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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1851.

The news which every arrival brings from England, cannot fail of imparting pleasure to the heart of every true Catholic. God, who maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him, is causing in England the folly and impiety of the adversaries of our Holy Religion to work together to the glory of His name, and the good of that Church against which sinners do continually blaspheme. No day passes which is not marked by some conversion of the best and noblest amongst the ranks of Protestantism. Daily, the Lord is adding to the Church such as shall be saved. The religion from which a nation apostatized—the Church which a tyrant strove in his wrath, and in the madness of his lust, to destroy, is once more triumphant. "The stone which the builders rejected; the same is become the head of the corner. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." A miracle, no less than a spiritual resurrection, is being worked before us; as if the portals of the tomb had been rolled back, and Protestantism, rebuked before the Majesty of the Redeemer, were hastening to yield up its dead—the victims whom it hath slain. The spirit of the Lord is moving over the face of the turbid waters of heresy, and at His command there shall again be light—the Sun of Justice shall arise with healing on its wings, to heal the sores of the people.

No less encouraging is the prospect of the permanence of the great work of conversion now taking place in England. The most cheering sign of the tendency of the age, is to be found in the fact, that the spirit of enquiry is beginning to prevail amongst Protestants. They are no longer content to derive their knowledge of Catholicity from the malicious writings and envenomed tongues of its adversaries. They seek the dogmas and the practices of the Church, in her liturgies, in the decisions of her councils, and the writings of her divines, and not in the invectives of an apostate adulterer like Achilli, or in the filthy narrative of a Maria Monk. When once a man gets thus far, when once he begins seriously to enquire, there is little doubt of the result, provided his enquiries be conducted in the proper spirit, that is, with humble prayer to God to remove the obstacles which the unregenerate heart opposes to the reception of truth,—with an ardent thirst after information, and a firm resolve with God's assistance to embrace the truth, wheresoever found, and at whatsoever cost. There is no fear for such a man. He who begins to enquire in this spirit, will ere long finish by becoming a Catholic. How can it be otherwise? He soon finds out that the Catholicity against which he has been all along protesting, exists no where, save in his own morbid imagination; that, not to Catholicity as it really is, but as he had imagined it to be, had he hitherto been objecting. And here it may be remarked that the very grossness of the calumnies with which the Church is assailed by

evangelical men, is of essential service to her. There is but one small service that these poor wretches can render the Church—to lie—and that they do cheerfully enough. The first feeling, therefore, produced in the mind of an honest Protestant, who has been crammed with evangelicalism, when he takes up a work on the Catholic religion, and sees what it really teaches, is to exclaim, "Why, what lies are these things which have been told me of Catholicity, from my youth upwards; and what a silly, credulous fool, I must have been to believe them." A great point has been gained; the enquirer has discovered that the protest wherewith Protestantism protests against the Church, is a lie. He begins to admit that Catholicity may be true: the Grace of God will do the rest. It is, therefore, with unfeigned pleasure that we learn that one effect of the anti-Papal excitement in England has been, to cause an immensely increased circulation of controversial works. This is all that can be desired. To be loved, to be embraced, Catholicity only requires to be known. The Church which has been the mother of all the Saints, which has reared the noble army of Martyrs in her bosom,—the Church of St. Augustine and of St. Bernard, of a Loyola and a Francis Xavier,—can never dread, but courts the minutest scrutiny. Prejudice, begotten by ignorance, out of the soul heart of man is her only foe; when, therefore, we hear that a man is beginning to enquire, we know that the Church is about to add unto the number of her children. The torch of Reason, rightly directed, will dispel the dark clouds which obscure the intellect, and the Grace of God will soon break down the strongholds of Protestantism,—human pride and human passion—barriers which the corrupt heart of man opposes to the progress of Catholic truth.

CONFESSION, AND HOW PAPISTS GO AND DO IT.

(From an authentic source.)

If Mons. Jourdain, in Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, was surprised when he discovered that he had been unconsciously speaking prose all his life, no less were we astonished at reading in the *Montreal Witness*, a full and graphic account of the Confessional and all its horrors, as copied from the *British Banner*, an unctuous and decidedly evangelical paper, from which our estimable contemporary is very fond of quoting. "Popery," we are told, "to be hated, must be seen, and to be seen it must be exhibited," and certainly a most excellent "stir-it-up-with-a-long-pole" kind of exhibitor has Popery got, in the person of the worthy editor of the *British Banner*. But for this evangelical Barnum, we, poor, blinded Papists, would never know what a set of stupid, ignorant devils we are. We should not even be able to tell what, and how many, are the Sacraments of the Church, in whose efficacy we have been taught by the Word of God to place so much reliance, were it not for the pains that well-informed, truth-loving, Popery-hating writers, like the editors of the *British Banner* and the *Montreal Witness*, take to set us right upon these important points. "It is universally known," says our highly erudite contemporary, "that Confession is held as a Sacrament of the first class." There is news for you, you poor Papists; you would never have found out, that Confession was a Sacrament from reading the decrees of the Council of Trent, or any of the symbolical writings of your Church. You must go to the *British Banner*, if you want to obtain real, useful information: there you will read of a Sacrament unknown to Pope or assembled Fathers of the Church. You will also learn that Sacraments are divided into first and second classes, like places in a railroad carriage. "Live and learn" is an old motto; and it is not the fault of the *British Banner*, if we do not learn something, before we have done with him. For instance: Having kindly volunteered the information that Confession is a Sacrament, it next teaches us the usual mode in which this Sacrament is administered. Listen Papists, and don't laugh.

