

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co. (LIMITED)

At 233 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1138.

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The subscription price of THE TRUE WITNESS for one year, in advance, is \$1.00. Single copies, 5c.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1895.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

We hear a great deal about French Evangelization, or, in other words, those mighty efforts made by a section of the non-Catholic world to bring the French-Canadians to a knowledge of the Gospel.

Recently the Daily Witness published a report, read before the Presbyterian General Assembly, in which a great deal is said about "the work among French Canadians." A stranger to Canada reading these statements might logically come to the conclusion that the French-Canadians were a very heathen race of people.

Now, this is all very refreshing. The gentleman who concocted such a report, and the gentleman who listened approvingly to it, must have formed a very poor estimate of the intelligence of those whom it is expected to influence.

A very ignorant race, are those French Canadians! Yet, their pioneers sowed the first seeds of civilization in the land, and their missionaries lit the torch of Christianity amongst the primeval forests of Canada.

Ignorant: and they laid the foundations of our cities and transformed a wilderness into a garden. Ignorant: and their priests, as far back as 1635, built the first college and the most important educational establishment in America.

Ignorant: and from out that establishment went forth Marquette, Joliet, Noue, Daniel, the Lalemends, de Brebeuf, Brossani, Jogues, and the hundreds of others whose lives were sacrificed on the altar of Christian evangelization and in the temple of nascent civilization.

Bedards, Chabollez, Faribaults, Mondelet, Parents and Vigers; the Angers, Aubins, Chauveaus, De Bouchervilles, Garnous, Gingras, Lavolettes, and Turcottes. Imagine the heathen-Chinese-Indian ignorance of the French-Canadian Bellemars, Couchons, Cherriers, Ferlands, Gerin-Lajoies, Sultes, Huots, Marchands, Souldards, and Taches; or of the De Bellefeuilles, Bourasins, Casgrains, Drapeaus, Fabres, Frechettes, Royals, Marsais, Verreaus and Cremazies.

Just think of the Rev. Mr. MacVicar and his learned and Christian friends branding with ignorance the people from whom sprang the Begins, Bedards, Beau-soleils, Belangers, Davids, Danserens, Degnases, Fauchens, Gelinas, Lemays, Lalleches, Lemoines, Oimets, Racines, Turcottes, Tanguays, Auges, Blain, de Saint Aubins, Buies, DeColles, Gladus, Moreus, Racines, Marmettes and Legendres; or the Barnards, Carons, Deguides, Evanturels, Fontaines, Laflammes, Poissons, Prendergasts, Routhiers, Guays, Carons, Chapmans, Nantels, Poiriers, and thousands of others we could cite were we so inclined.

Ignorant: and yet supplying the leading merchants, bankers and manufacturers to the greatest city in the Dominion; giving the brightest lights to the Bench—the Tascberons, Fourniers, Casaults, Bosses, and countless others—furnishing the medical profession, the engineering profession, the mechanical departments, the agricultural domain, and every other section, with names that are ineffaceable on the page of our national progress.

According to that report "the population of French origin in the Dominion is about 1,415,000." Not a bad percentage, we think, of remarkable men, considering that they are no better than heathen Chinese or Indians. Can the whole non-Catholic population of Canada present the third of such a list. And yet we have purposely skipped over the shining lights of the Church; the cardinal, archbishops, bishops and priests are yet to be counted. Then, if the "ignorance of Romish education" is responsible for such an array of men, we say "thank God for that Romish ignorance; Canada wants all she can get of it."

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH.

Ottawa and Winnipeg are to be specially favored this year by the right loyal (?) members of the great and grand order of the Orange Lily. Flags flying, banners waving, grey horses prancing, red cloaks flashing, fife and drums raising discord, and the cooked-up fanaticism of a few orators bursting forth in a generous outpour to deluge the thirsty hundreds panting in the dog-day heat for the firewater of bigotry.

What reason there can be advanced for such demonstrations in Canada is more than we are able to discover. Whenever we hear of men, like our friend Dalton McCarthy—direct descendant of Diarmid Macaurea, King of Desmond, who turned traitor to creed and race in the days of that other false one, Daniel O'Brien, King of Thomond—taking a leading part in such peace-disturbing celebrations, we always recall the words of Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, in a speech to the Catholics of Cork: "Were I," he said, "of the bigots of my creed, I might occupy a place of emolument. Yes, some Orange corporation on an Orange anniversary might do me the honor of proposing, and drinking the great, glorious and immortal memory of King William; I might have the privilege of getting drunk in gratitude to the man who colonized ignorance in my native land." A magnificent privilege indeed!

