

**THE TRUE WITNESS**

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.  
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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1892

**OUR STAND.**

"Tros Tyrinusque nullo discrimine atheni agetur." This old saying of a classic author seems to us an appropriate text at this juncture. "Trojan and Tyrean shall be treated by me without discrimination." Our journal is essentially a Catholic one. High above all the minor considerations of party strife, we wish to rise into the atmosphere of Faith. At times we may deem it necessary, for the good of religion and for the sake of the Catholic interests of our readers, to descend into the arena of politics and to wield our pen either in defence of our principles when attacked, or against any party, faction or individual that may be inimical to the progress or ultimate triumph of Catholicity. It is our express intention, henceforward, to adhere to the title of our journal—THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. It is an absolute impossibility for any organ to be completely independent; but we desire to treat Conservative and Liberal without discrimination, provided they do justice to the Irish people and to the Catholic element in Canada. We find ourselves obliged, during the present crisis, to take part with one side more than the other, because we feel in conscience bound to see better, nobler and purer ideas and principles permeate the legislative and governing body in our province. We deem it in the interest of the Catholic Church that all hypocrisy should be unmasked, and in the interests of our Irish citizens that their claims to due representation and just recognition should be considered. But we are prepared to make war upon any party, or any political organization, call itself by whatever name it desires, that will not recognize these claims, nor respect these principles. Thus rising above the petty squabbles in the field of political strife we can hold ourselves aloof from any influences other than those of Faith and nationality. There was a time amongst the ancient Romans when

"None were for a party,  
But all were for the state;  
When the great man helped the poor man,  
And the poor man loved the great;  
When the souls were fairly portioned,  
And the soils were fairly sold;  
When the Romans were like brothers,  
In the brave days of old."

As far as a Catholic journal is concerned, and THE TRUE WITNESS in particular, we see no reason why that Roman spirit should not today exist in all its Roman honesty. Not only do we refuse to bind ourselves to any party; not only do we wish that our every expression be for the greater good of the state; but we desire that our every influence may be utilized for the benefit of our fellow-countrymen in Canada, and for the greater glory of the imperishable Church of Christ upon earth.

**A NEW RELIGION.**

The Catholic Times informs us that one Mr. Page-Hopps, a well-known Unitarian of London, has established a new religion, called "Our Father's Church." It is apparently a sort of humanitarian church, but somewhat vague in its formula of faith. Mr. Page-Hopps introduces his religion to the world by means of an advertisement in the London Times. This of course is a novel way of commencing a propaganda of belief. Side by side with "Pear's Soap" and "St. Jacob's Oil," we find "Our Father's Church." Of course the newspapers can have no objection to such a means of evangelizing the community, provided always that the advertisement was paid for in advance. However, "this may have the effect of letting loose a number of religious crackpots, who have heretofore aired their theories only among a select circle or in the columns of obscure journals." We had supposed that after the establishment of the "Peculiar People," the "Salvation Army," and "Esoteric Buddhism," there was no more room for the introduction of a new religion. But still they come! Creeds fantastic, eccentric, capricious; creeds outlandish, singular, unique; creeds for the foolish and credulous for the wise; creeds of the mushroom kind, that spring up in one night, engendered by the vapors in the night-sky of fanaticism; creeds of every possible description seem to be cropping up daily and hourly. But strange to say the further we recede from

the days of Christ and the establishment of His Own Church, and the more numerous become the sects that constitute that Babel of disunion and confusion of beliefs opposed to Catholicity, the more foolish, the more ridiculous, seem to be the theories and practices of these innovations in the forms of "Creeds." If things continue in the same ratio for a few years longer, by the end of this century we will have three-score-and-ten more churches established; and if they continue to descend the intellectual grade, as heretofore, we may expect to find the last church flanked by a dime-museum on one side and an asylum on the other.

