

TESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS

The True Witness

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THIS week we are happy to be able to state that the affairs of the TRUE WITNESS are moving, most satisfactorily, toward a completion. After so many severe shocks, it requires considerable time and patience to place everything in order and to secure the future. We must gratefully acknowledge the kindly expressions of several of our contemporaries; they all referred with regret to our difficulties, with pleasure on learning that the "worst is over," and with encouraging hopefulness and best wishes for our future. It will take a few weeks more before all obstacles are overcome; but we trust that the dawn of 1894 will see the TRUE WITNESS entering upon an era of unprecedented prosperity. Even as it is, we find our feet touching solid ground: and that ground is the unmolested plane of purely Catholic journalism. In the reorganization there will be no controlling influence, and we cordially invite our fellow-citizens and co-religionists, irrespective of political or other differences, to unite in supporting a thoroughly independent Catholic organ.

WITHIN the past week we received several very interesting and beautiful volumes from different publishers. Three of these are deserving of editorial notice, and we take advantage of these first page notelets to give prominence to these most useful and even necessary volumes. The first is entitled "An Explanation of the Gospels, of the Sundays and Holy-days," translated from the Italian of Angelo Cagnola by Rev. Father Lambert, LL.D., the world-known conqueror of Ingersoll; added to this, in the same volume, is "An Explanation of Catholic Worship, its Ceremonies and the Sacraments and the Festivals of the Church," translated from the German by Rev. R. Brennan, LL.D. It is bound in flexible cloth and contains 32 large illustrations. The price is only 50 cents; and the publishers are Benziger Brothers, the well-known Catholic publishers of New York. The first book is "a perfect store house of information on the Gospels and is both edifying and suggestive;" as to the second book, or portion of the volume, "the Catholic who would have a handy, clear and correct answer to any question asked in regard to the beautiful worship of the Church" should possess this book. It is a neat pocket-volume, and we advise each of our readers to secure a copy.

THE second volume comes also from the same firm, as does the one mentioned in our next paragraph. For a Christmas or New Year's gift, we know of nothing cheaper, neater, more interesting—especially for the young—and instructive for Catholic youth, than the story of "Connor D'Arcy's Struggles." It is from the pen of Mrs. W. M. Bertholds, whose name is already well known on account of "Uncle John's Jewels," and "One in a Crowd." In recommend-

ing this story we do not intend to make any analysis of it, nor to do more than invite our readers to secure and peruse it; they will enjoy the interesting narrative the more without having had any previous idea of its contents.

THE third volume to which we desire to call attention, and for which we thank the publishers heartily for having given us an opportunity of enjoying its contents, is from the pen of Rev. Francis J. Finn, of the Society of Jesus. Father Finn's name is known to the world as the author of "Percy Wynn," "Tom Playfair," "Harry Dee," and several other stories of a similar kind. The book is neatly bound in cloth and the type is large and clear. As in the case of every production of Father Finn, there is a serious moral in the romance he now presents to the world. It seems to us that for prizes in Catholic colleges, convents and schools there could be nothing more suitable, in every way, than a few copies of "Claude Lightfoot," the name of Father Finn's new hero. And outside the prize-lists for educational institutions, there are others who make presents and who are often at a loss to know what is most suitable to give to the young. Mothers like to give their children birthday gifts and New Year and Christmas presents; let the parent who is anxious to see a good and yet amusing book in the hands of a young boy or girl, secure a copy of "Claude Lightfoot." When we meet with specially deserving Catholic works, we desire to give them all the prominence possible for the benefit of our literature.

THERE seems to be no end of confusion in Europe; a very chaos of politics. Editorially we speak of Italy; but Italy is not alone in the mess. It is a significant fact that every time France has a change of ministry, there are generally half a dozen vain attempts made to form a new administration. In last week's crisis we find another illustration of this uncertainty in the government of that great country. One day's despatch brings the news of an impossibility of finding a Premier; the next message tells of an attempt to form a government; the following day we hear of a new Premier with a new list of ministers; and so the story runs for a week or ten days. There must be something radically wrong over there, because France's politicians are, as a rule, very keen for power. And while all these things are taking place in France, Portugal has a serious crisis, Spain is badly disturbed, Austria is afraid of dynamite bombs, and Germany is splitting into numerous factions. The result must certainly be patent to anyone—not necessarily a prophet; the war cloud has hovered too long upon the horizon, it must soon burst on the continent.

