

TESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

In order that there may be no mistakes, and that we may be enabled to acknowledge receipt of any correspondence, we remind our readers that all letters, of business as well as literary nature, intended for the TRUE WITNESS must be addressed to J. K. Foran, Editor of the TRUE WITNESS. By paying attention to this notice and by acting accordingly our friends will confer a great favor upon the management and will have the satisfaction of securing prompt answers to their communications.

ONCE MORE we beg of all who have an interest in the only Catholic organ, in the English language, that our Province possesses, to make an effort to send us in whatever amount they may owe, and to try and secure as many of their friends as possible to aid us in the establishment of a thoroughly Catholic paper. It is not a pleasant theme to write upon; but we feel obliged, under the circumstances, to ask for all the help that can be given. Every little adds to the fund, and what is a trifle to each individual forms an important amount for us, in the aggregate.

ONE of the prominent Protestant clergymen of Montreal, in the course of a lecture, delivered last week, gave his audience to understand that the Church existed before the Bible, and that the Word of God was preached before it was written. That reverend gentleman is very exact in what he states. What surprises us is the fact that a man of education and with a logical mind, who is aware of these truths, should not draw the natural conclusion that must flow from his premises; and once drawn act upon it. His contention is that of the Catholic Church. He agrees perfectly with the teachings of Rome upon that question. If then he admits—and history is there to prove it—that the Church existed before the Bible, and that the Word was preached before it was written, why does he not take another step, and ask "what Church existed before the Bible?"—and "who preached the gospel before pen was taken up to copy it?" The answers to these questions must lead him directly into the ranks of the Catholic Church. If that reverend gentleman is anxious to discover the truth, we will answer these questions to his satisfaction, either privately or through our columns.

We received a letter from Brockway, Michigan, in which the writer informs us that "there is a vagabond by the name of R. W. Pavanie (this is the name as nearly as we can make it out) who so styles himself, and who calls himself an 'ex-priest'; he is lecturing at Yale, a small hamlet near here, and he pretends to give away the secrets of the confessional, and also to expose nuns; he comes from England and charges fifteen cents per ticket to hear him. . . . Do you know such a man, and is he a priest." No; we don't know

any such man; neither does anybody else know him. In the first place the name is evidently a borrowed one, and in the next place he is neither a priest nor an "ex-priest." The woods—especially in Michigan—are full of these animals; they generally hunt in pairs, a male and a female; but now and then we met with a "bank-bearer" of that species. Whenever a man pretends to betray confessional secrets, at once set him down as a person who never was a priest. Not Chiniquy, nor Hyacinthe, nor Macnamara, nor any one of the perverted priests, has ever attempted to reveal a confessional secret. Your vagabond is a rank imposter.

There is a Miss Golding, in England, who has become a professional "ex-nun" and who tells some fearful stories about the manner in which she was treated while in the convent. Eugene Davis, in one of his admirable sketches, after pointing out how the Calais police have disproved many of Miss Golding's statements, her own sister has handed Rev. Father Stapley, Catholic pastor of Eastbourne, the following letter signed by herself:

"I am not myself a Roman Catholic, nor have I any desire to favor that religion, but for the sake of truth and justice I consider that the facts of this case should be made known. My sister joined a religious order in England, and went abroad to a convent at Calais belonging to the same order. While she was there, I used to go once or twice a year regularly to see her. The nuns were always kind to me, and on one occasion I stayed in the convent for a week, and I never saw anything objectionable. My sister said that she was very happy, and had nothing to complain of. It is nonsense for her to say she had a difficulty in getting outside the walls. She used to be allowed out with me on every occasion I called. After leaving the convent she stayed with us for six months, and during that time she never told me of the flagellations she had received, the imprisonment in a dark cell, or the poisoning of several nuns. I am positive, that if there had been any foundation for these statements, she would immediately have taken me into her confidence. The dark room she speaks of is a pure invention, and as for the steel belt she never saw one in her life until she visited the officers of the Protestant Alliance."

It is not probable that Miss Golding will draw very large houses in future. It is a pity that Mrs. Shepherd, O. Chiniquy (D.D.) and Slattery have not some honest relatives who could refute their lies about Catholic convents and homes of education. The only advantage in their cases is that no sane person believes them.

