

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT No. 761, Craig Street, Montreal, Canada.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION Country.....\$1.00 City.....1.50 If not paid in advance: \$1.50 (Country) and \$2 (City) will be charged.

Subscribers, Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year in advance.

WEDNESDAY,.....MAY 11, 1892.

THE TRIBUNAL OF PENANCE.

A recent issue of the English edition of the "War Cry," the organ of the Salvation Army, urges the duty of confession in general terms. It asks: "Is confession necessary in every case?" And it makes reply: "Tell your sins to your captain, or find out some officer or friend in whose heart or judgment you can confide, and tell it in the ear of that brother or sister; but it may be necessary for you to confess in some form."

So even the Salvationists, members of the last and most extraordinary form of Protestantism, deem it necessary to confess a sin to some person or in some form. Yet there is no assurance that the captain, brother or sister to whom the confession is made, has the power to forgive the sin. It would seem, by this testimony and by the evidence of human history, that erring man often feels unable to bear all alone the heavy burden of his iniquity; that he feels his own weakness and a desire to divide, with some one, with some sympathizing soul, the load that weighs heavily upon his conscience. Not only is it true in the case of our sins, but even in that of our daily troubles, annoyances and sorrows. To feel oneself alone in the world, without a consoling friend in whom to confide, is the saddest and most lonely state conceivable. Every human creature has at some time or other in life felt the great need of outpouring his thoughts, and has looked upon the trusted friend, who would listen to his sorrows, as a heaven-sent benefactor. For some people this communion of spirit is a safety valve; without it the whole machinery of the mind is likely to get out of gear and run riot. And yet in all this there is no hope of forgiveness from the one to whom the story is told; the most expected is that the burden will be rendered easier to bear after the fermented and out-bursting exuberance has found an exit, and that some one else consents to lift a portion of the weight, to divide the load. This is all natural; it is human nature over and over again.

It is this human consolation that the Salvationists desire and believe so necessary; that is very natural and cannot be gainsaid. But if they could add to that boon of sympathy, which they require, the assurance of an absolution for the sin committed, a wiping out of the debt contracted, what a glorious thing confession would be for them! If they felt as certain that the captain, friend, brother or sister had the power to efface that fault as they are that he or she can relieve them of a portion of their burden by listening to the statement of it, how proudly, how gladly, how frequently, would they not go to confession?

This is simple reasoning from facts and from human nature. Still these same people, and thousands of others less extreme than the Salvationists, ridicule the Church of Rome for the glorious tribunal of penance that she holds. Even were the priest unable to grant an absolution for the sin committed, still is he not a Captain—a leader and commander in the army of the Church Militant?—is he not a brother—bound to his parishioner by the bonds of Christian love and fraternity in Christ?—is he not a friend—one whose days and nights are consecrated to the noble work of aiding the weak, lifting the fallen, consoling the afflicted, strengthening the wavering, and saving the erring? And were he never endowed with sacerdotal powers, does he not stand forth from the vast concourse of busy men, the safest and truest one in whose "heart or judgment" man can have confidence?

But when we add to all these qualities the Catholic's knowledge that his Confessor represents Christ Himself and has been delegated especially, by the Redeemer of man, to forgive the sins of those who, following the Lord's instruction, "go to the priests and show" themselves, it requires no great intellectual powers to conceive the beauty, the consolation, the benefit of the divine Sacrament of Penance. When the Confessor was ordained, Episcopal hands were placed upon him, and the words "thou art a priest unto all eternity" were pronounced. He then and there received that power which Christ gave to his Apostles, when he told them; "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." He told his followers, His regularly delegated and ordained ministers, that whatsoever they should loose on earth would be loosened in heaven; and whatsoever they should bind on earth would also be bound in

