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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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WEDNESDAY...OCTOBER 30, 1895.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Once yearly does the Church set apart a day which is specially consecrated to all the Saints in Heaven. Not a day of the year passes without that the feast of some Saint is celebrated; but there are millions of Saints, enjoying God's glory at present, whose names are not even known, nor are the particulars of their lives and deaths recorded. There are hosts of glorified and blessed ones who have never been canonized by the Church, and who are none the less Saints of God. All of these are included in the devotions of the first of November.

Here it might not be out of place to remark that the canonization of a departed person does not make that being a Saint, as it is supposed by some and as many of the opponents of Catholicity attempt to argue. They say "the Church pretends to canonize as it pleases and thereby send whom it likes to heaven." Not by any means. The canonization is a consequence of the saintliness of the holy dead; but the saintliness is not the result of canonization. In fact, the canonization is nothing other than a public pronouncement by the Church that sufficient evidence has been given to show that such or such a person is now in possession of eternal glory. And that evidence has been sifted most carefully; long years, sometimes centuries, elapse between the first recognized manifestation that indicated sanctity, and the final pronouncement of canonization. No stone is left unturned to establish every doubt that might be reasonably entertained. Consequently, when the Church, after such investigation, declares the evidence sufficient, there can exist no longer any doubt as to the sanctity of the one whose life has been under examination; moreover, the Church being divinely inspired, having the constant presence of the great illuminator and sanctifier—the Holy Ghost—declares that which she knows to be true, and she has never and can never err.

But, as we have already stated, only a certain number of the Saints have been actually canonized, yet there are others of the elect. It is only meet that a day should be chosen whereon the soldiers of the Church Militant might pay homage to and invoke the members of the Church Triumphant. These Saints are not like the other celestial beings, the pure spirits that hover around the throne of God; these Saints have passed through this life; they have felt all the pangs to which humanity is subjected; they lived in a world that is surrounded by an atmosphere of sin; they underwent the same temptations that we daily undergo; they wrestled with the world, the devil and the flesh; they experienced the great necessity of Divine grace and heavenly protection; they gave up their lives for the cause of Christ, and as a result they wear to-day the glorious crowns that have been promised to all who unflinchingly carry their heavy crosses. Therefore, these Saints in Heaven know, as well as we do, how difficult the path of salvation is; they know better than we do how much we stand in need of assistance from above; they feel for us, sympathize with us, and are ever ready to befriend us—not only for our own sakes, but especially for the greater glory of God.

To-day they are the bosom friends of the Almighty. By their lives and by their deaths they have sealed forever their eternal happiness and have secured the unbounded love, the unending gratitude (if such a term may be used) of the Creator. It is only natural, then, that their prayers should be most potent and their petitions most readily granted. For themselves they require nothing more; they now possess in its plenitude the happiness that knows no ending; they are seated in presence of the

Beatific Vision, and the cup of their bliss is filled to the brim. But they are ever anxious for the increased glory of God and the happiness of His creatures. The more souls that go from earth to heaven the more will there be to replace the fallen angels and to compensate for the numberless unfortunate who daily descend to fill the caverns of iniquity and undying misery. This thought alone, were there never another one, would suffice to enlist the Saints in our cause and to secure their services beside the Fountain of all Grace. They cannot come to us; but we can go to them. We can ask of them to recall their own severe battles with the envoys of hell; to remember that we are struggling along the same rugged pathway; that our strength is even not as great as was theirs; and that we require the aid of heaven. Especially upon the great Feast of All Saints should we offer up our petitions, and there is not the slightest doubt but that they will receive attention.

