

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, May 9.

CALENDAR—MAY, 1877.

Wednesday 9th—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church. St. Gregory was surnamed the theologian, from his profound skill in sacred learning. He was born in the beginning of the fourth century. Vigil of the Ascension. Cromwell repulsed at Clonmel 1649. Schiller died 1805. Thursday 10th—St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, 1459. In the severe pestilence which raged at Florence in 1447, and the following year, this holy Archbishop was the first to expose himself in visiting the afflicted. The famine as usual followed the first scourge. Antoninus stripped himself of almost everything, and by his influence many rich persons were moved to do the same. Ascension of Our Lord. Holyday of Obligation. Friday 11th—St. Pius the Fifth, Pope. Born 1504, died 1572. Battle of Fontenoy 1745. Charleston South Carolina surrendered to the British 1780. Earl Chatham died 1778. Saturday 12th—St. Nereus, Achilleus, Domitilla and Pancras, Martyrs. Moses crossed the Red Sea, B.C. 1491. Sunday 13th—St. John the Silent. Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension. Pope Pius IX. born 1792. Monday 14th—St. Boniface, died 307. Henry Grattan died 1820. O'Connell's remains deposited under the Round Tower, Glasnevin, 1869. Vaccination discovered 1790. Tuesday 15th—St. Simon. Born in Kent. Lived to be one hundred years of age. Died in France 1265. O'Connell died at Genoa 1847.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M. B." CHAPEAU VILLAGE.—We have consulted a lawyer and have been advised not to insert the communication. There is a serious charge against some one. If you could modify the charge, we would be happy to oblige you.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Yes, Mr. Bray has announced that he will deliver a lecture on the "Roman Catholic Church in Canada—in its Civil Aspect," about the 15th of May.

THE ASCENSION.

To-morrow will be celebrated one of the greatest of Christian festivals—The Ascension of our Lord. At the period of His birth, said an eminent divine, though He brought joy to us, and though angels were sent from on high to congratulate the earth on His coming, still there was something in beholding the Son of God leaving His Father's throne to assume human nature for our sakes, which must fill us with anguish and sorrow when we reflect on the life of pain and suffering which He was about to endure. With the Church during the past Lent we commemorated all the sorrows and griefs of His dolorous passion—of His pouring forth on the cross the ransom for the sins of the whole world—of His taking the sting from death, and of His rising on the third day from the dead, glorious and immortal, the dread Conqueror of sin and hell. We have seen Him go down to the spirits that were detained in prison, who sighed for that happy day of their deliverance, and many of whom had remained in that desolate state for thousands of years in expectation of His coming. We have seen Him rise glorious and immortal from the grave into life and glory. We have seen Him for forty days conversing with His disciples—speaking with them of the kingdom of God—speaking to them of the Church which He had established on earth—ordaining sacraments, and giving them His last solemn commission to preach the Gospel to every nation upon earth, thereby imposing an obligation on all mankind to receive the Gospel from their hands. He said to them before His ascension, "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be condemned." During these forty days the angels were in joyous expectation of His return to heaven. He had quitted that glorious kingdom where He had dwelt with them for countless ages, and had humbled himself to our frail human nature, and to all the ignominies and sufferings to which it is subject. The angels had witnessed all this: they had seen His humiliation when He was born in a stable at Bethlehem—they had seen Him during His forty days' fast in the desert, when they had been sent to assist and console Him; and they had seen Him during His agony in the garden, when they had strengthened Him without affording Him any consolation, because He was then draining to the last drop the bitter dregs of

the cup which He had taken for our sins. The angels who had seen all this, and who had witnessed His treatment before that vacillating hypocrite, Pilate—they who had seen their glorious Lord fastened with ignominy to the cross and raised on high amidst exulting and deriding shouts, to hang for three long hours in the most excruciating agonies—they who had beheld all this, and had witnessed the dreadful separation of the soul from the body, must have longed ardently for His return to the throne of His Father. He had come down to this earth for a time. He had opened the gates of heaven, which for four thousand years had been closed against mankind; and now, when His mission has been accomplished—when the work for which He had been sent is fulfilled, He has no longer any need of remaining here. The earth becomes from henceforth to Him a place of exile. That heaven which He had quitted is now His home, and the angels who had witnessed His banishment are now joyously expecting and awaiting His approach. Hence it is, that with prophetic spirit the royal Prophet exclaimed, "Lift up your gates, oh you princes, and be ye lifted up, you everlasting gates, and the King of Glory shall enter in."

He did not return to heaven in a chariot of fire like the prophet Elias, nor was He drawn by horses through the air like Habacuc; but He ascended in the mighty majesty of His own power; and His disciples turned their eyes towards Him and looked after Him in His glorious flight, with hearts filled with sorrow at the overwhelming loss which they had sustained: and whilst He ascends, there is a heavenly messenger sent to them.

