the narrows; but again, Christ had sent, according to promise, the Holy Spirit, and, according to promise, He was ever with His Church, and "the gates of hell could not prevail against her."

In this year of Our Lord, 1892, the Sovereign Pontiff, the successor of St. Peter, Leo XIII., sees numberless breakers that threaten the Ship of Faith, and he calls upon the Catholic world to pray that he may have the happiness of triumphing over all the dangers that surround him and his vessel. Let us, then, upon this holy feast of the Ascension, go up in spirit to Mount Olivet, and there, while watching with the Apostles the triumphant departure of the Saviour from earth, beg of Him to leave to His representative all the choicest blessings, the gifts of strength, wisdom, courage, and perseverance; that while he is heroically doing battle with the enemies of Faith, he may be assured of a final triumph in the struggle, and a long interval of peace on earth, before following the Divine Master to the peace that is eternal!

**TOM MOORE.**

On the 28th May, 1779, in Aungier street, Dublin, was born, of Catholic parents, a child destined for fame, one day to become, "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own"—Thomas Moore. Consequently next Saturday will be the hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the birth of Ireland's immortal bard. It is meet that we should call attention to the event and pay an humble tribute to the memory of the one who did more than any other single individual to awaken a sympathy for Ireland in the breast of the stranger.

The story of Moore's life can be found in every edition of his poems, and the eulogies are countless; there is scarcely an Irish child that has ever attended an elementary school, but knows the principal details of Moore's career. However, it may not be out of place to briefly refer to them here.

At the age of fourteen, Tom Moore wrote verse; and it was of an order sufficiently high to secure for it a welcome place in a Dublin Magazine called the *Anthologia Hibernica*. He received his early instruction from a Mr. Samuel Whyte, who had taught Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Moore completed his studies in the Dublin University. While there he learned Italian from a priest and French from an *emigre*. In 1799 he left Ireland, went to London with his fortune—a very slim one indeed, for it consisted of a few pounds and his "Odes to Anacreon." Lord Moira befriended him and, with some encouragement from his patron, he faced the world with a volume in 1801. This first publication was under the name of "Thomas Little."

In 1803 the poet obtained a position of Registrar of the Court of Admiralty, at Bermuda. He did not long hold the position; it was uncongenial. He travelled all over America and returned to England. In 1806 he published his "Odes and Epistles." Jeffrey criticised this volume very severely in the Edinburgh Review. The result was that he and Moore met and fought a bloodless duel. This event was the means of establishing an acquaintanceship, which developed into a deep friendship, between Moore and Lord Byron. In his famous satire "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," Byron refers to this event. In 1807 Moore published his Irish melodies; Sir J. Stevenson arranged the music; to this enterprise Ireland's poet owes almost all his undying fame.

In 1811 he married Miss Bessie Dykes, an accomplished actress. In 1817 he wrote his grand oriental tale of "Lalla Rookh." Moore had three children, all of whom died before himself. During the latter part of his eventful life he suffered from a slight mental infirmity and the constant devotion, fidelity and unremitting care of his noble wife made his last years comparatively happy. At the age of seventy three years he died. His death took place at Sloperon Cottage in February 1852.

Such is a brief and hurried sketch of the immortal Irish Bard, Tom Moore. Needless to speak of his matchless songs, his undying melodies, his inimitable odes, his wonderful oriental poetry. Each of our readers is as familiar as we are with these gems of thought and masterpieces of verse. His songs form a garland plucked from Wicklow to Bermuda. He sang not only of his native land, of her fern-clad hills and verdant vales; but his song, like the spirit of the good, went into every clime, touched the heart of every race, until the woes and wrongs of Erin were heard upon distant shores and until the tyrant himself would "Pause at the song of his captive, and weep." He sang the exile's lament as he rambled along the banks of the Schuykill; he sang of the "Ottawa's tide," and the echo of his chant yet lingers by the rapid at St. Ann's; with his wizard-muse he awoke the slumbering peacefulness of Cashmere valleys, he brought tears to the eyes of the "Araby's daughter," and he made the orient birds warble anew in the "Bower of sweet roses by Bendameer's stream."

