

to take up your abode in the heavenly mansions, you must reach there by works, without which you cannot enter.

man who modifies the nature of crying out at such wounds or operations will live in peace with himself.

# The True



# Witness

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## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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### EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

"If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work."  
—P. AUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

**A STRIKING LESSON.**—A forcible and eloquent lesson is embodied in the following letter which we have just received from a man who has been a subscriber of the "True Witness" for over thirty years. The truly Christian spirit of resignation in which he refers to his infirmities, and his scrupulous anxiety to pay even a small debt before he leaves these mortal scenes, throw a strong light on the religious character and moral fibre of the pioneer Irish settlers of Canada, and explain the abiding fidelity to their faith which has always distinguished them and their offspring. The Celtic temperament is also seen in the familiar joke about the prelatical dignitaries of a certain sect—a temperament from which no amount of physical or mental affliction can altogether banish the keen sense of humor.

To the Manager of the True Witness.  
Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed one dollar to pay subscription to next April. I have not yet been able to read a line in book or paper for the past nine months. It has pleased God to deprive me of my sight and almost of my hearing, I am old and feeble, and I do not want to leave this world indebted to my weekly companion for over thirty years. You cannot imagine how lonesome it is to be always in the dark like a Protestant bishop. Now I wish you would send my paper to my brother-in-law, O. B., and I hope he will take my place and become a regular subscriber.

Yours truly,  
J. McC.

The "True Witness" sincerely sympathizes with Mr. McC. in his affliction, and hopes that it may soon be alleviated if not completely cured.

### INACCURACIES OF FICTION.

In the Cosmopolitan Magazine appears a short story—which the "Star" of Saturday last has reproduced—entitled "The Canon's Curse," "A story of old Quebec," by Arthur E. Macfarlane. Our purpose in calling attention to this wildly imaginative bit of fiction is not to pass any criticism upon its literary merits. We simply wish to indicate some glaring inaccuracies; and, we do so, because they are unpardonable in an author who lays claim to so much general information concerning Catholic institutions. Needless to say that, to any Catholic reader, the whole story is an absurdity. But fiction of the current time is mostly absurd. What we desire to point out is the fact that non-Catholic writers display more and more in their works a consummate lack of knowledge, an entire absence of information, in regard to Catholic institutions, Catholic customs, and Catholic discipline.

The scene is in Quebec city: the principal theatre of the little drama is the organ loft of a Sulpician Church; there are two organs; upon one of these a young New York musical student plays, upon the other a young lady, a Protestant of Quebec—who has long been in the habit of practising in the Church—creates symphonies to correspond with the young man's improvisations. The young man is awaiting the return of the Superior of the Sulpicians, who has gone on a visit to Montreal, in order to get his permission to examine some of the old musical documents conserved in the Sulpician library. He is anxious to find one in

particular that Louis XIV., of France, gave "to his dear Sulpicians of Quebec."

We need not enter into any further details. The poetic license—or the novelist's license—may excuse certain inaccuracies of detail; but it would have been as easy for the author to have set the scene in Montreal as in Quebec. There is no Sulpician Church in Quebec; the Sulpicians have no monastery in that city, nor have they a monastery any place—they are not cloistered, nor monastic; their Superior-General is in France, not in Canada; their Canadian Superior is in Montreal, not in Quebec; their splendid library is in the Montreal College, not in a monastic, dingy edifice in Quebec. The author then pictures Father Laurence, the organist of that supposed Church in Quebec, as a "white-robed Sulpician." The Sulpicians do not wear white robes; the Dominicans, the Trappists, and a few other orders wear white; but the Sulpicians wear the ordinary black soutane, devoid of any special insignia.

We will not say anything about the confusion, the inaccuracies, the impossible situations, and the absurd rules that the author's lack of acquaintance with Catholic affairs brings out on his page. We have just given sufficient to show that even in mild fiction, the so-called well-informed novelist, would do well to learn something about the Catholic Church before writing of her.