Imagine that glorious scene—if the human imagination dare attempt such lofty flight—when the "frontier hosts of heaven take heed," and our prayers are handed from one to the other along that glittering array of Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, Priests and Pontiffs, until the "Queen of All Saints" receives them and presents them before the throne of Eternal Glory. Joy celestial flashes from the blissful countenances, and the mansions of God seem—if it were possible—to shine more brilliantly with beams of happiness, as the mandate goes forth, and, in obedience, the Angel of God's Treasury opens the valves and streams of grace of benediction flow down the expanse of heaven, to be scattered, like refreshing rain, upon the parched soil of our thirsty souls. Great is the Feast of All Saints, and wonderful the power of good that these holy ones possess. Friday next not one of them will be absent; they will lean over the battlements of heaven to catch every petition that ascends from a human soul. Surely they will not await in vain!

ALL SOULS' DAY.

Saturday next, the 2nd November, the Church calls upon the faithful to remember the souls in Purgatory. All Souls' Day is one of the saddest and yet most consoling days of the year. We on that occasion are called upon, in an especial manner, to remember the departed, to help the sufferers who can no longer help themselves, to go to the grave and there hold converse with God in the cause of those dear dead ones, but we have the glorious consolation of knowing that upon All Saints' Day there are countless sufferers who pass from the prison-house of Purgatory into the freedom of God's glory; and we know that our prayers, our alms, our sacrifices and our sufferings, if offered up in their behalf, are the keys that unlock the door of their abode. Yes; all this month of November is specially dedicated to the service of the souls in Purgatory. It has been well chosen; for there is a gloom about November that corresponds with the feelings of natural sorrow for the departed; and there is a promise in November—a promise of Christian joys that are to follow its penitential advent—and it harmonizes well with the promise of a glorious resurrection. On All Saints' Day there is a special pilgrimage to the Cote des Neiges cemetery, and there the faithful, in a body, go around the Stations of the Cross. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be released from their sins," says the Book of Holy Writ; let all our readers go on that day—at least in spirit—to Cote des Neiges, and join in that solemn procession. In the meantime we will go to the City of the Dead and gaze upon a scene that is potent with salutary lessons.

Grey, damp and dreary is the atmosphere; sad, solemn and awe-inspiring the surroundings; cold the air, cloudy the sky, sombre the prospect, funereal the picture. Evening is approaching, the short day is dying, the shrill blast shrieks among the leafless branches, the ashen twilight seems to cast a cloak of death upon all nature. Suddenly, in the far west, just on the rim of the horizon, beyond the darkening summit of the last mountain range, the clouds part for a space, and the rays of the setting sun light up the expanse, paint the faces of the black misty banks with crimson and orange, gold and silver, shoot horizontally over the damp landscape, tip the summits of the cold monuments in the silent city, and shed an unexpected splendor upon a scene of desolation—Hope shining upon the grave!

It is so with the Catholic life. Mournful in the parting, bitter are the tears that are shed for the lost one, at the tomb we kneel and behold disappearing for all time the casket that holds the mortal remains of a beloved being. Life seems desolate and the mist of grief hangs in thick masses along the horizon of the future. So far our non-Catholic friends accompany us; they, too, feel all the intensity of human sorrow, and they ask of God consolation for the living, that they may bear up against all such sad afflictions. But at the barrier of the

grave they part entirely from the one that is gone; they turn back into the autumn atmosphere of a dreary world and their dear friend is lost to them for the rest of life. No communion of souls; no relief from pains through the prayers of the living; no blessings conferred upon the dead. It is at that moment, when the evening of life is passing and the night of the grave closing in upon the dead, that the sunburst of promise flashes from beneath the clouds and tells to the Catholic that there is an unbroken chain of union between the souls in Purgatory and the souls on earth. The parting rays of the sun illumine the clouds upon our horizon, but his herald beams proclaim the new day to another hemisphere; and the rays of consolation that Faith beholds in that last hour but faintly tinge the clouds of human sorrow, yet we know that other shafts from that same glorious orb already flash upon the hills of eternity.

