

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT 761 CRAIG STREET.

M. W. KIRWAN—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Terms—\$2.00 per annum—in Advance

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9.

CALENDAR—JANUARY, 1878.

WEDNESDAY, 9—Of the Octave. Trinity College, Dublin, opened 1859. Battle of Sanbury, Ga., 1778. THURSDAY, 10—Of the Octave. Father O'Leary died, 1802. Penny Post commenced, 1840. FRIDAY, 11—Of the Octave. St. Hygenus, Pope and Martyr. Numerous deaths from starvation in Ireland reported an every day occurrence in 1848. SATURDAY, 12—Of the Octave. Major Sirr, the assassin of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, died, 1841. SUNDAY, 13—OCTAVE OF THE EMPHANY. Opening of the Irish Confederation in Dublin, 1847. MONDAY, 14—St. Hilary, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church. St. Felix, Martyr. Bishop Berkley died, 1753. TUESDAY, 15—St. Paul, First Hermit. St. Maur, Abbot. Trial of O'Connell and the Repealers commenced 1844. The last Session of the Irish Parliament opened 1800.

THE VOICE OF THE HOLY FATHER.

"We urgently beseech of you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with a Catholic spirit, and possessed with sufficient learning, are laboring in writing and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic doctrine."—Encyclical letter of Pope Pius IX., in 1853.

The Voice of the Bishops of Quebec.

The Bishops of this Province, in the fourth Council of Quebec, urged the reading of good books and good journals as an antidote against the poisonous books and papers ever at hand.

"Therefore, that pastors may, more easily and efficaciously, remove their flock from bad and forbidden books, as well as from wicked journals, let them be careful to supply them with good books, nor let them omit to induce such as wish to read journals to subscribe to some paper of sound principles and truly Catholic."

The Holy Father Pius IX. said:—"Flood the world with good reading."

To this we have the satisfaction of adding the special encouragement of his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, and we present it to our readers as credentials which do us too much honour:—

DEAR CAPTAIN KIRWAN, We hear with pleasure the progress of your project of a Catholic Daily. Confident that in matters of faith and moral, you will ever be submissive to the Pastors of the Church, we encourage you, and do most cordially bless all generous Catholics who contribute to the success of your undertaking.

LECTURE, "IRISH SOLDIERS FOREIGN LANDS."

A LECTURE WILL BE GIVEN ON THE ABOVE SUBJECT BY M. W. KIRWAN, IN THE MECHANICS HALL, ON Tuesday Evening, 29th Jan., '78.

Proceeds to be devoted to patriotic objects. TICKETS—25cts; RESERVED SEATS, 50cts. TO BE HAD AT THIS OFFICE.

THE VOLUNTEERS. ST. JEAN BAPTISTE VILLAGE INFANTRY COMPANY.

The members of the above Company will assemble at the QUEBEC GATE BARRACKS, Dalhousie Square, THIS (WEDNESDAY) EVENING at 7.30, CHURCH PARADE.

The members of the above Company will assemble at same place, on Sunday morning next, at 8.45 sharp, for the usual monthly Church Parade.

The fife and drum band of the Company will attend. M. W. KIRWAN, Captain Commanding.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE INFANTRY COMPANY.

The following appeared in the Official Gazette of Saturday:

St. Jean Baptiste Village Infantry Company.—To be Lieutenant, provisionally: D. Barry, gentleman, vice Battersby; transferred to 6th Battalion. To be Enseign, provisionally: P C Warren, gentleman, vice Gaudry, left limits.

TO OUR READERS.

At last our new offices are in order. For the past three weeks, painters, carpenters and machinists have been constantly employed putting the various departments of our new premises in a presentable shape. We need hardly say that during that time we have been unable to attend to our editorial duties with that care which those duties demanded. We must have neglected to chronicle and to notice many important events which were of interest to our readers, but we hope the facilities now afforded us, by the offices we occupy, will be of such a nature that this derangement will not occur again.

ST. PATRICK'S CONCERT.