heaven. And the Apostles of Christ transmitted their powers, by means of the sacrament of Holy Orders, to their successors; and those successors ordained their priests; and those priests have today, according to the words of the Saviour, the power to forgive sins. Knowing and feeling this, what wonder that the Catholic hastens to the tribunal of Penance and lays down his sins at the feet of the Crucified? How can reasoning men, who admit and feel the necessity of some sort of confession, when their lives are over-burdened with sins too heavy to carry, attempt to scoff at the Catholic confessional? Surely the institution of the Sacrament of Penance will not be denied; just as surely there is no man insane enough to ignore that yearning in every human breast for consolation. That consolation, and that absolution are both afforded the sincere Catholic in the confessional. Leaving aside all higher and all deeper arguments, the very men who condemn the confessional are obliged to admit the necessity of it. So is with every other Catholic institution if properly viewed, if studied without prejudice and from a reasonable standpoint. Who could ever have known the human heart better than Christ? And certainly He knew exactly what was required for man's happiness; He gave the human race the means of salvation; and one of those means is the Sacrament of Penance.

MISS CUSACK AND THE JESUIT.

Miss Cusack has been celebrating Easter by a series of Anti-Popery addresses. Of course the unfortunate Jesuit always comes in for an overdose of abuse upon such occasions. This lady, who was once such an apparently fervent and devoted Catholic, has taken the downward course with a vengeance, and in her descent she would fain—like Lucifer—drag all the human race with her. As it would be like the play of Hamlet minus the ghost to have a No-Popery meeting without some anti-Jesuitical declamation, the pervert nun thought proper to tell all she knew about the Order—for she poses as an authority upon Jesuitism as well as upon all other questions pertaining to the Church of Rome.

To begin with, this female No-Popery lecturer spent the greater part of her life in a convent; at least from the age at which a person would be able to learn something of the ways of the religious world or the external world, up to the last few years; nearly all that period of religious life was spent in Kenmare. Her opportunities of learning aught about the Jesuits must have been very slim. We are positive that there is not, nor has there been a Jesuit within fifty miles of Kenmare; and most assuredly no Jesuit institution was ever inspected by the ex-nun-of-Kenmare; and the teachings of Jesuit philosophy or ethics were never made the subject of study for the sisters in that or any other convent. So that lady knows no more about the Order of which she speaks than she knows or is likely to ever know—if she does not change her life by a miracle of grace—about the movements of the saints and angels in the mansions of Heaven.

To give our readers an idea of the absurdity of the statements made by preachers like Miss Cusack, Mr. Chiniquy and hoc genus omne, we will give one sample of that lady's audacity and falsehood. At Folkestone, on Holy Saturday, she told her audience that while she was lecturing in America, a Jesuit Father came to her saying: "We know you are pretty hard up," and producing a roll of dollar notes, he continued: "if you will promise to give up lecturing and writing we will give you all the money you want." Then she heroically said: "There is the door!" The priest went out confounded. This is a sample of that woman's veracity. It should give any reasonable and self-respecting Protestant an idea of how much reliance is to be placed upon the ex-nun and ex-priest stamp of street-preachers. America is a pretty broad stretch of country, and it would be somewhat interesting to know when and where this wonderful scene occurred. Does anyone imagine that such an extraordinary event could have taken place on this continent—with our steam and telegraphic communication facilities, with our press and the ubiquitous reporter—without that every town and village would have heard of how the Jesuit Father was met by Miss Cusack? Moreover it would be interesting to know who the eccentric, the madcap Jesuit was, that would have gone into a public assembly, or even in private, and have offered an ex-nun a roll of bills in order to have her cease abusing his Order. He would be a curiosity far surpassing any freak of nature that Barnum—in his palmy days—ever exhibited. In fact the most reasonable and less bigoted Protestants generally look upon the Jesuit as a most cunning being, one whose shrewdness is proverbial, and one who is never to be caught in any trap, no matter how cutely it is set for him. The Jesuit Order is almost universally looked upon by Protestants as a monster, like the

creature of Ezekiel's vision "wheel within wheel and glistening with eyes." But if a Jesuit were found to do what Miss Cusack states a Father in America did, then it is evident that the Society of Jesus has been misjudged, for no man in his senses, would so act, and no Order—unless composed of fools—would allow one of its members to make such an exhibition of himself.