**CANADA'S FLAG.**

It is not always that we can agree with our friend the Daily Witness, but if we fail to see things from the same standpoint, at least "we can agree to disagree." However, there are exceptions to every rule, and in the case of "A Canadian Flag" we find ourselves in perfect harmony with our contemporary across the way. We are a part of Great Britain, but we are merely a child of the parent state, like our sister colony, Australia, and our elder brother, India. While the Union Jack is regarded the world over as the ensign of England, still it is often useful to know to what portion of the British Empire a ship may belong. Canadian sails dot every sea to-day, and it is time, if we boast our Canadian nationality, that we should have some sign whereby we may be known to the nations. When the Witness says, "If we are to have any mark on the flag distinctive of Canada, let it be a simple one and not a whole museum of bad heraldry crowded into a circle a foot in diameter," we endorse the sentiment *in toto*. Then the same leader goes on to say:

"The universally recognized emblem of Canada is the maple leaf. A single maple leaf in yellow in place of all the heraldic rubbish which now complicates the flag would be the least change possible, and would be readily understood by every one to mean Canada. The dying of such a leaf would proclaim not only that we are British, but that we are Canadian and that Canada is British."

As we are coming within the atmosphere of St. Patrick's Day, we fear that our friend of the Witness might think we were influenced by the approaching occasion were we to suggest that the maple leaf should be in *verru*, and not in *yellow*. However, we are not thinking as Irish men, but simply as Canadians, when we make this suggestion. The yellow maple leaf is indicative of autumn, and of the approaching winter; it is the precursor of nature's death. But the green maple leaf is emblematic of the spring time, of the summer; it is the token of youthful vigor, of manhood and power. And Canada is yet in the ascendant: her sun has not run the half its course from its dawn to its meridian; she is yet in the full flush of virgin spring, and we hope and pray that many a century will roll past before the frosty touch of her national autumn shall turn her verdant maple into "the sear and yellow leaf."

**THE SHAMROCKS.**

Last week we referred editorially to the Shamrocks Bazaar and Tombola; we then threw out a hint to our fellow-countrymen in Montreal, to aid, in as far as they could the object that our young men have in view. To-day with reiterated our remarks of last week, we desire to mention that Sir Donald A. Smith has donated one thousand dollars to the coming festival and fair.

The cause is not only a good one, but is one that should meet with the approval and encouragement of all generous and patriotic citizens. Sir Donald gave a similar amount to the M.A.A.A. on the occasion of their bazaar. It is a grand thing for Montreal that, if the city has but a few men of exceptional wealth, these few, and the good old member for the West, foremost amongst them, are generousity itself. We hope sincerely that our Irish Catholics will all aid, according to their means, in procuring a complete success for the Shamrocks on this occasion.

**ST. PATRICK'S DAY.**

It was a time-honored custom to have a procession on St. Patrick's Day; but of late years that feature has dwindled down in a remarkable degree. Instead of the leading Irishmen, as of old, taking part therein, and filling up the ranks of the societies, we find that the procession is generally made up of school children and unrepresentative bodies. We would suggest that, unless it is brought back to the old standard, and made general for all associations representative of the Irish element, the custom be completely done away with, and the day's celebration be confined to Divine Service in the morning and a banquet or concert in the evening. If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well, and if we cannot have, for one reason or another, the old-time enthusiastic procession, then let us not have a phantom pageant that seems more a mockery than anything else. We may err in our idea, still, if we do, we err honestly, and we simply give expression to it for what it is worth. In order that there may be no misunderstanding, we

repeat the gist of our suggestion: let all the societies and Irish citizens join in and have a rattling good procession, or else let us have none at all.

