

Co. LIMITED 12, 1905.

COAT!

stock quite from a well-tailored Parisian. Now, read

Black Bordered, tailored in every size in

of Brown and cloth facings, pleated back, in the

...\$7.25

BY?

For Sills Trimmed, guaranteed to fit. It is one of these

Alpine and inside O and \$2.95

are on the liability does not offer all the

fit gracefully, and \$33 00

\$37 90

\$43 60

\$30 00

AS. opportunity as much smaller

quality black pearl post handily sold

\$1.39

CO LIMITED Montreal

LKS

out saying that what we are doing RUGS, MATS, per cent. dis

OC.

and BRUSSELS.

our opportunity.

ine Street.

gh their reasoning and to give a satisfac

One bad Catholicism than a dozen

They make no good; he professes requires virtue, and worse on that ac

any Catholic who up the opportuni

in his reach for his fellows. Per

of his influence, le of his power, of others. Yet it is

of everyday life are impressed

virtue because it is the, of the first im

setting of good should not be

of the Church may be induced to

at the Church, to be by the lives

holics. Non-Catholics power for good by able to do with

The True Witness

Vol. LV., No. 15

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

BISHOP HEDLEY ON IRELAND'S SAINTS.

The Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport, preaching at the consecration of St. Brigid's Church, Ardgagh, Co. Longford, took as his text "And it came to pass that through the whole city of Jerusalem for the space of forty days were seen horsemen riding in the air, in gilded raiment, and armed with spears, like bands of soldiers" (II Machabees, v. 2).

We take from the Freeman's Journal the following report of His Lordship's beautiful discourse:

It is impossible for any Catholic to get his foot on the soil of Ireland, much less to mix with her people and learn to know them, without feeling a strange sense of the nearness and the protection of God. I think it arises from the conviction, due partly to what one otherwise knows, that here is a people who have kept the Catholic Faith in the face of every human attempt to make them give it up, and who keep it to this day in spite of every temptation to abandon it.

SOMETHING SEEMS TO GUARD THEM.

Some power unseen appears to have them in its keeping. The Irish race have their frailties and their shortcomings, but these do not, as with other peoples, lead to apostasy. They live, they labor, they think, they learn like other men; but, take them as a whole, neither their heads nor their hearts, neither riches nor poverty, neither learning nor simplicity, would seem to make them disloyal to their faith, as if some protection from above made dangerous weapons harmless and laid a spell on poison that it should not harm them. This privilege of Ireland, this protection, this special blessing of Heaven, is without doubt in great measure due to the merits and the intercession of the Saints of Ireland. All good comes to men by the Incarnation of Jesus, by His Flesh, by His Passion, by His Cross. The Saints are a part of the earthly dispensation of Jesus. They stand for Him, they enforce Him, they convey His gifts, and they make men in many ways comprehend Him. In the Heavens out of sight, but near—or rather neither near nor far, but mapping us round with spaces that have not earthly length or height or breadth—there are

THE HOSTS OF THE SAINTS OF IRELAND.

Are they any other beings than Ireland once knew in the body? Have they parted with their essential characters, or lost in their flight to Heaven the quickest and strongest forces of their being? Is their charity burnt out—is their thirst for their brothers' souls all gone, or their ardor for all that God desires extinguished? Remember what they were. St. Patrick, the Patron of the nation, was its earliest and greatest Evangelist. His wonderful history—which there is no time to dwell upon here—is that of one who, by divine light, by the most intense conviction, that he belonged to the Irish race, and that race to him. It is of little consequence where he was born, or whence he came. In his career he traversed and occupied the soil of Ireland. From Wicklow to Meath, from Meath to the Shannon, and the mountains and bogs of the south-west—from thence to the crowning achievement of the consecration of historic Armagh—he took possession, he planted the Cross, and he beguethed his conquest to the men of his own spirit who were to succeed him. "For the good of the nation"—that was his own phrase—"to which the love of Christ impelled me." "Wherefore," he goes on to say, "may God never permit that I should lose His people whom I have acquired" ("Confession"). And on Croagh Patrick, as the gracious legend tells, it was granted to him to call the saints of Ireland around him. As flocks of birds, darkening the air, they thronged around the wild summit where he prayed—the departed, the living, even those who were still unborn, and a divine voice called to them: "Go up, ye saints, to the top of the mountain which is higher than all the other mountains of the West, and bless the people of Ireland." All these years since his body was laid in

