

The True Witness P. & P. Co.
625 Lakeshore Ave. West, Montreal
P. O. BOX 558
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
Canada (City Excepted) and New-
foundland.....\$1.00
City, United States and Foreign...\$1.50
Terms: Payable in Advance.

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In vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

↑ PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1910.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

Those who have met multitudes of Spanish-blooded people must enjoy a hearty laugh, when they come across certain reckless statements in the British or American press as to the illiteracy of Spaniards and their descendants.

The Spanish literature, and literature voices the mind and heart of a people—far surpasses the French, the German, the Italian, and even lords it over the cherished letters of Great Britain with its dominions over the seas, rivers, oceans, and isthmuses, not to speak of all of the United States. At any rate even the most chauvinistic English critics place Spanish literature second to that of England only. Balderon is the only dramatist that may be compared with Shakespeare, and the classic drama of the Spanish is much greater in volume than the English. In its variety and in the splendor of its diction, it is a matter of amazement to every American who investigates it. In the realm of humor, practical philosophy, graceful lyric, and sonorous declamation, the Spanish writers have scarcely any equals in the world.

"It is an error," writes a clever critic, with reason, "to suppose that Spanish literature consists simply in the finished work of a by-gone age. New forms of literature are apt to have their origin in Spain. Lara was the precursor of Washington Irving and George William Curtis. The opera practically began in Spain. The newspaper 'paragraph,' the modern 'short story,' and the 'funny column' are all of Spanish origin or suggestion. Spanish literature is full of the noblest sentiment, of practical wisdom relating to all the affairs of life. The standard dramas abound in sentiments which might have been uttered by Washington or by Gladstone. Spanish authorship is not confined to Spain. All Spanish America teems with authors of prose and verse of no small degree of merit."

It is a pity so many fools did the work of translating the leading Spanish authors into English. The work should have been left to others than Butler Clark of Oxford and John Owen of London, to name but two of the offenders.

THE VALUE OF THE WEEKLY PAPER.

Most people are not inclined to think that, after all, the weekly paper is now growing to be, more than ever, the most successful organ of defence and propaganda in the world to-day.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Citizen, dealing with the case of Boston's new weekly, the Common, adverts to the fact that the New York Evening Post lately noticed that, "as a protest against the daily journalism which Boston is now favored or afflicted, one

hundred and thirty-nine citizens have supplied the capital for a new weekly entitled The Boston Common, six issues of which have now appeared. No person is permitted to subscribe for less than \$100, or more than \$1000 worth of stock, and the names of the stockholders can be had on application at the office."

The purpose of this weekly is thus stated:

"The motive of the organization is to publish for Boston and New England a weekly journal of politics, industry, letters and criticism, the primary purpose of which is public rather than private profit, and to secure for the publication absolute freedom from partizanship, sectarianism, prejudice and the control and muzzling of influence."

People, as a rule, do not bother with the editorials in the dailies, even if they are as solid, or as brilliant, as those of the New York Sun, or of the Montreal Daily Star. When the general reader sees columns full of advertisements for liquor, prize fights, questionable schemes, and daily reports of ridiculous doings in cheap pulpits, how may they be expected to take the editors seriously?

As Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland believe, we hardly need many Catholic dailies; but we need a vigorous weekly press heartily supported by the people. We have many, very many, Catholic weeklies in American lands. So much the better. Each one of those weeklies is doing good of untold worth and value. We do not need fewer weeklies, but more of them, and stronger, all purse-filling arguments on the part of centralizers to the contrary notwithstanding. The greater number of weeklies we have the better our chances for some dailies.

MIRACLES AT LOURDES.

For the benefit of us all,—and for the enlightenment of our readers—we shall deal with the nonsense and vagaries, as heralded in the daily press, of certain medical lanterns, whose pages help to make the British Medical Journal bright on such matters as the miracles wrought by God at Lourdes, through the intercession of Heaven's Holy Queen.

In one of his latest books, "Heaven's Recent Wonders," third chapter, Doctor Boissarie, the famous French physician, says: "We kept a record of the doctors who came to our examination bureau, from 1892 to 1906. As a result we have:

In	Physicians.
1892.....	120
1893.....	109
1894.....	160
1895.....	177
1896.....	203
1897.....	112
1898.....	200
1899.....	240
1900.....	216
1901.....	328
1902.....	268
1903.....	228
1904.....	245
1905.....	274
1906.....	280

Thus, 3258 physicians in those fifteen years. So, then, the doctors take Lourdes seriously after all, in spite of what British medical oddities have to say.

In 1903, several members of the Medical Congress of Madrid stopped at Lourdes on their return home; while, in 1904, the Congress of Neurology, headed by a professor of Paris, visited the shrine.

In 1895, the Congress of Studies of Thermal stations in the southwest of France sent a hundred members to Mary's shrine; while each year, the number of Protestant doctors are increasing among the visitors.