By no means do we envy these gentlemen their magnificent titles and gorgeous regalia, no more than we envy the ignorance of the mob that listens in rapture to their denunciations of "Pope and Popery," and shouts itself hoarse in the insane enthusiasm of a cause that not one in every hundred understands. But we do feel somewhat surprised at the intelligent, educated and otherwise kindly disposed men who cannot see that they destroy in one day all the good they have been doing during the rest of the year. When we speak harshly of the Orange order and its hateful and unpatriotic as well as un-Christian demonstrations, we refer to the organization, and not to its members individually. We know that there are a few rabid exceptions to be found on all occasions—disappointed office-seekers, grasping politicians, men ready to make use of the crowd for their own individual aims—but in the great body of the Orangemen of Canada there are not a few who are very worthy citizens and whose bark is worse than their bite. We know that these do not bear any personal hatred toward their Catholic fellow-citizens, and that if they were to only see how very unwise they act, in giving

unprovoked offense, they would allow their self-respect to overcome their enthusiasm.

We have no objection to any society, be it religious, national, political or otherwise, celebrating its anniversaries after its own fashion, provided that some good is to come from such celebration and that no person, or section of people, is likely to suffer in consequence. But in a free land like Canada, where so many races blend and so many religions meet, where the utmost harmony should reign, and where every disturbing element should be crushed out, we cannot admit of demonstrations or celebrations that tend to create the evil of ill-feeling without offering even the shadow of a corresponding good.

These loyal gentlemen—loyal as long as the supreme authority gives them all power, and disloyal the moment the constitution does not accord with their tyrannical views—are constantly crying out against the Irish people reviving the memories of past sufferings; yet they eternally seek to perpetuate the memories of the very causes of such sufferings. In other words, they say to the Irish Catholic: "Let the dead past rest; don't tell us of the murders, sacrileges, frauds, persecutions, deportations, coercions, perpetrated against you; don't you dare to revive the story of the bloody eras of your sorrows; don't recall the terrors of the Penal laws that crushed, slew, hunted, ostracised, massacred your race; we don't want to have the ghosts of our evil deeds announced from the tomb of the by-gone; but you must listen, and do so in all humility, to the echoes of the insults heaped upon you for ages; you must hearken in peace to the praises of your oppressors, to the glorification of your betrayers and murderers; but for the love of our young country and out of respect for us, who like you well enough in every day life, you must calmly hear again the tunes that sent our yeomen upon the heels of your peasants and the track of your priests; you must allow our orators to paint afresh, in glowing language, the greatness of your deadly enemies, and to repeat, in every key, the story of your degradation, disloyalty, and misery. All this is just, because we are all citizens of Canada and we should live in peace and mutual devotion. Don't disturb our country's calm with those blood-curdling stories of Wexford, Drogheda, Limerick, Clonmel, and Mullaghmast; and remember, that when we chant the paeans of Derry and the Boyne, you are in duty bound to keep silent, to close your ears, and for peace sake to pretend that you do not know what our motives are."

These may not be the exact words; but they express the exact sentiments of the gentlemen who persist in celebrating, in an open manner, the Twelfth of July. Last year they got the thin end of the wedge in by a pretended accidental procession—a mere church parade—in the West end of this city. We desire to inform them—since they are so law-abiding and loyal—that there exists a special law prohibiting them from perpetrating their insults as far as this part of Canada is concerned. It is as well that all interested should know that the first one who raises the hammer to drive that wedge any further in will find a weighty boomering in the sledge he uses. While we are in peace, for goodness sake leave us so.

HOLIDAY ENJOYMENT.

We are now fairly launched into the holiday season. Citizens are rushing off to the sea-side, to country residences or on lengthy excursions; pupils are enjoying a coveted freedom from study and the confinement of the school; all who can afford the time or the money are seeking some species of recreation and are endeavoring to recuperate their physical and mental powers for the ordeal of the next year's work. At such a time it seems to us not unwise to ask ourselves what form those holiday enjoyments should take. Of course the answer is different according to the circumstances surrounding each individual case. But, as a rule, the grand object in view is to secure a rest from labor and thus renew the supply of vitality required in the exercise of each one's occupation during the long months extending from summer to summer. Now what is recreation? It is simply change. Change from the ordinary routine of life; change of scenery, of air, of surroundings, of occupation; change in any form.

