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THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1851.

THE NEW-YEAR.

At the commencement of a New-Year, it may not be amiss to give a look back to the year that is past, and whilst imploring God's mercies for the year that is to come, return humble and hearty thanks for all the blessings which we have received at His hands during that which is gone. And, surely Catholics have especial cause for thankfulness, when they contrast the condition of the Church, January 1851, with that which it presented in the beginning of January 1850: then, our beloved Father, Pius IX., the successor of the Prince of the Apostles, mourned in exile the crimes of the cut-throat ruffians whose brutal excesses had driven him from the Eternal City; now, re-established amidst the plaudits of a delighted world, the ever-watchful Pontiff extends his paternal solicitude to the remotest regions, and Catholics hail with joy the restoration of England to the rank of a Christian nation. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; to them that dwelt in the shadow of death, is light risen." Again, if we cast our eyes around us, how many mercies, spiritual and temporal, have we to be thankful for;—good things given, and evil things kept away. Our fields have been whitened with an abundant harvest, and the pestilence has been kept from us; commerce has revived; the sources of material prosperity have been opened up, promising to flow in a continued stream of wealth upon our favored land. And, if we look at the spiritual mercies of which we have been the unworthy recipients, still greater cause do we find to bless the superintending providence with which the Lord watches over His Church. In spite of the malice of Satan, aided by the corrupt heart of man, Protestantism and infidelity have made but little progress amongst the humble children of the Church. There are amongst the French Canadians ignorant and vicious individuals; there exists, therefore, among many, a predisposition to Protestantism, and yet the *Record* of the F. C. M. Society, for the month of December last, can boast of the ruin of but one soul—one poor creature who has determined to confess his sins no more. Yes, it is wonderful, seeing how easy it is to become a Protestant,—all that is requisite being, to abstain from prayer, self-examination, confession, and good works,—that so few have been perverted. God is indeed stronger than the Devil—the Church more powerful than the F. C. M. Society.

The following is not bad, by way of a joke:—

"CONTINENTAL USES OF THE CONFESSIONAL.—Prince Paskewitch, the Russian Governor of Warsaw, has published a circular, addressed to all the Roman Catholic Bishops in Poland, requiring them to make it imperative upon the inferior orders of the clergy that the latter shall divulge all political secrets entrusted to them in confession. The effect of this order is to convert the priesthood into a body of spies upon the community to which they minister; and, as the autocrat of Russia is himself the Pope of the Greek

Church, as well as the head of the secular power, it is not likely that his own simple mandate would meet with much attention; but then it is affirmed that the Court of Rome itself is a party to this nefarious arrangement."

Is it really possible in the XIX. century, that there exist idiots who can actually believe that a prince can compel a priest to reveal the secrets of the Confessional? Why, the experience of 1800 years ought to convince them that such a thing is impossible. Besides, penitents do not commit political secrets to the priest, such not forming matter for confession. Speaking of the Confessional, we have lately seen some letters in the *Times*, signed, one, "A Protestant, thank God," the other, "Another Protestant, thank God." The object of their publication, at the present time, is to create a prejudice against the morality of Catholicity. They allude to the questions which, not the priest, but the penitent should ask himself before approaching to the tribunal of Christ. The shame consists in the committal, and not in the acknowledgment, of sin. But if the prayer books, which contain directions to the penitent how to prepare for confession, are dangerous to morality, because of the sins of which they speak, there is another book still more dangerous, in which the same sins, the mention of which has roused the ire of these hypocrites, are often spoken of—a book which, nevertheless, is recommended by Protestants to be put into the hands of all persons, indiscriminately. If these prayer-books should be proscribed, because of certain questions contained therein, a *fortiori* so should the Bible, because of the mention of the sins which it forbids. But, instead of speculating upon the effects of confession upon the morality of a people, let us look at its results, and compare the morality of the Scotch and Irish women, by means of the number of illegitimate births which occur in either country: that is the proper way to judge of the effects of the Confessional.