**MATHEW ARNOLD ON CATHOLICITY.**

The following remarks of that deep thinker and fluent writer, the late Matthew Arnold, upon the subject of Catholicity, are worthy of attention. These words come not from a devotee of our Faith, nor a believer in our creed, nor a lover of Rome, nor a friend of the Papacy; they emanate from one who too often allowed the dictates of his heart to be silenced in the flow of his anti-Catholic prejudices, one whose great mind was too often turned by the influence of the infidel spirit of our age, one whose profound erudition seemed, at times, only to dazzle and blind, instead of illuminating and perfecting his philosophical vision. He here speaks as the observer of events, and of history, the student of that immutable principle of cause and effect. Listen to him:

"This is why the man of imagination, nay, the philosopher, too, will have a weakness for the Catholic Church: because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale.

"Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in Catholic churches? Catholicism, besides, enveloped human life; and Catholics in general feel themselves to have drawn from her, too, their art and poetry and culture.

"If there is a thing specially alien to religion it is divisions. If there is a thing specially native to religion, that thing is peace and union. Hence original attraction towards unity when once attained.

"I persist in thinking that Catholicism has, from this superiority, a great future before it; that it will endure where all the Protestant sects dissolve and perish."

Arnold is not far astray; the Faith with which the Church attracts her children to her shrines, the arts with which she adorns them, the poetry of her ritual, and the culture of her hierarchy, constitute one of the great supports of her enduring edifice; the hope which she ever holds out to the weary, the doubting, and the erring, is another column beneath its dome; the charity which dings its mantle over the poor, the suffering or the unfortunate, is a third pillar upholding that glorious fabric; and the unity which is patent in her sacraments, her creed and her constitution is the keystone of the imperishable arch of her existence—arch that spans the ages, past, present and future, from the first hour of Redemption till the last stroke of vanishing Time.

Nor is Arnold the only one of his caliber who thus prophesied about the future of Catholicity. Who has not read Macaulay's famous essay upon "Van Rook's History of the Popes?" It was in the introduction to that masterpiece that the greatest critic of our age, and the most profound student of history that our century has produced, drew a picture of the perfection of the organization of the Church of Rome and having traced it from the twilight of the past on down till this day, concluded by saying that the papacy might exist in unimpaired vigor, "when some lone wanderer from New Zealand should take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

With testimony such as this from profane writers, from a thinker like Arnold, and a walking encyclopaedia of erudition like Macaulay, from men averse in spirit to the Faith of Rome; and with the word of Christ spoken to His Church, "I will be with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world," we have little to fear for the future of that time-defying institution. Its strength is daily becoming greater, and its influences are hourly being more and more felt in all parts of the earth. Its children have but to treasure that light of Faith, to follow it through all the perils of this world's journey, and "like the fiery pillar or captive Israel," it will cheer the desert of their pilgrimage, and conduct them infallibly to the land of their promised glory.

**THE POPE'S SUCCESSOR.**

A considerable amount of speculation has been going on, during the past few weeks, in the press of America, as to who is likely to succeed Pope Leo XIII., when it pleases heaven to summon him from his labors. We have no intention of entering into the different points raised by the many writers upon the subject; but we have a few simple ideas of our own that we are anxious to ventilate. In the first place, it seems to us verging upon what might be called the indelicate to thus canvass the probability of one or another successor to a man who, as yet, is in the full possession of life and mental vigor. Perchance it may be contended that the Pope is a public personage, like a Queen or an Emperor, and it cannot be offensive to his feelings to be thus constantly reminded that he has not long to live, and the world is already speculating upon the effects of his death. It may be so; but we imagine that human nature is the same all over the world; that the heart beneath satin and ermine beats time with the pulse in a peasant's breast; and that no one relishes the thought of

being sooner or later cut off from this busy world and replaced by some one whose presence will cause his memory to vanish. Still, be that as it may, there is another point far more important, and to this we desire to draw the attention of our Catholic and Protestant readers.