We refer to Miss Cusack in sorrow for herself and her admirers and not in anger against them; but we thought it well to point out the utter absurdity of this unfortunate woman's preachings, in order to draw the attention of the reasonable class of our separated brethren to the complete unreliability of those religious tramps who go about playing upon the credulity of some and the fanaticism of others, by proclaiming themselves "converts from the errors of Romanism." Just contrast the lives of these ex-nuns and ex-priests and their inevitable endings, with those of the converts to Catholicity and you have a sermon the most eloquent you could possibly conceive. The Mannings, Newmans and Brownsons: but, it is a desecration to mention such names in the same page with that of Miss Cusack—so we will say no more, but let our Protestant friends read and ponder.

ANGLICAN BISHOPS DISAGREE.

As a sample of the divisions that exist, on every imaginable point, between our separated brethren, the Catholic Times of Liverpool tells of how the Anglican Bishops disagree upon the question of fasting. If on such a matter the Bishops of the same church cannot come to an understanding, what are we to expect from the general clergy of the Established Church? In fact, what are we to think of different sects, and ministers of different denominations, pretending to unity? The following is the article which we find in our trans-Atlantic contemporary:

"The Anglican Bishops differ one from the other not only in matters of doctrine, ritual and practice, but they do not even agree as to the elementary principles of common sense. That is to say, they do not agree as to the serious solid fact exemplified by a recent letter of Dr. Perowne, Bishop of Worcester. Seeing that the Bishops of Ely, Exeter and Lincoln had granted dispensation to a clergyman in his diocese, too conscientious to "dispense" himself, or perhaps anxious to draw Dr. Perowne out, wrote asking his Lordship for the necessary, or rather, for the desired or suggested permission. He was at least respectful to his bishop and the others ignored his authority completely and preferred to follow their own sweet wills on the ancient natural plan of eating when hungry and drinking when thirsty. Instead, however, of dispensing, or recognizing the plea or appropriateness of such a request, the bishop bluntly answered that he was not aware of the fact that the clergyman had granted dispensation, much less laid down any rules for its observance. Moreover, he thinks that common sense should lead those who are asked to take such food as they require. There are now three Bishops against Dr. Perowne, and how many more Bishops are sitting complacently on a fence no man knows, in respect to Archbishop of Canterbury—will he, can he, set them right?"

It is unnecessary to add anything to the foregoing; it suffices to reflect a moment upon their disagreements and to contemplate the endless tangle of Protestant theories, principles and professions. Where, in the name of reason, is their union—consequently their truth? Take the whole exorcism called the Reformed Religion and, from its origin till the present, its diverse factions have been hurrying further and further apart, have been rushing headlong in the opposite direction to truth. And even each one of these sects is sub-divided into as many fragments as there are individuals belonging to it; and these individuals do not even agree with themselves, for they are constantly contradicting their own professions. And yet they claim to be the possessors of the indivisible truth that must exist in the Church of Christ. Quibble as much as they like, argue as wildly as they please, quote Scripture as exactly as they can, yet they cannot help bearing the irrefutable testimony, in their very teachings, of their own weakness, and of the Unity, Catholicity and Divine origin of the Church of Rome.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

There are not a few envious or prejudiced persons who have almost exhausted their vocabulary, not exactly of invective, but of spitefulness, against the name, character and motives of one of the most distinguished princes of the Catholic Church, Archbishop Ireland. They sought to make him notorious and they have only established his fame. And these are not professed enemies of the Church: they are Catholics, Catholic journalists, Catholic speakers, Catholic politicians and even members of the Catholic clergy. They accused the great prelate without understanding his motives nor grasping his ideas: they even went so far as to predict his downfall, under the anger of Rome. To the Eternal City Archbishop Ireland went, and having laid his case before the Sovereign Pontiff, the voice of the Vicar of Christ pronounced in his favor. Then the Vatican official organ—Le Moniteur—produced an article, not inspired, but reviewed and corrected by Leo XIII., himself, defending the position taken by the Archbishop of St. Paul. Then his opponents denied that the Pope dictated that article,—they were proven to be wrong. Then they tried to establish that Le Moniteur was not an official organ; their error was soon made manifest.

