

The True Witness

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1896.

OUR SOUVENIR.

Our next issue will be our St. Patrick's Day Souvenir number for 1896. All who have seen our last year's splendid Souvenir can form some idea of what we are preparing for our friends. We do not care to make loud and unlimited promises that might not reach the expectations excited by our announcements; we prefer to pleasantly surprise the public. Consequently, in drawing attention for a last time to the coming number we will simply state a few facts.

We will present our readers with a grand and artistic illustrated cover. The letterpress pages will contain short sketches, with portraits of our leading Irish-Canadians in Church, State, Commerce and every sphere of usefulness; a full account of the religious celebration of St. Patrick's Day, the outside events, procession, evening concerts, speeches and all that will take place on that occasion in Montreal; a special article of great interest to all Irish-Canadians, from the pen of Lady Aberdeen, written expressly for our number; Irish poetry, sketches and literary gems; and appropriate editorials. Each of our subscribers will receive a copy free—that is to say, in place of the regular weekly paper to which all are entitled—and the balance will be sold at the small sum of ten cents per copy.

We need not make any special appeal regarding our coming Souvenir Number; with work its own way by its various merits and attractions.

"LET THEM BE UNITED."

A few days ago, Monsignor Kelly, Rector of the Irish College in Rome, had a special interview with the Pope. He began to inform the Holy Father of the fact that the Irish Parliamentary Party had chosen a new leader in the person of—"Dillon," said His Holiness. Monsignor Kelly then asked for a special Papal blessing for the new leader. The Pope granted the request with his whole heart, but added, "let them be united! let them be united!" This is the simple report of an interesting occurrence; but there are three great facts—or truths—that arise out of its recital.

Firstly, we learn, in a most positive manner, that the Pope not only takes a deep and paternal interest in Irish affairs, but he is well aware of each move on the chess-board of Irish politics. It was not necessary to inform him, who had been chosen leader, he knew already all about it. This is surely the very best proof of the closeness with which Leo XIII. follows the progress of the Irish cause.

Secondly, we see, by the heartiness and promptness with which the blessing was given, that the Holy Father approves of the attitude taken by the Parliamentary Party, and has faith in the leadership of Mr. Dillon. Personally speaking, apart from the position he now occupies, Mr. Dillon is in high favor at the Vatican. His marriage was blessed by the Pope and it is evident that the great Pontiff sees more in the new leader than a number of his own countrymen perceive. All this should be very encouraging for the Party and the Leader.

Thirdly, we cannot fail to remark that the Vicar of Christ, who is so anxious for the union of Christendom, is aware of the unfortunate divisions in the Irish ranks, and is desirous that they should all be united. Twice did he repeat the advice, "let them be united! let them be united!" His eagle eye can take in the future as well as the past and present. He knows from history and from the record of contemporaneous events that the ruin of Ireland's

cause has ever been—and is still to-day—the hydra of disunion. This many-headed monster seems to fatten upon the misery of the land and to thrive upon the despair of the people. "The foremost statesman of Europe," as Bismarck recently called Leo XIII., is sufficiently prophetic to know that there can be no hope for Ireland and her cause until this monster is crushed. It is therefore that he, in the fulness of his paternal desire to see justice done, sends forth that message and appeal to the men who are doing battle for Home Rule.

No wonder that Ireland has been ever faithful to Rome. The faith planted by St. Patrick on her soil is as strong to-day as ever it was during the long and dark ages of persecution. And Rome has as strong and devoted a sentiment of love for Ireland and the Irish as ever she had in the days when the Green Island was the home of scholars and martyrs. One grand duty seems to fall to the share of each Irish Catholic, on the approach of the National festival—it is to pray for His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.

A NOBLE SOPHIST.

On more than one occasion we have taken the trouble to expose the sophistry and bigotry of the Rev. W. T. Noble of Quebec. Several times since we might have taken advantage of that gentleman's want of logic and misconception of facts to hold him up to criticism and even ridicule. We had a very good reason for not doing so; on a former occasion an Anglican Bishop intimated to us by letter that it would be preferable to treat mischief-makers of his class to the punishment of silence. By refusing them we only serve their purpose and give them the notoriety they are hankering to secure. On this occasion however, without wishing to add to Rev. Mr. Noble's renown as an abuser of Catholicity and Catholics, we deem it well to contradict a few of his misstatements.