No matter who the individual may be who shall be raised, by the Sacred Conclave, to the throne of St. Peter: no matter whether the tiara shall rest upon an Italian, French, English, American, or other head; no matter what language the man speaks whose hand shall grasp the "keys of the Church of Christ," the moment that he is declared successor to the departed Pope, from that moment he becomes another link in that unbroken chain of succession. The first link of that chain was riveted to the Rock of Ages, at the beginning of Christianity, and the last link shall be attached to the footstool of God's throne on the Last Day. Before His departure from earth, Christ handed the "keys" to St. Peter. He then and there appointed the Fisherman to carry on the work which He had commenced. St. Peter transmitted those keys to his immediate successor, and down through the centuries they were passed, from hand to hand, until they were received by Pius IX.; he in his turn gave them to Leo XIII.; and when Leo XIII. departs he shall pass them on to the one who shall come after him; and so it will go on until the end of the ages: then the last Pope will return those "keys" to Christ, upon His second coming, just as He gave them to St. Peter at His first coming. It is of little consequence to the Catholic Church who may be the successor of our glorious Pontiff. In any case, no matter what his nationality may be, he will be one worthy and able to grasp the helm and guide the barque of Peter through the billows, on to the haven of its destiny. Were the Catholic Church a human institution, founded by the genius of man, and supported and carried on by merely terrestrial means, we might pause to speculate upon the advisability of having this one or the other one elected to the chair of St. Peter; but the Church of Rome, being infallible, inasmuch as Christ, who is with it, is infallible; being imperishable, for He promised that the "gates of hell should not prevail against it;" being divine in its Founder, and in its inspirations, human speculation must cease on its threshold, and Faith alone, with reliance upon the word of Christ, must guide us upon such questions. One thing we need not fear, that no matter how the political or social aspects of the world may change, the word of God is immutable, and Christ will fulfil His promise and be with His Church "unto the consummation of the world."

**JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S BUST.**

The other day a grand and imposing ceremony took place, in the hall of the Catholic University, at Washington, D.C. Prelates and laymen, Catholics, Protestants and Jews met and there upon the very platform where the late John Boyle O'Reilly read his noble poem "From the Heights," on the occasion of the dedication of the University, Samuel Kitson's splendid bust of the dead poet, orator and patriot was unveiled, and received that Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane had promised it "the niche of honor it deserves." Poetry came to lay her tribute at the shrine of the dead bard; oratory came to render homage, in bursts of silver eloquence, to the memory of the departed orator; and patriotism swelled high to recognize the great qualities of heart and soul of the lamented patriot. No living man ever gained the affection of his fellowbeings or commanded their admiration more positively than did John Boyle O'Reilly, and over the grave of no other man were more sighs of sincere sorrow heaved, or more tears of honest regret shed. At home he was looked upon as a budding genius and a futurist in the literary sky of Ireland; in captivity and exile he was regarded as one of the truest and bravest of men; in the home of his adoption he was the beloved of all who knew him intimately, and even men who had never seen him, watched, at a distance, his upward course. Meteor-like he shot across the firmament of America, and meteor-like he disappeared when in the full blaze of his glory. But unlike the meteor, that leaves no trace behind, he has impressed his own mind and ideas upon American literature and long after his remains shall have mouldered thousands will read his works, be charmed, be elevated by them, and will love the man who wrote them. While firm and practical in his Faith, he was tolerant of all others; while loving and fond in his home circle, he was generous and noble in the great world without; while cherishing the cause of his own people, and working for it, as few ever did before or since, he was cosmopolitan in spirit and he loved all nations. His charity knew no distinction of creed or nationality; his Catholicity was the very exemplification of Christianity itself. As an illustration of his tender heart, his fine mind and grand soul, we will take the liberty of here quoting two stanzas that he wrote upon "The Dead

Trapper." The scene is in a forest camp: there were white men, and Indians, and negroes, and men of different other nationalities there; but the old trapper was beloved by all. The Indian naturally thinks that the most perfect man is a noble redman: the negro imagines that the fairest type of humanity is a good negro; so on with the people of all nations. O'Reilly, grasping the idea, wrote:

"The trapper died; our hero, and we grieved;  
In every breast in camp the sorrow stirred;  
"His soul was red," the Indian cried bereaved,  
"A white man he," was the grim old Yankee's word.