He has gone before us, to the end that where He is, we also may be. He is gone, after having achieved all the good for which He had come; and hence the Royal Prophet has said, "Arise into thy rest, thou, and the ark of thy sanctification." What is that sanctified ark? It is that Body which has been broken on the cross, which has been treated so unworthily by sinners; which has met with so many indignities during His mortal life, but which has arisen from the dead and ascended with Him into heaven, spiritualized, glorified, impassible, and immortal.

What Christian is there who ought not to blush to make that body the abode of sin, which, in the person of Christ, sits in the presence of God, in the highest heavens! He has gone there to intercede for us, and we daily obtain that intercession in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It may be said that there can be no necessity or occasion for what is called mediation upon earth, and that there is something in the awful mysteries of the altar which derogates from the infinite dignity and value of the sacrifice which was offered on the cross. God forbid that the Catholic Church should countenance such a doctrine. No, it is equally abhorrent to us as it is to those who make the objection, and in charity we must suppose that they make it in ignorance. We believe that the sacrifice of the cross was fully adequate for all the purposes for which it was offered; that the merits of Christ's blood were infinite; that the ransom then paid for us was fully and completely entire and sufficient. It would in fact be unscriptural, irreligious, and blasphemous to suppose that He left our redemption incomplete. No; one drop of that precious Blood would be quite sufficient to ransom the sins of the whole world. Though we renew that sacrifice in an unbloody manner daily, we do so, not from any insufficiency of the sacrifice of Mount Calvary, not because it is necessary He should a second time pay the price of our ransom, not to add to the merits of His passion and death, which were in themselves infinite, and could not be increased, but in the sacrifice of the Mass we offer, or rather He Himself, who is both priest and victim, offers invisibly, by the hands of the priest, that adorable sacrifice to His heavenly Father, not to pay over again the ransom for the sins of the world, which, as already said, was fully paid before, but to serve to His beloved children as a lasting memorial of His love and affection for us, that, according to His own declaration, we might ever have a memorial of that which is the strongest proof of love. "For greater love no man hath than to lay down his life for his friend." He desired His apostles to do it for us, in order that we might be continually reminded of His love, and be enabled, through the sacrifices of the Church, to apply to our souls some of the rich treasures and merits which He purchased for us on Calvary. This is fully proved by what Christ does in heaven.

He has gone, likewise, to send down the Holy Ghost upon His apostles and the members of His Church; and during those blessed days which intervene between Ascension Thursday and the anniversary of the descent of the Holy Spirit, we should imagine that we are placed in the same situation as His disconsolate disciples from the time of His departure, until the holy Paraclete descended upon them.

During that period they remained shut up in a room, persevering in prayer, and in holding communion with God; weaning their souls from sensual communications, and making their hearts void of every thing pertaining to the earth, in order that the Holy Spirit on His descent might replenish them with an abundance of His grace. That great miracle which visibly took place there, is perpetuated since from year to year, and from day to day, in the Church of God; and hence, if we be prepared on Whit-Sunday, as the apostles were, that same Holy Ghost who came down to them, will descend into our hearts, and inflame them with divine love, and replenish them with his sevenfold graces. He will come to us from our heavenly Father, and be to us as a real Paraclete; and, therefore, while we lament with His disciples, that our Redeemer has quitted the earth, we should recollect His words, "When I go, the Paraclete shall come: my Father will send Him in my name, and He will console you, for He is the Comforter." Our duty, then, should be to dispose our souls so as to discourage every earthly gratification, to mortify our sensual appetites and desires, and to destroy within us every trace of sin, that when the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost, descends into our souls, He may find them prepared to receive all His choicest blessings.

"O King of Glory, Lord of Power and of Might! who didst, on the day of Thy ascension, ascend up to the heavens in triumph, oh, do not leave us orphans, but send down to our souls the Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth, whom Thou hast promised from Thy Father."

AN INVIDIOUS DISTINCTION.