**MILLIONS FOR RELIGION.**—Some short time ago we had occasion to comment upon the proposed

Church Trust that the mighty Morgan and the almost equally mighty Hanna had projected, and we expressed our views somewhat strongly on the subject. This idea of subjecting religious propaganda to the influence and domination of money—a veritable erection of Mammon's temple—does not seem to have been original. A couple of years ago an "inter-denominational movement" was started in England and America for the purpose of raising \$50,000,000, as a fund to be devoted to the furtherance of religion, the clearing off of church debts, the supporting of missionary work, and such like. According to reports about \$40,000,000 of this amount has already been raised. The "Church Economist," a Protestant religious organ of New York, states that half of this grand total "was raised in this country, the Methodists North alone claiming \$17,000,000. The Canadian Methodists and Presbyterians, each of which bodies set out to raise \$1,000,000, have collected respectively \$1,250,000 and \$1,430,000. The English Wesleyans have secured \$4,500,000; and the English Congregationalists \$3,312,000. Congregationalists in Wales have raised \$860,000; in Australia \$415,000."

We have no doubt that these figures are correct. But what do they prove? They simply confirm our previous contention that the various denominations possess, in their ranks, men of extreme wealth, and that they have found the sublime methods of Christianity, from its earliest days—as illustrated in the history of the Catholic Church—no longer adequate, and that they have to fall back upon the purely human aid of wealth in order to save themselves from extinction. The gathering together of millions was not the system taught, nor practised by Our Divine Lord in the establishment of His Holy Religion on earth; no more was it adopted by the great and saintly missionaries who went forth in their poverty and heroism, to carry the truths of the Gospel into all lands under the sun. We are not alone in our estimate of this gigantic effort to save Protestantism, at all hazards, from the abyss towards which it is being impelled by its own principles.

### PULPIT SENSATIONALISM.

Rev. E. H. Byington, in the Boston "Congregationalist," defends sensationalism in the pulpit. He claims that it is Biblical, and even pretends to trace it to Our Lord Himself. In closing a very lengthy article, the details of which add nothing to the conclusions, he says:—"My plea is for more sensationalism. Let each preacher study his field and determine in what way he best can startle, attract, impress the indifferent about him. Let him advertise as freely and as strikingly as the most successful, upright business man in the place. Let the churches not only permit, but urge their ministers to arouse a church-neglecting community by the use of dramatic and winning methods. If all about you attend church, then avoid sensationalism."

To our mind Rev. Mr. Byington has at least the merit of frankness and honesty. He preaches what he practises, and he does not attempt to draw audiences by means of sensationalism and then pretend to rely simply upon the power of God's word to reach the souls of men. Moreover, in his case, as in thousands of others, we believe that more or less sensationalism is a necessity. Without it there would be absolutely nothing to draw men to the Church. In the absence of any deep and solid dogmas of religion, a preacher must make use of some kind of lever—or fail. When there is a lack of sentiment and soul-stirring devotion, there must be some other substitute—and sensationalism is about as practical a one as any. Above all when the great sources of grace—the sacraments—are wanting, it cannot be expected that men will freely abandon their ease or self-indulgence for the sake of sitting in a building called a church and spending a given time listening to prosaic sermons upon subjects that do not interest them. It needs a little, and often a great deal of sensationalism to draw people away from the other enjoyments of life and to compel them to attend Church services. Of course, we have no practical experience, in our Church, of the necessity of any such methods; but, when dealing

with non-Catholic institutions and means of religious propaganda, we must divest ourselves of all our fixed ideas concerning dogma, morals and discipline, and face the issues as we would those of commerce, of politics, of science, or of aught else that has no special relation to the soul or to the spiritual life of man. Taking the situation from a merely human and modern standpoint, we cannot but agree with this reverend gentleman. In fact, we see no other hope for him, if he desires to keep up the traditions of Protestantism, and to save its churches from the fate that seems to menace their existence. Based upon extreme sensationalism, in all its branches, Protestantism cannot but subsist upon the emotional. From Luther to the Salvation Army, and from Henry VIII. to Rev. Mr. Byington, the origin, life, and perpetuation of each fragment of Protestant Christianity have been sensational; hence our agreement with this novel argument.