The concert given by the St. Patrick's Society was a brilliant success. The selections were choice, and the artistes were exceptionally good. It has, unfortunately, been too much the custom to lower rather than to elevate the standard of Irish national songs by the "stage" characteristics of our people. Those things had a tendency to demoralize Irish character and to ridicule our people, to whom was attributed coarse utterances and brutal customs. These side attacks upon Irish character are now becoming rare, although in England and in the States they are not yet extinct.

A STOLEN MARCH.

The orangemen had an after midnight march on New Year's morning. During the march we are informed that they played "The Protestant Boys," and otherwise sought to quarrel with the Catholics of the city. One report, evidently furnished by one of themselves, tells how the orangemen "knocked a carter down" because the carter challenged "the best man among them to fight" him. This we are informed is a pure fiction. The truth appears to be that when the orangemen's band was playing "The Protestant Boys," a man who stood near throw off his coat and challenged the best of the Orangemen to fight him. The result was that the man who gave this challenge was not knocked down, but that the band immediately ceased playing the insulting air. It is said, too, that one of the orangemen said something about "Cutting up the Papis," or words to that effect, but that after the challenge to fight all was quiet. It is a pity that the authorities do not stop the playing of offensive airs in the public thoroughfares. If they will not they may be sure that trouble will sometime or other be the result. It is hard for men to coolly listen to—

Holy water, sleet and slaughter, We'll trample the Catholics every one; Cut them asunder, we'll make them lie under; The Protestant Boys will carry their own.

God forbid that Catholics should ever insult their Protestant neighbours by such language.

THE "SPECTATOR."

The first number of the Canadian Spectator has appeared. The editor, the Rev. Mr. Bray, has introduced some novelties with the venture. The articles are all signed, and it is expected that this will prevent the use of offensive personalities. Mr. Thomas White of the Gazette occupies a little over two columns in discussing "A Canadian National Policy," while "J. A. Allen" has a fling at the "Romish mind," in three quarters of a column. Mr. Allan insinuates that the church opposed Columbus when about to set sail on his successful enterprise to this continent, because of something done by the "Romish Council of Salamanca." It is odd to hear anyone advance such a theory now-a-days, when all the world knows that the enterprise of Columbus was blessed by the Pope, and that it was Catholic Spain furnished the necessary ships and men. Mr. Allan assails the "slavish" Church in many forms, and he does it with some vigour, but with no great effect. After this we have a "preliminary" of the "story of the Oka Indians" from the pen of Dr. W. G. Beers. The papers on this question ought to be interesting—that is if Dr. Beers can be impartial. Dr. Clark Murray has a fling at the "clerical absolutism of Quebec" in "The Philosophy of Politics," while Professor Bovey, of McGill University, commences an interesting series of papers on "Practical Science." "The Soul

and Future Life" is the positivist philosophy theory of the Soul. Mr. Bray himself gives an instalment of his lecture on the "Roman Catholic Church in Canada, viewed in its civil aspect." On the whole the Canadian Spectator promises to be more temperate than we expected. If the Rev. Mr. Bray will not allow offensive matter to creep in, he will benefit the community at large by his venture. We always rejoice at free and educated dissertation, and we expect that the Canadian Spectator will give us occasional employment in that respect. Meanwhile let us welcome this last addition to the press, and let us hope that it will fight a fair fight, hitting hard and being hit hard in return, but doing nothing to inflame the minds of our Protestant friends against the unfortunate "Papis."

THE HEALTH OF THE POPE.

The following official communication from the Vatican has been published in the Osservatore Romano:—

"It is really difficult to understand the persistency of the Liberal newspapers in disseminating grave news in reference to the health of the Pope, which was calculated to cause the most serious apprehensions in the hearts of the faithful. We can assure our readers that those statements are without foundation. It is true, beyond doubt, that the Holy Father, on account of a cold, which was followed by a slight fever, was obliged some time ago to remain in his bed. However, the fever did not last long, and presented no disquieting symptoms, as the physical state of the august Pontiff had not previously given cause for anxiety. Thanks to the rest which he has had, the pains in his legs from which his Holiness has been suffering have been sensibly mitigated. If, on account of this prolonged repose, there has been a certain diminution of the strength of the Holy Father, it has not been such as to interrupt his usual occupations or the receptions of the cardinals and chiefs of the congregations. It has been merely necessary to multiply the cares and precautions around his holy person which have been taken on account of the bad season and the variations of temperature. Owing to these special attentions, the health of the Holy Father is daily becoming better, and everything tends to the hope that his cure will soon be complete, especially if the weather should become finer."