"Everything is done to render the deed impressive and supernatural. When the penitent comes into the Church so-called, he takes holy water and sprinkles his face, and making the sign of the cross, he says over a prescribed prayer; then he goes on and kneels down before the great altar, where the great host is kept, in a neat and rich tabernacle, with a brass or silver lamp hanging before it, burning continually night and day." Having informed us of all about the great host, the author should have informed us wheroin it differs from the little host, and also where the latter is reserved. Well, then, kneeling down before the great altar, where the great host is kept, "he makes a prayer to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, afterwards to the Virgin Mary, and then to the titular Saints of the Church." This, one would think, must be very "impressive." The next thing the penitent is called upon to perform, is perfectly "supernatural." "He then turns about" Jim-Crow

fashion "on his knees, and visits five altars," at the imminent risk of ruining his pantaloons, "or if the edifice be one of a humble character, with only one altar, he approaches it five times, saying each time a Pater Noster, an Ave Maria, and a Gloria Patri." All this be it remembered is done, as we shall see by the sequel, by the penitent upon his knees—a difficult and supernatural task of agility, and the performance of which we should like to impose as a penance upon the writer of the above nonsense, as a slight atonement for his offence. Well, having visited the five altars, on his knees, "he then rises," and we are introduced to the fell monster who presides over all these "impressive and supernatural" exploits. Now, Barnum, stir up the Priest, and let us hear him roar. Here he is drawn to the life, like the representation that we gazed upon in our youth of Daniel in the lion's den, seated upon a three-legged stool, a-reading of the New Testament. Having duly accomplished these strange gymnastic and spiritual exercises, the penitent rises from his knees, which must be rather tender by this time, and "goes to the Confessionary—that is, the place where the confessor sits in awful silence, with a cap in the form of a cross," (we would recommend the addition of a cocked hat, a pair of top boots, and knee breeches,) "holding a crucifix, with the body of Christ suspended thereon, then the poor, trembling creature kneeling down implores his blessing; and then commences the work of confession, stimulated by the most pungent interrogatories that the skill of man can apply." Popery having been thus exhibited in the person of confessor and penitent, we are next informed of what passes within the Confessional itself. We now copy from an article from the same *British Banner*, headed "Beguilement to Romanism," and purporting to contain the revelations and personal experience of a Miss Smith. She thus recounts the incidents of apparently the general confession made previous to her reception within the Church. "The most simple, childish follies were recounted and magnified into mortal sin, and as day after day I knelt, sometimes for hours, at the feet of that man," (that is, of the man who sits in awful silence, with a cap in the form of a cross, holding a crucifix with the body of Christ suspended thereon,) "answering queries and listening to reproofs calculated to bow my very soul in the dust, I felt as though I should never raise my head again. The confession lasted at intervals over the space of a fortnight, that is, I went to him" (the man with the cap in the form of a cross, &c.,) "thrice in the week for that time." Oh, Miss Smith, what a naughty young lady you must have been, to have had so much to confess! But the best of the joke is, that upon one occasion the Priest made her confess her sins over again; as thus—"I was desired to repeat what had most harrowed my feelings over again." We should have thought that the walking about the Church on her knees previous to confession, must have been the circumstance most harrowing to her feelings; but we are mistaken. She was desired by the Priest to confess a certain sin, which the Priest it seems particularised. "I replied I had confessed it once already, and ventured some demur; when I was told in the most merciless manner, that if I had, he had forgotten it." Fortunately, the blasphemers of God's Holy Church are as ignorant as regardless of truth. No lie, however gross, but will go down with your evangelical Protestant. It is in vain to prove to him that in the Confessional it is not the Priest who asks the questions which these hypocrites pretend to regard with so much horror. It is useless to prove that it is never incumbent upon the penitent to confess a sin of which he has once accused himself. But here, from her own words can we convince this Miss Smith of falsehood. She says that the Priest insisted upon her confessing a certain sin, a second time, upon the plea that he had forgotten it, whilst at the same time his memory was so retentive that he could point out to her what sin he wished her to re-confess. Miss Smith lies, as do all her tribe, with a good will, but with a very bad grace. We have alluded before to this unhappy person, whom we strongly suspect to be none other than that light of the Conventicle, the gentle Maria Monk, under a new name. Were it possible to have any doubts as to Miss Smith's real character, the following passage, which we continue to copy from the *British Banner*, would set the matter at rest. Miss Smith retires to a convent, "but had still a spice of the Saxon lady"—we suppose that means, a good deal of the devil—"in her bosom, and made a somewhat refractory and doubtful nun." Not doubtful, good *Banner*, not doubtful at all. Purity of mind and body are indubitably essentials for a nun, and these clearly Miss Smith possessed not, for we further read that the Superior "interdicted intercourse" between her and some other inmates of the convent, such a person as Miss Smith being enough to corrupt a whole community. After all, we know not if there really be a Miss Smith or no. She may

