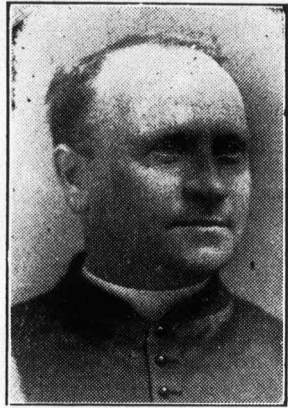


THE NEW PARISH ST. MICHAEL; FATHER KIERNAN NAMED PASTOR.

Rev. Father Kiernan who has been appointed pastor of St. Michael's parish, was born in Montreal, on the 31st of October, 1854, and was ordained on the 24th of August, 1878.

His first vicarship was St. Mary's, of this city. He assisted in 1879 at the laying of the corner stone of the Church, which was destroyed by fire some months ago. By his earnest and intelligent co-operation with its first pastor, the late regretted Father Simon Lonergan, and his fearless and sympathetic services during the small pox epidemic of 1885, he secured a place in the confidence and affection of St. Mary's congregation that neither years, nor distance has weakened. Their good-will and interest ever accompanied him in the positions which he has since held and for his success in St. Michael's no more sincere prayers than theirs will be said.



REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN.

His first pastorage was St. Mary's, of New Brunswick, where at the request of the late Bishop of St. John, and with the consent of the late Bishop Fabre, he undertook the organization of St. Mary's parish with its seven missions, covering an area of eighty miles, and so successfully did he work that St. Mary's is one of the very promising parishes in the diocese of St. John.

On the death of the Rev. Father Shalloe, Right Rev. Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke, his most trusted patron, left the district of Sheenboro to his administration with which His Lordship was so fully satisfied that to the knowledge of Father Kiernan's intimate friends, he has given him the strongest proofs of his friendliness and confidence.

St. Michael's parish and its first pastor are not strangers to each other. A large portion of its membership comes from the different sec-

tions of the city with all of which he was familiar, for it may be remembered that for five years after Father Kiernan's ordination he was the only "Bishop's" Irish assistant priest in the city, and was called on for many needs and services. His new parishioners will therefore remember many calls made to their parents' homes on occasions of trouble, sickness and death, and will therefore be prepared to give him a "Cead Mille Failthe" on his arrival among them and to smoothe over the difficulties

The Rev. Father Kiernan addresses the following circular to his people :-

St. Michael's Parish,

Montreal, May 13, 1902.

Dear parishioners,—The letter issued by His Grace the Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, and read last Sunday at the principal office of the day in the churches of the parishes to which you belonged, detached you from said parishes and annexed you to a parish which has been placed under the patronage of St. Michael the Archangel.

The formation of this new parish is the result of your petition respectfully and confidently presented to His Grace the Archbishop and of the public meeting to which you were all invited, and at which so many among you made it a duty to be present.

On your severance from the various parishes of which you formed part, it is pleasant to observe how affectionately you were linked with your different pastors and how sincerely you were wished God-speed in your serious undertaking.

The step you have made is a warrant of your love for Faith and fatherland. Like our brothers of French origin, we are proud of our Church and of our country, and like them when it is possible, we band together, in their interests and for their welfare and when encouraged by competent authority desire under one roof to deepen and strengthen the roots of patriotism and of religion.

How much more surely will you and your children be kept in constant touch with the ways and means devised to forward the development and aggrandizement of the land of your birth or of your adoption, and how much more thoroughly will you and your children be reminded of your duties as loyal and self-respecting citizens and moulded in the principles and practices of the Church which began with Christ and which will last until the consummation of ages under His guidance and guardianship. With all the zeal and self-devotedness ever shown by the reverend pastors of mixed congregations it is unreasonable to expect that they can with entire satisfaction to themselves and to those who form the minority of their flock, find time to distribute the bread of life either in word or deed.

