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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the "True Witness" one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bias those who encourage this excellent work.

† PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1897

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The associations which cluster around New Year's Day are always both sad and joyful. Marking as it does the turning over of a new page in the book of time—being, as it were, a finger-post on the highway of life—its recurrence inevitably suggests a retrospective glance over the events of the year that has closed, that has gone to join the others in the irrevocable past. In the midst of the rejoicing with which the arrival of a new year is always greeted there will come to many hearts that mournful feeling which finds such touching and eloquent expression in the lines of the late laureate:—

O for the touch of a vanished hand!
And the sound of a voice that is still!

For many have been the loved ones, and the dear friends, and the valued acquaintances, and the men and women prominently associated with good works amongst us, who have passed away during the twelvemonth that has rolled by, and whom we shall never more see with mortal vision.

But if there have been losses there have also been gains. New ties have been made. New friendships have been formed, the ranks that have been thinned by the hand of death have been recruited. In English speaking Catholic circles in this city a new moment has arisen for the purpose of recovering the influence and the prestige which we have lost through the absence of unity and a definite aim, and also through apathy and carelessness in the past. Our people have at last awakened to the realities of the situation, and a spirit of determination and aggressiveness has been created. There is in the birth and growth of this new sentiment much to be thankful for; and we feel confident that in the year which has dawned upon us this sentiment will actualize itself in fruitful efforts and practical and enduring results. To those who have joined the movement, as well as to all of our readers, we cordially wish a Happy New Year.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE HOLY SEE.

Some newspapers seem to think that it is a new thing, and something that is wrong, for the Pope to protest against his treatment by Italy in withholding from him his temporal power. But neither the present Supreme Pontiff nor his saintly predecessor has ever ceased, on fitting occasions, to protest against the usurpation of the Italian Government of the States which belong of right to the Holy See, and without which the Holy See is deprived of the independence which the Holy Father has repeatedly declared to be necessary to the proper fulfilment of his Divine mission. Nor will the Pontiff cease to protest unless the temporal possessions stolen from the Church by the robber-king, Victor Emmanuel, have been given back to the Vicar of Christ, to whom they belong.

FATHER MARTIN CALLAGHAN'S JUBILEE.

The celebrations which have marked the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the sacerdotal life of the Rev. Martin Callaghan, S.S., of St. Patrick's Church, have been such as will long remain in the memory of those who took part in or witnessed them. Seldom have such heartfelt and spontaneous demonstrations, not merely of esteem but real affection, been offered to a pastor. That he should have endeared himself so much to the hearts of the past and present pupils of the schools of St. Patrick's parish speaks volumes for his kindness of disposition, his amiability of manner, and his zeal and services as a priest and as an educationist. At the risk of offending his modesty we have no hesitation in saying that "Father Martin," as the parishioners of St. Patrick's love to call him, after the style of their Hibernal progenitors, richly deserves all the

honors which have been showered upon him. None are so quick to perceive good and lovable qualities as are children; and in the numerous presentations from the children of the parish of which he has been the recipient we find indisputable proof of his rare virtues. With them we fervently say: *Ad multos annos!*

THE ST. GREGOIRE CASE.

That the Catholic School Commissioners of St. Gregoire le Thaumaturge would win their case against Mr. J. M. M. Duff, for the recovery of school taxes from him, was a foregone conclusion. It is hard to believe that anything else but stubbornness was at the bottom of his refusal to pay the taxes. If Mr. Duff objected to be assessed for the Catholic School Board the law provided remedies for him, of none of which he availed himself. The School law of this province is eminently just and fair. Under it Protestants have equal rights with Catholics. What more do they want? In some cases Catholics have to pay taxes to the Protestant Board, as the nuns at Verdun do; and they do so without grumbling, for they know that the rule cuts to both ways.

No proprietor need be taxed for schools against his will. If he objects to be so taxed, the first remedy is that provided by article 1888 of the Revised Statutes, namely, when the erection of a new municipality is applied for, any one who has property in the territory to be embraced by it and who does not desire to form part of the new municipality but wishes to join the dissident neighboring municipality may, within a month's delay, give notice of his intention. Mr. Duff did not do this. The next remedy is that provided by article 1993, namely, that at any time the proprietor of land, who belongs to the minority, may give notice of his desire to be attached to the neighboring dissident municipality. Mr. Duff failed to give the necessary notice. He preferred to dispense with the requisite legal procedure, and now he has been condemned to suffer for his headstrong conduct.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! May you be good.

ALL children seemingly unite in praise to Santa Claus in 1897.

RESOLUTIONS are now the order of the day.