What may be a great recreation for one individual may be a labor for another. Consequently no cast-iron rule can be laid down for the general guidance of those who seek the much needed relaxation. We will run over a few examples, and perhaps the time and space will not be lost.

Generally travel seems to be the mode of recreation most adopted. It certainly is the most likely method of securing the different changes above referred to. But the man whose life-occupation necessitates almost constant travelling; the commercial traveller, the agent, the employees of large transport companies, the heads of navigation or railway establishments, the merchants who do purchasing abroad, the lawyer whose business calls him frequently to other countries, the

missionary who is going from town to town in the exercise of his duties, and dozens of others whose mode of earning a livelihood necessitates constant travel, will not find recreation, relaxation nor recuperation in moving about the country on a holiday trip. The grandest boon you could bestow upon them would be the opportunity of a few weeks of complete rest from travel. It is not change they require, it is a breathing-space, a time to remain stationary.

On the other hand, the man whose days are spent between his home and his office; who passes almost all his time at his desk, behind his counter, or attending to duties that scarcely ever vary, needs a change. He will find recreation in leaving his daily wants, closing his desk, going away from his store or office, and allowing, if possible, all the cares, worries, details of his business or occupation, behind him. It is the change that, for him, constitutes recreation.

Take, then, the student, be he a pupil of a college, or a man in the world whose life-work necessitates constant study; he requires a complete freedom from the wearing thoughts that he has constantly to keep revolving in his brain. He has no need of books; he should live for a few weeks as if there never was a literature in the world and as if men had ceased to write and read. Again, the person whose mind is continually occupied with calculations—a banker, a merchant, a business man of any class—will find a two-fold recreation in a temporary absence from his ledger and in the reading of good and interesting literature. In a word, the safest rule for the holiday enjoyment and benefit is to turn away, as completely as possible, from the ordinary routine and occupations of life, and to seek refreshment in their opposites. But, even as some people cannot live in comfort without certain accustomed food, so many require to keep up—of course in a lesser degree—a little of the occupations of their home and business life. We would say that the best and surest recreation a person can enjoy is that which affords him the most pleasure and the least fatigue—mental and physical.

With these few suggestions we desire to wish all our readers a very happy and beneficial holiday season, and we trust that every one of them will be able, to some extent at least, to take advantage of the increasing vacation facilities.

CREMAZIE.

On the sixteenth April, 1830, was born in old Quebec a child destined to occupy a most conspicuous place in the ranks of Canadian literature. At the early age of seventeen, young Octave Cremazie completed his studies in the seminary, and at once opened out a book store. This humble shop became the rendezvous of the brightest and most gifted men of the time. Already had the pen of Cremazie traced elegant verses for the columns of the Journal de Quebec; but severely were they criticized by ungenerous, and perhaps envious, souls, who saw in them only the faults of immature productions and none of the evidence of true poetic genius. During about ten years, from 1852 to 1862, Cremazie continued to produce poem after poem, each succeeding one an additional proof of deep study, splendid talents and true inspiration.

But if it were given to the poet to be successful in his wooing of the Muses, it was also reserved for him to fail in the court he paid to fame Fortune. About 1862 a financial misfortune overtook him; the little store was forever closed; the bright company of enthusiastic lovers of letters was broken up; and he, the admired and beloved of all, took the dreary road to perpetual exile. In 1878, at Havre, in France, far away from the scenes of his youth and the land of his love, the young, but already aged, poet sank peacefully to rest. A simple stone, in an unfrequented grave-yard, tells where sleep the ashes of one whose songs have marked an epoch in the literature of his country, and whose name should not be allowed to sink into oblivion.

How often, in reading over his magnificent poem, "Les Morts,"—that wonderful tribute to the dead—have we not thought how very faithfully he pictured his own grave and all the mournful circumstances that surrounded his descent into that lonely abode. When calling upon his readers to join the Church, during the autumn days of remembrance of the souls departed, in prayers for all those whose lives have gone out from time to the unknown beyond, could it be that he foresaw his own case and was then, in the full flush of manhood and hope, pleading for the future that his prophetic eye beheld? We all remember well the extraordinary foreboding expressed by Gerald Griffin and the realization of that nightmare of an early doom. Poets are strange beings; "not always understood," as Father Ryan sang. They seem to often catch a glimpse of the coming events and unintentionally pen their sentiments in accord with what others cannot see, but what they know or feel. Poor Cremazie glances down the vista of the yet to be, and snatching up his harp, he sings in matchless verse of

the departed, and in the midst of his song he calls upon all who hear to listen, to pause, and to pray:

"Espere pour l'exile, qui, loin de la patrie, Expose sans entendre une parole amie; Isolé dans sa vie, isolé dans sa mort, Personne ne viendra donner une prière, L'annoncer d'une larme a la tombe étrangère! Qui pense a l'inconnu qui sous la terre dort?"

