

Gardien de la Salle de Lecture Feb 19 1908 Assemblies Legislative

The Convict Priests of Botany Bay.

Speaking at Botany on a recent Sunday, His Eminence Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, Australia, delivered a discourse of historical interest on the early patriot priests of Botany Bay penal settlement.

It was true that many of the convicts who had come to Australia were criminals, but the Catholics who were first sent out came not as criminals but as heroes. They came as true martyrs for fighting for their country, and as men who were ready to lay down their lives for the religion they professed.

The earliest Catholic document he knew of in connection with Australia was a memorial presented in the year 1792. The number of Catholics signing that document was five. There were only five Catholic emancipists in Australia at the time. It was like the mustard seed which had grown into a stately tree, because it was by hundreds of thousands the Catholics were counted today.

SENT OUT AS CONVICTS.

The poor Catholics gradually increased in numbers, but had no consolations of religion within their reach. Providence, however, came to their relief. Some Catholic priests who were supposed to have connived at the rebellion of 1798, through extending some consideration to those who were engaged in it, were sent out as convicts to Australia.

So it was that the three priests sent out by the British Government for some years privately and secretly consoling their fellow-convicts. The first of these priests was Father Harrold. During the rebellion of 1798 the authorities said that Father Harrold must have been cognizant of it, especially as some of those engaged in it attended divine worship in his parish.

transported to Australia. Father Dixon, however, received from the Holy See his consecration as the first Prefect Apostolic of Australia.

TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE LASHES.

The next priest was the Rev. Father Peter O'Neill, and he (the Cardinal) hoped that his name would ever be remembered in the Australian Church. He was first a martyr in Ireland and later a martyr in Australia. It was supposed that he was aware of the mysteries of the rebellion in the district and it happened that some deserters from the yeomanry who joined the revolutionists were in reality spies, and one of them was discovered bringing information to the magistrate and he was murdered and his body thrown into the river.

These were the three names which were recalled by the name of Botany. He was proud of their heroism in the cause of nationality and religion. There was one suggestion he wished to make. It was precisely that their presbytery would be a monument to the memory of those devoted men.

LEFT THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Though (continued His Eminence) there were only three convict priests sent from Ireland, he would also include the name of the Rev. Jeremiah O'Flynn amongst the heroic band. He landed in New South Wales in 1817 at his own wish, and continued for some months to administer the consolations of religion to the poor convicts.

This poor man consecrated the Blessed Eucharist and left it, with the sacred pyx, in the house of Mr. Davis, but when he was thrown into prison he could not return to consume the sacred particles, and for some years the poor convicts came in numbers to pass an hour in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Day after day this scene was repeated. They formed a small band of five men arranging every day to meet and say the Rosary, and on Sundays whole batches of convicts assembled there to recite the Rosary.

Revising the Vulgate.

To a correspondent who is anxious to know what is meant by the "revision" of the Holy Scriptures that has been entrusted by Pope Pius to Abbot Gasquet and the members of the Benedictine Order, and to others interested in this great work, the following account of an interview with the Abbot, by a correspondent of the London Standard may be enlightening.

The correspondent describes his visit to Dom Gasquet in Rome: As I ascended the Aventine Hill one evening in the biting Tramontana wind of Roman winter, and walked up the great avenue of cypresses, dark and mysterious in the cold moonlight, to the beautiful College of St. Anselmo—one of the finest modern buildings in Rome—standing in such peaceful isolation among the vineyards and convents and old churches, I could not but admire the taste of the Benedictines in the matter of monasteries, and my thoughts turned to that ideal mother house of the order, perched on the heights of Monte Cassino, with its unbroken tradition of nearly fourteen centuries of culture and erudition.