The Quebec Bar, offended at some alterations made in the Tariff of Fees, have desisted from attending the sittings of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Murdock Morrison, lawyer, of this city, was sentenced, Saturday last, to pay a fine of three pounds, and costs, or a month's imprisonment, for an assault upon F. G. Johnson, Esq., another member of the bar.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

ORDINATIONS.—Saturday last, his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal made the following Ordinations in the Cathedral:—

Priest.—Mr. C. A. Loranger.
Deacons.—Messrs. L. Brunelle, U. Duprat, O. Désorey.

Sub-Deacons.—Messrs. F. A. Jacques dit Duhaut, of the Order of St. Viator; L. I. Martel, for the Diocese of Montreal; T. O'Brien, for the Diocese of Buffalo.

Also, on Sunday last, at the same place, his Lordship the Bishop of Martyropolis conferred Priests' Orders upon the following:—Messrs. F. A. Jacques dit Duhaut, of the Order of St. Viator; L. Brunelle, L. S. Martel, M. Duprat, O. Désorey.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts:—Rev. Mr. Bourret, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, £1 5s.; St. Anne's College, 12s. 6d.; Mr. John Rogan, Rawdon, C. E., 5s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

DEAR SIR,—Another day and we shall enter upon the other half of this nineteenth century—the nineteenth century of the Church's age. The thought is a stupendous one, and makes the heart—the Catholic heart thrill, as it conducts the mind back to the origin of his religion—the foundation of the Church upon the rock Peter—and sends it forward into the unfathomed depths of eternity, and through the remnant of time, which is yet to elapse before the consummation of all things—that consummation which is to be the term of Christ's sojourn with His Church, or rather the moment when He will gather it entirely to Himself, and terminate its struggles and its warfare. Truly this idea is a grand—a sublime one, and I pity the Catholic who cannot follow it up until it becomes a source of divinest consolation. But it was not the presumptuous notion of suggesting these consoling reflections to the minds of your readers, that induced me to take up my pen on the present occasion. No, Mr. Editor! but it is for the purpose of recalling to the memory of all whom it may concern, sundry prophecies concerning the downfall of Popery, (as profane men choose to nickname our holy religion) which have gone forth during the last few years from every pulpit in every conventicle of heresy throughout this province, ay! and every other province, and state, and kingdom, wherein that Protean spirit has found a resting-place. Here, in this Catholic city of Montreal—for, let canting sectarians protest ever so loudly against the epithet, it is and shall be a Catholic city—it was founded by Catholics—the ground whereon it stands belongs to Catholics, and its first name was *Ville-Marie*, or the city of Mary; and

that same Mary, the Mother of God, is still and ever its protectress,—yet even here, so lately as 1844, a certain minister stood up in a certain pulpit, and wound up some spirit-stirring tirade against Popery,—we are to suppose that it was meant for such, whether it was or not, I cannot say—by predicting that it would be utterly destroyed before 1850. Now that same year—the Ides of March—is come and gone—but unlike Cesar—the Church has triumphed over all her enemies, and stands braving them all—though their name be legion—she stands, at the opening of 1851, towering aloft in giant strength, and extending her sheltering arms over all the earth. 1850 is come and gone, and the Church is defying the power of the mightiest sovereign of the earth—the gates of hell have put forth, and are putting forth all their strength against her—but in vain—in vain—the word went forth nearly nineteen centuries ago—the promise that she should never fail, and it was made by Him who said in the beginning, *Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.* Hence it is that the ferocious assault of the falsely-called "Roman patriots" has ended in their own utter confusion—hence it was that the conqueror of nations—the more than Alexander of modern times—was humbled to the dust by the hand of God, and died a prisoner on an island-rock in a far-off ocean, because he had raised his sacrilegious hand against Christ's representative on earth, and hence it will be, that England, haughty, rebellious England, shall be made to acknowledge the power of the meek old man who sits in the chair of St. Peter—ay! and not many years shall pass away before herself—that protectress of heresy—may sue at the footstool of the Papal chair for re-admission into that one only Church from which, in an ill-starred hour, she separated. If this prediction be not fulfilled, it will be because God has utterly cast her off because of her mammon-worship and long-continued rebellion. Nevertheless we have much reason to hope for her conversion, when we behold her people trooping into the Church in crowds, amongst whom are numbered many of her most illustrious and most distinguished names. Let him who prophesied that by 1850 the Church of Rome should be at an end, take cognizance of the fact that the Protestant king of Protestant Prussia was so much pleased to hear that a cardinal had been chosen from one of his subject provinces, that he wrote to the Pope an autograph letter, thanking him for the honor done his dominions. Yet that occurred but some few months ago.