This great and consoling dogma of Purgatory is one of the best evidences of the Divine foundation of the Catholic Church. No other established religion carries its charities beyond the tomb. The Catholic Church alone possesses the communion of saints. Triumphant in Heaven, suffering in Purgatory and Militant on earth, she is the same wonderful, mystical, universal body, filled with the spirit of Truth, knowing no limitations, indestructible, infallible, binding together the living and the dead, continuing throughout the centuries unchanged and unchangeable, taking in all time, from the beginning of Redemption's work to the closing day of the centuries, taking neither heed of time nor mutations, and opening for man, in this world, only the ante-chambers of her unmeasurable and eternal proportions.

Since we have the consolation of being members of such an institution, and the possessors of a faith that unites us with the dead, let us not forget those suffering souls, but remember that every prayer or offering that we make in their cause will knock off links from the shackles that bind them and will secure for ourselves countless blessings that their gratitude will shower upon us when comes our hour of need. Moreover, there are to-day countless souls in Purgatory who have no friends to pray for them, or whose friends neglect them. For this reason does the Church call upon the faithful throughout this month of November to offer up prayers for those sufferers. Therefore, we say that while All Souls' Day is one of the saddest, it is also one of the most consoling in the calendar of the Church.

CIVIC TAXES.

In reading the reports of proceedings in the City Council of Montreal and the accounts of the various devices suggested for raising funds to fill up the exhausted treasury, we are reminded of Richard Dalton Williams' famous play upon the Greek conjugations. It is thus he taught the people of Dublin, in 1846, to conjugate the verb Taxo:—"Taxo (ho!), Taxeis (ice), Taxei (high), Taxeton (iton), Taxeton (it on), Taxomen (oh! men), Taxete (the tea), Taxesi (the sea);" Were the Celtic wit and poet alive in our day, and a resident of Montreal, he would find that "history repeats itself," as far as the question of taxes goes, at least.

We have certainly no object to a reasonable amount of necessary taxation, but when the taxation could be avoided by means of rational economy, and when the representatives of the city are guilty of every imaginable extravagance, it becomes an outrage on the citizens to impose taxes, beyond all excuse, simply to carry on the very municipal government that is ruining the city. Surely there is nothing serious in the suggestions made of late to tax every imaginable object—the very air seems to be subject to taxation.

As long as the civic expenditure continues to be extravagant, as long as no real economy is practised, as long as men in authority are living, in their public capacity, like the Indian, from day to day, leaving the morrow to look after itself, so long will the city's debt go on increasing and will unreasonable and unjustifiable taxation be necessary. The service is over-crowded; favoritism sways the councils; contracts are given out privately, or if by tender, with no regard to the city's interests; money is borrowed at most exceptionally high rates; expropriations where least needed, but where most suitable to interested property holders, are perpetrated; life is being made a burden for the vast majority of unfortunate property holders; real estate is becoming a load on the hands of owners; and all this is due to a certain few—a small circle—who have what is called the "inside track" at the City Hall. The people know these facts and they are made to feel the sting of them, and yet that same people will not resent the injustices nor consign to municipal oblivion the responsible authors of so many hardships.

We do not say that every individual alderman is answerable for the dole of taxation promised. Several of the City Fathers of to-day are only reaping the bitter fruits of the seed sown by others.

But while one of the old-time crowd remains it is not to be expected that matters will change. Of course some remedy must be suggested or else the evil will go on increasing until it will become absolutely impossible for any honest man to live and prosper in Montreal. To make up for the wholesale squandering of the public money, the guilty parties, the false economists, do not hesitate to rob the public of the last dollar: to make up for the losses brought on by taxation the individual citizens will have to sell out or else get out. The real estate man is badly off, but the poor man is in a still more dangerous predicament. No matter how small his income, it is proposed to reduce it, by a tax, for the benefit of the civic spendthrifts at the City Hall. There is scarcely an object of usefulness or necessity that is not to be subjected to a tax of some kind. Certainly the first grand remedy lies in the hands of the elector, who should come to the rescue in the hour of the public need. Apart from this we are under the impression that it would be a grand step in advance were the aldermen to receive proportionate salaries.