Great credit is due your spirit of initiative in bringing your position and your views so entrustingly and so candidly before your first spiritual Father in the archdiocese, and great encouragement from all the English-speaking parishes of Montreal, will be meted out to you to ensure the success of your efforts to organize and permanently maintain the parish

which will be to future generations, a lasting and undecaying memorial of your energy and of your hopefulness.

Your honor and your reputation are now engaged. You know and you feel it. You are the cynosure of Catholic Montreal at the present time. You are determined to bear witness to your having sought a separate parish only after mature reflection as to the responsibilities involved and to your sincerity in contracting them. Courage must never cease to glisten on your shield, amid the sacrifice you may be called upon to make bear in mind that you have the blessing of your Archbishop, the good will of the Reverend Clergy, the friendliness of your fellow-countrymen; on all occasions and under all circumstances bear in mind that you can place unreserved reliance upon the assistance and co-operation of the two priests appointed exclusively of all other duties to



REV. L. P. MCGINNIS.

use their strength and their resources in the realization of your fond hopes.

It is therefore with buoyant spirit and with cheering words that we cross the threshold of St. Michael's and assume the duties and obligations of its pastorage in company with Rev. Father L. P. McGinnis, whom you all, for his piety and devotedness, have learned to love and respect.

JOHN P. KIERNAN, P. P.

P.S.—Until further notice the services on Sundays beginning Trinity Sunday, the 25th, will be held at ten o'clock in the hall, corner of St. Denis and Laurier Avenue.

At the Threshold of the Church.

A very peculiar publication, having a most peculiar contribution, without any signature, on the subject "Why I am not a Catholic," has come to us, and we cannot allow it—for many and obvious reasons—to pass unnoticed.

The publication is a quasi-religious, quasi-political magazine, it is called "Reed's Isonomy." It might have been plainer and more readily understood by the general reader if he had called "Reed's Equal Rights," or "Reed's Equal Law for All." The word Isonomy bears either interpretation; more likely the intention is to have it convey the idea of "Equal Rights." Decidedly this anonymous article, by one who wishes to tell why he is not a Catholic, is couched in language that would indicate a sincere desire to secure equal rights for all. As far as the writer's lights permit him to see, he evidently wishes for that at which his publication aims. But the most wonderful part of this strange and very exceptional article, is that the one writing it tells us exactly why he should

be a Catholic, advances a score of reasons why he should be one, and absolutely fails to tell why he is not a Catholic. A fact which leads us to the reasonable and charitable conclusion that, if his apparent sincerity is real, he may become a Catholic sooner than he anticipates.

We will not go over all the general praise of the Catholic Church conveyed in the opening of this article. It is evidently based upon a conception of the Church from a human standpoint, entirely ignoring its Divine origin, as, for example, when he says:—"The mission of Christianity, (meaning the Catholic Church), was to humanize the tyrant and liberate the serf." This is very true; it is part of that mission; but it is not the real great mission—which is to save souls and establish the Kingdom of God on earth. Again he says, "the Catholic Church was to become the most perfect of human organizations." True again; but not because of the Humanity of that Church's Founder, but on account of His Divinity. Then he says:—

"Among her pontiffs there were to appear some of the very greatest of men. Their learning and genius directing a vast and ever enlarging priesthood were to eliminate the worst and preserve the best of the civilizations that had gone before. They were to weld the Arabian hordes that were to sweep the old landmarks away into a homogeneous and

orderly whole. They were to make possible the rise and development of Modern Europe and afterwards America, not only by the preservation of all that was the greatest in the past, but by the moulding of myriad and antagonistic elements into a uniform and plastic mass, which in its turn was to give rise to social forces that are carrying and shall continue to carry the greatest of all civilizations to the remotest ends of the earth."

And he concludes this important section of his article with this remark:—

"Thus I accord to the Catholic Church the highest credit. As a human institution, working inevitably for the welfare of the human race, it has accomplished more than all of the other great religions combined."