the earth at Saul, think you he has not kept that spirit of dedication to Ireland, that spirit of possession and ownership, that office of blessing? Oh, if we knew the words of the language of Heaven for the sacred impulses, the divine fervors, the force of purified will, into which the earthly aspirations and devotedness of the saints have been transformed, there in the kingdom where they reign, your apostles are still your apostles, your fathers still your fathers—but there should be warmer words to call them by. Your

GREAT MONASTIC FOUNDERS

and their austere and rigid bands are still eager to draw you to Christ, but their renunciation is changed into something for which earth has no name, and their ardor for souls is heated sevenfold. Your scholars and searchers are better now than when they kept their vigils at Armagh, Kildare, Clonard, or Clonmacnoise. They have words more strong, thoughts more clear, and a gift of teaching, which, when they can turn your ear, brings with it a deep insight and a culture far more precious than when they made Ireland the school of the Western nations. Your holy virgins, like the moon when she makes a bright sky beneath the clouds, scattered pagan darkness and formed in all the land their realms and spheres of purity, that grew and spread till all the firmament of Ireland was pure and worthy of the Mother of Christ. Your martyrs—for you have had many glorious martyrs—men who in early times shed their blood in the conversion of Europe, and in later days died for their Faith upon your own soil—your martyrs still without cessation offer their sufferings and their blood, which makes the land so dear to the Heavenly Father. Is there a city or a see in Ireland which has not kept the name and memory of a founder or patron? Patrick, as of right, is honored at Armagh, with St. Malachy; St. Albert at Cashel; St. Ailbe (Albans), a contemporary of St. Patrick, the father of innumerable converts, at Emily St. Jarlath, the great teacher, master of St. Brendan and St. Colman, founder of the line of the Archbishop of Connaught, at Tuam; St. Kevin of the Islands at Dublin. It is

A GLORIOUS ROLL—

the old cathedral towns of Ireland, each with the name of the old Patron Saint upon its brow; and it is beautiful and gracious to know that all through the centuries that association has been unbroken, and that now at this later day her faithful people crowd to Mass and prayer whenever the calendar brings round these charmed and venerable names. It was the fifth century—the century of St. Patrick—and the sixth and seventh, which chiefly furnished the classic saints of Ireland. This is the work of the providence of God. There have been saints since those days in the country—many a one—but it is the first ages of a Christian nation's birth on which God seems to bestow the visible charismata of sanctity. In those days Heaven was near, man's heart was simple, and the arm of the Lord was visible. Thus there arose a great host, whose illustrious names are inscribed upon the soil of the country, and which mark its Christianity, as the crosses on the church's wall mark its consecration. The land belongs to the Saints. You cannot look over the map without realizing that the Saints have taken hold of its ancient boundaries—its kingdoms, its rivers, its mountains—and christened them afresh. You cannot travel without the old historic names striking the ear or the eye, and sending the fancy back to holy memories. You cannot stop anywhere but you find continuity of Catholic history, the inspiration of grand traditions, and the filial reverence of a people who believe as their fathers believed. Here, where a solemn festival is this day held, and where these words are spoken,