Some may think that salaried aldermen would be an expensive luxury; but a little reflection will suffice to show that the amounts thus paid would save the city thousands upon thousands of dollars. To-day these men are supposed to give their services for nothing. It is preposterous to imagine, in this age of money-grabbing, that any man is going to spend hundreds of dollars of his own money to secure his election to the City Council, if the only return expected is to be the honor of adding Alderman to his name, the opportunity of sacrificing his business and his time for the public, and the certainty of being abused and ridiculed all the year round, both in public and private. The days of such patriotism are dead. The alderman expects to glean some very substantial benefit for all the time and money spent, as well as in compensation for the worry, the turmoil, the abuse, and the thousand and one annoyances to which his position render him liable. Otherwise he is not sane; and in the latter case he has no business in the seat of a public representative. Pay him a fixed and a sufficient salary and he will be free from temptation. Let the people select men of known integrity; let the past records of such men be the sole measure of the confidence reposed in them; let those men be sent there with the understanding that their salary is the only compensation they need expect for the services they are called upon to render, and very soon a system of public economy will be inaugurated that will prevent the hand of civic authority from upsetting and tearing to pieces every principle of domestic economy.

We do not wish to formulate special accusations; but, as an illustration, we will give one case in point. A certain girl was hired during the past four years by a leading contractor of Montreal. Not long ago she got married and the young husband wished to secure a position in one of the civic departments. His chances were good, his abilities to fulfil the duties of employee in that department were exceptional, his character was above suspicion, and he had the friendship and aid of many prominent citizens, including the contractor in question. Weeks went past and the appointment was not made. One day the contractor met the applicant and asked him if he were on; the reply was, "No, I must raise fifty dollars, I've been told, before I can get the place. I am to deposit it with a certain man, whom I don't know personally, and who is not an alderman. But I have not got the money yet." The contractor remarked, "I am only surprised that they did not ask one hundred dollars." The man is still seeking employment and the position he might have occupied is held by one far inferior in capacity and in every way less entitled to it.

This may be the repetition of an old story, or merely the adding of one more to scores of such stories; no matter, it shows clearly the necessity of having a radical change. If the tax phantom continues to grow the people may yet be frightened into action, and should it serve to purify the civic atmosphere it will have done one good—a good that is worthy the money.

RE-OPENING OF ST. PATRICK'S.

The re-opening of St. Patrick's Church, after the decoration and entire renovation, recently completed, is fixed for Sunday, November 10, or next Sunday week. His Grace Archbishop Fabre is to celebrate Solemn Pontifical Mass, and the sermon both at High Mass and in the evening is to be given by Rev. Dr. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., and President of the Catholic Summer School of America, whose great oratorical ability has made his name a household word throughout Canada and the United States. The choir, under Prof. Fowler, is preparing a special Mass for the occasion, and the fact that the rich decorations of the Sanctuary, and the two grand windows from Innsbruck, will be seen for the first time, will add unusual interest to the occasion. In the evening

there will be a grand illumination with the new electric lights, and the effect on the gilded ornamentation of the Sanctuary is expected to be uncommonly beautiful.

CANADIAN POETRY.

Recently one of our city contemporaries produced a very interesting interview with Dr. Harper, of Quebec. The author of the letter in which the interview is reported was signed George Grantham Bain. Amongst other interesting subjects upon which the doctor expressed himself was that on our Canadian school of poetry. Being questioned on the poetry of Canada he said that "our poets are American more than Canadian, and your publishers (American) are to blame for it, if there is any blame going. Poetry does not sell in Canada, but it has something of a market value in the United States, and, of course, our poets can hardly be expected to overlook this."