No doubt you were good during this last year, be better during the coming year. There is always room for improvement.

DID you ever notice that after having visited half-a-dozen houses on New Year's Day the coffee doesn't have the same nice taste?

"THE play's the thing," said the Shakespearean hockey man as he gaily glided over the ice, and the spectators agreed with him.

AMONG distinguished personages, says an English exchange, who have recently been converted to Catholicity we perceive the names of Lady Auckland and Viscount Encombe, the youthful son of Lord Eldon, nephew to the celebrated law Lord.

ONE hundred or more men and boys were firing a Christmas salute from an old cannon in the outskirts of Nashville, N.C., on Christmas Day, when a can of thirty pounds of powder exploded in the centre of the crowd. Thirty or forty persons were injured, but none, it is believed, fatally.

It is a matter of regret that Rev. Father O'Neil, the able editor of the Rosary Magazine, should be compelled to withdraw from his labors on account of ill-health. His friends contemplate a European trip for the reverend writer as the best means of restoring his health.

An American referring to the pension lists says:—The able editors and smart critics who are just now so greatly excited over "pension frauds" and "veteran frauds" never ate hard tack on the picket line, and then lay down to sleep in mud and rain. Had it not been for these same "frauds" the critics might have to-day neither country nor flag.

"SYMPTOMATIC" is the term applied by the New York Sun to the report that Mr. Dillon's recent public repudiation of further alliance with the Liberals was paraphrased in an obscure corner of a certain English paper, while, at long ago, it would have received full and prominent notice in the first papers of the land. The Sun sees in the Dillon policy a prolonged tenure of power for the Tory party.

THE Catholic Standard and Times makes a tempting offer to subscribers, which all who desire to become the possessors of an exceptionally beautiful series of art illustrations will gladly embrace. The pictures include the

principal events in religious history, which are graphically and accurately depicted; many being reproductions of paintings unknown in England, and equally so in America. The Standard and Times is an up-to-date medium of Catholic news and an active defender and promoter of Catholic interests.

MR. JOSEPH J. BOPHY is at present canvassing the city to place before the Catholic public a collection of sermons by the Rev. John Talbot Smith on Lenten subjects and others proper to the principal feasts of the year, together with other books of interest and merit, by the same author. The sermons number forty, and being well printed and elegantly bound constitute a very valuable addition to our supply of Sunday literature.

THE rumor has been started, and in turn denied, by some English newspapers that Cardinal Vaughan was to be made a member of the House of Lords. His Eminence would make a very good member of the Gilded Chamber, where he would find himself in company with quite a number of Catholic peers. But why should a favor be extended to Cardinal Vaughan, of Westminster, which would be denied to Cardinal Logue, of Armagh, who has three times as many Catholics under his spiritual jurisdiction as his English brother?

MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P., in a speech delivered at a meeting of the National Federation, voiced the sentiments of Irishmen the world over when he said that if the present Government made concessions on the financial question; if they endowed a Catholic University, and he hoped they would; even if they established an agricultural board on broad democratic lines, which would receive his support and the support of his party, Ireland would remain poor, with a dwindling and decreasing population, unless they had the great question of self-government satisfactorily settled.

A NOTED Irish-American, of New York, who was nick-named "The Irish Baron," recently died; and thereupon the New York Sun and other papers published long lists of the dead man's faults and foibles, some of which may have been true, but several of which are evidently fictitious. How is it that Irishmen are nearly always singled out for such opprobrious treatment after they have gone to their eternal repose? But perhaps we should not complain. These journals appear to think that because a man is Irish he ought to be a saint. Probably they are right.

THE people of Paris are enjoying a new journalistic sensation. It is the appearance of a new political journal edited and written for exclusively by women. It is called *La Froude*, and has among its contributors the veteran Clémence Royer, the translator of Darwin; Madame Kergomard, sister of the Reclus and a government inspector of education; Séverine, who has always some humanitarian cause to defend with the emotional fireworks of her pen—and not Gyp. The latter precisely declined to enter into the combination, because she was refused permission to carry on a campaign against the Jews in the new paper.

THE Postal Note system, to come into operation after to-day, will be accepted as a substantial New Year's gift by the people of the Dominion. It will simplify the matter of small remittances and, as the prospectus writer would say, "will supply a want long felt." The amounts of orders will range from 20c. to \$5 in fifteen different denominations, which, in the estimation of some, is an undeniably large number. As it is to be presumed, however, that the issue promised has been already struck off, and is now ready for delivery, it is both too late and too soon to take exception to this matter. Time will tell how the system, in its present shape, will suit those for whom it was decided upon and those by whom it was adopted.