We had often wondered how it was that Macaulay, whose learning and powers of expression were so unlimited, could have seriously penned his famous essay on Van Ranke's "History of the Popes," and still remain an opponent of Catholicity and an acknowledged enemy of the Church's doctrines. But here we have a man far more enigmatical than even Macaulay, in this connection. He not only sees all beauty, all power, all greatness in the Church; he not only admits all that she has done for the benefit of humanity; but he places her above and beyond all other churches combined, as a force for good. And yet he says:—

"My admiration of the Catholic Church, however, begins and ends with it as a purely human organization. Beyond all doubt it has been and is one of the most powerful factors of civilization."

Here we have it again; the same old story. The admiration of enthusiastic minds for the human success of what seems to them to be an institution based on a human foundation and supported by purely human power. One flash of faith—like that struck down Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus—and the whole object of their admiration would glow with a new light, and would appear in proportions of which they never dreamed.

As an evidence of how this man—certainly of an earnest and honest turn of mind—has been biased by his education, by the atmosphere of anti-Catholic teaching in which his youth was passed, we need but turn to the following paragraph:—

"The mind does not have to accede to the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas to accept the calendar of Gregory the Great. He may regard 'The City of God' of St. Augustine as a beautiful allegory, and yet acknowledge the splendid services that Leo the Tenth performed for Mediaeval Europe. No one need listen to the acrimonious debates of the schoolmen as long as he has Roger Bacon and Thomas A Kempis. He does not believe in the Real Presence in order to appreciate the benevolence of a priesthood whom neither disease nor calamity can terrify or subdue. There are ministering angels for those who are stretched on beds of pain, a magic touch and a word to cheer for the life that is slowly ebbing away. Above and beyond the fitful and cruel gleam of the battle, the sob of the dying, the solemn surge of the pine as it floats o'er the dead, the human spirit of the Church is there to serve and to save with a grandeur that awes the most grateful heart to reverent silence and gratitude."

All this does not tell us "why he is not a Catholic;" it simply shows us that the man has grasped the beauties and grandeur of the Church and the glories of her great ones, while still harboring the prejudices based on misrepresentations and big-

otry. The nearest attempt he makes to tell us "why he is not a Catholic" is this:—

"Of the Catholic religion I do not accept a single dogma. Beyond the night of death I see no star to guide and save. I am not a Catholic simply because it is absolutely impossible for the religious idea to accommodate itself to my mind."

This is a strange, a very strange, and very contradictory statement; in fact, it is clear evidence of the unsettled and illogical state of that writer's mind. Mark it well! He does not accept a single dogma of the Catholic religion. Why? Is it that he willingly faces a condition beyond death wherein there is no star for him to guide and save? God only knows. But surely he speaks like one who would be glad to find such a star, if it were possible, and like one who would not reject its light, if he once found it. He says he is not a Catholic "because it is absolutely impossible for a religious idea to accommodate itself to his mind." Does he know that he is on the verge of Catholicity? He believes, perhaps, that his mind cannot accept any religious idea; yet he is proving in every sentence that his mind is full of such ideas that do harmonize therewith and accommodate themselves thereto. He pictures himself as an atheist, or at best a materialist, who cannot entertain ideas of a religious nature. Still we claim that the man does not know himself. In the very next sentence he says:—

"But I appreciate the good that religion is doing and has done the world. There is nothing in materialism for the millions who suffer. It is starless and dawnless."

He said that after death he can see no star to guide; and he now says that materialism is starless and dark. Is that "why he is not a Catholic?" Certainly not. He has never yet told us the "why." After this half statement of his materialism, or rather materialistic condition of mind, he flies off into the sublime region of lofty religious admiration and leaves us the following beautiful passage:—

"The massive ceremonial of the

Catholic Church uplifts and exalts the mind that is prepared to receive it. In all literature, what is there more beautiful than the hymn beginning—De Profundis—"Out of the depths O Lord, I have cried unto thee?" How weirdly sweet is the far-floated chime of the Angelus as the simple-souled votary bows to murmur a prayer to her whom he regards as the mother of the tender and loving Christ! I speak of the religion which is sincere, than which no greater blessing was ever given to the children of men. How well for the happiness of mankind if it could check and roll back the tidal wave of atheism that threatens to engulf the world in the fathomless seas of utter despair."