He did more than any other man to draw the attention of the world to the music and literature of Ireland. He invaded with his songs, the salons of London and he forced the hard-hearted aristocracy to hear the lament of Erin, and to join in the melodies that told a tale of sorrow, of persecution, of misery, then of hope, of courage, of future greatness.

With the magic wand of his irresistible chant he knocked at the doors that were closed against the most eloquent appeals for mercy and justice, and as if by miracle, those portals flew open and the advocate of Ireland was admitted into the most reserved circles of her bitterest enemies. If "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," Moore's music had power to conquer the barbarous instincts of his country's oppressors.

Ireland owes him an eternal debt of gratitude! May the garland of his songs ever crown his name with immortality, and may his gem-like melodies glitter forever in the diadem of his fame!

**"THE STABAT MATER."**

The Catholic Times tells us that at the Easter vestry meeting in Manchester Cathedral there has been a discussion about alleged ritual irregularities in the mother church of the Anglican diocese. "There was the usual complaint of lighted candles in broad day light, and the usual hair-splitting as to whether they were introduced simply for the purpose of giving light, or as an accessory of the service itself. If they were utilitarian they would be legal, but if not—well, they were 'Popish' and contrary to law." After several other discussions there arose a question that will surprise many an Anglican and all lovers of music. "Violent objection," says the same report, "was made to the performance of Rossini's masterpiece, the 'Stabat Mater.' A Mr. T. Smelt characterized it as 'a disgraceful thing' and 'an idolatrous service.' Dean Maclure beat a judicious, but hardly heroic retreat before the evangelical assault. He sought to reduce the enormity of the offence by explaining that it was performed 'more as a piece of music than with a view to any idea that the words would make the smallest impression, in their particular shape, upon the persons who heard them!' In his view church music is simply a means of amusing the congregation and not of exciting or elevating their religious aspirations. A concert held in the church instead of the music hall!"

So the Dean of Manchester had to bow down before the bigotry of Mr. Smelt. The dictionary tells us, after the word "smelt," that it means to "melt ore." Hard as the Dean's composition might be it seems that the power of his over-heated co-religionist reduced all his adamant nature to liquid, and that it ran off into another and very different mould. Again we find, elsewhere, that "a smelt is a peculiar fish;" and surely the definition not only applies to this unpoetic, unsympathetic, unmusical, unreasonable creature, but also to the whole vestry that supported him. Does it not seem strange to find a Christian minister—a priest, as he is called, of the church—telling the world that on Good Friday, the commemorative day of the solemn tragedy of Cavalry, no interest should be taken in the meaning of the words which describe the Passion of Christ and picture the agonies of His mother as she gazed upon that awful scene? The Dean—influenced of course by a fire-brand, peculiar fish—sees no harm in turning a Christian Cathedral into a Music Hall for the amusement of his congregation; but he would never have it, for a moment, thought that he could possibly attach any importance or meaning to one of the most exquisite poems ever penned by man, one of the most graphic pictures of that great event upon Golgotha, one of the most perfect expressions of a Mother's agony under the gibbet, where hung, for man's redemption, Her Divine Son. Oh! that appeal in the second stanza; how it should go to the heart of the most hardened!

"Quis est homo qui non feret,  
Suetum Matrem si videret,  
Dum pendebat Filium?"

Who is the man that would not be moved to tears were he to have seen that Blessed Mother, standing under the shadow of the Cross, while Her Son hanging suspended between the heavens and the earth, dying in all the agonies of human torture, and breathing forth all the might of superhuman love? We had often reflected upon that verse, and surely we never thought that the man ever lived whose sentiments were so chill and whose heart was so callous, that he could not admire, at least, the human composition of that poem, even were he not to believe in the celestial attributes of the one who bore the Saviour, who followed Him from cradle to grave, and who watched over His last supreme act of Love. But such a man, we are sorry to say, does exist, and he is no other than Mr. Smelt of Manchester. God help the poor Dean who is under the lash of such a bigot, for he will certainly wield it with all the brutality of a slave-driver. However, there is a great consolation in the knowledge that Mr. Smelt will be "melted ore" in a few years: he will have liquified in his own heat of fanaticism, and his component parts will have flowed into the reservoir of oblivion; he will be Smelt no more, while Rossini's masterpiece will live as long as "music hath charms," and the "Stabat Mater" will be sung and appreciated by tender, generous and noble souls, until the end of Time.

