

The True



Witness

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All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1188.

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 bless those who encourage this excellent work."
—PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

Subscribers are requested to notify us of any change in their address, in order to ensure prompt delivery of the paper.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE RECENT CATASTROPHE.

The civilized world has long since read and pondered over the awful details of the double catastrophe that has brought death and ruin to the people of Martinique and St. Vincent Islands. The magnitude of the disaster so surpasses all power of language to give adequate description of its details, that humanity is more inclined to be silent and meditative in presence of such a terrific visitation. But there are many lessons to be drawn from these sad events—so many that it would be difficult to simply enumerate them. There is one, however, that we cannot avoid mentioning. There is absolutely nothing more calculated to show the Omnipotence of God and the littleness and impotency of man, than a catastrophe of this nature. It is in vain that the inventive genius of the human race construct machinery and devise instruments; it is in vain that science calculates and experts endeavor to make application of the results; when the internal elements that rage in the heart of this terrestrial globe are in action, and when their force creates outlets for their pent-up volumes, when scrofulic floods leap forth and rush downward, there is nothing human, nor in human experience that can check the devastation. Thirty thousand souls swept into eternity in thirty seconds. Does it not accentuate the reality of the Scriptural prophecy, that in a flash, in a twinkling of the eye, the earth shall be destroyed by fire, and all that it holds of life, of grandeur, of beauty shall roll back into chaos and then into the nonentity whence the Creative Hand had once drawn it? And would it not seem as if the social conditions that are rapidly becoming more pronounced are an indication of the very conditions that we are foretold will prevail when the world is at an end, and when Time's course shall be run? It may not be in ten thousand years from this; nor yet in twenty thousand; but who is to say, looking upon all we witness at this hour, that the predictions of God—as recorded in Holy Writ—are not to be literally fulfilled? There is no doubt that this earth is but a huge ball of fire, with a crust sufficiently thick to prevent the unceasing fires within from bringing it to a state of ashes, and of ashes to be scattered to the winds. How long is that crust going to resist the unceasing forces that surge and roll within its caverns? No man can tell. Science is dumb. In fact, we can only reach one ultimate conclusion, that is at all logical, and it is that humanity—the race and the individual—is in the Hand of Providence. We are absolutely unable to save ourselves, and we have only one reliance and that is upon the bounty and mercy of God. This is one of the countless lessons that we would draw from the awful story of the ruin and destruction that has visited those West Indian Islands.

the danger of relapse, on the part of the victim, when the supposed cure has taken place. It is an easy enough matter to check an inebriate, to place him under certain restrictions, and to prevent him for a given time, from relapsing into the evil habit. But a man, because he once was an inebriate, cannot be detained a perpetual prisoner. The time must come when he will be set at liberty to attend to his usual avocations. It is then that the great danger comes into play. Will he persevere? Will he relapse? The question is not easily answered. No general rule can be laid down, and the result is that, no two individual cases being identical, some means should be adopted for the continuation and completion of the good work commenced. There is, in London, a society called the "Catholic Prisoners' Aid Society," which is under the direct supervision of His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. At its last annual meeting, held at the Archbishop's House, a report was made, the details of which go a long way to explain the idea we are seeking to convey. We will give that report, not on account of its local application to show that society has appreciated the grave necessity of having some means of keeping the liberated inebriates in hand. It reads thus:—
"The society had been accepting fresh responsibilities in various directions. It had been felt that the object of the Inebriates' Act of 1898 was in a large number of cases frustrated, and that the work of the cyrtified inebriate reformatory was in a measure wasted by the absence of an agency of 'after care' that would undertake the friendly supervision for awhile of cases on their discharge. Too many police cases were noted as those of persons recently discharged from an inebriates' reformatory, who had on their return to the world returned also to their old habits. On November 20th a conference was called at the Home Office, and, in accordance with the suggestions there made, the society decided to undertake this work of after care. It is satisfactory to record a good beginning of co-operation between the Sisters of the Order of the Good Shepherd, Ashford (Middlesex), and the society as regards their discharged cases. What these released women need, after one or two years of quiet, industrious, regular, secluded life, with its enforced sobriety, is a temporary home where they can work and continue their regular habits, while enjoying, under kind supervision, a gradually increased measure of freedom to look for outside employment and regain their independence. A most important stage in the society's development was marked in the autumn of 1901 by the certificate granted to it by the Secretary of State, for dealing with discharged convicts. The society's work in the main has been, and it is hoped will continue to be the work of voluntary helpers. Whether it be for visiting police court or prison cell; whether it be for the office work of interviewing applicants, or writing letters, or helping to think out some plan for a prisoner's permanent benefit, the society has not yet found itself at a loss for willing volunteers. In spite of conditions which, for the last two years, have roused wallings amongst

THE PREMIER'S HEIRS.