At last the Ontario Government has taken courage to discuss the timber question, as it affects not only the Province itself, but the entire Dominion. The provisions of the new Act are distinctly satisfactory but for one thing, and that is, that they will not become operative until next spring. The Government has announced its intention of compelling the manufacture in Ontario of all logs cut on Crown Lands within its domain. The delay in bringing it into operation will be taken advantage of by the Americans, who will do their utmost to cut and export a double quantity of lumber until the new law comes into force. One of the points the Commissioner of Crown Lands insisted upon was that the bill was not intended to be retaliatory in its object, but rather to have as its main end the preservation of Ontario pine.

A TRULY liberal-minded, enterprising and generous-souled clergyman, in a Western town, feeling that his congregation were tired of the humdrum monotonous character of his preaching and doctrines, and that they wanted change

and spiritual advancement, determined to throw his pulpit open to the editors of the daily press. Knowing the eminence on which the average editor stands, as a pulpitarian and theologian, one can readily appreciate the treat that is in store for this favored congregation—and how greatly this will be enhanced, should this learned and enterprising divine carry out his idea to its logical conclusion, and extend the preaching privileges of his church to the paragon, itemiser and reporter of the journalistic world. The fare these many-minded men would provide for their parishioner-guests would probably prove a holy hodge-podge that neither body or soul could digest.

A decidedly practical move has been made in the interest and largely owing to the influence of the Gaelic League, by the appointment of a "Professor of Irish" at St. Patrick's College, Drumcondra. It would seem as if there was a settled determination to boom the national tongue at the colleges and public schools, which is essentially a move in the right direction.

In our New York letter reference is made to a Child study Congress which is in session in New York. It is being held in the hall of the Paulist Fathers, and cannot be productive of much good. An exchange, in referring to the subject, says:—

"Boys are operating in many parts of the country, imitating the example of Captain Kidd. Mr. Lafitte, Mr. Richard Turpin and other gentlemen of a gay and gallant character; and many of these boys will certainly imitate their ideal heroes in their mode of exit from the mortal stage. The educator has much to do with all this, for it is in the early period of life most of the mischief is done. We look for some good practical results from the Child-study Congress, and we may welcome it as an excellent new beginning."

Some Reflections.

THE New Year has come, rosy with the promise of youth, and the Old Year has gone, wrinkled with the toil of age. We welcome the new-comer with bells of gladness, as the Old Year, bowing under its burthen, silently vanishes. *Le roi est mort; vive le roi!* Except to the very young, the addition of another year is not of itself usually matter for rejoicing, but youth is so attractive, and the infant comes to us so winsome and promising, that we fondle and make merry over it, heedless whether each imprint of its lips plants a wrinkle here, or steals the bloom there, or touches one's locks with gray. That it has Pandora's box, and that some of the contents will fall to him, each one, with some hope, is fain for the moment to believe.

To the young, it brings nearer the realization of their dreams; to the sick, it brings promise of renewed health; to the poor, of better times; to the rich, of some coveted distinction. To the TRUE WITNESS it promises increased circulation. All hail, then, to the Future, with its bright promises; and let the Past go with its faded hopes. An English writer has divided the human species into two distinct races—the men who borrow and the men who lend. All other distinctions, he said, are merely subordinate ones, which can be merged into these two great divisions. We strive to belong to the latter category; and, if properly supported, may hope in time to make the strength and influence of the element we represent better felt than it possibly can be without the aid of an influential exponent of its views. For the old cry, which, in the days of ancient Rome, proved in the end so singularly effective, "Carthage must be destroyed," we would substitute this one: The English-speaking Catholic element must assert its rights and make felt its weight. In the Council, in Parliament, in every department of social, commercial and public life, there is much to be done in this respect, and we have at our back the support of the faithful shepherds of their flock, the Episcopate and Clergy generally of this Province. All else that is required is the generous good will and support of our own people. We are willing to give our time and energy. Let the great mass of our compatriots and co-religionists respond, and in the course of time we hope to have not only a weekly but a powerful daily journal which will have to be reckoned with as one of the great exponents of public opinion.

A criminal in one of the English courts pleaded that not having been able to obtain work, he was compelled to steal—that in fact he lived, not to steal, but stole in order to live, and that the community owed him a living. The judge said he was unable to take that view and sent him to jail. This is an apt illustration of the disadvantages of lack of education. Had this man graduated in our school of politics, he could have made his living out of the body politic without any risk of a criminal prosecution. He might, for instance, have taken the stamp of a

best of this opportunity by fastening himself on one or more of the many contractors who are seeking plunder out of the public chest.

