

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.
(LIMITED)

At No. 761 Craig St., Montreal, Canada.

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SUBSCRIPTION : RATES

City, \$1.50; country, \$1.00. If not paid in advance \$1.50 (country) and \$2 (city) will be charged. Subscribers, Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year in advance.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1894.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A few of our readers have written to us regarding the changes of dates upon their papers. In the course of business, when there are thousands of names, addresses, or dates, to be changed each week, it is possible that some of the labels may not exactly correspond with the dates when the subscriptions are due; but strict account of the same is kept in the books, and the typographical errors are easily detected and at once set right. We trust that our readers will be indulgent in this matter, as they may be sure that all is being done that is possible to satisfy every one of our friends and subscribers.

AN ORANGE SERMON.

On Sunday evening last, a Rev. W. W. Quicke delivered what is called a sermon, in St. David's Church, New Edinburgh, near Ottawa. It was an Orange meeting and the address was delivered in the usual tone, style and fire brand form of all such appeals to the lower passions of an excitable faction. The preacher took advantage of the occasion to insult the memory of the late Hon. Mr. Mercier, to accuse him of being a libertine who led an evil life in the hope of a final absolution from Rome. If the term Quixotic were not too noble we could certainly apply it to this vile ranting. A man who dare speak of the dead as he has done can only be excused on the ground that he was speaking to an Orange assembly, and that the spirit which should characterize the Christian was necessarily absent from his discourse—Christian charity they know not. But even were he to have attempted to adhere to the truth we would not deem it worth our while to notice his diatribe. He said that Mr. Mercier "was a man of veracity, but not a man of truth." We make bold to say that Mr. Quicke is neither a man of veracity, nor a man of truth. It may be through ignorance, fanaticism, bigotry or any other cause; but decidedly he has not only demeaned himself to heap insults upon the recently closed coffin of a man whose shoe strings he was not fit to tie, he has misrepresented facts historical and otherwise, and calumniated, in an indelicate and un-Christian manner, a Church that he is too narrow-souled to understand, and a people too lofty for his tiny mind to appreciate.

He pointed to Ireland and said that there the result of Rome's rule "was atrocious crime, ignorance and abject poverty." He says what is false—historically and morally. If ever crime was

found in that land, or if ever ignorance or poverty existed there, it was not on account of Rome, but despite all the efforts of the Catholic Church to resist the cruel laws of the Pale, the barbarous Penal enactments, the villany of Ireton, the murderous cannon of Cromwell, the black and hellish crimes perpetrated in the name of Elizabeth, the outrageous and infernal murders as well as other persecutions originating with the same Orange faction that to-day would gladly "walk knee-deep in papist blood," were it not that the civilization of this closing century turns the brutal instincts of such characters into the throbbings of the coward.

Coward did we say! Yes; here is an example of the coward in the man who can find it in his heart to belch forth his venom upon the dead, now that the one whose memory he insults is no longer present to resent the miserable attack. Cowardly, indeed, is the man, who in a land like this, can attempt to raise up the bitterest and worst feelings in a community. "He has assertion without proof, declamation, without argument, and violent censure, without dignity or moderation." His whole sermon is one long chaplet of false statements, each one of which has been refuted times out of mind, and all of which refutations have been accepted by enlightened Protestant thinkers the world over. This gentleman is so far behind the age that we suppose he must not be held totally accountable for his misrepresentation of facts and his antiquated methods of creating ill-feeling. Still the preachers of such sermons are not safe members of any community.

If the telegraphic report of his address be only half exact, the whole tirade must have been a glorious treat for the celebrators of Guy Fawkes' day. A little more Christian charity and a great deal less "gunpowder," in this goblet of historical falsification, would serve to create a mite of respect for, instead of disgust at the wicked utterances of a man who imagines himself safe from criticism because he preaches hatred from a Christian pulpit. It is too bad that our peace-loving, God-fearing, honest-hearted Protestant fellow countrymen should have to bear with this style of propaganda. We would not refer to the man at all were it not that respect for the truth, and above all, Christian respect for the dead, have demanded that we should expose such ignoble methods. Mr. Quicke may rest assured of one thing: no such demonstration will ever be made when he departs for the great eternal region beyond time's limits, as that which proclaimed to the world the sympathy and sorrow, the respect and Christian charity that the death of Hon. Mr. Mercier created.

DESPITE the factious opposition raised against him in New York, Hon. Edward Blake's success there, in the South and in Philadelphia, has been most encouraging. Decidedly, Mr. Blake is not the man to be troubled by outbursts of opposition. He is too serious in his intentions and too self-sacrificing in his conduct to be disturbed by any individual who has neither the soul capable of grasping his lofty aims, nor the heart disinterested enough to pulse in harmony with his noble designs.

THE Moniteur de Rome says that the Pope will positively refuse to see Emile Zola. The infamous author is now in Rome, and it is expected that he seriously contemplates an attempt to see the Pope. But after the blackguard manner in which he made use of his visit to Lourdes, to insult religion, mock at morals and belittle all who favored him with kindness and attention, it is not

likely that a man of Leo's calibre will expose himself to the ruffian pen of the worthless infidel. Probably were Zola to have an interview with the Pope, his next production would be entitled "The Vatican," or "The Pope," and would add another stone to the black monument of infamy which Zola has been building for himself.