### AN ELECTRIC AGE.

So accustomed have we become to being propelled, lighted, and enabled to speak by electricity that we are beginning to feel the need of that potent current in almost everything we do. The latest scientific idea in connection with this great auxiliary of man, is that of an electric production of sleep. A French physicist, M. Leduc, has found a method of producing sleep by means of electric currents. The inventor described his method before the Paris Academy of Sciences, and it appears that a considerable amount of appreciation was the result. A most careful writer, the editor of "The Electrical World and Engineer," comments upon the subject in a very sensible manner. We will not attempt to enter into any of the scientific explanations of the method; moreover they are beyond our capacity, not being electrically educated; but we will reproduce some of the above-mentioned editor's remarks. He says:—"As the authority for these statements is not a newspaper writer but a French physicist of authority, the matter takes on a real interest. It is true that the apparatus necessary is somewhat formidable, and that in the case of the animals experimented on, the first step consisted in producing apparent death, from which the subject was resuscitated to the intermediate stage of slumber. But even this condition would not deter one so afflicted with insomnia as to render any remedy, however heroic, the lesser evil. As insomnia is the result of a disturbance of the nerve-centers, it appears reasonable that a titillation properly set up by an interrupted current at such centers should have some effect, and perhaps a tranquilizing one; but whether it could be one oft repeated or have a permanent curative power is a matter for neurologists rather than physicists to pass judgment upon, and the verdict of the former will be awaited with interest."

This is exceedingly interesting; and we suppose that some day or other sleepless people will be enabled to carry about with them pocket, batteries, so charged, that at any moment they may turn on the current and go off in a sound dose. We were almost going to say that people may yet want to die by electricity, were it not that the "electric chair" so much in prominence in the neighboring Republic has already afforded a certain class of citizens that unenviable facility. But it would be exceedingly convenient if some person would invent a method of praying by electricity, it would obviate a deal of trouble, and the world is now getting to seek the avoidance of all kinds of trouble. Then there is the fearful necessity of eating; all men must eat in order to preserve life; yet a great deal of time is lost in that operation. If we could only fill our stomachs by electricity it would be lovely. In fine, anything that may tend to efface all necessity for work, for exertion, of fatigue, of pain, of living, will be acceptable and reckoned as a boon for the human race. The days of strong endeavor, of noble emulation, of heroic privation, of willing sacrifice are no more. If we could convert the world by electricity, and have telephonic communication with heaven, we would feel ourselves on the eve of a millennium. But until that golden age comes we think that some of the olden methods will be found to be still conducive to human happiness.

### THE FITZPATRICK BANQUET.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a full report of the magnificent banquet given, at the Windsor, last Tuesday, by the St. Patrick's Society, in honor of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice for Canada. As our account of the proceedings is so complete we do not deem it necessary to add thereto any extensive editorial comment. However, there are a couple of features, special to that particular banquet which we cannot allow to go unnoticed.

In the first place the calm observer of the event could not fail to have remarked that the entire entertainment was one of the strongest and most practical temperance lessons that could possibly be given. The marked absence of any abuse of intoxicants, and we might say that almost general disuse of wines, could not but attract attention. It is a rare thing in our day, or in any other age, to find five hundred guests seated around the festive board, and to behold them enjoying to its fullest the "flow of soul" without the assistance of any stimulant to increase the excitement. Yet such was the spectacle afforded the public, and such the lesson set before the eyes of the younger generation, by those who met on that occasion to do honor to one of Canada's foremost Irish Catholics. We can safely say that, for years, no dinner in this city has been conducted with more dignity and decorum, and scarcely ever did we meet with such a powerful argument in support of the true characteristics of the Irish people in this land.

As a natural consequence of this temperate atmosphere that prevailed throughout the evening, there was a very remarkable degree of practical instruction in the various speeches. In fact, the high standard of the different addresses was dignified as was the dignified manner in which they were delivered and received. It was a "feast of reason," as well as a "flow of soul," and we must say that all this calmness and propriety did not check the loftier flights of true eloquence—so characteristic of educated Irishmen in all times.