The Roman correspondent of the Union of Paris writes:—

"It is with a heart full of gratitude and joy that I confirm the happy news of an amelioration in the health of our well-beloved Pontiff, who is now as well as we could wish. The swelling in his legs has entirely disappeared, his rheumatic pains have lost a good deal of their intensity, his cough is almost gone, and the weakness caused by his long confinement to his bed has given place to a daily increasing vigour. To his former sleeplessness have succeeded nights of refreshing rest, and it is not at all rare to find that his Holiness has slept the entire night through without once calling the faithful attendant who watches near his chamber. His Holiness hears Mass every morning. The celebrant consecrates two Hosts, and the Holy Father communicates seated in his bed. Later on he receives, as usual, the visits of the Cardinal Secretary of State and the prefects of the different congregations, who are often astonished at the freshness of his memory and the acuteness of his intellect. This illness of the Pope, which had so justly alarmed the hearts of all Catholics, has been, it may be affirmed, quite providential, as it compelled the Sovereign Pontiff to take a rest and accept attentions which his zeal had led him previously to decline. By removing him for a time from the rigours of winter and the pernicious effects of damp and changeable weather, as well as preventing the fatigue of continual public receptions, his forced repose will have the effect of giving him new life and keeping him still longer for the love of his devoted children. The Holy Father is still confined to his bed, but the first day of sunshine he will leave it. There is, however, no longer any fear of his convalescence, and he will soon be as well as can be expected in one of his age."

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin has received, within the last couple days, letters from Rome which fully confirm the statements published by us recently from the Osservatore Romano and the Union of Paris. The latest of these letters was written last Friday, and mentioned that the Holy Father has been suffering severely from a prolonged rheumatic attack, that the sore in his leg has been more troublesome than usual, but that no other unfavourable symptoms have made themselves manifest. He receives the Cardinals of the various Congregations and the State officials as usual, but is obliged to remain in his bed during the audiences. His intellect is as clear as ever, and his interest in all the serious and solemn offices requiring his attention is undiminished. The writers conclude by assuring his Eminence that there is no occasion for apprehending anything like immediate danger.

CATHOLIC SPAIN.

Are the inhabitants of Catholic countries, more especially of Spain, blind idolaters, and given over to superstition of the lowest kind? Ask the first New England school-marm you meet and the answer will be, Yes. Ask a travelled, educated and observant American gentleman, and although he is not a Catholic the answer will be an indignant No. A recent answer to this question is supplied by the special correspondent of the New York Times—which is an anti-Catholic paper if it is anything. This gentleman, writing from Barcelona, says:—

There is a prevailing opinion in America that the Spaniards, since the revolution of 1808, have lost that religious enthusiasm which has hitherto distinguished them, and which certainly was the governing impulse in their long and arduous conflict with the Moors. While it is undoubtedly true that many of the laboring classes, members of the International and poisoned with French atheism, did in various phases of the civil war show hostility to the priesthood, it is utterly false to suppose that the same feelings of enmity and indifference pervade the great Spanish cities. In Barcelona, generally, one finds the same warmth of religious observance, which are so noticeable in America in these communities where Presbyterian influences are especially strong. The practice of private family devotion, and of returning thanks after meals, is hardly one which the Protestant traveler would expect to find in Spain.