In his reply to the address that accompanied the presentation of his portrait, on the day of prorogation, Premier Laurier expressed a keen regret that he had no children to whom he could leave this splendid work of art, but, he added, that when his time would come to go the way of all men, he would leave it to the Canadian Art Gallery to hang there, not as a tribute to the Canadian artists whose talent had been so conspicuously displayed in the work. In this connection we find a very interesting little item in one of our exchanges—an

item that will show, at the same time, how groundless are the hazardous assertions of mere politicians, in times of election excitement. It is under the heading "A Canard Neatly Killed," and reads thus:—
We are indebted to the "Catholic Telegraph" for the following story of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier. Sir Wilfrid was on a speech-making tour of Ontario during the recent by-elections in that province and the Province of Quebec. The elections were bitterly contested, and efforts were made both by the Liberals and Conservatives to stir up race and religious prejudice. A Quebec Liberal, whose acquaintance with Sir Wilfrid was only political, sent this telegram to the leader: "Report in circulation in this county that your children have not been baptized. Telegraph denial." To which dispatch the Premier sent this reply: "Sorry to say the report is correct. I have no children."

CATHOLICITY

In Scotland.

Springburn was a centre of Catholic life and activity on Sunday last as cab after cab and car after car came rushing into what had once been "the village," and discharged load after load of Catholics from Glasgow, Maryhill, Lambhill, "Crosshill," and other outlying districts, all eager to take part in the re-opening of St. Aloysius' Church after its renovation and decoration. The church has always been a thing of beauty; and now, after its painting and the introduction of the electric light, it is a "joy for ever." The sanctuary itself, with its life-size figures of the Sacred Heart and St. Joseph, is a dream of beauty, and too much credit cannot be given to Father Murphy, the rector, for his successful attempt to make his Church one of the most beautiful in the archdiocese, nor to his faithful parishioners for the noble way in which they have seconded his efforts.

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A GREAT POLITICAL CHANGE WAS COMING UPON THEM, WHETHER FOR GOOD OR FOR EVIL IT WAS NOT HIS BUSINESS TO SAY.

Power was passing slowly and surely into the hands of the people till perhaps they would realize the dream of the American Reformer, "Government of the people by the people for the people." Would that help their condition or improve it? That remained to be seen. The tendency of those who governed was to secure rights for their own class and not for others. Their Statute book was filled with selfishness. Each class acted equally with another on that point because restricted liberty was written on its every page—not liberty for all, and certainly not liberty for the minority. That would all be changed. Would it be for the better, or would the change be that the class, formerly oppressors, would be the oppressed; that those once the tyrants would now be the victims; that the Government would be the same, with those now on top at the bottom? Some people thought that no class legislation could come except from above. That was not so, it came equally as well from below—and that was not freedom. The principle of brotherhood and fairplay should preserve the rights of minorities, and, therefore, it was well that the liberty of Christ should be preached—that the voice which spoke two thousand years ago should still speak, the voice that went on during the centuries, choked though it sometimes was by Kings, and sometimes, even, by the priests in the sanctuary. Let them pray, therefore, that the perfect law of liberty might continue to be preached, and increase by being preached, all through this country. And that many joining with them on that one point the appreciation of Christian liberty, they, and their great empire which had struggled after liberty so long, might one day get true liberty in the knowledge that "Christ has made us free."

A GOOD WORK.

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In all the great work done by our zealous temperance societies, and in all that we find done in the various institutions for the care and cure of those who are the unfortunate victims of drink, we find that there is a grave danger that is frequently overlooked—it is

THE PREMIER'S HEIRS.

In his reply to the address that accompanied the presentation of his portrait, on the day of prorogation, Premier Laurier expressed a keen regret that he had no children to whom he could leave this splendid work of art, but, he added, that when his time would come to go the way of all men, he would leave it to the Canadian Art Gallery to hang there, not as a tribute to the Canadian artists whose talent had been so conspicuously displayed in the work. In this connection we find a very interesting little item in one of our exchanges—an

CATHOLICITY

Springburn was a centre of Catholic life and activity on Sunday last as cab after cab and car after car came rushing into what had once been "the village," and discharged load after load of Catholics from Glasgow, Maryhill, Lambhill, "Crosshill," and other outlying districts, all eager to take part in the re-opening of St. Aloysius' Church after its renovation and decoration. The church has always been a thing of beauty; and now, after its painting and the introduction of the electric light, it is a "joy for ever." The sanctuary itself, with its life-size figures of the Sacred Heart and St. Joseph, is a dream of beauty, and too much credit cannot be given to Father Murphy, the rector, for his successful attempt to make his Church one of the most beautiful in the archdiocese, nor to his faithful parishioners for the noble way in which they have seconded his efforts.

THE KING OF SPAIN.