In answer to "Student," the Boston Pilot gives, in a recent issue, a list, published five years ago in the Irish Monthly, of the real names of many of the contributors to the Nation. Many of these writers varied their signatures, from time to time, in order to avoid that monotony which may arise from the constant production of works of the same man. After giving a lengthy list the following remark is made: "The signatures that are, however, identified with those amongst the writers named, to the exclusion of the others are: Thomas Davis, 'The Celt;' Denis Florence McCarthy, 'Desmond;' Gavan Duffy, 'The Black Northern;' John Edward Pigott, 'Fermoy;' Francis Davis, 'The Belfastman;' John O'Hagan, 'Slieveguillion;' and Richard Dalton Williams, 'Shamrock.'" We know that John O'Hagan signed, at different times, "Carolina Wilhermina Amelia," "J. O.," "O.," and "J. O'H.," but we are strongly under the impression that he was not "Slieveguillion." If we are not greatly mistaken Michael Doherty was the writer of "Slieveguillion's" splendid productions. The list above referred to seems to do poor Doherty another injustice in ascribing the poems of "M. D." to Michael Doherty—but this may be a typographical error. "Music Every Where," and the lines to his wife—signed by "M. D.," were written by Doherty when escaping over the County of Waterford mountains in 1848. While Thomas D'Arcy McGee signed "Amergin" in the Nation, we think that Mangan, and not McGee was "Montanus." Why we think so is because McGee once said that he did not believe in the change of *noms-de-plume*; one name should suffice for any one man; moreover, each writer should be known either by his own name or the one of his choice, and because Mangan's style bears such a resemblance to that of "Montanus" that the poems of both seem the production of one mind. If we are mistaken we would be grateful to the Pilot, or to any correspondent who would kindly set us right.

We clip the following interesting item from the Boston Republic:

"The Boston Post did a good local service in sending one of its reporters into the lodges of the A.P.A., in order that he might learn and publish the dark-lantern proceedings of those organizations. There was, however, very little in its exposure which those who have studied the A.P.A. fanaticism did not already know. The infamous oaths which the association requires of its members have been printed before, as also has the fact that full-fledged members are informed that they are Amoreans, and can thus deny that they are Apapists. Possibly the latter fact explains why certain political candidates hereabouts, whose sympathy with Apapism is not doubted, consider themselves justified in declaring that they do not belong to the A.P.A."

The fact is that Apapism is going the way of Knownothingism and all those anti-Catholicisms, that live and buzz for a season, like summer insects, and then having spent their venom and vitality, sink into the oblivion from which they arose.

Little Alice was crying bitterly, and, on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her playfellows. "You should have returned it," unwisely said the questioner. "Oh, I returned it before!" answered the little girl.

LITERARY GEMS.

There is no temptation greater than the one which leads us to excuse our own weakness.

He who does not advance in the way of perfection falls back, for love cannot continue in the same degree.—*St. Teresa.*

The various forms of leave-taking have a more special significance than is generally awarded to them. "Adieu" signifies "To God I commend you." "Good-bye" is a contraction of "God be with you," while "Farewell" means "Be happy," or, more literally, "May you journey well."

It is as easy to have good manners as to have bad ones; but to have them they must be taught in the nursery and used habitually at home. The practice of habitual courtesy at home will make one courteous abroad; and to be esteemed well-bred is certainly worth all the trouble that can be taken to gain that distinction.

Obedience of domestic life is a great discipline of humility, piety, and self-content. A good son will make a good priest, and a good daughter will make a good nun. A disobedient son will hardly make an obedient priest, and an unloving daughter will hardly make a Sister of Charity. A good home is a great novitiate.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Of all the solemnities of which the mind can conceive, death is the greatest. There may be here and there an empty heart and a thoughtless brain, across which no churchyard meditation passes for months or years together, but these are exceptional and leave unaffected the truth, that no one reflection comes to man with such uniformity and power as the thought that in a few years we shall be all far away.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.—*Goldsmith.*

SALUS INFIRMORUM.

Mary, our Mother dear,
Health of the weak,
Sick are our souls with fear—
Jesus we seek:
Dark lower the clouds around,
Sunshine grows dim;
Safety with Thee is found—
Lead us to Him.

Oft have we lost the track,
Fierce our dark foe,
Striving to drive us back
While on we go:
Not always strong to fight,
Weakened by sin,
Lend us thine arm of might—
Help us to win.

When in our deepest need,
Sin-scarred, undone,
Gently Thy children lead
Home to Thy Son:
He, our Physician kind,
Easing sore pain,
All our deep wounds she'll bind—
Wash out each stain.

He, our true Food, bestow
Strength for the way;
Bring us with Thee to know
Love's perfect day:
Grant us at last a place
Low at Thy feet,
There to behold Thy face,
Mother most sweet.

There to rejoice at last,
Tear stains no more,
Trials and sorrows past,
Gained now the shore:
There linked in love divine
Mother and Son,
Where the lamps burn and shine,
God, Three in one.

E. L. L.

"John," said a prudent master to his servant, "don't you think you should put by some money for a rainy day, and not spend it all when you get it?" Some time after he said to him again: "Well, John, now much have you added to your store since?" Begorra, none at all, sir," said John; for the first day it rained I spent it all."