LAST September, a girl at Salford had a man arrested for an alleged attempt to assault her. On trial it was found that the girl had never heard of Jesus Christ, nor did she know what the Bible was. It is a pity that some of the £86,702 17s. 10d. spent last year for bibles and tracts to convert the heathens could not be used in the region of Salford, to instruct the home-savages. There is a story told about a Western miner who heard the account of the

passion and death of Our Divine Lord related by a priest on Good Friday. The miner had never heard the story before, and he was indignant at the Jews for the cowardly manner in which they treated the lone sufferer. On leaving the church the miner met a Jew and immediately proceeded to beat him. When the Jew asked explanations the miner said that he was getting even with him for the manner the Jews persecuted Our Lord. "My friend," said the Jew, "that was not my fault, that happened eighteen hundred years ago." "I don't care when it happened," said the miner, "I only heard about it to-day, and I'm going to have satisfaction." We once thought that this story was an exaggeration; but since we have read of the dense ignorance existing, even in public schools in England and Australia, we begin to think that there was some foundation for the yarn.

THIS is the time for "Christmas Boxes;" we wonder if there will be many "Christmas Coxes" around this year. We are under the impression that the only Coxe that has been seeking cheap notoriety of late has already received so many boxes around his figurative ears that he is not likely to make much more noise this year. We say figurative ears to distinguish them from his natural ones. The latter are, we understand, of ordinary proportions; but the former are evidently very long and conspicuous. Several of our American contemporaries have been offering prescriptions for the Buffalo Bishop's ailment; we are not much acquainted with *materia medica*, but we think that a little bi-chloride of gold would be effective. They say it is a sure cure for opium troubles; and we cannot believe that the reverend enemy of the Jesuits is anything other than an opium-eater. No other human being—in possession of his mental faculties—could possibly dream such terrible things and indict such mad ravings. Of course, if opium is not to blame, there is no other alternative, we must advise a straight-jacket—which will be probably the only straight thing the worthy bishop has ever had about him.

THE Ave Maria is the most choice of Catholic magazines; not one line is lost; even at the end of the page, when the article is not sufficiently long to fill out the last columns, the editor inserts a short selection from some well-known author, and each of these little paragraphs is a gem of thought. In the last number the editor has selected the following lines from the pen of Henry Austin Adams. What a beautiful text; on it one might build a glorious sermon! "When I lie down upon my bed to sleep to-night, I would rather be friends with God and with myself than with the whole round world; and for this reason, that I may wake upon a distant shore with only God and myself, finding myself therefore among my friends; whereas the friendship of the world can only

bury me; leaving me lonely, friendless, guilty, upon that distant shore where I must walk forever." How true!

WE LIKE to read candid avowals when made by most anti-Catholic organs. One of the oldest calumnies against the Church is that she keeps the faithful in ignorance of the Bible. Times out of mind has this false accusation been refuted and as often has it been repeated. The following paragraph from the Illustrated Church Times, one of England's most ultra-Protestant journals, may prove interesting to our readers:

"It is often asserted that Rome, while professing to be a teaching Church, arrogates to herself also the privilege of not teaching—the right to condemn to ignorance. This is true in a sense; but it is a libel in the sense usually intended to be conveyed. What wise parent or instructor does not see it right to withhold knowledge in certain directions, and to safeguard the innocence of ignorance? How many among us have felt tempted to wish, when laymen quote isolated texts to support wild and improbable theological notions, that Anglicans might receive their Scriptures only at the hand of the priest? At no time, perhaps, has this charge of condemning to ignorance been so vehemently brought up against Rome as to-day, and never with so little justice. A really inquiring, earnest Roman, if he desire it, can quite easily compass a copy of the Scriptures. Here, under hand, is a widely advertised new French translation of the Four Gospels, with notes and maps, etc., by Le-maitre de Sacy, appearing under the imprimatur of Cardinal Meignan, Archbishop of Tours, with an introduction by the Bishop of Chartres."

AS A SAMPLE of the men who go about preferring foul charges against Catholic nuns, women whose lives are models of every virtue, we clip the following account of the career of a "No-Popery" lecturer, as it is given in the Staffordshire Advertiser:

"Morris Roberts of Birmingham, died on Saturday. Thirty years ago he was champion light-weight boxer of England, and became a publican. He espoused the cause of Murphy, the anti-Catholic lecturer, whose visit to Birmingham in 1867 led to the famous Murphy riots. Roberts was attacked in his house by a number of Irishmen, one of whom he shot dead, and for this he was tried on a charge of manslaughter, but acquitted. In 1878 he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for perjury. Several years later he identified himself with a religious movement and went about the country preaching. At Worcester he was arraigned on a charge of bigamy, but was acquitted. Later he was the defendant in a breach of promise case, in which it was shown he had gone through a mock marriage with a Miss Florence Day, though he was at the time a married man. The jury awarded Miss Day £2,500, which was, on appeal, reduced by half."

This fellow's life needs no comment. It is the average career of the professional anti-Popery crank.

Steps have been taken to urge the holding of an international exhibition in London in 1896 or 1897.

The man who has a sea of troubles—
The one who has a notion of sorrow,