Would it disturb his rest to attempt in our rude English verse to reproduce the sentiment and the request so touchingly expressed?

"Yes, pray for the exile who shall meet his sad end Far from home, without hearing the voice of a friend;

So lonely in life and in death so lone, Not a soul, with a pray'r, to dispel the deep gloom,

Nor the alms of a tear on his far foreign tomb! Who thinks of the one who sleeps there unknown?"

There has been a question of having the remains of Cremazie brought home to Canada. It would be a noble, a patriotic, a loving deed. He has deserved well of his fellow-countrymen, for none loved Canada more than he did, and surely none ever surpassed him in singing her glories. Two things should all who enjoy the rich heritage of his literary gifts consider as sacred obligations; one is to conserve and perpetuate his poems, the other to see that his ashes find a resting place beneath his native sod. At this season, when monuments are being unveiled on all sides, it is but meet that the gentle and unfortunate poet should, at least, have a commemorative shaft in the land he so well served and amongst the people whose literature he might almost have been said to establish. It would gladden his spirit, we are sure, were he to know that the grateful children of this home of his affections had brought his long and dreary exile to a close by once more allowing his body to come in contact with the soil of our great Dominion.

We, the Irish Catholics of Canada, owe a debt of gratitude to the memory of Cremazie. Perchance all our readers are not aware of the fact, but years ago, as far back as 1852, when writing one of his glowing New Year poems, he paid a tribute to our race, to the land from which our fathers sprung, equal in its fire and in the nobleness of its sentiment to anything that ever fell from the bright pen of Celtic bard. We cannot refrain from quoting a couple of stanzas, yet it seems almost a pity not to furnish the whole of the magnificent tribute:

"Salut, nobles enfants de la verte Hibernie, O race de Martyrs dans le sang rajeunie! Sur ces bords plus heureux nous vendons la main.

Sous les memes drapeaux nous combatons ensemble, Et sous ce ciel plus pur ou la foi nous rassemble, Vous n'aurez plus a craindre un pouvoir in-humain."

"Et la harpe d'Erin d'érable couronne, De drapeaux Canadiens toujours environné, Premissant sous les doigts d'un poète inspiré, Dirai dans l'avenir, sur un rythme sonore, Ces mots que Dieu benit et que tout homme adore: PATRIE ET LIBERTÉ!"

Whosoever knows the true history of our province is well aware that in those days, when the scarlet bird of fever hovered over our emigrant ships, and in the shadow of its wings the parents died by thousands, the children found the generous hand of Cremazie's people extended to protect and save them. Once more we attempt a hurried and feeble translation. Some day, God willing, we shall make it our duty to revive the praises of more than one French Canadian poet and carry their names and their works into spheres where they are too little known. Let this humble effort suffice for the present. It is only a little token of our gratitude to the dead poet and his people:

"Hail, noble sons, from green Hibernia sprung, Oh, race of Martyrs that in blood grew young! On happier shores we stretch to you our hand, 'Neath the same flags we'll battle side by side. 'Neath your pure sky in faith shall we abide: You'll fear no more the inhuman power that ban'd."

"And Erin's Harp, with glorious maples crown'd, Canadian flags forever placed around, Trembling beneath an inspired poet, free, Shall to the future sing, in rhythmic notes of ore, The words that God has bless'd and men adore— CONSTITUTION AND LIBERTY!"

REV. W. T. GRAHAM AT IT.

Quite a characteristic Orange sermon was that of Rev. W. T. Graham, delivered last Sunday, in Grace Baptist Church. That very Christian gentleman must have been sorely disappointed that there was no fight, no opposition to the crowd that paraded to the temple to listen to the vilification of their fellow-citizens. It must have been terrible for that preacher to feel that the Roman Catholics cared so little about the celebration that they did not even trouble themselves to stand and look at the right loyal True Blue and Orange collection of would-be disturbers of the peace.