So sure, so strong, each mourner gave his best,  
"How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track,"  
And, as we laid him by the places to rest,  
A negro spoke, with tears, "his heart was black!"

In that one short poem—and poem it is in every acceptance of the term—we have an idea of Boyle O'Reilly's gift, and of his noble sentiments and tender heart. He little thought, as did Gerald Griffin:

"That he was to die at the noon of his day,  
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,  
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away."

The stroke came like a thunderbolt from out a blue and serene sky; it shattered the heart of a loving wife, it crashed upon the heartstone of a happy home, it fell with awful crushing force upon the circle of the intimate friends, it re-echoed throughout the whole of America. It was felt, like a shock, upon the green hills of Ireland and amidst the craggs of far off Australia! But God knows best! In His wise providence He saw fit to summon thus suddenly a soul that was always prepared, and to give unexpectedly the crown of reward to the noble soldier who had "fought the good fight" in the ranks of the Church Militant. No more fittingly could we close this brief but sincere tribute to his memory than by quoting the lines written by Mortimer Edward Twomey, of Newburyport, Mass., on the occasion of the unveiling of O'Reilly's bust at Washington:

"You are not dead; your spirit lives,  
And noble inspiration gives  
To all the passing throngs of men,  
Who look beyond this moment's pen,  
And read aright  
Your eyes so bright,  
Your manly face,  
Your soul by grace  
As reason taught.  
For there is naught  
Sustains the sluggish spirit's will,  
And bids the weary rise—  
To grasp the hard-earned prize,  
As lives whose bold achievements fill  
Our admiration as our love."

**TWO PAPAL ANNIVERSARIES**

On Saturday next, the 29th February, the Catholic world will be summoned to rejoice and give thanks to God for having conferred upon His Church the great boon of a man endowed with human wisdom, sanctity, diplomacy and extraordinary administrative abilities, as its head upon earth. On that day His Holiness Leo XIII. will celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of his reign. It has been a glorious period in the troubled history of the Church. Pius IX., of sacred memory, gave to the world the important dogmas of the "Infallibility" and the "Immaculate Conception," thus promulgating two of the grandest articles of our Faith, in another and none the less important sphere, his successor Leo XIII. has grasped with a master hand the social and political problems that agitate the world today, and has dealt with them in a manner that commands the respect of even the enemies of the Church, the admiration of all the statesmen of Europe, and the love, confidence and veneration of all Catholics. On Wednesday, the 2nd March, next, Leo XIII. will celebrate his eighty-third birthday. Despite all reports to the contrary, the Pope's health is as good as could be expected under the circumstances of advanced years, great troubles, severe persecutions and above all untold anxieties about the workings of the mighty institution confided to his care. It is to be hoped that upon both of these anniversaries the Catholics of Montreal, and of Canada in general, will remember the grand old man who sits upon his immutable throne by the banks of the Tiber, and that their prayers shall be offered "for the intentions of the Holy Father." As rays of light converge to a central focus, so should the beams of devotion, from every Catholic soul throughout the world, concentrate, upon those two occasions, at the central point of our Faith's devotion—the Vatican. Across the broad Campanian thousands of pilgrims shall throng to Rome; the Appian and Nummanian ways will be trodden by the monks and peasants from beyond the Sabine hills, and through the Porta Pia thousands will come to pay homage to the Vicar of Christ, in the hour of his rejoicings. But from the uttermost ends of the world, thousands of prayers will ascend and millions of the faithful, in spirit, shall kneel before the Fisherman's Throne, that stands upon the debris of the golden palaces of the Pagan Emperors. It is unnecessary to do more than recall to the minds of our readers the dates of these two anniversaries,—20th February, the 14th year of Leo XIII's Pontificate; 2nd March, Pope's 83rd birthday.