There is a great deal of truth in this remark. Canada as yet seems to be too young, or else too preoccupied with her immediate material interests, to give much heed to the development of a national poetic literature. Yet the time seems to be at hand when the spirit of our reading public will be awakened to the necessity of keeping abreast of the other nations in this regard as well as in the apparently more important one of commerce and industry. We will quote the following from the learned doctor—as it seems to us very practical and to the point:—

"It is a pity, however," said he, "that there is not more of a truly national spirit in all our poets. The best of our writers of poetry are men of the highest genius, and I am sorry to think their influence is not altogether for good among our aspirants for political fame. A national poetry should breathe the spirit of the country—should sing with voice of its mountains and its streams—should hallow the spots that have hallowed its birth. But many of our singers despising the ballad are fast running its seed on the sonnet. Indeed, much of our second-rate poetry—and, remember, it is our second-rate singers that have been the world's nation-makers—for who can classify Robert Burns with John Milton, or Tom Moore with Browning—reminds me of the description an old house-painter gave of the way he would sometimes paint a marble mantel. He said that he painted it white, and then, daubing some black paint on an old hat, he stood off and threw the hat at the painting until it was mottled. I have an idea that these minor poets of ours write a very commonplace set of verses and then stand off and throw a handful of striking adjectives and adverbs at them. The adjectives and the adverbs are what catch the eye of the publisher, and thus render the second or third-rate sonnet more valuable in the eye of its author than the ballad that would possibly live forever."

This view of the subject harmonizes well with the one we have long entertained. We notice, not without regret, that the chief aim of our most gifted writers of poetry is to produce well-polished and finely-cut sonnets, charming pieces of composition; beautiful models of poetic bric-a-brac; but, certainly, not what is calculated to stir into enthusiasm the builders of a young nation. It is a nice work, an agreeable and refining occupation, to couch a bright thought in elegant words, and to trim, and prune, and measure the verses until every rule of poetic art is carefully observed and the gem produced sparkles with its own light. But the people have not time to sit down and scan those lines; the people who really require the poetry of the age are not given to calm study of such models; they want something, no matter how roughly formed, that speaks to their hearts, rekindles their recollections of the past, fires their imaginations with visions of the future; they want a poetry that knows no cast-iron rules, that soars aloft as fetherless as the eagle and as free as the spirit of the nation. The poetry that will live in the memories of children, that will enliven the evening of existence for the aged, that will be repeated by the mother for the child at her knee, that will pass from lip to lip of the peasants, and that will be recited in the schools, must tell of our heroic past, must awaken recollections of our missionaries, our colonists, our heroic warriors, must describe the scenes of glory, of trial, of suffering, must picture our rivers, lakes, prairies and mountains—in a word it must be the ballad.

Classic lines, lofty blank verse, elegant sonnets, would never have worked the miracles that the ballads of the Nation wrought in Ireland. Even Moore's exquisite poems were more calculated to stir up a little flutter of admiration in the parlors of the rich and educated than to awaken feelings amongst the people such as the ballads of Davis, McCarthy, Williams, and others, produced. We certainly would prefer to see every production of our Canadian poets a miniature work of art; but if anything has to be sacrificed, let it not be the raciness of the poem—let it breathe our air, let it spring from our soil.

A good old age was that of the late Antoine Plamondon. He was ninety-three when the summons came. Plamondon was the first Canadian painter to study under the great European masters. Some of his finest works hang upon the

walls of Laval University, at Quebec, and many adorn the interior of Canadian churches. Particularly in the Basilica of Ste. Anne de Beaupre are the products of Plamondon's pencil to be seen. He was a gifted son of Canada, and during his long and successful career he did much to encourage the study of art in this country.

The Ladies of St. Patrick's congregation are working hard for the success of the Tombola in aid of the Church renovation fund. All who take an interest in the good work are invited to send prizes, or to purchase tickets from any of the ladies or at the Presbytery, Dorchester Street.

RECENTLY Rev. Father P. A. R. Tierney gave a lecture on "Good Citizenship" in the Methodist Church at Spencer, Iowa. The edifice was not large enough to hold the numbers who came to hear the lecture. It is a sign of the times to find a Catholic priest occupying a Methodist Church for lecture purposes, and to have non-Catholic audiences as enthusiastic as the one that heard Father Tierney's address.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR!