Our Philosopher.

Is it not strange that everything connected with this terrestrial sphere should have an end? A minute, an hour, a day, a night, a week, a month, a year, each has its end. There is nothing endless on the face of this broad earth nor in the waters that surround it. Our lives, our joys and sorrows, aches and pains, all have an end. But, strange to say, an absolute knowledge in this direction does not tend to comfort us in the various afflictions to which humanity is subject. Take, for instance, a man with a toothache. He may have tried oil of cloves and perhaps half a dozen different kinds of oil, yet they have failed to smooth the troubled waters of his discontent. The tooth still aches. If you are his friend you will likely fall into error and offer your advice—'tis only friends who offer in this way. You will perhaps tell him to have it taken out. But no, he will not. It is a iron tooth and he is a tolerably good-looking widower. You see, advice is not always agreeable to him who receives it because circumstances frequently preclude its acceptance. Doctors understand this very well and always charge for advice.

Well, being of a kindly disposition, you will try another tack, as the yachting folks say. He has refused your very sensible advice, yet you are not offended. You recall the fable of the spider and his various failures and ultimate success. You try again. If you cannot alleviate the pain in his tooth, perhaps you can soothe his ruffled mind. You have been told by physiologists that the mind exerts a powerful influence on the body, and, of course, you believe it. You wrap yourself in your philosophical cloak, look very wise, and quietly tell your tooth-ache friend that everything in this world has an end, and if he will only have a little patience the end of his tooth-ache will inevitably come. Your false reasoning leads your friend to infer that you look upon a tooth ache as a sort of little demon who, upon discovering that with the aid of your powerful mind you don't care a rap for his torments, will spread his wings and fly away. The aforesaid friend will mutter something that sounds very much like "fool" and the next moment you may find it absolutely necessary to shift your position and get a little more space between you. While performing this feat the watchful eye of your friend may have detected a stiffness in one of your limbs—all men have a sharp eye for the defects of their friends. You now proceed to lecture him, and amongst other things tell him that he is young and that with age comes wisdom. This is his opportunity. He has noticed your limp and now retorts that if wisdom does come with age so does rheumatism, and he wouldn't give a pinch of salt for the wisdom that cannot evade such an enemy. You see, he who wields a sword should wear stout armor.

Yes, there is an end to everything, even to the wisdom of ages. Never a war without an end, never a peace without a termination—especially in Europe, where Emperors don't have to work for a living. Speeches in the House of Commons have an end, which is a blessing to Parliamentarians who have other business, apart from that of their country, to attend to. And labor has its end. I was walking along the street on a hot summer's day. The thermometer had climbed to the nineties. The air was stifling. It blew in hot gusts into my face and carried with it no balm for my discomfort. In the middle of the street I saw a man wielding an axe. He was removing a damaged piece of asphalt pavement. I looked at the man and watched his axe as it rose and fell. The sharp blade swung by strong arms sunk to the depth of only half an inch in the hard material. Presently the man ceased to toil, and drawing a red handkerchief from his pocket proceeded to dry his perspiring face. He, truly, was earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. The veins of his forehead were swollen; his face was red with the fast running blood. He asked me the time and I told him it was half-past four. As I walked away I heard him murmur, "Another hour and a half and my labor will be done." Yes, until the morrow. Then, at an hour when the lucky few shall be enjoying the sweets of dreamland, he and the many must shoulder their implements and begin again. He was only a laborer, yet, in his lowly way, he worked for the good of others; he labored to smooth the path trodden by his fellow-men. He suffered much and deserved more than he received. He followed the weary road for many who cannot see the end. Yet sure as the night follows the day the end of his labor shall come.

How many have seen the end since the glad tongues of the church-bells proclaimed the birth of 1897? Countless thousands! They had lived, loved, toiled, sorrowed, wept, until the Destroyer, pointing a skeleton finger at eternity's timepiece, cried, "The end has come, the hour is at hand!" and they, obedient to his summons, went down into the grave, leaving sorrow and heart-burnings behind them. Friends extolled their virtues, enemies forgave their offences, but did forgiveness reach them in time? Some years ago a young man and woman were married. They loved each other, but in time a little cloud arose in the East. It grew as it came and finally loomed blackly over their heads. They separated. The wife returned to her mother; the husband went to New York. The man had offended; the woman refused to forgive. Months passed and not a word from

Christmas came. The "what" of the wife became softened. She recalled another bright Christmas morning when her young husband had stood clasping her hands in his and wishing her a merry Christmas. She went to a drawer and drew forth his last present, a beautiful bracelet. From that moment the absent one was forgiven. But he must know it. She would write a letter to him. It would reach him in a couple of days, and she felt that it would make his New Year a bright and happy one. Just about the same hour it happened that her husband was coming to her as fast as steam could carry him. He could no longer stand the strain and had decided to seek a reconciliation. But an accident occurred. He never read his wife's sweet words of forgiveness. She saw him again, but he was dead. She had waited too long. The glad New Year would not be hers. The end had come.