"The clinic of Lourdes," says Dr. Boissarie, "is one of the most astonishing creations of our times. It was founded in the midst of the greatest hostilities. From a human viewpoint it was a folly. To study miracles is something impossible for savants, even absurd." Yet in less than twenty years, from 300 to 350 doctors annually visited the Lourdes clinic. It has its resident physicians and its head doctors. During six months its offices are open, and in its archives it records yearly 200 complete reports of full cures. But, then, this subject would call for volumes.

Of late it has become a good trick with scribbling rhythers in a hundred different capacities to couple Lourdes with "Christian Science" and the "Emmanuel Movement." Editors who offend give us no surprise; they do not know the difference between a miracle and a cricket match—as a rule. But if the doctors who object are in earnest; if science or imagination is responsible for the cures, at Lourdes, why, in the name of goodness, do not those doctors cure a few sick people as is done at Lourdes? If preachers say it is all a game of luck or chance, or hallucination, is it because they know priests are their superiors or what? Why do they

not cure a few people, too? Any man who denies the miracles of Lourdes is either a joker or an ignoramus.

UNBELIEVERS.

In his "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," Abbe Felix Klein says, among other things, on page 25: "The out-and-out unbeliever, who boasts of his unbelief, is rarely met within the United States; and, as for our French anti-clerical, he is absolutely unknown. I have gone over a great part of the country and have bought at random every kind of newspaper, without ever hearing or reading a word against religion, although the discussions often concerned ecclesiastical events or issues, such as the 'School Question.'"

"Real, steadfast, unshaken Atheism is found among animals only," says Mgr. de Segur; and although there is a species of creature known as the unbeliever, yet millions of the millions of unchurched Protestants in the United States are far from being infidels, in spite of Dr. Prouss' copyists.

The Protestant American (of the United States) is an eminently practical man, a materialist even at his best. He knows what joke-religions amount to; he has heard preachers talk of everything but the Gospel; he has eyes to see and ears to hear; the rudiments of Church history are not lost on him; he does not pray, however, and that is the only reason why he fails to become a Catholic. It was a fatal day for the sects when they started universities and encouraged the humorous press. The American Protestant may not go to church, but he can tell a stone from a tomato can.

THE "GET-RICH-QUICK" SCHEMES.

As long as there shall be left any men or women to form or join new religious schemes, the "get-rich-quick" schemes shall continue to hope against very hope. The most easily duped citizens are those of English-speaking countries. Just as Great Britain and the United States can furnish a dozen new sects each year (with a double dozen in leap years); just as we thrive on picnics and merry-go-rounds, and amusements to match, so in English-speaking lands lie the best markets for the wily trickster in quest of dishonest dollars.

We all remember the "Guaranteed Egg Company," with its stock for sale in New York a few years since. The promoters of this company sent broadcast a roseate prospectus, offering the sale of 7 per cent. guaranteed preferred stock at par, with a large bonus in common stock. The company was capitalized in the neighborhood of a million dollars, and its only tangible property, aside from the chickens, was a farm of twenty acres located about thirty miles from New York. And yet how many bright Americans (who want to enlighten Mexico!) bought wealth in failure! The hens had not even been consulted, but were supposed to do the double work of hatching new broods of chickens, at the same time laying eggs in guaranteed daily proportion!

Then there was Jergensen's "sea water gold" enterprise, at South Lubec, in the apple-cider State of Maine! Jergensen claimed he could make gold out of ordinary water of the sea. The daily papers were literally covered with advertisements, promising even mountains of gold. Within a short period investors in Boston and vicinity were sacrificing good bonds and stocks, savings bank deposits, and generally falling over each other in a mad rush to get in on the ground floor in this "sea of gold" bonanza. It was afterwards estimated that before the fraud was publicly exposed, Jergensen secretly escaped to Europe with most of the money, and his victims are still whistling "Hands across the Sea," and in other people's pockets.

So we had better spend our savings on roguish and rascals.

THOSE HUMORISTS.

It is hard for a good humorist to be, become, or remain a good Protestant. In fact, it is significant that Sir Francis Burnand, the greatest editor London Punch has ever had, could not resist either grace or nature, but came over to the Church, a full-hearted convert. Then there was Artemus Ward: he, too, joined the Church, as did Joel Chandler Harris, known to the world as "Uncle Remus," while one of Punch's editors who died some months since was a convert. Mark Twain could find no better character for the joke-stage than that of the "joke-sect preacher." How could a "Mr. Dooley" amuse the world and be a Methodist? And see how Mr. Kendrick Bangs, one of America's leading humorists, described his visit to the Vatican the other day. His words must have fallen heavily on

Mr. Roosevelt's ears! And, then, humor has unchurched millions of Protestants in the United States. The Americans are a practical people; they know a lame chicken when the poor little things appear in their garden. Imagine the editors of the Presbyterian Record, the Maritime Baptist, the Presbyterian Witness in the rôle of humorist! You might as well expect Captain Bernier to discuss the aims and methods of the Dominion Alliance!