be a myth, or sportive creation of the brain of the worthy editor who records her trials. But whence this hatred of the Confessional, upon the part of those who never approach it? We answer with another question. Why did the Fox, who had lost his tail in a trap, endeavor to persuade his brother Foxes to cut off theirs also, as useless and dangerous appendages? Because the presence of his brother's brush reminded him painfully of the loss of his own. Because, in spite of their poverty, the purity and chastity of the women of Catholic Ireland, are a constant reproach to the impurity and profligacy of Protestant Scotland. Therefore do our evangelical Reynards, jealous of the incontestable superiority of the moral standard in Catholic countries, and knowing that this is, under the Grace of God, owing to the use of the Sacrament of Penance and the healing counsels of the Confessional, try and persuade the Catholic to refrain from confession, in order that, with heart uncleaned from sin, he may become corrupt, and altogether as one of themselves.

The mantle of the Prophet has descended upon the Kingston correspondent of the *Montreal Witness*. From him we learn that our foundation is built on the sand,—very good sand it is, to judge by the way in which our subscribers come down with the dust,—and moreover, we are assured that every wave of the truth is undermining it, (truth such as flows from the cowardly libellers of the Rev. Mons. Faucher, we suppose,) and that He who is the truth and life will, ere long, send refreshing gales of His spirit, so that the foundation will be entirely swept away. Somehow or another we do not think that the TRUE WITNESS has much cause to be afraid of refreshing gales of truth. We have been so much accustomed to the poisonous blast of falsehood from the evangelical furnace over the way—witness, for instance, the "History" of the "Convert Priest's Protection Society,"—that a little truth from that quarter will prove as acceptable as unexpected.

JOHN O'BRIEN; or, *The Orphan of Boston*. P. Donahoe, Boston; J. Sadlier, Montreal.

To those who read for instruction, rather than for amusement—who seek after a sound moral, more than a well-connected story—we heartily recommend the perusal of the adventures of John O'Brien. Of story, or plot, there is little or none; but plenty of good, sound, Catholic advice and reasoning. The hero has the misfortune to be the son of a liberal Catholic, who allows his son to attend Protestant Sunday-schools—schools where Catholic faith and morals must inevitably be corrupted. The liberal Catholic is the deadliest foe of the Church—the enemy within, who is therefore more to be abhorred than the foe, without the walls. He it is, who, ashamed of his religion, apologizes for her doctrines—admits that she is behind the age, or, perhaps, if unusually bold, ventures to express an opinion that, after all, Catholicity is not so very bad, and in some respects is almost equal to Protestantism—that there is no such great difference. Like Mrs. Winnifred Jenkins, who described the Highlanders as "men who speak Welsh, only the words are different," &c.—would these liberal Catholics fain persuade us that betwixt faith and infidelity—Catholicity and Heresy—there is but a verbal disagreement.

John O'Brien grows up as the son of a bad Catholic may be expected to grow up. His father dies, and he is thrown upon the world unsustained by the Sacraments of the Church. He changes from place to place, escapes out of the clutches of one of those volunteer agents of Satan, who go about doing the work of demons before their time, and whom men call philanthropists, and, falling in with his Bishop, at last is snatched as a brand from the burning. Such is a general outline of the story of John O'Brien, which concludes with an excellent piece of advice to little Catholic children:

"Little boys and girls! You see Protestants every day. You have to see them, and go with them. When you grow up, you will have to do the same, because you must earn a living. Now, if you will hear me, I would like to have you do what my father learned me. When you go into the street, or into a house, or store, where there are Protestants, make the sign of the cross; and, if you have time, say one Hail Mary, and add to it, Queen, conceived without original sin! Help of Christians, pray for me! My father told me that I ought to do it for the same reason that makes Catholics take holy water at the door of the church. Little boys and girls, good-by!"

The *Pilot* of Thursday announces that the sentence of the convict Lacoste has been commuted by the Executive to imprisonment for life in the Provincial Penitentiary.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts:—Rev. P. Dollard, Kingston, £2 10s.; Mr. Alex. McRae, Dundee, 10s.; Rev. Chas. Bourke, Tyendinaga, £1 5s.