When the funeral of the fireman Barry took place last week, the pastor of St. Patrick's Church made no charge for the requiem Mass that was offered up for the repose of his soul. The church was draped in mourning, a sombre catafalque was erected, and innumerable tapers were lighted around the body. Barry was an Irishman and a Catholic, and the pastor of St. Patrick's generously refused to take any money. Barry died bravely at his post, doing his duty like a man, and his remains were duly honoured by Catholics and by Protestants. So far so good. Another death, however, takes place in consequence of injuries received during the fire. This time it is a citizen, Mr. Beauchamp. He was nobly doing his best to arrest the progress of the flames, and to save the property of the inmates of some adjoining houses. He, too, died in the discharge of a good work. His remains were taken to the Parish Church, and there was a magnificent requiem Mass on the occasion. The church was draped in mourning, and an impressive ceremony preceded and followed the sacrifice of the Mass. On this occasion the cure thinks proper to charge \$100 for the Mass, and in consequence an invidious distinction is drawn between the pastor of St. Patrick's and the pastor of the Parish Church. A paragraph is inserted in the evening papers, praising the one and, not censuring, but invidiously drawing a contrast between the two cases. The insertion of such a paragraph was bad taste in itself. Both men deserved and received the respect of the citizens at large, and the petty spite which induced the comparison to be drawn must have been born of bigotry. We would be glad to allow the paltry insinuation to pass, but we must point out the difference in the two cases. Barry was a public servant, who died in the discharge of a public duty, while Mr. Beauchamp was a gentleman of good means, some say "rich," and his obsequies were ordered by his family, and had nothing to do with the public demonstration. He died as a private citizen, heroically assisting in an act of charity, and he was buried as a private citizen, while the sympathy of the public was liberally extended to his afflicted friends. The cases were thus totally different, and the invidious slur which it has been attempted to throw upon the pastor of the Parish Church, passes harmlessly away.

VILLA MARIA.

Three miles from Montreal, sheltered by the the Mountain upon one side, and commanding a frontage view of the St. Lawrence stands the Convent of Villa Maria. The frigid regularity of Conventual establishments is here somewhat relieved by the artistic elegance of the buildings, and the monotony of the coup d'oeil, is broken by what looks like a private residence connecting two wings of the establishment. The scenery is magnificent. In summer the St. Lawrence looks like a thread of silver winding through an emerald lawn, and far away the border mountains between the States and Canada, rise with lofty ruggedness some thousands of feet into the air. Dorval and Lachine are in view, and here and there the thread of silver, knots into a wider area, and the white sails of some trim clipper, goes merrily over its surface. Villa Maria is truly a Mountain home, and the history of its foundress is not without interest. The institution itself was founded in 1854. But Villa

Maria has a more ancient history, to conjure up associations of the early struggles of the Colonists. The "private residence" to which we alluded was once the abode of the Governor General of Canada, and the record of its history would form an interesting chapter in the annals of "Villa Maria." But it is of the Convent as an institution we wish to write to-day. Belonging to the order of the Congregation of Notre Dame, founded by the heroic Marguerite Bourgeois, the convent has more than realized the object for which it was founded. Of this order Villa Maria is the principal institution, and it was founded by the late much regretted superioress, Sister La Nativite. The number of pupils vary from 150 to 180, and every branch of education, necessary for a lady, is taught within its walls. Whatever is calculated to develop the mind, and to keep pace with the intellectual advancement of the age, finds a ready home in Villa Maria, with that moral training and religious instruction, without which education may prove a danger and a snare. Under the guidance of the late superioress, Sister La Nativite, the Convent of Villa Maria made considerable progress, and last week it was our privilege to witness an examination in the grand salon. The room was handsomely decorated, and that simple and because simple, exquisite taste for which conventual establishments are noticeable, lent a classic beauty to the scene. The examination, however, was not of an ordinary kind, and the fair pupils of the establishment were not required to tax their talents in displaying their knowledge of science or of art. All that had been done before. This time the examination was a more homely, but of no less interesting a kind. It was, in fact, from the drawing-room to the kitchen; from the studio to the pan. A prize for "Domestic Economy" had been founded by Mrs. Edward Murphy of Montreal, and the young ladies of the institution were struggling for the mastery in the science of airy trifles, Charlotte Russe, and galatine cream cakes, and some mention of delicate things called "ladies' fingers." The Domestic Management and the Culinary Art were the subjects of examination, and the responses proved that the pupils had been well instructed in all the mysteries of house-keeping. Rows of smiling and happy faces testified that contentment dwelt within the walls of "Villa Maria," and the Musical *soiree* displayed the grace and culture which are taught by its accomplished guardians.

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

There is a marine monster called the "Cuttle fish." This creature has no means of defence, except by obscuring its retreat. When attacked it spurts out an inky substance which darkens the water, and then it tries to escape. It endeavours to "blind" its assailants. It never attempts to meet its antagonist in open combat but, by enveloping them in darkness, it tries to bewilder its foes. This is the position of the *Tribune* of Toronto on the Immigration Question. It endeavours to escape our arguments by throwing column after column full of ink into our face. It wriggles and twists and turns, spurts ink, and tries to cover its retreat in the dark. But we are acquainted with the trick, for we know exactly in what direction the Cuttle fish is trying to make off. We shall not pursue through the inky substance, for in that there is only a shadow—we shall pin our opponent in another way. The *Tribune* knows it has been caught in a trap and it cannot so easily escape our clutches. Let the *Tribune* answer these questions, or we shall not notice its shadowy assaults any more:

Was Mr. Foy an Orangeman before he was appointed agent for the Dominion in Belfast?

Was he appointed because he was an Orangeman?