In a letter addressed by him to the Quebec Morning Chronicle, under the heading "Unchristian Clergymen," he attempts to refute the statement made by the Chatham, N. B. World, to the effect that:— "If the Quebec Legislature should stop the payment of public money to the separate schools of that Province, and the Protestants should appeal to Parliament after the Privy Council had decided that they had a right to appeal, how these Reverend gentlemen would change their tune, how they would fervently appeal for interference on the part of the Federal Parliament."

Before touching upon Rev. Mr. Noble's peculiar exposition of this question, we desire to incidentally remark that by common consensus of all Christian and educated men in America it is held that no person "except an uneducated or very ignorant man will persist in styling the Catholics 'Romanists' and their religion 'Romish'." As we once before explained we are perfectly satisfied with the terms provided their use can lead to any tangible good; but as they are used always in a sense and with a spirit calculated to hurt the feelings of our co-religionists we object to them. That Mr. Noble is ignorant no person will contend; he is an educated man and a ripe scholar. So much the worse for himself; were it otherwise his ignorance would excuse his ungenerous and most ignominious method of insulting those who do not unite with him in creed. That he is unrefined goes without saying; every item he has ever penned concerning our Church, her doctrines, hierarchy, clergy, or flock, furnishes abundant proof of this fact. We cannot make the man over; we are unable to make his language correspond with his name; we cannot prevent him from hating Catholicity, as he stated publicly a couple of years ago that he did; we have it not in our power to impress upon him—who calls himself a Christian minister—the duty of "doing unto others as he would have others do unto him;" but we can expose his want of exactness, refute his sophistry, and show our readers that, like Sir William Draper's reply to Junius, he has "assertion without proof, declamation without argument and violent censure without dignity or moderation."

He states that there is no analogy between the public schools in Manitoba—where no church controls them, and the schools in Quebec that are (as he calls it) "essentially Romish and under clerical control." He contends that to withdraw the grant from the Quebec Protestant separate schools "would be forcibly to convert the Protestant children to Romanism." This man should buy a pair of uncolored glasses. Were he to invest in a Catholic machine and turn the rays upon his argument, he might perceive the shadow of contradiction beneath the surface. The Catholic Church in Quebec does control the Catholic schools; does he pretend that the Church has not that right? Would he have a Protestant Synod control Catholic schools? But the Church does not control the Protestant separate schools in this Province; nor does she attempt to do so; nor would she if she could. But in Manitoba Protestantism would control Catholic Schools, because the influence of the controlling body is Protestant in that Province. Here the Protest-

ants control their own schools; there the Catholics have no schools to control, and if they had any they would, at present, be under Protestant influence.

Would not that be "forcibly to pervert Catholic children to Protestantism?" It would be as much a systematic perversion of Catholics to Protestantism as the phantom control of which he speaks would be a forcible conversion of Protestants to Catholicity.

He complains of a "wifeless, childless foreign priesthood" taking the control of the education of children. Are a wife and children impediments rather than aids in the exercise of the educationalist's profession? Just a little reflection will suffice to show that the teacher who can give his undivided attention to the educational work must naturally succeed better than the one who has a wife and family depending upon him and occupying the greater share of his time and assiduity. He talks of a "foreign priesthood;" our priesthood is native. We have a far greater proportion of Canadian born priests than there are Canadian born ministers in all the denominations of Protestantism put together. After these few attempts at wisdom the Reverend gentleman enters the historical domain—and gets badly tangled up. He says:—

"It was not Protestantism that took education out of the hands of the priesthood in France, Italy, and many of the South American Republics. And no doubt the day is coming, when the people of Quebec will demand efficient public schools under their own control that they may be qualified to take their place among the civilized and progressive nations of the earth."

No; it was not what he understands by Protestants that usurped the rights of the clergy in France and Italy and other countries; nor was it Catholics—as he insinuates. In France it was the Communists, the Nihilists, the Revolutionists, the Luciferians and other organizations of a like atheistical character, that made war on the Church; in Italy it was the Carbonari, the Illuminati, the sectaries of various hues, that fought the Divine Institution; in South America, and elsewhere, the various branches of that hydra of destruction—Freemasonry—performed the feat of snatching the educational control from the God-appointed custodians of the Faith. Was Voltaire a Catholic? Were Diderot, P. A. Lambert, St. Just, Caution, Marat, Robespierre, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Camille Desmoulins or Bernardin de St. Pierre, Catholics? Were Mazzini, Gioberti, Strabini, Mamiani, or Garibaldi, Catholics? That a man was born of Catholic parents and educated in a Catholic school, and may still declare himself Catholic, does not by any means constitute Catholicity.