**TWO PASTORAL LETTERS.**

In the churches throughout the dioceses of Quebec and Montreal, on Sunday last, a joint pastoral letter from the Archbishops and bishops of the province, upon the question of the elections, was read. It was surmised by some politicians that this letter would give expression to certain ideas and opinions with regard to the respective merits or demerits of the two contending parties. We were not surprised in the least to find that the hierarchy, while laying down the principles of actions which should guide every Christian upon such occasions, refrained entirely from even conveying a hint that might prove detrimental to the cause of either party. We repeat that we were not surprised; for it is well-known that while the church wishes to guide her children in the paths of duty and teach them to obey the moral as well as the civil law, she towers away above the seat of political struggles. Like another Moses upon the hill-top, with hands raised to heaven and praying, while the hosts of Israel vanquished the infidel in the plain beneath; so the church, seated upon the summit of her seven hills, constantly invokes the aid of heaven and draws down its graces upon the faithful who are fighting the battle of Christ in the valley below. This pastoral letter, merely points out the sin, sorrow and degradation to which the elector, and through him, his family, the community and the country are reduced when the purchase of his franchise is made, by means either of money, or still worse, of liquor. The clergy call upon the candidates to aid them in their war of extermination upon that hydra of political corruption, the most venenous head of which is that of drunkenness. It is to be hoped that the voice of the church, upon this occasion, will be listened to and its advice acted upon. If so, it will mark the beginning of a new era in our political warfare, and that fresh departure will be fraught with endless blessings to society and to the country at large.

The second pastoral letter was from His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal upon the question of the Lenten season. By a decree of the Holy Father, issued on the 14th January last, the Archbishop was empowered to grant, for the Lent of 1892, a general dispensation, to all the faithful in his arch-diocese, from the obligation of observing the fast and abstinence during the penitential time. Also are they exempt from the strict duty of abstinence on Fridays. This action has been taken on account of the fearful ravages which that new enemy of man, *la grippe*, has been making of late in all quarters of the world and in Canada in particular. The Church, like a good mother, ever solicitous for the temporal and spiritual welfare of her children, is always ready to relax her rules and regulations when their health and well-being require it. But it is only proper that we should warn our readers against the error of running away with the idea that Lent has been abolished, and that Friday's abstinence is a thing of the past. This new regulation is only on account of the plague that has fallen upon the world in the form of a dangerous malady; it was promulgated by a special decree issued on the 14th January last, with the disappearance of the sickness the provisions of that decree become null and void, and the older order of the church discipline in these matters returns with all its force. Moreover, while granting dispensation, the Church recommends to all who can do so, without injury to their health, to observe the Lenten rules as in all former years. This advice was specially dwelt upon by the priests who read, in the different churches, the above mentioned pastoral letter. In fact, if any Catholic feels able to observe the fast and the abstinence of Lent, he will be gaining a two-fold reward by doing so; firstly the usual return in graces for these acts of penance, and secondly a special recompense for having performed acts of mortification that are no longer obligatory.

**THE POLITICAL SITUATION.**

The wave of public opinion appears to be increasing in force in favor of the National Policy. Mr. Ingram's re-election a few days ago, by an overwhelming majority, in East Egin, and the other gains made by the Government candidates, wrenching seats from the Unrestricted Reciprocity party, cannot be ascribed to chance or better organization. The meaning of the movement is simply that the people approve of the manly stand taken by those who have faith in the country. In the United States bills have been introduced to modify the McKinley tariff and in a short time the barley cry will be lost to the Unrestricted Reciprocity advocates. The same fate awaits other articles placed under prohibitory duties for the mere purpose of coercing Canada. Things are progressing very favorably for the Government at Ottawa. Sir John Thompson and his colleagues are still at Washington on their informal mission concerning better trade relations. The result of the bye-elections will have the effect of strengthening the hands of our delegates in the propositions that