Did he receive \$500 from the Ontario Government to encourage Orange Immigration from Ulster?

Did he print 40,000 handbills by order of the Government, while no other "agent" had the power of ordering printed matter?

Did some of these pamphlets contain the phrase, "even some of the Indians are Orangemen?"

Did he exercise exceptional power in Ulster? Is he still the Government agent for Belfast?

Let the *Tribune* deny any one of those statements if it can, and if it cannot, let it be as good as its word and call for the dismissal of a man whose Orange antecedents, and whose Orange surroundings, are doing much to embitter Catholic feeling in the Dominion.

THE "CITY OF BRUSSELS."

Up to the time of our going to press there was no news of the "City of Brussels" that sailed with the pilgrims from New York for Liverpool, on Saturday fortnight. The ship is seventeen days out to-day—not including the day of sailing. There is much anxiety felt in Montreal, for it is well known that the ship is not a slow one.

"SCENE AT THE BONAVENTURE STATION ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE IRISH PILGRIMS FOR ROME."

The departure of the Irish Pilgrims from Montreal to Rome, furnished the *Canadian Illustrated News* with a subject for an illustration—or more correctly, with a subject for a cartoon. We must admit that we were not prepared for the illustrated fantasmagoria to which the *News* treated us. Upon more than one occasion we have noticed a friendly hand in its editorial columns, and we can even volunteer to acquit the courteous gentleman who sits in the editorial chair of the slightest complicity in connection with the cartoon in question. We have to deal with the artist not with the editor. And of the artist we can only say that in his "Scene at the Bonaventure Station on the departure of the Irish Pilgrims for Rome" he intended to lampoon our people, and he succeeded. The Irishman is caricatured with lantern jaws and decrepid form, and lest there should be any mistake, the sash and shamrock stand out in bold relief to mark his nationality. We shall not forget the incident to our illustrated contemporary, and when we know a little more of the artist we hope to be some day able to return the compliment he has paid us.

ANOTHER VACANCY IN THE SENATE.

Another vacancy takes place in the Senate in consequence of the death of the Hon. Mr. Wilson of Montreal. We trust that the Government of Mr. McKenzie will now show the Government of Catholic Quebec a good example by appointing an Irish Catholic to the vacant place. We have no desire to make all issues of this kind a test question of religion, but when we find our Catholic fellow-countrymen ousted from all political positions it is time we should bestir ourselves. Quebec hesitates to appoint one Irish Catholic to its Senate, let the Dominion take the initiative, and thus do something to allay the bitter antagonism which some Irish Catholics now feel towards the administration of Mr. McKenzie. Such an appointment will be politic, and it will be just, and we expect that the Government will eagerly embrace an opportunity by which they may show their impartiality.

THE CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK—MR. MURPHY.

The election of Mr. Edward Murphy as President of the City and District Savings Bank, did not surprise the citizens of Montreal. Mr. Murphy has been a director of the Savings Bank for 16 years, while he has been a resident in the city for a little more than a half-century. As an Irish Catholic, we can rejoice at the advancement of our coreligionist and our countryman. Cut off from political power in Canada, it is only in the area of commercial pursuits that they can prove themselves the equal of their surroundings. Of Mr. Murphy's personal character we have no occasion to say anything to the Irish Catholics in Montreal, and to those outside we can only point to the position he has been elected to, as the testimony of his worth.

DEATH OF THE HON. CHARLES WILSON.

The Hon. Charles Wilson, formerly Mayor of Montreal and Senator for the District of Rigaud died on Friday night, the 4th inst. The deceased gentleman was born at Coteau du Lac, P.Q., in 1808. In 1851 in 1852 and again in 1853 he was elected Mayor of Montreal by acclamation. In 1854 he was created a Chevalier Commander of the Order of St. Gregory and was called to the Senate in 1867. Mr. Wilson was, we believe, of Scotch and French parentage, and he was a Catholic.

UNION.

What about the proposed UNION of the various Irish Societies in Montreal? If we are to become a power in this city it can only be done by standing shoulder to shoulder. Time will come when it will be necessary for the Irish people to put forth all their strength, and that can only be done by Union. If we cannot unite on political questions, at least we can unite when Faith and Fatherland are assailed. We hope that this question will not be allowed to drop, and that we shall soon hear of something practical having been done.

THE "CLERICAL ABUSES BILL."

The "Clerical Abuses Bill" has been thrown out by the Italian Senate. Such is the news we learn by telegraph, and it should incite the Catholics of the world to renewed exertions in the cause of the Church. There can be little doubt but that the opinion of the Catholic world has had some influence upon this decision of the Senate. The throwing out of this infamous bill must satisfy Protestants that we have justice on our sides. But we must not rest and be thankful. The same or a modified bill may again be brought into the Italian Parliament, and it behooves the Catholics not to lose sight of the grave issues at stake.