On another occasion here in Montreal, a certain elderly man, of extra-evangelical principles and propensities, (I suppose) was heard to exclaim, in a burst of religious enthusiasm that would have done honor to a Cameronian ranter, "Oh! he assured Popery is going—going—even as flour that you would take to the top of a hill and scatter to the wind. Before five years there shall not be a trace of it left on the earth!" Really the idea is so absurd, Mr. Editor, that I can scarcely treat it with any degree of seriousness. Just imagine what a *disappearance* that would be—what a strange kind of world this would be without Popery—(so called!) why, leaving the utter impiety and blasphemy of the prophecy (which of course necessarily supposes our Saviour's promise to be ever with His Church null and void!) out of the question,—even if that Church could be crushed or destroyed, her traces could never be effaced—the divine creations of her genius in every art and science—the glorious works of art which her children have produced shall last while the world exists—as the light of her divine morality would still glimmer out through the mists of human depravity, thickened and embodied in Protestant errors. No—the traces of Catholicity never can—never shall disappear until the earth is consumed, and the heavens pass away. But surely these men cannot be serious when they spout forth these puerile predictions—if they be, we can only conclude that they are gone mad with bigotry. No, Mr. Editor! these outlandish sects will all disappear,—nay, they are gradually disappearing, for they bear within themselves the elements of self-destruction—at least they will all merge into rationalism and join the standard of infidelity in a general way, though I hope and trust many individuals of their number will receive the grace to see their error, ere it be too late, and join the ranks of Catholicity, while yet the acceptable time—the day of salvation—is given them.

Here, then, do I conclude for the present with a word to the reverend gentleman who predicted that by 1850 the Catholic Church should have ceased to exist. That year is now past, and never within a range of many ages has the Church been in so flourishing a condition. Her children are numbered by millions—hundreds of millions—she is the one great society of the earth, and every where, even to its uttermost bounds, is seen her glorious emblem—the blessed cross. Her cathedrals are rising up again, and beautifying every city throughout the civilized world, and she is even now gathering the people to her maternal bosom by whole tribes and nations. Let him, and such idle dreamers as he, beware then how they stake their character for veracity by talking of even the possibility of her fall. Let them only ask themselves if the Catholic Church—the universal—the unchanging—she who is the same to-day as she was ten—fifteen—eighteen hundred years ago—if she be not the Church to whom the promises were made—if she be not the Church whom men were to hear and obey, under pain of being considered heathens—where is that Church?—is there any other Church in existence that pretends to speak from God, or to be invested with His power here below? Ah! Mr. Editor, these evangelical prophets of our days are sad humbugs—knowing the truth as they cannot but know it, and yet speaking that which is false. And now to close this long letter on 1850—where will the legion of sects constituting that

motley thing called Protestantism, where shall they be found when the twentieth century dawns on the world—echo answers *where?*—for it is pretty evident that in the course of fifty years they shall have frittered themselves away into nothing—in other words they will have snuffed themselves out. And where will the Church be then? "Lo! I am with you all days even till the consummation of the world!" So said our Lord more than 1800 years ago, and Catholics at least never suppose it possible that His words may pass away or be falsified.—I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

AN IRISH CATHOLIC.