**OUR SCHOOLS.**

We have a few plain words to say this week about certain phases of the school question, in as far as the English-speaking Catholic schools are concerned. Not long ago we had two Commissioners on the Board; but those who were recently in authority saw fit to remove Mr. Monk, an energetic and pains-taking member of that body, and to replace him by one of the nationality of the majority. Although we have only one representative remaining, still we do not think it useless to address the members of the Board in the interests of our English-speaking Catholic children; moreover, it is our duty to do so.

Two great bodies have been set in commotion by the recently raised question of increased taxation—the Protestants and the French-Canadians. We desire, under the present circumstances, to ask our Catholic School Commissioners a simple question: when are provisions going to be made for the adequate accommodation of our English-speaking Catholic children? We will take one example, this week, and ask that all concerned may pay special attention to it.

In the East End of this city we find the Protestant element making heroic exertions to provide proper school-accommodations for their youth. Scarcely more numerous than the Irish Catholics, in St. Mary's and St. Bridget's parishes, the Protestants have succeeded in erecting a magnificent building on St. Catherine street, East, and have styled it the "Landsdowne School"; it is a real monument to their perseverance and energy. The old Panet street school still stands to tell the story of their progress.

In that section there are good accommodations for the Catholic young girls; but for the boys the case is different. It will be urged that the Irish Catholic, or to speak more broadly, the English-speaking Catholic boys have classes in the French school. It is true: with one professor for every fifty or sixty children. How can any one man properly attend to the elementary instruction of such a number? And to-day, for love or money, they could not get another class room, as the buildings are already too full. Go down there and talk to a child of ten or fifteen years of age, and unless you are told his name and nationality, you would suppose, by his accent and language, that he was a French-Canadian child, attempting, in broken English, to tell you his story. A parish is not a parish unless it has its own school, and the English, (or Irish if you like) parish in the East End has no school.

Where then do some of the children get the rudiments that they have? For there are some that are properly drilled in their mother tongue. These children put their crust of bread and piece of cheese in their bag for a lunch and in the morning, at an hour when other children are only awakening from slumber, they are off on the road to their distant school. Some go to St. Ann's parish out near the Point, others to the Cathedral school, others up to Mount St. Louis; all over the city, they are scattered. This is the true state of the case. Now, we ask, why cannot these children have a school at home, wherein they may receive a proper elementary training and be taught, at least, their mother tongue? It is the duty of our Catholic representatives on the School Board to see to this, and we trust they will not neglect to take this hint and to seriously look into the question. Next week we shall have a word to say to the parents about the constant attendance of children at school.

**THE RELIGIOUS CENSUS.**

Census bulletin, number nine, dealing with the different religions has been issued by the Department of Agriculture. The increase of population accounted for in the increase of religious denominations is 475,701. Of this increase the Roman Catholics have 198,488; the Methodists, 104,488; the Presbyterians, 79,034; the Church of England, 66,692; the Lutherans, 17,629; the Baptists, 7,224; and all others 2,151. In the Province of Quebec the Catholic Church has increased by 121,251; the Anglicans by 6,118; the Presbyterians by 2,314 and the Methodists by 517. Nova Scotia shows an excess growth of Catholics, as indeed do the other Eastern provinces. The Episcopal Church has decreased in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island; but has slightly augmented in British Columbia. The Presbyterians have lost in the Eastern provinces; but have gained in Manitoba. The Methodists have increased in Ontario. The present percentages of religious stand: Roman Catholics, 43.17; Methodists, 17.90; Presbyterians, 14.98; Anglicans, 13; Baptists, 6.92; and all others 4.63.