Despite all this, they still unrelentingly pursued the noble Archbishop, Rome's advocate, Leo's bosom friend, and one of the Church's most powerful pillars in America, with their vengeance—a vengeance intensified by defeat, an apparent opposition redoubled in strength by the knowledge that their cause was lost. At last comes from Rome, on the 3rd May, a despatch stating: "The Pope has confirmed the decision of the Propaganda in favor of the plan advocated by Archbishop Ireland, of allowing American Catholic schools to be taught by State teachers, religious instructions being given after school hours, the object being to relieve Roman Catholics of the burden of the expense of separate schools."

The broad mind of Leo XIII., grasped at once the ideas that Archbishop Ireland desired to propagate. Two grand intellects—that of the prelate and that of the Pontiff—are in harmony, for they understand each other, they revolve in a sphere away beyond the reach of the narrower minds of those persistent opponents of that *homme d'élite*. Leo XIII. has a giant intellect, and his recent acts of statesmanship, his encyclicals on the great social and political problems of the age, have raised him to the foremost rank of the rulers and legislators of the nineteenth century. He understands the situation and the wants of the Catholic Church in the United States as well as in any European country or in Italy itself. When a Pontiff of such wonderful ability, administrative as well as legislative, seizes the views of a prelate and declares himself to be in harmony with that prelate's ideas and designs, the Catholic world—and for that matter the whole Christian world—may rest assured that the prelate is wise and right. In a most signal manner has the Pope shown his admiration for and faith in Archbishop Ireland. The much calumniated and over-criticized Archbishop will return in triumph to America, fresh from the household of the Sovereign Pontiff, (at whose table he was a guest during his stay in Rome), and the people of this continent will learn that the many false accusations brought against him, and every obstacle cast in his way, has become a stone in the triumphal arch of his greatness.

LEO TAXIL.

The London Universe, speaking of the authors whose books are now prohibited by the Roman Congregation of the Index, says:—"We refrain from translating in full the last catalogue of prohibited books for the simple reason that none of them are in England, and few are likely ever to come under the notice of our readers. We may mention that the authors interdicted are Count Luigi Piacini, Emile Ferriere, J. Jesupret fils, and Ruggero Bonghi, Domenico Penzo and the Canon Virginia Marese, and Felix Gimaldi, also pit under the ban, have sensibly made their submission, and joined in reprobation of their own works."

This reminds us of the extraordinary infidel career, the miraculous conversion and the subsequent repudiation of his former works by the once infamous and now famous "Leo Taxil." Under that nom de plume, G. J. Pages, the infidel author of the scarlet pamphlets, the God-hater, the man-deceiver, the speaking-trumpet of French Freemasonry, the second edition of Voltaire, scattered over Europe the most virulent books that, perhaps, ever were written against the Church of Rome and against the whole system of Christianity. He was dreaded, because he was a clever, a cunning, an insinuating, as well as a bold and blasphemous writer. His works, had they never been officially prohibited by the Congregation of the Index, would have come under the general rule of condemnation, that marks out for censure all essentially immoral and infidel literature. When he was in full flush of his triumph, in the swift current of his terrible career, in the wildest moment of his Atheistic intoxication, in the delirium of his unbridled impiety, "Leo Taxil" suddenly paused, breathless and dizzy, from the whirlpool of passion and ungovernable hatred that swept him in its vortex, and dropping from his nervous hand the pen of villany, still wet with the ink of vituperation, he shuddered at a simple thought of himself, he trembled under the fearful consciousness of a Divine Avenger, and he bowed down before the outraged Christ and cried out "Mercy!"

What must have been the feelings of that man, the yearnings of that being, the palpitations of that heart, when the light of supernatural grace flashed, electric-like, across the blackness of his mind, and revealed instantaneously, and in all its hideousness, the leprosy of sin, the putrid scales of moral degradation that clothed, like a coat-of-mail, the image of his Creator, his immortal soul! With what pulsations of dread and repentance must his seared and flint-like heart have beaten, when for the first time, in all its intensity of heat the heaven-born ray of a Redeemer's Mercy fell upon it and made it soft as wax! Back through the long vista of years he looked, and the seemingly endless procession of his evil works, like a phantom