When next Mr. Noble feels the spirit move him to write we would advise him to get a copy of Lord Chesterfield's Letters on Politeness; to secure a volume of Canadian history; and to purchase histories of France, Italy and the Catholic Church. Having read and digested these works he may run less risk—provided he can up-root his prejudices—of making an exhibition of very unenviable qualities.

CATHOLIC CRITICS.

We do not mean constructive criticism; nor do we purpose referring to literary criticism of any kind. We use the word criticism instead of "fault-finding," "back-biting," or any such terms as might be employed, because this one word takes them all in. We desire, under this heading, to briefly call attention to certain so-called Catholics who make it a hobby—and the hobby becomes a habit—to have something to say against everyone and everything connected with the Church. From the Pope down to the humblest sexton in a remote country chapel, from the lights on the altar to the bells in the church tower, from the sermon preached last Sunday to the new confessor of the Saturday previous—all come in for some degree of censure, or rather criticism, at the hands of these religious cranks. A child cannot be baptized, a couple cannot be married, the dead cannot be buried, without that the professional Catholic fault-finder has something to say against the ceremonies, the attendance, the priest, the faithful, or the Church's discipline.

We meet these people every day, and we often wonder that they are ever and always making fools of themselves. It matters not whether their hearers—the people bored by them—are Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, they must air their grievances and let the world know how they would act had they ecclesiastical authority. God help Christianity if they had!

One of the superlative types of contrariness and crankiness amused and astonished us the other day with a criticism of a sermon preached by a certain priest. By the way, it was an old sermon; it had been preached six years ago; consequently this man's mental worry over the terrible sermon was of long standing, and it was a relief to him to get it off. His complaint was that it was "a sordid, worldly, begging appeal for money." The priest, he said, preached from the text, "Give unto Caesar what belongs to Caesar." Our critic contended that it

was a sample of the eternal hankering of the priests after money; he never heard "such a miserable, mean address to a congregation." In this strain he went on for fully five minutes. As chance would have it we happened to have been present when the sermon in question was delivered; and having a pretty fair memory—thank God—we repeated for him almost every sentence of it, and showed him the one and only reference made, in the whole discourse, to money was found in the explanation of the text, when the priest spoke of the coin of the realm with Caesar's image upon it. The balance of the sermon consisted of an instruction upon our duties to the State and our higher duties to God.

When he found himself flatly contradicted and was unable to justify his own "miserable, mean" criticism, he sought to get out of the box by saying that "if the priest did not ask for money that time, his sermon was intended to pave the way for the demand he purposed making at another time." We merely cite this instance—it occurred last week and the person in question will read this editorial—in order to illustrate how absurd these Catholics make themselves. We say that he will read this: we know it, because he reads every line in the paper, and has done so for the past four years and more, in order to find fault if possible with our articles. So far he has failed to satisfy that destructive propensity, and we trust never to give fuel to feed such dangerous fires.

One thing a Catholic may be sure of: he sinks in the estimation of non-Catholics, in proportion to his "miserable, mean" criticisms of his church and clergy.

THE SCHOOL BILL.

While we write the now famous debate on the Manitoba School Bill is in daily progress. It would be useless, as it would be impossible, for us to follow all the speeches made for and against the measure. Those of Sir Charles Tupper, in presenting the Bill; of Hon. Mr. Laurier, in opposing it; of Mr. Clarke Wallace, in expressing the extremists' opinions; of Hon. Mr. Ives, as the representative of Protestant Quebec; and of Sir A. P. Caron, voicing the Catholic views on the subject, contain about all that has materially affected the question—one way or the other. Mr. Beausoleil on one side, and Doctor Sproule on the other, may be taken as samples of what is called "bolting" Liberals and Conservatives. Doubtless some very interesting matter will be added to the pages of Hansard when Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Devlin and a few others—whose views are already known—deliver their speeches. So far, however, the most remarkable address has been that of Mr. Laurier. We need not go over all the arguments used by the presenter and supporters of the Bill; with them our readers are familiar. In fact there is scarcely one of them that has not already appeared in these columns during the past year or so.

Still uncertain as to the ultimate fate of the measure, we will confine ourselves to a few remarks upon Hon. Mr. Laurier's utterances. It would require many pages to elaborate on the many and striking contradictions in that eloquent speech. We say eloquent—for he is always so; but we doubt if he were ever less persuasive than upon this occasion.

In the first place Mr. Laurier declared himself a "Liberal of the English school" and not of the French and Continental one. On this chord he has harped times out of mind; in fact the expression has become so threadbare that, were it not for the peculiarity of the context in this particular speech, we would not refer to it. While pronouncing himself a Liberal of the English school he immediately proceeds to prove, by his expressions of principle and by his attitude towards the Church, that he is absolutely, and in every acceptation of the term, an adherent of Continental Liberalism. He preaches one and practices the other; rather he declares himself to be what his own language and action prove him not to be. So much for a first contradiction.