I entered the college, and passing the line of students, in their characteristic black Benedictine cassocks, enjoying the leisure hour before supper, I followed the lay brother, to the visitors' parlor, with its bare walls and simple furniture, where, after a few minutes' waiting, I was joined by Abbot Gasquet, the directing spirit of this great undertaking, who kindly allowed me to see him in order that he might explain to me something of what is to be done, and how it is to be accomplished. Dom Gasquet began by saying that the Vulgate revision is a work that is very near and dear to the heart of Pius X., who, indeed, had impressed upon him that neither time, labor nor money was to be spared to render it as correct as possible.

What I should like people to realize is the immensity of the task that we have undertaken. No results will be obtained in a hurry. What we have to do is to gather together and collate all the known and unknown copies of St. Jerome's great translation of the Sacred Writings up to those of the eleventh century. They divide themselves into great families, each with its special variations, peculiarities and mistakes, that resemble each other. The great Gallican version is that which is now universally adopted in the Catholic Church, with the one exception of St. Peter's in Rome, where the canons use the 'Romana' version.

St. Bede had quoted certain lines from the dedication of this copy, and De Rossi, the great Roman Christian archaeologist, discovered that part of the dedication of the Codex Amiatinus had been erased, and under the writing that was superposed he was able to decipher the words that the indisputably proved it to be the long-lost copy from Jarow. This codex is probably the best and nearest to St. Jerome of all that have come down to us.

They are Not Violent in Action.—Some persons, when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to Epsom and other purgative salts. These are speedy in their action, but serve no permanent good. Their use produces incipient cholera, and if persisted in they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

Bohemia and Ireland.

John Nepomuc Wokal writes as follows in the New York Sun:

The recent articles published about young Mr. Scunmus O'Sheel, alias James Shields, recall to my mind that a very similar state of affairs existed in Bohemia for many years to that which seems to still exist in Ireland and in English-speaking countries in so far as they deal with Irish matters. The facts recounted below are well attested so far as they relate to great matters by testimony of history; the smaller matters are of tradition, much of it from my father, who left Bohemia in 1858, when he was over 30 years old, and knew whosoever he spoke.

Bohemia, being like Ireland a conquered and misgoverned land, felt the heel of the German stranger very heavy on her neck, and our Czech people endured every humiliation possible; they were actually forbidden to speak their native language, German being enforced; no profession, whether law, medicine, or even teaching, was open to them; the very signs over shops and on lamp posts were in the hated foreign tongue. The people were referred to as "natives" by their Teutonic lords and many indeed were found, as among the Irish, to Germanize their names in order to make progress with their rulers, for it was become so bad that the Lord Himself was openly asserted to favor the Germans.

My father recalled how a boyhood friend of his who had a natural bent for scholarship being an applicant for a position as head master in a high school, up to which time he had kept his proper Bohemian patronymic, actually changed his name to a German one of the same significance rather than fail of his ambition. His name sounded quite like the Irish "Sullivan," which is all I recall now of the same. The German critics found much to poke ponderous fun at the guttural sound and unpronounceableness of Bohemian names in general, and such was the deplorable state of the "natives" themselves that many declared that they were of German blood and they often carried the change further by apostatizing from the Church and professing, as did the teacher spoken of, to be either agnostics or Protestants.

But a "Young Bohemia" started years ago, which began to do exactly what the Gaelic League has done in Ireland. Young men were encouraged to be good Bohemians, and not imitation Germans; a feeling of nationality was created among the Czechs, old songs were recovered and taught to the people; old customs revived and shown to be as good as the German ones that had been forced upon us; high school and college students held to their Bohemian names with all the spelling so difficult to lordly German ears, and at some of the Irish people I met here who, having prospered, turned their coats exactly as his teacher friend and many others had done in Bohemia in his youth.

Father Shea Bids Farewell.

Last Monday was the day of formal leave-taking of Father Shea with his friends in St. Anthony's. The rev. gentleman has now assumed the duties of his new charge in the east end of the city. The event shaped itself into an informal reception, which, despite the very unfavorable weather, was largely attended. We append the text of the address presented by the Pastor, with a cheque for \$450.