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord—for their works do follow them."

Who could look upon the face of Monsignor Henry O'Brien, as he lay in the peace of death, before the high altar of St. Patrick's Church in this city, on Saturday last, while his obsequies were celebrated, without being reminded of these so grand and solemn words of Holy Scripture? Noble and majestic in stately repose, he lay there in his priestly robes, with hands meekly folded, as it were, in submission to the Master's call—that awful summons that came so suddenly, while the sun of his life was still high and his work but half accomplished?

Many a solemn and impressive scene has St. Patrick's Church witnessed within its stately walls during the half century of its existence, but none, surely, of a grander character than this of which I write, when the venerable Archbishop of Montreal, a large number of his clergy, both regular and secular, and a vast concourse of the faithful people, assembled to do honor to the distinguished prelate whose position as a member of the Papal household—apart from his own great qualities of mind and heart and the eminent services he had rendered to religion in many lands—gave him a still more exalted claim to honorable remembrance in life and in death.

That memorable scene was in itself a striking episode in the history of St. Patrick's Church, and will be treasured in the after years as a precious remembrance by those who had the privilege of being present. To the Irish Catholic people of Montreal the death of Monsignor O'Brien, an illustrious scion of their own race, in the presbytery of St. Patrick's,—a visitor from Eternal Rome, yet no "stranger within the gates,"—cannot seem otherwise than a special dispensation of Divine Providence. He loved his own people; he was proud of his descent from the oldest Christian nation of Western Europe, and in none of the far-off lands where it was his lot to sojourn at the call of duty, did his heart ever cease to beat in full accord with the patriotic aims and hopes of his native land. A Roman prelate by honorable appointment of the Sovereign Pontiff, Monsignor O'Brien was none the less, perhaps all the more, a fervent Irish patriot. His name was loved and honored by the people of his own ancient race at home and abroad, wherever the "far-dispersed Gael" are found.

It was fitting, then, that since God did not will this eminent Irish-Roman ecclesiastic to breathe his last within the sacred precincts of the Holy City, he should close his so honorable career in our American "City of Mary," among the priests of St. Patrick's Church, and that his obsequies should be celebrated in that venerable temple whose arches had so often echoed to his sonorous voice proclaiming the eternal truths and the sacred rights of the Father of the Faithful.

And who can doubt that the pastor and clergy of St. Patrick's fully appreciated the high honor that was theirs, when Monsignor O'Brien laid down the burden of his long and pre-eminently useful life amongst them, and so bequeathed a blessed memory to their church and people? Truly, they left nothing undone to mark their sense of the dignity and solemnity of the occasion, while the gracious presence of His Grace the Archbishop, and his giving the final absolution over the remains of the favored friend and servant of Leo XIII., left nothing to be desired on the score of religious pomp and impressive solemnity.

The funeral cortege was, in its kind, equally imposing; some of the foremost men amongst the Irish Catholics of Montreal acted as pall-bearers, while the long procession wound its way to the splendid new Cathedral of St. James. Then, after solemn rites were again solemnized, the dead prelate of the Vatican was laid to rest with the two predecessors of our beloved Archbishop, Bishop Lartigue and Archbishop Bourget, with them to await, under that magnificent monument of faith and charity, the final resurrection. Surely, the Holy Father himself will, in his sorrow at the great loss sustained, be consoled to hear of the happy death, the splendid obsequies, of one whom he loved and honored, and to know that he rests—though far away from Rome and his own pastoral charge there—in the holiest earth of Catholic Canada, among the dead bishops of Mary's own city, under the lordly cross-crowned dome of Montreal's new Cathedral! Even the loving heart of that tender father could desire no more fitting end—no nobler resting-place for his priest and friend, Monsignor Henry O'Brien.

Here in this Montreal, this Canada of ours, which for years past he has loved to visit, his name shall be in benediction and his memory green among the people, and eternal rest give to him, O Lord! and let perpetual light shine upon him.
M. A. S.