Secondly, beginning at Morrisburgh, during his recent Ontario tour, and continuing down to the moment that preceded the peroration of his famous speech, Mr. Laurier declared himself in favor of a commission of investigation in order to secure more ample information concerning the status of the Manitoba schools. His whole plea consisted in a plea for such a commission. The speech is supposed to contain the Major and Minor premises of a legislative syllogism; to be logical—and Mr. Laurier had the advantage of a course of philosophy—he knows that the notion, to which the speech leads up, should be a conclusion flowing from such premises, otherwise it is rank sophistry. In order that the honorable gentleman may the better understand our meaning we will put his speech in the cold form of a syllogism, divesting it of all superfluous, even though ornate, language.

Major Premise: When all the facts connected with the case are not sufficiently known, the proper and only

course is to appoint a commission to investigate and report, before any decision on the Bill can be safely arrived at:

Minor Premise: The facts in connection with the Manitoba School Bill are not as yet sufficiently known:

Conclusion: (according to logic and common sense). Therefore a committee to investigate and report should be appointed:

Conclusion: (according to Hon. Mr. Laurier). Therefore the present Bill should receive a six months hoist—or, in other words, be killed.

Let us illustrate a little more:— Major Premise: A patient suffering from a contagious disease should be isolated:

Minor Premise: The patient in this case is suffering from a contagious disease:

Conclusion: (according to logic and common sense). Therefore, the patient in this case should be isolated.

Conclusion: (according to Hon. Mr. Laurier). Therefore, the patient in this case should be knocked on the head and killed at once.

If this is a sample of the hon. gentleman's logic, acumen and statesmanship, we pity all who may ever have to depend upon such guidance.

Thirdly, he says that "if the schools are Protestant there is a grievance; if secular there is no grievance." Does he pretend to be a Catholic and argue thus? Whether Protestant or secular—as he calls them, meaning Godless—they are equally non-Catholic, and consequently the minority has still its grievance. We would even go so far as to inform the hon. gentleman that the Catholic Church would prefer Protestant to secularized or Godless schools. In either case the rights of the minority would be infringed upon; and of the two evils the lesser should be chosen.

These are three out of about fifteen contradictions in that one speech. It was an able attempt; the struggle of a giant with a bad cause; it was a powerful effort, but like Sampson shaking the pillars of the Gaza temple, his strength is calculated to pull down ruin upon himself and all who are with him on the issue.

DELENDA EST ITALIA.

Ten thousand of the army destroyed in Abyssinia; the wailing of bereaved relatives all over the land; a broken treasury; Crispi hurried from power; Di Rudini unable to accept the King's policy; Humbert vexed, menaced, menacing, impotent to stay the rush of adversity; Rome, Milan, Florence, Verona, Venice, Turin, and all the great cities in a state of riot; the crown trembling upon the royal head; dark clouds along the horizon, growing, hourly, thicker and blacker. And amidst all these evidences of ruin and premature decay, the Papal prisoner ordering masses, in all the Churches of Rome, for the souls of the dead Italians. Is it possible that the King and his sworn supporters cannot read the writing on the wall of their public banquet hall of triumph? Only last September did Italy—anti-Papal Italy—celebrate, with great pomp and circumstance, the quarter-century of the Porta Pia outrage. To-day the streets that then rang with cries of "Viva Humberto! Viva Italia!" are made hideous with the shouts of misery, vengeance, insurrection and national menace.

From his confinement in the Vatican the Vicar of Christ pours forth his mandates to a listening world: he is respected in St. Petersburg, admired in Vienna, honored in Berlin, eulogized in Paris, beloved in Brussels, obeyed in Madrid, lauded in London, venerated in Washington, and sympathized with all over the world: in Rome—infrigid Rome—alone, is he captivated. From that same seclusion in the Vatican he looks out upon the crumbling monuments of ancient and the disappearing power of modern Rome. As, in 1848, his immortal predecessor, Pius IX., cast a glance up at Vesuvius—from his exile's refuge—and beheld that ever towering menace to lives and property, unable to say at what moment its internal crater might not again belch forth its torrents of death-dealing flames; so Leo XIII. contemplates the slumbering, but yet ever threatening volcano of political menace, unable to tell what given hour may witness another eruption—one that will shake the earth of Italy and bury, under its lava flood, the Herculean monuments and Pompeian splendors of an irreligious and tyrannical power.