Reverend and Dear Father: "For Christ we are ambassadors," St. Paul tells us, and the sole ambition of the true priest is to live up to that sacred trust. The ambassador may be one of high honor and emolument, or again of arduous and ill-requited labor. The ambassador of Christ stays not to question; his watchword is duty, his motive, zeal for the House of God, love for the soul of his brother, pity for the suffering, charity towards the forsaken, and all these several guises he finds the gentle face of the Master. When the task is done, the day's work over he turns not to the world for his reward or hire, but down in the depths of his heart he hears the approving voice of conscience, telling of duty well accomplished and there lies the true, the sublime recompense of God's anointed.

Brother, we have reached the parting of the ways! We could not hope to always keep you, and after nine years of unselfish devotion, the summons comes to a post of higher responsibility, if not of broader endeavor. Your friends, the people of St. Anthony's, who have been the fortunate recipients of your priestly care, who have noted your masterly efforts as an organizer, your unceasing and tender devotion by the bedside of their sick, in season and out of season, as the Apostle wills it, your fervid words of exhortation, advice and encouragement in the pulpit, in the home of the rich or the lowly—your friends have come to wish you God-speed! "He who is busy in doing well, comes by little and little, to take pleasure in nothing else. He thinks not of what he has done, nor of the praise or profit it has brought, but finds himself only in ceaseless right-doing."



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Accept our offering with the more precious expression of our fond attachment, considering not the gift but the giving, you who have always practised the old adage—"Melius est dare quam accipere" (tis better to give than to receive.) Remember always, remember everywhere that "Caed mille falthe" awaits you ever in the old home of your priesthood and at every fire-side in the "one and only St. Anthony's."

Recovers Van Dyck's "Erection of the Cross."

Van Dyck's "The Erection of the Cross," recently stolen from the church in Courtrai, Belgium, has been recovered at Ardoye, sixteen miles from Bruges. It was found, it was stated, by the police in a gypsy van. When questioned, the driver van. When questioned, the driver van. When questioned, the driver van. When questioned, the driver van.

ture, a wagon belonging to a band of gypsies was passing through the village of Ardoye, when the horses fell and the canvas was thrown out. A policeman who noticed the incident examined the picture and recognized the missing Van Dyck. He will receive the reward of \$4000 offered for its recovery.

Van Dyck's "Erection of the Cross," which has been valued at from \$100,000 to \$200,000, was stolen December 6 or 7 last from the Church of Notre Dame at Courtrai, Belgium, where it is said to have hung over the altar from about the year 1630. It is a canvas of so large a size, being ten feet high, that at the time of its hanging Van Dyck was glib by workmen who did not appreciate his art with the remark that it "could be cut up and would make excellent window curtains."

Since the discovery of the fact that the picture has been cut from its frame and stolen, the police have been searching widely for it and for the thieves. The authorities at all the art centres of the world were notified to be on the lookout for the missing treasure, and the customs officials in New York in particular were instructed to watch every steamer, it having been stated that the canvas was being shipped to America. The New York police were also notified to be on the alert and to arrest any person attempting to sell the great work of art.

Courtrai, or Courtray, is a fortified town in West Flanders, twenty-six miles from Ghent. It dates back to Roman times and abounds in works of art.

The battle of the Spurs was fought close to Courtrai, July 11, 1302, between the Flemings and the French, resulting in the defeat of the latter with immense loss, more than eight thousand gilt spurs of the French knights, killed or vanquished, falling into the hands of the victors.

How Sad!

The London Chronicle says that on the occasion of the betrothal of the Count of Turin, cousin of King Victor Emmanuel, and Princess Patricia of Connaught, niece of King Edward, the latter reluctantly decided to change her religion. She will begin shortly to prepare herself for reception into the Roman Catholic Church.

Wonder if they will change the profession of Catholic Faith on account of reluctance when Patricia leaves heresy for truth. "I reluctantly swear," for example, "that I abhor, detest and will ever abhor and detest all doctrines opposed to her teachings?" How about the Apostles' Creed? Poor Patricia!