The old year that has been with us so long was hailed with gladness twelve months ago. The year that had gone had left traces of the joys and the sorrows, the smiles and the tears to which it had given birth. We looked forward to 1897 with that feeling of hope which is ever present in the breast of man. The new the unknown, was before us, the past was behind and would soon be forgotten. Its roses were faded, its thorns had lost their sharpness. 1897 progressed. The unknown was revealed to us; the future became the present, the present the past; and now on the threshold of 1898 we look back upon what has been. Dear friends have departed never to return. We may have tasted of sorrow, but we have also received our portion of joy and gladness. Let us feel that the latter has outweighed the former, and we shall be all the better for the deception, if deception it be. Let each one look back and if he can honestly say to himself that he has performed even one good action, overcome even one difficulty, or swept from his path even one stumbling block, then 1897 has not been without its victory and its lesson. He is a better man than he who greeted the infant, though now old and dying, year.

Yes, 1898 is dying. He is old. He is bending 'neath the weight of the sorrows of a world. His eyes are dim, but they brighten as he stretches forth his hand for a parting grasp. Expectancy is stamped upon his face as he asks you to forgive those who have offended you; to forget all save the fact that they were once your friends; to forget his own faults and remember that he did his best; to be true to yourself no matter what may happen; in short, to be true men and women. It is his last request. Grant it; promise to do his bidding, and when the bells ring out proclaiming the death of the old year and the birth of the new, lay his icy hand by his side and greet with open arms the young, the bright, the vigorous 1898.

DEMISE OF MR. NICHOLAS O'MEARA

But a few days ago, at Sherrington, P. Q., God's Angel of Death summoned from our ranks one of Ireland's dear sons, Mr. Nicholas O'Meara, uncle of our esteemed pastor, Rev. W. O'Meara. Away back in the thirties, Mr. O'Meara left the land of his birth and made Canada his home. Sherrington was his favorite spot and there he settled. Success crowned all his undertakings, and to the zealous efforts of the O'Meara family Sherrington owes much of its late improvements.

In life, Mr. O'Meara's favorite mottoes were: "Put not off for the morrow what you can do to-day," "Shun delays, they breed remorse," "Take thy time while time is lent thee." Acting on these, he was ever on the alert, and, placing all under heaven's protection, he slowly but surely ascended the golden ladder of good fortune. Rich in merits before God, and leaving his family well provided for, he has gone to receive his crown of glory. To the sorrowing members of his family the TRUE WITNESS hastens to give expression to its heartfelt feeling of sympathy. May he rest in peace.

A. O. H., DIVISION NO. 3.

The result of the election of officers of Division No. 3 A. O. H. for the ensuing year are as follows, viz:—President, B. Wall; Vice-President, P. Carroll; Rec. Secretary, Wm. Rawley; Fin. Secretary, John Hughes; Treasurer, W. P. Stanton; Marshal, John Kennedy; Chairman of Standing Committee, T. Erwine.

NOEL D'IRLANDE.

Wherever there are lovers of music, "*Le Menestrel*," published in Paris, 2 bis, rue Vivienne, is considered high authority in matters of musical taste. For this reason it is interesting to know that the supplement to the Christmas number of "*Le Menestrel*" is a piece of vocal music called "*Noël d'Irlande*" by Augusta Holmès. There are fine chords in the accompaniment, and a mere tentative playing of the piece suggests that it would be a splendid subject for a well trained choir of men's voices. All rights of reproduction and translation are reserved, but there can be no harm in printing the last verse here:—
"Révez, révez, Martyrs d'Irlande,
"Que le jour est venu de gloire et d'équité!
"Révez! Et que Noël vous rende
La force des dieux avec la Liberté!"

THERE is a rapidly growing determination to revive the National tongue of Ireland, and every day gives evidence of it—one day we hear of convent children greeting the visiting Bishop with songs of welcome in the language of their fathers, the Bishop improving the opportunity to advocate its study and encouragement. Again, we hear that a Professor of Irish has been added to the teaching staff of Drumcondra College, and now we find that a valued addition is about to be made to the ranks of Irish journalism by the issue of a weekly paper to be published under the title of "*Faune au Lee*."