The gentlemanly, polite, educated and very reverend Mr. Graham spoke of the melting dress of monks, the bay rope of the Capuchin, and the con-scatic head-gear of nuns. So witty, refining and elevating was all this that the remarks were greeted with laughter. Imagine a preacher of the Gospel playing the merry-andrew in a pulpit for the amusement of the temple-respecting Christians (?) who express their fervor and piety in loud applause and laughter. It is not a preacher after God's heart he certainly can produce effects that must delight the one who has the greatest of disrespect for the temple.

REMEDIAL LEGISLATION.

Just as we had our forms closed for this week's issue we learned the somewhat sensational rumors concerning the resignation of several of the Federal ministers, on account of Hon. Mr. Foster's announcement that no remedial legislation would take place this session, but that the Government would hold another session, in the early winter, for the purpose of carrying out what has been promised to the Manitoba minority. Whether it be true or not that such resignations have taken place is more than we can say. Neither are we prepared at this moment to express a positive opinion concerning the effects of the course adopted by the Federal Government as announced in the House of Commons. The subject is too serious and the interests involved too important, too vital, in fact, for Catholics, to permit of hasty conclusions or of unmeasured commendation or censure. We have sought to study and consider this question from a rational standpoint, and while determined upon having justice done to the minority we do not deem it advisable to allow zeal or excitability to overcome our calmer judgment.

Cui bono? Suppose the ministers, who represent the Catholic element in the Cabinet, were to resign, how much nearer to or farther from remedial legislation would we be? Of course such action would result in sensational popularity which the ministers would enjoy for a time. But would it bring about that remedial legislation any the sooner? For five years this battle has been going on with varying successes and reverses; it seems to us to rush it through at the end of a mid-summer session would be a kind of "leap for life" method that might possibly result in a crash and the loss of all the advantages heretofore gained.

So far the Dominion authorities have acted upon the plain and simple basis of the constitution. All we Catholics want are constitutional rights; but these we must have from one party or the other. If a special session is to be held for the purpose of granting that remedial legislation, and that within a very few months, the smashing up of the whole programme at this juncture would be very injurious course. The Government has promised that legislation on a constitutional basis; it has promised another session in which to carry out that legislation. If a dissolution were to take place, and the Government failed to call the session in question, and thus sought to escape its responsibility, it would be then false to its own word and to the interests of the Catholic minority as well as to the constitution.

These are only our views as the situation suddenly flashes upon us. Perchance when further developments arise we may see things in another light. Meanwhile we strongly advise standing by the constitution; it favors the minority contention, and on it alone depends the securing of justice for the Catholics of Manitoba. The government is moving upon a constitutional plane and should be allowed and helped to work out the solution of the problem before it.

SCHOOL INSPECTORSHIP.

During the past few months we have never referred to this subject; one that has taken up many columns of our paper in the year gone by. Now that the vacation is on and that we will soon be nearing the opening of another scholastic term, it seems to us not untimely to draw the attention of those concerned to the fact that an English-speaking school inspector for our district is most desirable. For the present issue we will be satisfied with the mere mention of that fact; we will not now repeat the numerous arguments in favor of our contention, but later on we will have occasion to point out the reason that we support the demand that will inevitably be made. During the past year we have had little to complain of; but should the present state of affairs be likely to change, or any drifting back into past methods be apparent, we will insist upon this office being filled, and if we once undertake to secure it we are not liable to stop until our end is attained.

THE JEWISH REVIEW REFERS TO LEO XIII.

"Pope Leo knows that his end is near. He is older than Bismarck, for he is near to eighty-seven. He is far older than Gladstone. He has seen thrones and dynasties shatter and fall. He has seen the map of Europe change a score of times. He is old and feeble and frail, but there may be no doubt as to the wisdom of his declining days. It is 'peace' and a closer union and brotherhood, no mere human race; his encyclicals are devoid of bigotry, but breathe fervent prayers for the welfare of humanity. What matters it what the theologians' opinions of this man are? The warm-hearted character of his life, the nobleness of his ideas, the fidelity with which, even in these his last days, he is endeavoring to save his fellow-man—this transcends theology and glorifies humanity. The world is the better for Leo XIII. having lived in it. It will be the poorer by at least one great man when he passes away from it, as he soon must. His successor will find a broad pathway made for him."

The world is also the better for such a broadminded and noble man as the writer of the Jewish Review having lived in it.