THE HIDDEN PRESENCE OF PROTECTING SAINTS

is felt in the very air. Here lives the memory of St. Mel; here falls down from the Heavens, where his bed is, the blessed influence of St. Mel. He

lived in the heroic time. From St. Patrick he had his commission and his inspiration; in St. Patrick's conflict he took his noble share; with St. Patrick now he reigns. When St. Patrick visited these regions, he may well have fixed upon this very Ardgagh for a church. (See "O'Hanlon"). The land, like all the rest of Ireland, belongs to the Saints. Here lives the memory of St. Brigid. It would appear that she received from St. Mel on this very spot her definite consecration to holy vows and religion. Here, at any rate, there is the immemorial tradition of her veneration as patron; and it was to this church that, some years ago, a portion of her relics was brought from Strasburg, where her head is kept with holy honor. St. Brigid is the type of the pure, single-minded, and noble womanhood of Ireland. At the very dawn of the country's Christianity was vouchsafed to the race this strong and rich personality, who was destined to take possession of the moral and spiritual character of the people, as St. Patrick of their soil and their faith. In her life, with a glorious company of maidens, she prayed, she lived a Gospel life of renunciation, she breathed another her the spirit of the Blessed Mother of Jesus, and she was the light and the transformation of wide regions from Kildare to Armagh, and from the east coast to the Shannon. And the country has her still. It hardly requires the eye of faith to see, above these horizons, the "horsemen riding in the air," as of old the Jewish patriarchs saw above the Holy City. "In gilded raiment, armed with spears, like bands of soldiers," your Saints hover above you, to save and to keep this country. To the Saints you owe above all things that signal victory which is the grand glory of Ireland—

THE VICTORY IN THE FIGHT FOR FAITH.

To them the race owes its spiritual insight, its sense of the world above, and the world of grace, and its spirit (Continued on Page 5.)

VETERANS AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

On Sunday morning the Army and Navy veterans numbering about fifty held their annual church parade to St. Patrick's Church, and with them were several younger men who had seen service in the Transvaal. The file and drum band of the association headed the march, and the old soldiers stepped out bravely to its inspiring music.

Major Matthews was in command. Other officers present were Captain Maxwell, Lieut. Hawkins and Marsh, the president of the association; Sergeant-Major Jones, Color-Sergeant McDermott, Sergeants Trim and Bostock and Quartermaster-Sergeant Butters.

In the absence of the Rev. Pastor, Rev. James Killoran welcomed the veterans in the following words: "In the name of the Rev. Pastor, and of the parish we welcome you here today the Army and Navy and South African veterans; men who have given up to the service of their country some of the best years of their lives and have served their country's interests in their respective capacities in many a land and on many a sea. It is a pleasure for us to see you here to-day, to extend to you a true Christian welcome. We welcome you as brothers and admire not only the military and patriotic spirit which urged you on to defend your country, but more especially your religious spirit by which you earnestly trust in the protecting arms of Almighty God. You perhaps have cast aside the arms of the sword, and we hope you will be strengthened in the Lord, and in the might of His power. With St. Paul we admonish you to put on the armor of God that you may be able to stand against the deceits of the devil. Stand, therefore, girt with truth, having on the breastplate of justice. In all things taking the shield of Faith wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the most wicked one, and take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of spirit which is the word of God. Thus receive the reward of eternal happiness for fighting the good fight."

The preacher then introduced Rev. Father McGinley, the new curate, who sang High Mass.

A NIGHT INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

It was after the Ave Maria one night this week, and the Vatican was wrapped in darkness, except for a stray light here and there in one or other of the windows. The Swiss on guard opened the wicket of the bronze doors in answer to a knock. He at once recognized the priest outside, and with a friendly "Buona sera," allowed him to pass unquestioned. The salutation was repeated at the head of the staircase opening on the Court of San Damaso by the gendarme on duty, and at each landing of the Scala Regia where a solitary guard paced to and fro in the dim light. A minute later the priest was making his way through a long series of silent, empty halls—not a guard did he meet, or a chamberlain, or a servant, and not even his footsteps as they moved over the carpets. But his goal was in sight at last, when he beheld a thin line of light cutting the floor for a few feet at the end of the passage. He paused for a moment at the door of red baize to wipe away the perspiration from his face, for it was a close night, and he had mounted several hundreds of steps since he had said "Buona sera" to the Swiss at the bronze doors. Then he tapped on the wooden frame of the baize door.

THE CRUCIFIX AND TWO LETTERS.