We have been accustomed to believe that such behavior could not exist in countries where there is not a Puritan observance of the Sabbath. That

the land where the bull fights were reserved for Sunday could be religious according to our idea of the word and our understanding of the thing, seemed impossible. We, therefore, believe that the religion in Spain was at best a gloomy fanaticism, and it was natural to rejoice when we thought that a more cheerful state of things was at hand. We have been deceived in both facts. There is undoubtedly in Spain a hearty religious feeling in the best sense of the word, and this civil war has been powerless to effect. And it is fortunate that this is so. For, while the merit of other communities is not to be denied, it is also certain that there is an excellence of principle and a charm of religious conviction in the stout-hearted Presbyterian centres of New England and New York special to themselves, and as they would decidedly lose their salt and savor if they were to throw off and abandon these practices and observances for which we so respect and admire them, so, also, it is natural to infer that the Spanish communities, filled with the same spirit, though expressed externally far differently, would simply be utterly spoiled, wrecked and ruined if they had made that change which some writers in America have represented, and have so falsely named progress. These ideas have constantly filled my mind when I have visited the great Cathedral of Barcelona and that has been almost daily. Though I was there to admire the architectural beauties of this most magnificent structure, to ponder over the bold, high-reaching spirit of the architect who designed it, and to wander silently and noiselessly around in search of those details that charm alike the artist and the archaeologist, yet I felt warmest sympathy for the circling crowds whose observant gaze was fixed so steadily upon the high altar in expectation of the elevation of the Host. All religious feelings are akin, and though I was profoundly ignorant of the sense in which the worshippers understood the ceremony, to me it had a meaning and a pathos which every one calling himself a Christian was bound to comprehend and to share.

It may be that my enthusiasm for the architectural grandeur of the building, and a half poetic sense of the historic romance and glamor of the place enabled me to entertain feelings of reverential regard for rites of which I knew so little. But I did entertain them, and from out of the emotions I then felt, I do protest against the epithets which English and American travellers have so constantly launched against the worshippers of the Roman Catholic faith. Having been admitted into their families, having shared their private devotions, having heard them express their sentiments, I cannot allow that the Catholics of Spain should be accused of groveling superstition or blinded idolatry. They have, as I think, from an artistic nature, preserved emblems and symbols which we have discarded. But these are but the bark, and underneath one finds the same heart of pine, sound and stout and wholesome,—that distinguishes the true-blue Presbyterians.—Catholic Review.

THE POPE'S LOVE STORY.

WHAT A LONDON CORRESPONDENT FINDS IN THE PAGES OF A FORTHCOMING BOOK.