By this census we find that the Catholics of the Dominion number, this year, two millions. The above figures taken from the report of the Department of Agriculture, speak for themselves. We have every reason, in this fair Province of Quebec, to congratulate ourselves upon the standing of the Church, in point of numbers and in every other respect. The members of our communion have augmented by the eighth of a million, and the Church is flourishing in all parts of Quebec. New dioceses are being

erected, fresh bishoprics established, coadjutors appointed, priests ordained, churches built, educational establishments increased, missions given, conversions made and endless marks of God's pleasure are daily being made manifest in our midst. It is, therefore, our duty to return thanks to heaven for all the blessings sent, to the Holy Father for the paternal interest that he ever exhibits towards us, and to our prelates and clergy for their unremitting exertions in the sacred cause of the Faith and of our souls.

**CANADIANS OF THE FUTURE.**

A correspondent, writing in Le Canadien, of the 14th instant, and whose remarks are editorially approved by that organ, makes use of the following very strange language: "The public is stirring. Having spoken by the voice of the press it is told that, through national pride, it must suffer in silence and in shadow the scourge that is scattering our population. No, gentlemen, a people is not thus wiped out, nor does it thus die. There are the death-agony struggles, and they are terrible, because they are moved by despair and vengeance. Spare that Canada, which you have a mission to guide to grand destinies, those agonies. You turn away your attention from our French Canadians that are driven by misery and hunger from the country, to receive and encourage English, Scotch and Irish immigrants. The children of the soil are replaced by strangers who will yet become the Canadians of the future."

What is the matter with Le Canadien itself? Who ever before heard of such ravings, except perhaps in Bedlam? One would imagine that there was an exodus of native Canadians like that of the Israelites out of the land of Egypt, or like the flight of the Tartar tribes across the steppes into China. Strange to say we cannot all see that fearful disappearance of our fellow-countrymen of French origin. We are pretty familiar with the whole Province of Quebec, and neither in city, village, nor country are we aware of any awful misery, nor of great hunger. In fact it would go ill with the one who would dare to tell our people, even in the poorest districts, that they are famine-stricken and miserable. But this genius of a correspondent takes alarm at the increased immigration of English, Scotch and Irish. Now this is very illogical; if the country is in such a poverty-stricken state that its "children of the soil" have to "fold their tents, like the Arabs, and silently steal away," it is a poor encouragement to strangers to cross the Atlantic, leaving homes and friends, to make their future here. If the French-Canadians, who were born and brought up in this country, who know the climate and the requirements of the people, were obliged to fly from the skeleton of hunger or the phantom of misery, how, in the name of common sense, are foreigners, complete strangers, going to face the horrors of a Canadian life? Such talk is all mere bald-rdash!

The peculiarly constructed mind of Le Canadien's friend conceives a future when these immigrants, of to-day, will be Canadians. There is no doubt of it. There is scarcely a Canadian of to-day who is not either a recent immigrant or is the descendant of immigrants. Two hundred and fifty years ago Sieur de Maisonneuve landed in Montreal—or rather in the Indian village of Hochelega—and laid the foundations of what to-day is the commercial metropolis of Canada. Since his day unnumbered sails swelled to the breezes that fly over St. Lawrence, and countless French, English, Scotch and Irish immigrants set foot upon our soil. Once here they went to work and helped to build up a country, and they, or their children, became the Canadian people. And so will it go on until the end of time. There is room for all; room for millions of immigrants; room on our vast plains for all the superfluous population of congested Europe; room for men, and good naten, of every nationality. Let them come, and before long the identity of their European divisions will be absorbed in a great Canadian nationhood. As streams blend in the sea, so shall the currents of immigration be united in the ocean of a Canadian nationality. Famine does not haunt our land; it is a libel on Canada to say so. We have no extreme wealth, nor have we any extreme poverty. The just medium of contentment, plenty and happiness is ours. If some people go forth from our country by one door just as many return to it by another one.

There is no benefit to be gained by such narrow-minded and prejudiced writings. Our spirit should be as broad as our prairies; our liberality as vast as our inland seas; our ideas of the future as lofty as the peaks of our Rockies; our union as perfect and our harmony of nationalities as confluent as our endless rivers. The Canadians of the future will be just what the Canadians of to-day are, a loyal, cosmopolitan, and faithful race, walking shoulder to shoulder along the highway of our country's boundless prospects.