Alphonse XIII, the youthful King of Spain, on attaining his legal age of majority—sixteen years—was, amidst splendid ceremonial declared reigning monarch, and the regency of the Queen Mother, Dona Maria Christina, came to an end. It was once thought the young King would be too sickly to ever reign, and that he would succeed to his father's inheritance of ill-health. His father died at the age of 28, just six months before the present king was born. The Queen regent had performed her long duty of sixteen years so well that she has left her son a kingdom far more prosperous and happy than would have been the case had another and less able person administered its affairs. Referring to the young king's health and learning a writer says:—
"Alfonso XIII. is at first sight a delicate lad—thin, pale and of nervous appearance. Some say he has inherited the constitutional infirmity of his father, others that his appearance is something he shares in common with all the men of the house of Hapsburg. During the manoeuvres held at Carabanel in May the young king remained seven hours in symptom of fatigue, and his personal English lad at fifteen years, several staff noticed that even a prolonged canter did nothing to weaken his voice. When the day's work was over he was as animated as he was at the beginning. This is excellent news for Spain, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It is almost inevitable that the young king should have the seeds of consumption in his blood, and Madrid is notoriously the worst city in Europe for people with a tendency to lung trouble. He is already handicapped by his responsibilities. An English lad at fifteen years, whatever his position, would not be carrying half the load of knowledge borne by Alfonso XIII. He speaks English, French and German, as well as Spanish, has had a careful mathematical training, is a student of history, and is devoted to military matters. For a boy his knowledge of the elements of military science is quite uncommon.

TWO JUBILEES.

Under the foregoing heading, a writer signing Alexandre De Gabriac, has contributed a very touching and beautiful article to the columns of "La Patrie." It is a contrast that he draws, then a comparison that he makes between the jubilee celebration, at the dawn of Christianity, of the 25th year of St. Peter's Pontificate, and that celebrated in our day on the occasions of Leo XIII's 25th anniversary of Papacy. The scenes in the former case are laid in the catacombs and are pictured with the work of Lew Wallace in a precision of detail that would suggest "Ben Hur," or of Bulwer Lytton, in the "Last Days of Pompeii." One of the most beautiful of all his pen-pictures is that of St. Peter, with prophetic vision tracing the ascending and developing power and influence of his church, beholding down the future all the obstacles that were to arise in her path, and finally catching a glimpse of the closing nineteenth and dawning twentieth centuries, and contemplating the triumphs of his far off successor Leo XIII. It is needless to attempt any reproduction of the scenes during the celebration of the present Pontiff's jubilee; but we will skip all the details and give the closing paragraph of the article. He thus ends his review of the two jubilees:—
"Rising up, then, he (Leo XIII.) ascends to the Chair of St. Peter, his brow wearing the ancient tiara. With his frail but powerful hand he envelopes the world in the same gesture of supreme benediction. As it was nineteen centuries ago, from the depths of all the breasts of those present, in presence of that ethereal vision which vanishes in distance, comes forth that imperative and unanimous cry of faith of the first ages, 'Thou art Peter.' In the dome of St. Peter's, away up yonder, almost near the heavens, the echo blends with those of the ringing silver trumpets, and the sacred roof resounds for a time with that triumphal hymn of happiness and of love." In our humble opinion nothing could be more touching than this sublime reunion of the two great jubilees, and no better picture could be drawn of the Church in her immortality and in her unbroken line of Pontiffs from Peter to Leo.

CHRIST? THE FREEDOM HE HAD HIMSELF.

He had it because He was God and Man. Freedom from error, freedom from darkness, and freedom from vice. He said, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He that doth sin is not free. This freedom of Christ was not the freedom of the wild beast, nor that of the escaped convict, nor the freedom of one who declares war against his neighbor, but the freedom of the righteous man who has cast off the bones of error. That was their freedom, but freedom like all true freedom joined with restraint, a restraint which made them regard the rights of others. Freedom was for the whole world, otherwise there would be freedom for them, and none for him—or freedom on their part and tyranny on his. Freedom from weakness, by the help of the Church, a part from the freedom of the world. Freedom, the right to speak and teach? What did that freedom involve? Slavery and tyranny, the result being that the young were forced to read that which was immoral. Could any father or mother take up any paper, even a high-class one, which they would like to leave in the hands of their children? Freedom in theory but not in practice would destroy the nearest and dearest ties in family life; freedom such as this would reduce our social relations to the tyranny of the brutes; freedom by imposition on the people, by calumny, by solicitations to push their way into power. Then, when there, what did freedom mean? Tyranny on the part of a majority which did not recognize that it should protect the minority. In other countries the majority revel in power, reap what they call the spoils, and only give these spoils to those who voted for them at the polls. What he said needed no proof. History showed only too clearly what he had said was true of the countries round about them, and to some extent true of this country. Was this the liberty of Christ?—a liberty which poisoned the minds of the young, sapped their morality, held down those who managed to rise was not the liberty of Christ. Think of the principles of liberty instilled into the hearts of the people in Catholic times which even the Tudors could not take from their hearts—principles which raised the people against the Plantagenets successfully, against the Tudors successfully, and, in later times, against the Stuarts. The freedom which he was preaching to-day, it was important that it should be preached.