funeral cortege bearing his soul to a grave of eternal death, passed before his eyes. Sorrow, repentance, anguish, torture, self-reproach, determination to sin no more were all there; but "Leo Taxil" was no ordinary sinner; for him the fearful duty of reparation remained; a reparation almost impossible, yet completely necessary before the wrongs he had done could be forgiven! He might never be able to save the souls he had helped to damn; he might never reach, with the antidote, the hearts he had so fearfully poisoned; but he could do his best! In the twinkling of an eye God has performed the greatest of miracles: He said "let there be light and there was light": He looked on the penitent Pages and willed that he should have light, and he received that light instantaneously. So had Saul, on his road to Damascus been struck by the flash of Celestial brilliancy, and the prostrate pagan persecutor Saul arose the Christian hero and future martyr Paul. On his way to persecute the church of Christ the infidel author was suddenly stunned by a ray from God and the prostrate atheist "Leo Taxil," arose the converted Catholic, G. J. Pages.

With the fervor of an all-powerful enthusiasm, and with iconoclastic zeal the converted infidel shattered the idols of his pagan worship, and over the debris he raised the immortal cross. Animated with a determination to rebuild what he had destroyed, to purify what he had soiled, he seized anew his pen, and, like a knight of old with lance at rest, he darted after the impure children of his own creation. At first he intended to refute the scarlet pamphlets of "Leo Taxil" by means of a series of essays under his own name, G. J. Pages; but upon reflection he thought that a condemnation of his former errors would come more efficaciously with the name by which his readers knew him. Therefore did "Leo Taxil" spring into the altitude of a gladiator of Faith, and at once began to wrestle in the open arena with the demon of his former self. So heroically did he undertake his giant task and so enthusiastically, yet systematically, did he go about its execution, that one by one his earlier works sunk into oblivion, mutilated, dismembered, shattered, and in their places appeared volume after volume, filled with the most beautiful truths, the most exquisite ideas, the most delicious sentiments. From the same Rome and by the same Pope that anathemas were hurled at his head, to-day blessings and messages of encouragement and peace are sent to him. The conversion of that man was a miracle as wonderful, a prodigy of Divine grace as manifest, as any supernatural cure at the shrines of our Faith.

True, indeed, the poet's words:—"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends. Rough-hew them as we will."

Might we not ask ourselves the very pertinent question, by what means was such a conversion wrought? As far as "Leo Taxil" was concerned, God knows he had no merits perceptible, at least, to ordinary humanity. Who knows? May be in the depths of that sin-saturated soul there yet remained some undestroyed germ of virtue—a veneration for some attribute of God, or an attachment to the memory of some sacred person or thing; may be had he gone on in his evil course, that his works would have caused the spiritual death of some chosen soul that God had intended for great things; may be the Almighty allowed him to exhaust his store of wickedness in order to force him to defeat Satan by the very instrument he had wielded in the cause of hell; may be the thousands of prayers that incessantly go up from pure hearts in the cloisters of the world, the prayers for the conversion of great sinners, the Masses of reparation to the Heart of Jesus, arrested the lightnings of God's anger and transformed them into beams of mercy. No one can tell; the secret is God's and it is impenetrable! Suffice it to know that over the greatest sinner there is a Judge of Justice, but one of infinite Goodness, and that no matter how crimson with sin the soul may be there is yet virtue enough in Calvary's Blood to make it white as the mountain snow.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

We commence next week the publication of a brief series of short essays upon the subject of "Antiquarian Researches." The author, whose humility will not permit him to sign other than the simple letter "K.", is an old resident of this city, a man of varied and deep research, and a writer whose facile pen casts a glow of originality about every subject that he touches. We are confident that many of our readers will thank us for the production of these admirable pieces of composition.

A papal brief appointing Mgr. Labrecque bishop of Chicoutimi, was received with the European mail on the 3d May. The new bishop will be solemnly consecrated in the Basilica of Quebec, on the 22nd inst.

There is talk of an election in July for the Prince Edward Island Legislature.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S CONCEPT.