"From manuscript of a forthcoming volume, the work of a pious Catholic lady, the daughter of one of the oldest Roman Catholic citizens of Baltimore, the late David Williamson, of Lexington Manor," the London correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer relates the truly true love story of Pius IX. as related by the Baroness de Kinsky, the Holy Father's intimate friend. The young Count Giovanni Mastai Ferretti, the story says, a native of Sinigaglia, met and loved at Rome Camilla Deroti, the lovely and accomplished daughter of a widow lady, and to whom he had been especially drawn by her marvelous singing. They read the poets together, and it came to pass that the young nobleman desired to be a soldier, to be more worthy of his promised bride. He applied to Prince Barberini, Commander of the Papal Body-Guard, and was rewarded somewhat rudely with the remark that his slender frame was better fitted for a priest's garb than a dragon's. The young Count appealed to the Pope, Pius VII., who promised his commission and spent a happy evening with Camilla. The next day he did not visit her, nor the next. Weeks passed and he seemed to have disappeared from the city. She fell sick of fever at last, and on the same day the Count knelt before the Pope and told his story. He had been stricken with epilepsy in the street. With this disease hanging over him he dared not marry. The Holy Father bade him interpret the affliction as a token of the will of God directing his thoughts heavenward and his life to the Church. He sent the young Count a pilgrim to the shrine of Loretto to learn God's will. No tidings came to Camilla and after some little time, knowing that a hidden yet a good and proper reason for this seeming desertion must exist, and yielding to the earnest persuasions of her mother, she consented to listen to the solicitations of the Baron Camucini, who sought her hand in marriage. It strangely happened on that same, while Camilla and her mother were sitting together in their quiet and comfortable home talking over the past and the future events, the door was suddenly opened and the figure of a young man clad in black stood before them. The mother of Camilla looking up immediately recognized the face as that of Count Mastai and gave a cry of joy, but he remained perfectly silent and motionless. Camilla's heart at once sank, for she quickly discerned that he was dressed in the garb of a priest. She now saw that all was ended between them. The Signora Devoti, not noticing in the darkness of the evening the priestly robes he wore, asked quickly: "Where have you been all this time, and why have you so deserted us?" "I have been on a pilgrimage to Loretto," he quietly replied, "and subsequently to the Convent of St. Agnes, where I was anointed priest." The Signora Devoti nearly fainted on hearing these words, so unexpected by her; but Camilla, remained perfectly calm, and forcing a smile, said, in her gentle voice: "It is well that you have come to me; heaven has sent you in my hour of need to give me counsel and support. My brother is absent and I have none other; will you take his place, as his old friend and companion, and advise me? The Baron Camucini seeks my hand in marriage; my mother earnestly wishes it; what shall I do? Will you now counsel me how to act?" "I would strongly advise that you accept him as your husband," said the young priest, "for I know him well as being the most amiable and honorable, having every quality to insure your future happiness. I will unite you in holy wedlock to the man you will love and who will prove a true and tender husband to you, but let it be soon, for I cannot tarry long; I have my mission to accomplish and have come but to say farewell. In a few days I leave for the Convent of Sinigaglia, the city of my early childhood, there to prepare myself before leaving Italy on a long journey, as I intend to prepare for and devote myself to a monastic life." A few days later Camilla Devoti knelt before the altar by the side of the Baron Camucini and the holy rites were performed by the young priest, Mastai Ferretti, who, after joining their hands, fervently prayed that God would bless them and theirs forever.

Years after, when time in its many changes had placed Count Mastai on the Papal throne as Pius IX., at one of the usual Thursday, receptions at the Vatican, when ladies of rank are presented to His Holiness, the Baroness de Kinsky, an old friend of Cardinal Antonelli's, presented a plain and venerable-looking matron, whose features still bore traces of great beauty. She happened to be among the

last presented, and on her name being mentioned an emotion was visible in the expressive face of the Pope. The lady bent her knee for his benediction, and, looking quietly in his face, said with a voice full of the sweetness and melody of other days: "Holy Father, I have come to beg of you a great favour—that you receive my grandson into your Garde d'Elite. They hesitate to receive him because of his delicate appearance; but he is well and strong, and most eager to devote his life to the Holy Father." Having thus expressed her desire, she showed a slight emotion, but casting her eyes upon the ground awaited quietly his reply. Pius IX. well understood how she felt from his own past experience, so kindly laying his hand upon her white head in benediction, said in gentle tones: "I know too well the pain and mortification of such a refusal, having once experienced it. Your wish shall be fulfilled, and your grandson shall at once enter into my Garde d'Elite." After speaking he then quickly walked towards one of the side-walks, and intimated to one of the Camerieri, who prepared to follow him, that he wished to be alone.

The following day, meeting the Baroness de Kinsky, he said to her: "I know that you are an old and dear friend of the Baroness Camucini, and that she has spoken to you of the days gone by, and I will also tell you, my daughter, of a secret that until now has long laid hidden in my heart, but which now the old man may release from its prison and consecrate as a last salute to his early friend." He then recounted the reason why he had taken the priestly vows, following, as he believed, a direct call from God. "Tell her now," he said, "it was a trial the Holy Father imposed upon me that I was to keep silence and give no explanation of my actions; that at the time I suffered, but God, in his great mercy, ordained it all wisely and well for our good, and that Pius IX. was no longer indulgent in earthly illusions, sends her this last message as a memory of the happy evenings spent with Camilla Devoti."

"Se non e vero e ben trovato," with the possible exception of the silence enjoined.

REV. FATHER BURKE. CHARITY SERMON.

The Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P., preached a charity sermon in aid of the Dominican Nuns of Leicester, at St. Saviour's Church, on Sunday, November 28th.

Having read the Gospel for the last Sunday after Pentecost.

Father Burke said:—And St. John in the Apocalypse, describing the scene which our Blessed Saviour alluded to in the words of to day's Gospel, says, "And I saw a great white throne and One sitting upon it from whose face the earth and heaven fled away, and there was no place found for them. And I saw the dead, great and small, standing in the presence of the throne, and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life, and the dead were judged by these things which were written in the books according to their works." This is the last Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, the Church closes on to-day her grand perennial commemoration of the life of Him by whom she loves, and next Sunday which will be the first Sunday of Advent, is the first Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, and it is worthy of remark that both on her last Sunday and on her first the Church of God puts before the minds of her faithful children the self-same subject of judgment. To-day it is Christ speaking awful and mysterious words—telling us what signs and wonders and terrors shall accompany the final dissolution of the earthly frame of this world of ours and our creation—what signs shall usher in the Son of Man when in great glory with the sign of the cross borne aloft all men. And next Sunday you will hear almost the same Gospel, revealing the some dread future truths, and calling you with equal solemnity to the great lesson which they convey. Dearly beloved, the Scriptures of God tells us of two distinct judgments. The first is that which takes place on the death of every child of Adam, be he saint or sinner, when he stands alone before the tribunal of God confronted with his own thoughts, his own words, his own actions, performed or thought, or spoken by himself personally during the brief span of his mortal career, and according to which his fate for all eternity for weal or woe is decided.

But independent of and in addition to this first final judgment there is the universal judgment which will close the history of this world and of all time, and which will be the opening chapter of the history of eternity. Now, if we consider how completely God Almighty does His work in regard to every individual amongst us, that He will not allow a single deliberate thought of our minds, a single word fallen from our lips, a single act of our hearts to escape his judgment, that He will take a poor, solitary, trembling, helpless soul that stands before Him, that He will take it to task, searching with such a glance as the eye of God alone can give—clear, judicial, stern, comprehensive—every single thought, word, and act of that poor soul's existence, when we consider this, and that this will extend to every single individual that ever was born unto this world, we may ask ourselves, then, where is the necessity or what is the reason for the universal judgment which God will pass not merely upon the individuals who compose the vast throng that shall assemble round the great white throne, when the grave shall open and give up its dead; when the sea shall render from out its hidden depths all who lie dead there; when hell itself will yield up its dead, that they stand for a moment living before the face of God, to be damned and withered by the voice of His anger and the voice of his indignation? when, on the other hand, other graves will open and the dead will arise with joyful eyes and changed and glorified bodies—transformed and wrapt from one into another form of glory, with the grace of God on them, and that grace changed into glory, with hope eternal secured for them forever—joyful bodies rising from the grave to meet the joyful souls that will come down from their place of glory to re-animate them once more, that in all the integrity of his being the glorified man may live for his God; and just and unjust, saint and sinner alike shall be summoned by the blast of the angel's trumpet to confront their God in His last final judgment—you may ask me, I say, is not this a superfluous and unnecessary act on the part of God?

Answer, no. Because, dearly beloved, the personal and individual judgement that awaits you and me at the hour of our death, when we shall stand before Almighty God alone, there to answer and give a reason for every thought, word, and act, of our lives—that individual and primary judgement is a personal matter between God and the soul, a private and personal matter—it is a weighing and testing of the gold and silver of our virtue to see whether it be worthy of the treasury of heaven—it is a stern inflexible, awful investigation into the tares, the straw, the evil of our lives, to see whether it be bad enough to feed the all-consuming and eternal flames of hell. But it is a personal matter, and if Almighty God had never created man in the present condition of his beings—if He had never given any other than mere individual grades—if he had never given to man the power and the faculty to form himself into society, into nations, into their national life, their social life, their literary life, their spiritual as well as intellectual one, then, perhaps, the universal judgement even the Almighty Himself might have dispensed with. But there is besides the individual life which every man