"Avanti!" called a voice from within, and the priest entered. The room was very large, so large that the far end of it was buried in gloom; even the book-cases and busts and pictures on the side walls were recognizable from memory rather than from sight. All the light of the apartment was concentrated in a little space on the right of the door; an electric reading-lamp threw a flood of brilliancy on the big desk, showing it to be piled high around the edges with papers, books and pamphlets. But there was a free space in the centre, evidently used for writing, and here the rays from the lamp fell directly on the crucifix, and on two letters that lay open near the foot of it, almost as if they had been placed there so that the eyes of the suffering Christ might read them. There was a Bishop's crest at the head of each of the letters.

A PENNILESS PONTIFF.

The only person in the room when the priest entered was the Holy Father himself. He was seated close to the desk, but not writing, and he put his hand up to his eyes to shade off the light so that he might see the features of his visitor. "Ah! it is you, father," he exclaimed, as he stretched forth his hand, while the priest knelt to kiss his ring. "Well! and what good news have you for me this evening?" But in spite of the cheery greeting the priest saw at once that something was the matter. The Pope looked unusually pale and sad, and he hardly smiled when he spoke; his face was drawn, and there was a care-worn expression in his eyes. "Has your Holiness any further news from Calabria?" the visitor asked, with the suspicion that the cause of his distress might be found here; and he was right. "Ah! yes," said Pius X., "I have had news, of course. Every day brings its tale of sorrow, and every day's news is more distressing than the last. You know how I have sent the bishops and priests all the money that I possessed or could gather together. It was little enough, but it was more than could be spared, and just when I am empty-handed I receive these two letters from the Archbishop of Cosenza and the Bishop of Mileto," and he pointed to two letters lying near the foot of the crucifix. Until a few days ago nobody had ever heard about Mgr. Morabito, the young Bishop who has ruled over Mileto for the last seven years, but now his name has become almost a household word throughout Italy. Even the irreligious papers have eulogized his zeal and charity and the heroic efforts he has made to stem the tide of distress among the ruined villages of his diocese.

"POVERO POPOLO, E. POVERO PAPA!"

"This is what the Bishop of Mileto has to say to me," said the Pope, taking up his letter and beginning to read. It was not a long epistle, but there were no superfluous words in it. The Bishop was pained to have to write to His Holiness, for he knew how bitter was his cup of sorrows, and how many claims there were on his charity. But he was driven to it. His diocese was a heap of ruins, he had passed through it to find his churches and presbyteries thrown in shapeless masses on the ground, or seamed and creviced and unsafe as places of worship he had seen little orphans cry over the mangled remains of their parents as the bodies were dug out from the debris of their homes; thousands of empty hands were stretched out to him for relief wherever he went. And until now he had been able to do a little through the offerings he had received from many parts of Italy, but he was at the end of his resources. That may be had stood near the threshold of what had once been his residence, distributing relief to the famishing men and women and children, and when he stopped he had nothing more to give—even the beds and the linen that could be rescued from his house had been distributed. "And now, Holy Father," the letter concluded in substance, "you know why I write to you; my people are crying out to me for bread and covering, and I have no longer a house of my own or a penny to buy to-morrow's dinner, so I throw myself on your father's heart, begging you for God's sake to help us." The Pope laid down the letter and looked at the priest, and then the priest flushed and grew pale again as he saw the tears fall from the Pope's eyes on the open letter. "Just at the moment when I have nothing to send him," said the Pope; "povero popolo, e povero papa!" Happily His Holiness was able to send another large sum next day to Cosenza and Mileto.

A WAVE OF CHARITY.

A great wave of public charity has swept over Italy since the morning when the first news of the catastrophe became known; all the great newspapers have opened subscriptions, some of which have realized three and four thousand pounds; collections have been made in the churches, processions have been formed in the streets of the large towns to gather the alms of the charitable, industrial societies have made offerings that may well be considered handsome for Italy, but it is to be feared that too much red tape has sometimes been used in the distribution of the relief. Instead of handing over to the clergy and local authorities, as it arrived, useless formalities have been multiplied. The Holy Father's alms have been distributed quietly, promptly, and with discretion, by the priests and Bishops. After the last great earthquake which devastated Calabria in the eighteenth century, a rather interesting pamphlet was printed to prove that the Jesuits were the real cause (if not the authors) of the calamity. This time the Jesuits of the Civita Cattolica have been wily enough to divert suspicion from the company by opening a subscription for the sufferers in their famous magazine. Their own offering was 10,000 francs and in a few days their friends and accomplices have run up the amount to over sixty thousand, which have been at once turned over to the Holy Father to be distributed as he thinks best.—London Tablet.