The "Church Progress and Catholic World" has a hard slap at the much vaunted knight—Sir Edwin Arnold—on the occasion of that vainglorious critic's attacks upon Christianity. That organ quotes a passage from the much-travelled, self-puffing atheist's recent article upon the Lick Observatory. We take the liberty of reproducing the quotation and of adding a few of our own comments. It may seem audacious on our part to attack such a great man, one who deems himself above the criticism of his contemporaries, who arrogates to himself the sole privilege of having undisputed theories, who feels himself superior to all the rest of men, and independent of God. But we read, in those Scriptures that Arnold so much derides, of a certain shepherd boy who, with a sling and pebble, slew a giant! We are no David, it is true; but it requires no very cunning hand to fling the pebble of Truth, from the sling of Faith at the head of that doomed Goliath of Infidelity. Here is some of Sir Edwin's rank nonsense:

"Modern astronomy owes, it must be confessed a heavy debt to the vanity—or more say the self-respect—of man. The general mind, perhaps, has not realized, even at this day what a tremendous blow, even at this human self-conceit and to the Ptolemaean regions, founded to suit it by the discovery of Galileo. Well might the priests of the old orthodoxes stand aghast and even go so far as to burn the gentle and wise Giordano Bruno! At a stroke the Florentine astronomer's ejaculation "E pur si muove" swept away all the theology of Dante and his sect of dual doctors, made the cosmology of the "Divine Comedy" impossible and grotesque, and dethroned the race and the planet which it inhabited from its imagined pre-eminence to an obscure and insignificant position."

If this is not nonsense we would like to know what it is? If these are the ideas that Sir Edwin picked up in Japan, the facts that the "Light of Asia" flashed across the mind, the arguments that his "vast and unfathomed" experience in the world has supplied, then we think that he is too oriental for his new continent and too antiquated for modern civilization; he should return to the trans-Pacific lands, and some place, high up in the "Mountains of the Moon," build himself a hermitage and adore his pagan Joss for the remainder of his days.

What, under heaven, has the Ptolemaean theories to do with Christianity? In what are they similar? It would require an imagination far more elastic and far more fertile than that even of the author of the "Light of Asia," to conceive any resemblance between the two systems. Yet this innocently superficial or criminally deep phenomenon in our literary world, makes use of the term in order to stab the Church with the long since broken siletto of "Galileo's discovery." He is innocently shallow if he really thinks that Christianity has aught in common with the Ptolemaean religion; he is criminally learned, if knowing the truth, he strives to enjoin his readers into anti-Christian prejudices by such word-jugglery. He is deplorably ignorant if he does not know the facts that surround the history of Galileo's so-called discovery; he is wilfully misleading, if knowing them, he repeats the calumnies that numberless enemies of the Church have sought vainly to perpetuate. Galileo did not discover the heliocentric system,—it was Copernicus, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, who was the real discoverer of a system to which his name has clung, and which existed in the universities, as an astronomical teaching, years before the great Florentine was ever heard of as an exponent of scientific theories.

The Church has been accused of having sought to keep the world in darkness and ignorance; it has been accused of having subjected Galileo to the ordeal of the "Inquisition," because he had discovered and had proclaimed that "the earth moved" and the sun stood still. Here we are in face of one out of a thousand false accusations based upon the portion of a fact. Partly true, partly false—the statement is made, and from the truth of one part these reasons conclude, while totally ignoring the untruthfulness of the other part. Galileo, as we said before, did not declare that the world moved; but Copernicus did. Galileo was tried before the tribunal of the "Inquisition," but not for having made a discovery, much less for having proclaimed it. He was subjected to an ecclesiastical *enquête* and reprimanded for having put a false interpretation upon certain passages of Scripture. He imagined that he had discovered in the Copernican system the refutation of the Bible: he erroneously promulgated his false ideas and wrongful interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. There is a vast difference between that, and what the calumniators of Catholicity pretend: Galileo was never a martyr of science, he was simply a Catholic, reprimanded and checked when he sought to discredit the Word of God by means of the Copernican theories. And yet these champions of the Scriptures have the hardihood to accuse the Church of Rome of not wishing to preserve the Bible.

Does this remark not come refreshingly, from the pen of the Oriental poet Arnold—"the gentle and wise Giordano Bruno"? The unfringed monk, the debauched priest, the teacher of gross immorality and the practiser of the same, in its most repulsive forms, the adventurer, the liar, the preacher of corruption, Giordano