THAT was a severe shock of earthquake which was felt in Montreal last week. Numerous causes are assigned

for the convulsion and from Wiggins and Smith to the minor prophets each one has a version of his own. Be the cause what it may, one thing we have to be grateful for is the absence of accidents or deaths. No wonder that at the base of the Laurentians we should feel a trembling of the earth, when in other regions whole countries are rocked and shaken into atoms. There is an idea abroad, upon what it is based we cannot tell, that Mount Royal is a slumbering volcano, and that some day or other we will have a little Vesuvius up there. Many of those who had heard of this probable future eruption were stricken with consternation, for they thought that the fatal hour had come. There were others under impression that the Nelson monument had been blown up. But no matter what people thought or did not think, we repeat that we should be thankful that there were no fatalities.

AS A SAMPLE of Russian tyranny and the hard fate of the Catholic, as well as the Jew, in that land of Tartar barbarism, we call attention to the following despatch, that came from Berlin on the 30th November last. It speaks for itself:

The *Vossische Zeitung* published a despatch from Kovno, capital of the Government of that name in Russia, stating that the Imperial authorities recently ordered the local authorities to close a Roman Catholic Church at Krosche, in the Government of Kovno. With the purpose of preventing the order being carried out a large number of Roman Catholics occupied the church day and night. Finally, a body of troops, headed by the Governor, forcibly entered the church. A fight resulted, in which twenty persons were killed with swords and a hundred were wounded. The others in the church fled to escape the wrath of the Cossacks, who pursued them. While the Roman Catholics were attempting to cross a river, many of them were drowned. Several hundred Roman Catholics have been arrested and will be tried by court-martial.

MR. STEAD, the great journalist, is going the round of Canada preaching Church and social reform. Mr. Stead is a very plain speaker, in fact, too much so to suit every Canadian audience. There is a way of saying things without offending that delicacy which should ever be respected in those who pay a speaker the compliment of going to hear him. We trust that Mr. Stead's recent communications with "Julia" have not caused him to forget that ladies do not generally relish "calling a spade, a spade," especially when the expression is suggestive of reflections and ideas that do not altogether harmonize with the polite and the pure. "Cows far away wear long horns;" "no man is a hero to his vallet;" and "distance lends enchantment to the view," are very truthful sayings: "You would have no respect for the Lord Mayor were you to know him in his coat and trousers," said a sensible Irishman; he meant that divested of his robes of office and met in every-day affairs that great dignitary would be but a man—with all

a man's shortcomings and blemishes. Mr. Stead, in London, as editor of *Pall Mall*, as builder up of the *Review of Reviews*, is a giant of intellect, a hero, a great man; seen at shorter range he loses instead of gains by the more familiar acquaintance. At a distance a mountain looks imposing—clothed in a garb of purple, and majestic in the floods of sun-light; but as you approach its base, the bright hues vanish and you perceive the rough defiles, the rugged precipices, the crevices, the dizzy heights and all the real harshness of common rock and unpoetic adamant.

The Westminster Orchestral Society sent an address to the widow of the dead composer Gounod. The first name affixed thereto was that of "Herbert, Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster." His Eminence added the following words to his signature:

"We wish this crown to be placed, with the expression of our profound respect, on the tomb of Charles Gounod. All that was human about the great French master disappears, but the glorious creations of his genius will live forever in the hearts of the English people."

THE Chattanooga "Facts" makes a very happy suggestion on the subject of Papal Freedom. After pointing out the possibility and probability of an European war, and the dangerous position in which the Holy Father would then find himself, our bright and ever truly Catholic contemporary says that an international mail service should be established that would be guaranteed by international safeguards, and by means of which free communication between the Vatican and the world at large would be secured. In this every Catholic nation, and every Catholic individual in the world has a direct interest. It seems to us that if properly taken up and strongly advocated, this fine idea of "Facts" might become a real fact.

THE Ministerial Association seems to have taken the hint from the *Canada Revue*. This very saintly organ, which declared its mission to be the purification of the Church, the instruction of the clergy and the protection of the hierarchy—all for the love of God and the good of Catholicity—seems to have lost its vocation, for it fulfils its obligations in a most peculiar manner. It protects the hierarchy by dragging the Archbishop before the courts; it instructs the clergy by covering the members of that body with mud; and it purifies the Church by advising Protestant evangelization. We don't say that the *Canada Revue* ever went as far, in its madness, as to preach the anti-Catholic versions of Scripture; but it is a most significant fact that the Ministerial Association, composed of many bitter and angry, apparently liberal-minded men, announce that after centuries, under the power of Rome, Catholics are clamoring for reformation, as shown by the *Canada Revue*, that it is the duty of Protestants to carry on the work commenced by that organ. What have our friends of the French press to say to this?