**A SUMMER SCHOOL.**

It is not improbable that we may have a Catholic summer school, after the famous Chautauque plan, some place amongst the Thousand Islands. A movement has been set on foot in New York and already are there delegates, from the Catholic Educational Union, visiting the different points of interest in the St. Lawrence. On the 11th and 12th of this month a preliminary meeting of priests and lay people was held in New York city, under the presidency of Rev. Father Sheedy, at which the programme was explained and immediate action taken. We clip the following, which explains the objects of the undertaking from a report in the Boston Pilot.

"Father Sheedy sketched the plan, which was to establish at some pleasant place a school which should combine the features of instruction and recreation. If possible it was desired that the plan be put into operation this year.

The work of preparing a scheme of organization was left to a committee of Ave. They reported a provisional constitution, which declares the object of the assembly to be "to foster intellectual culture in harmony with true Christian faith, by means of lectures and special courses, of university extension lines, in literature, science and art, conducted by competent instructors while at the same time combining healthful recreation and profitable entertainment." This constitution was adopted. The real organization of the society, however, will be at the first assembly this summer.

A literary committee and committees on ways and means, permanent organization and courses were appointed and went at once to work. In the afternoon most of the time was spent in discussing their suggestions, which advanced the society far on the way to actual operation.

One of the questions which aroused interest was about the location of the summer school. The comparative merits of Lake George, Marquette, Mich.; the Thousand Islands, Lookout Mountain, the Catskills and other places were long discussed.

Final decision on this point was left to a committee, from whom an invitation from Dr. Webb to visit the available points on the St. Lawrence and vicinity was received. The Central was accepted. Dr. Webb offers the society a tract of land in the North Woods, and General Folger submitted a proposition to sell a piece on the St. Lawrence.

We hope sincerely that some one of the Thousand Islands will be chosen as the spot for this summer school. It would be a connecting link between Canada and the United States; a neutral ground, so to speak, whereon the youth of both countries could meet for the laudable purpose of emulating each other in the universal struggle for knowledge; a real intellectual "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

**VERY UNGENEROUS.**

The Daily Witness of Saturday reproduced the following from the New York Mail and Express. The tone and spirit of the would-be witty, but decidedly vulgar, comments harmonize with the sentiments of our Montreal contemporary; yet, while the Witness reproduces with pleasure and circulates with joy aught that the New York Mail and Express can print of insult to the feelings of the great body of their Catholic fellow-citizens, still our friend across the way would probably not like to go so far on its own responsibility,—it might feel delicate about wantonly offending its neighbors. But to reproduce such things is considered altogether justifiable and proper:—

"They took the humerus of St. Ann to Quebec last week. The priests at the little chapel of St. John the Baptist are counting over the \$10.00 that they have made by showing St. Ann's bone. It is said that His Worship the Mayor hastened his return from the West in order to join as superintendent, Murray and Co. (the 'Tom' Brennan) in their worship of the bone, but it was removed before he had an opportunity.

However, Tammany was well represented by Judge Morgan, O'Brien, or O'Grady, ex-Commissioner James S. Coleman, and scores of others. Archbishop Corrigan estimates the number to those who kissed the relic last week at 25,000. Even if one takes the statement with a grain of Episcopal salt, there is no doubt that the show has been a success.—New York Mail and Express, May 20."

Is not the one who circulates a calumny as guilty as the one who starts it? A man may belie another; what of the neighbor who repeats, reproduces, propagates the falsehood and then excuses himself by saying that he only said what he had heard from others? What of the one who, knowing that he was hurting the feelings of his fellow-citizen by circulating an insult that came originally from another source, and still pretends to be fair and just to the one cruelly injured?

We are not in the least surprised at anything Anti-Catholic that might appear in the New York Mail and Express. Such things are expected from that organ. It was so abusive of Catholics, so vile in its language, so vituperative in its style, and so frantic in its hatred, that recently thousands of Catholics and hundreds of others signed an agreement to ostracize that paper for all time; even more than that, thousands of New Yorkers signed a document promising not to have any commercial dealings with the firms or persons advertising in the Mail and Express. No Catholic could read its columns without finding a direct insult in every line: no self-respecting Protes-