Heaven, that beautiful home prepared for us from all eternity, what place does it hold in our affections, in our hearts?

It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts; but when alone, weigh what you have said.

There is only one person in the world to whom we may be saved. There is one who deserves it, and on whom we may vent all our severity, and that person is our own self.—Cardinal Manning.

OLD RESIDENT OF DANVILLE LAID TO REST.

(An Occasional Correspondent.)

On Sept. 25th, 1905, one of the oldest Irish Catholic residents of this district, Mrs. John McNamara, aged 87 years, passed to her reward. The deceased lady was a native of County, Clare, Ireland, and came to Canada with her husband in 1849 and settled on a farm near Castlebar, Que., where by their industry and intelligence they succeeded in making for themselves and their family a comfortable home in which they lived till the time of their demise. Mrs. McNamara was a truly Christian woman, and during her early life and long widowhood of twenty-five years, she edified her family and co-parishioners by her exemplary and charitable life. She enjoyed good health and retained all her faculties to the last. After receiving the Holy Viaticum she died invoking blessings on her bereaved family.

Of her five children, only four survive. Mr. John McNamara, her eldest son, and Miss Helen, her youngest daughter, who reside at the old homestead, Castlebar; Mr. Michael McNamara, Montreal, and Mrs. John Parke, of Danville. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Julius, predeceased her by several years. There are also ten surviving grandchildren.

The esteem in which Mrs. McNamara was held was evinced by the large number of people both Protestant and Catholic, from the surrounding parishes, who attended her funeral. The sacred office was draped in deep mourning, and a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Hebert, of Danville, her pastor, for the repose of her soul. Her remains were laid to rest in the family plot beside her devoted husband and her beloved daughter. In reflecting on the life and death of our departed friend we can very appropriately quote the words taken from the Apocalypse, chap. xiv. v. 5, 13: "Happy are the dead who die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit for they shall rest from their labors and their good works will follow them."

We laid our sainted mother down In consecrated earth to rest, Her soul ascends to God on high, And lives among the blest.

'Tis only Thou, O Lord, who knew The grief, the pain, the gloom, As home we went with aching hearts To find her vacant room. She taught us from our earliest years To bow to Thy sweet will, We'll not forget her precepts now That her voice is hushed and still. We'll kneel before our parents' God, And pray that grace be given To us to tread the path they trod And meet them both in heaven.

A WAIL OF DISTRESS.

England Regrets that There are so Few Recruits for Her Navy in Ireland.

The Irish Times in a leading article laments for Ireland's sake that on the eve of Nelson's centenary there are so few recruits from Ireland for the British navy, and that last year only 125 youths from Ireland could be induced to enlist in the British navy for flagellation at the whim of subordinate officers with the birch or the cane. In times past when "press gangs" were free to kidnap youths for the royal navy, and when military despotisms of the Carhampton Lake type could smuggle off suspicious persons to the fleet the navy showed a large contingent of able-bodied seamen from Ireland. In 1797, the year of the mutiny at the Nile, Ireland furnished no fewer than 11,457 men for the navy and 4058 for the marines. How much our "rulers" must regret that these glorious times have passed away, never to return.

For faith, everywhere, multitudes die willingly enough. . . . 'Tis not the dying for a faith that's so hard, every man of every nation has done that; it's the living up to it that is difficult.—Henry Edmond.—Thackeray.

Cultivate ideal friendships and gather into an intimate circle all your acquaintances who are hungering for truth and right. Remember that heaven itself can be nothing but the intimacy of pure and noble souls.