The wail from the plains of Abyssinia is only the prelude to the storm that is gathering. Of the Italian House of Savoy it may truthfully be said, as Charles Phillips said of Napoleon I., "the last hour of his triumph and the first of his decline was when he smote the holy head of your religion, and dared to raise the immortal cross amongst his perishable trophies." We see in all this confusion, national chaos, political instability, the signs of a fearful retribution. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and He is sure of His time, for all things are within the grasp of His Omnipotence.

It may be for Italy's regeneration; the flash of revolution may purify the atmosphere; the tottering power that is based on usurpation may afford an object

lesson to the world before the inevitable crash comes—but the Church of Christ will still tower aloft "like the last mountain of the deluge, only the more magnificent from the ruins by which she is surrounded."

CHINESE JOURNALISM.

All our readers are conversant with Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinese":—

"For ways that are dark And for tricks that are vain, The heathen Chinese is peculiar."

They have so far advanced along the highway of civilization as to enjoy a species of journalism in the Celestial Empire. Away back in the early eighties there was a "newspaper" published by order of the Emperor, in Peking. It contained any news, social, military, religious or otherwise, that the Emperor permitted to appear in its columns. In addition to this, it had certain advertisements, for which immense sums were paid and the Imperial treasury absorbed the fund. What was peculiar about this Chinese "liberty of the press" was that no man commanded to advertise in the paper dare refuse, under pain of having his goods confiscated. When the late Pope Hennessy was Governor of Hong Kong a bazaar was gotten up in the town by a number of European ladies. They issued a small paper, one side in English and the other in Chinese. They solicited advertisements, and were astonished at the readiness with which the Chinese merchants offered large sums to have their wares noticed in the papers. The fact was that the Chinese imagined it was a kind of branch of the Peking journal and that it was under the control of the Emperor.

An enterprising Hong Kong Chinaman—his name was Dee Quong—saw a fair chance of speculating a little. He secured a copy of the genuine bazaar journal, and the following year set out, about the same time, and went the rounds of the merchants. He did not tell them exactly that it was for the bazaar he wanted their patronage; but he held the copy of the genuine journal in one hand and a slip of paper to take down orders in the other. The merchants supposed that it was the same enterprise and were only too ready to help in a good cause—for they knew that the bazaar journal had done much to emancipate them from disabilities—and gave the zealous fellow-countryman their patronage. He fared well for a while; but when the real yearly bazaar journal was again about to appear the merchants discovered that they had been badly imposed on. The end of the story need not be told. Hong Kong saw no more of Dee Quong. He found its climate too severe for his constitution and he left the city and island. When last heard of he was in pillory in the frontier village of Tang-Ge. He was trying to get into Tartary; but he "caught a Tartar" and suffered in consequence the fate of all Chinamen who are discovered in their little games.

We hope that the spirit of Chinese journalism may never be introduced into Canada. It would be a certain sign of a marked retrogression in a young land like this. It was very hard on the Hong Kong merchants to feel that, while they imagined they were performing a duty and supporting a paper that protected their interests and defended their rights, they were really handing out their patronage to a very clever fellow whose success meant no benefit to them. The late Archbishop Remondi, of Hong Kong, who did us the honor of a personal visit when, in 1881, he came to Canada, brought us a copy of that famous journal.

In its second last issue the Dublin Irish Catholic, Mr. Healy's organ, has an editorial on the Leadership of the Party that is splendidly calculated to drive the dozen nails in the coffin that Disunion is preparing for the Irish Cause. It attacks Mr. Sexton for not having accepted and Mr. Dillon for having accepted the leadership. It is as abusive of one as of the other. It simply ridicules every person—except Mr. Healy—and imputes false motives to every Irishman of prominence, and to both parties. In a word, it asserts that Mr. Healy is the one and only prophet in the land. Is it not a crying sin that a whole race should have to suffer a continuance of injustices—after seven hundred years of persecution—simply to please the whims and satisfy the prejudices of one mischief-maker?

In Berlin sealed letters are being read by Roentgen rays. Non-diataphanous envelopes are sought for. Very soon science will produce so many inventions that secrets will be almost impossible. Some day Roentgen rays may be let in on Freemasonry, and then the outside world will know why the Catholic Church is so opposed to that body.

REV. H. MAHER, a Baptist preacher of Powell's Valley, Ky., committed suicide last week. He was one hundred years old, and had been a preacher during seventy years of his life. The event is very sad. Had the old man only waited a very short time longer it is certain that Providence would have removed him.