It was an encouraging sight to contemplate so many young men, the sons of fathers who had held high positions in the past, perpetuating the influence and fine qualities of their parents, and adding the link of another generation of great and good men to the grand chain of Irish Canadian citizenship that has done so much to bind together the divers elements of our young country's population.

At the outset the chairman—Hon. Mr. Justice Doherty—struck the keynote of the evening when he declared the gathering to be absolutely non-political. And from the first to the last there was not a single discordant note—the gamut of enthusiasm was completely non-political. In responding the toast of "Our Country," so ably and eloquently proposed by Dr. Devlin, Sir William Hingston, in the few remarks that he made, pointed out how pleasing it was to see Irishmen of all shades of opinion gathered together, in friendship, to do honor to one of their race whose successes in life so strongly reflected upon them all. This was the spirit in which the entertainment was organized, in which it was carried to a most successful issue, and in which all our gatherings should be conceived and governed.

St. Patrick's Society is to be congratulated upon the timely and important step it has taken, for it has done very much, in one night, towards the cementing of all elements, the effacing of prejudices, and the elevation of the Irish people in the eyes of the entire community. We will not make any further comment, beyond expressing the fervent hope that the grand lessons of temperance and of high ideals which that banquet has taught, may be taken to heart and shaped into the basis of all future public events of a national character. An upward impetus has been given, let its influence be far reaching and perpetual.

### A NIGHTMARE STORY.

Writing in a French paper, a Mr. Jean de Bonnefon has let loose the reins of his imagination, and in attempting to secure something original and sensational, has invented a cock-and-a-bull story about the Pope going to

or wanting to resign in favor of Cardinal Rampolla. Our very esteemed friend the "Daily Witness" has deemed the concoction of sufficient importance to accord it space on the editorial page, under the heading "A Startling Vatican Story." It is certainly startling—at least for all those who know nothing about the Papacy and the succession to the See of Peter; it is a "story" in the real sense of the term, for it is a pure invention, and a glaring one at that. The author of it, as well as the "Witness" appears to know that this startling story cannot "hold water," for the article closes by saying: "Now that this scheme is known it will come to nothing." No doubt. Surely the inventor did not expect that his phantasm scheme would ever prove other than a delusion. Certainly it will come to nothing; just as that which has no existence, cannot but remain nothing.

## THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

One of the best concerts of the season in the Catholic Sailors' Club was that given on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of Branch 26, C.M.B.A. The hall was crowded. The President of the Branch, Mr. Frederick J. Sears, occupied the chair, and made a speech, in which he thanked the large audience for their presence. So numerous an attendance spoke volumes, he said, for the popularity of the concerts given by the Catholic Sailors' Club, Branch 26, C.M.B.A., felt highly honored at being invited to give an entertainment in the Club, for its members all recognized that it was an institution engaged in a noble work. Next year, he hoped, every branch of the C.M.B.A. in the city would give a concert in the club. He advised the sailors to make the club



MR. FRED. J. SEARS.

and its work known to their comrades, who could not fail to derive considerable benefit from being brought under its elevating influence.

Those who took part in the concert which was heartily enjoyed, were loudly applauded. Their names were as follows: Messrs. J. Beauchamp, J. H. Maiden, A. Jones, J. Kennedy, W. F. Costigan, J. Legal-lee, E. T. Callaghan, J. Donnelly, Mr. Farler, and Mr. Sullivan; Miss Harrey, Miss McKeown, Miss Gregory, Miss A. McKeown and Mrs. A. Price. Seamen: James Dorofoe, Preston; R. Jones, J. Owen, P. Henshaw, Ottoman; William Rhodes, Philadelphian; Miss Norton was the able accompanist.

The entertainment was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save Ireland."

Next Wednesday's concert will be under the auspices of St. Lawrence Court, Catholic Order of Foresters.

O! friends, open some hearts to the life divine, and this will be a new world; the humblest home will be a heaven of peace and joy, and God beyond will open the beautiful gates where for you and for me the loved ones watch and wait.

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