Montreal, Dec. 30, 1850.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me, through your columns, to offer a few remarks to the consideration of that very respectable body, the French Canadian Missionary Society, whose annual meeting may be expected shortly to take place. In looking over the lists of the very many different denominations of which that Society is composed, it struck me as inconsistent that there does not appear thereon the name of a single professor of the only religious system which, upon the supposition that Catholicity be false, can by any possibility be true: I mean, Sir, Mahomedanism, or the faith of Islam. This exclusion, if intentional, is impolitic; if accidental, it should be immediately remedied; and I would earnestly exhort that one of the agents of the Society, instead of being sent to Edinburgh or to Glasgow, to wheedle some silly old woman there out of their cash, should be accredited to the *Sublime Porte*, as bearer of a petition to the Mufti, that he would send out some zealous missionaries to assist them, firstly, in destroying the faith of the Catholic population of Canada, and, secondly, of enabling them to do what of themselves they are quite incapable, namely, giving them another faith in lieu thereof. As at present constituted, the F. C. M. Society is able to unsettle, to undermine, and, sometimes, alas! totally eradicate the plant of faith from the bosoms of a few ignorant *habitants*; but, then, unfortunately, it has nothing to offer in exchange, except opinions, and opinions are a very poor substitute for faith. Now, Islamism has something positive about it: it has dogmas, and a universally accepted symbol, and is, therefore, by so much superior to any form of Protestantism, which has but one universally adopted principle—the liberty of disbelieving. But, though different in this, there are certain fundamentals upon which both agree. Mahomedanism, like Protestantism, is based upon the assumption that the Catholic Church could, and did, fall into error. If the Church were not infallible, she could, and, in all probability, must have fallen; but, if fallen, then it was requisite that a reformer, a new architect, should be sent, one able to repair the breaches which the wickedness of man had caused in the walls of our spiritual Zion. But as these walls were originally built by the Son of God Himself, it is certain that to none but to a divinely-commissioned architect would be entrusted the task of their repair. Two principal candidates for this great work, present themselves to our view, and challenge attention to their respective claims—Mahomed in the VII. and Luther in the XVI. century, whose works exist to this day, as two great historical facts, to which we cannot shut our eyes. To Catholics, the existence of the two heresies to which I allude—Mahomedanism and Protestantism—can cause no uneasiness. For, as Catholics, we know, with an assurance that cannot be shaken, that Christ did commission a body of men called the Church, or *Ecclesia docens*, "to teach all nations," promising to be with them "even until the consummation of all things;" thus guaranteeing the existence of that body until time itself shall be no more, and its continual immunity from error. But, Protestantism, which is based upon the blasphemous assumption that the promise of Christ was but an idle lie, and that the Church could, and, therefore, did fall into error, concedes to its rival, Mahomedanism, all that is requisite to establish the truth of the divine mission of the Arabian prophet. Betwixt Catholicity and Mahomedanism there can be no "halting;" but betwixt the latter and Protestantism—between Mahomed and Luther—it certainly does appear that the weight of evidence, as to who was the divinely-appointed reformer of the Church, is decidedly in favor of the former, whether we look at the time when he appeared, the life he led, the doctrines which he preached, or the success which crowned his apostolic labors. To judge of the truth of this assertion, let us, Sir, for the sake of argument, admit that the Church did fall. The question naturally presents itself, how and by whom was the Church reformed? What means did God take to restore purity of doctrine to that Church which Christ founded with His blood, and which, in spite of His promises, He was unable or unwilling to preserve from corruption? When of old the Jews lapsed into idolatry, as not having the promise of infidelity, they often did, God sent unto them reformers—prophets—who proved their divine mission by the miracles which they wrought. To this power, neither Mahomed nor Luther laid claims. The one appealed to the Koran, the other to the Bible, as the Word of God; but, as neither of them acknowledged the only authority capable of deciding what is, and what is not, the Word of God, neither of them is upon this point worthy of credit. One said he rode to Heaven upon the back of the queer beast Borak, the other said he had an interview with the Devil, and chucked an inkstand at his head. Neither event is very probable. Mahomed could appeal to Scripture prophecies in his favor, which was more than Luther could do. As descended from Ishmael, Mahomed might boast that in him was the fulfilment of the prophecy, that in the seed of Abraham all the nations of the earth should be