Does that man pretend for a moment that his soul and heart are not yearning for Catholic truth? He says: "Atheism is a boat that sets out without pilot to voyage through seas of storm." He then asks why should not a sincere clergy that works for the weal of the world be worthy not only of respect, but of positive encouragement? And he thus concludes:—

"It happens that the Catholic clergy has given the most striking evidence of its sincerity. It happens that the Catholic Church has more persistently fostered what it conceives to be the principle of true religion than any of the sects that wandered from the fold. Because I am not Catholic and may never be, may I not still encourage in every way the continued exercise of the beneficence of such virtues as shone pre-eminently in the life of Father Ryan? For they, indeed, are the sheet anchor of civilization, they keystone of the arch upon the removal of which the whole fabric would fall."

Do you note the change, even as, in the progress of his own article, his mind becomes seized of an intensely religious idea. A while ago he said; that he did not accept a dogma of Catholicity, and tried to make himself and others believe that he never could be a Catholic; now he says, "because I am not a Catholic, and may never be"—he has now a doubt as to that impossibility; now (Continued on Page Eight.)

OUR B...

DEAR GOOD GR... few days ago we... ter from an old subs... in a well known farm... the Province of Quebec... it in this department... tains lessons for our y... it shows how deep and... affection of the father... of the generation whic... new country in pionee... laid the foundation of... and progress the fruit... boys and girls of the p... joying.

Our aged corresponde... see by the "True Witn... are anxious that Irish... men, old and young... should be good and... Church and to their c... the land of their forefa... in this country.

"I have a grandson... age who a few days a... examination in catech... was named to make his... munion. After informi... mother of the fact, he... quest that she should... flag to carry on that... when the Bishop of thi... be present. He describ... of a flag he wished his... to make as follows: 'I... he, 'a green flag with... centre, and the harp to... wreath of shamrocks.'... mother explained it wou... sible for her to make... he described. He then... deal to write to the 'T... and the director of the... Girls' column would bu... As I am desirous of ma... grandson happy on the... First Communion, I tal... of enclosing a sum of... ask you to try and se... such as I have describe... We are sure all our b... will admire the spirit s... dear good grandfather... in our search of the b... this city and purchased... silk flag of 36 inches b... with a harp and sham... which with express char... sum of \$2.10.

The flag was sent to... tion by the director of... ment on Monday last...

A DOUBLE HERO... ternoon when Chri... was going home from... pended to meet his littl... who had run away fro... and was making piec... of the road. He stoppe... to her: "Hello, Jo!"

"'Lol!' she answer... sweetly up at him... "Come on home with... Christy.

Jo returned to her pi... nothing... Just then, hearing sho... behind him, Christy loo... see a big wagon with... plunging down the l... toward the very spot w... playing. Three or four... hurrying out of houses... fields, only they were a...

It seemed the most na... the world to Christy to... the road as fast as his f... would carry him, seize... hand, and drag her out... way. He was not an... son; for the two small... barely gained the roads... great horses thundered... ing hoofs stamping Jo's... powder.

Jo was filled with indi... for some reason, Christy... derstand, everybody el... that he had done a ver... His mother patted him... over him; his father... goldpiece; and when he... street to spend it, so r... stopped him to ask him... and kiss him and make... of sticks of candy that... give up his shopping fo... noon. Christy was well... it all. He liked to be... "grave boy;" he didn't ev... kisses so much, and the... joyed extremely.

The next day at schoo... the large boys who usua... themselves had somethi... Christy.

"So you are a hero, ar... ed one of the sixth-form... big does that make a b... size feel, I wonder!"

"He always feels big,"... voice, before Christy... "He always thinks he's... anybody else."

Christy sighed and shu... tight. He knew whose t... and he looked upon Dan... one of the trials of life.

"Well," said the sixth... easily, "I guess he has... had his head pretty hig...