No, no; humor is fatal to Protestantism, for Protestantism has all the eccentricities required to set the world a-laughing. The average layman, especially the workman, has seen through it all! A thousand Dr. Lyman Abbots, with a whole contingent of Canon Talbots, to which add Hensley-Henson, may try to have Socialism supplant the Apostles' Creed, and all they shall reap will be thunder and lightning on the right, with a loud merry laugh on the left, not to speak of the districts to be heard from as remaining over and above.

One of the reasons why Protestantism has ever failed in Ireland and in the Latin countries is that in such lands the people can readily understand all the difference there is between a Don Quixote and a Napoleon Bonaparte. You cannot make a farmer believe hay is buck-wheat!

FACTS ABOUT THE SPANISH.

How easily cheap critics are given to find fault with the men of Spanish blood! A certain class of poodle-worshipping Yankees, for instance, would have Spain and all Spanish America grow up according to the ideals of the childless mother and the empty church. The Spanish, happily, are gifted with a saving sense of humor, to say the very least.

But let us state a few facts: It is true that even Shakespeare could say, "From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate"; but Shakespeare was a poet.

With the exception of Don Quixote, the English-speaking world has never learned nor studied anything of Spain's letters.

The Spanish-speaking world is much larger than even the French-speaking, and as great as the German-speaking.

Fully seventy millions of people speak Spanish; and if we include with them those who use the closely related Portuguese, the number will be about ninety millions. Let us remember that only fifty millions are French-speaking.

The Spanish speaking world is growing steadily in numbers. Its destructive wars have ceased. The love of children is characteristic of Spanish-American lands.

The Spanish-speaking peoples are growing prodigiously in wealth. Thousands of Spanish-blooded boys and girls come to Canada and the United States each year to attend our schools.

Perhaps the most learned national group of Fathers at the Vatican Council were those of the Spanish blood.

South America, Mexico and Cuba, with Central America, are progressing by leaps and bounds.

Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine, is a great city of more than a million souls, holding very many prosperous men of business with Irish blood mingled with the Spanish.

There is not a nation in South America that is not rapidly advancing.

Even from the far-removed Canary Islands, and from every other Spanish and Portuguese Island, Canada and the United States are receiving scores of students.

Letters and learning are something Spanish blood and mind longs for and is given.

The Spaniards, with their sense of the ridiculous, have naturally won the opposition of globe-galivanting preachers of the bible-and-axe variety.

The Spanish-blooded people are naturally pure and chaste.

Most of the novels and other printed trash about the Spanish-speaking world were written either by prevaricating preachers or by opium-eaters in squalid garrets.

The low, self-acquired diseases so common in English-speaking countries are practically unknown to the Spanish world.

The loose habits of many Americans, for instance, are altogether disgusting for a Spaniard.

"Get-rich-quick" schemes imagined by certain magnates of the North, have failed to win the South American pocket. They have a sense of humor among the Spanish.

The list of criminals with Spanish names is practically non-existent in either Canada or the United States. Lunatic asylums are high unneeded among the Spanish.

The Spaniard may tolerate a bull-fight, but a degrading exhibition such

as the Jeffries-Johnson affair, with its accompanying orgies in ten thousand localities, does not appeal to a man with Spanish blood.

The Spaniard can take the weight and measure of a cheap preacher in half the time you'd say "Whoop!"

The Spaniards consider the English-speaking world a conglomeration of perpetual circuses—and they are nearly right.

The Spaniards have too much blood akin to the Irish that they should be known either as thieves or "race-suicides."

Spain has had no money-making heresiarchs.

The Spaniards gave us all a New World with a thousand new islands—"Catholicism in Spain," says Lady Herbert, "is not merely the religion of the people; it is their life."

HOW CAN THEY BE SINCERE?

How can hundreds of the champions among preachers be sincere? We know and feel that there are many good men honestly astray among their brethren, and numbers with added numbers of their hearers who are willing to be as good and as earnest as their conscience wants them to be. But the champions!

If either Anglicans, Methodists, Baptists, or Presbyterians want us to take their efforts in the cause of Christianity with serious mind, why are they willing to have semi-infidels train their candidates in theology and in the knowledge of God's Word? Why do the Baptists and Methodists of Toronto put up with the teachings of either a Matthews or a Jackson? Why were honest enquirers silenced over the Kent difficulty among the Presbyterians in Halifax? Why may Anglican ministers of renown evaporate "Higher Crickets" even in Montreal pulpits? Did all those gowned infidels call Bob Ingersoll their spiritual leader, we could understand their position, but we fail to see how they can honestly appeal to the Gospel for respect and a living? We have no respect for a man who earns money under false pretenses!

But does the average Protestant want the truth, does he sincerely want the Gospel, or is it all a game of chance or toothpicks? At any rate, as long as they are willing to put up with "Higher Crickets" in their seminaries and richest pulpits, how can they boldly tell Catholics that their religion is the Gospel? Sham! It is all sham, even if there are millions of sincere heretics, schismatics, and general "infidels!"

Strong with the strength of Christ the Old Church stands, and shall ever stand, for the truth in spite of all the fools, fiends, foes and fakers in the world and on Mars, with districts in Halley's comet yet to be heard from. The Church does not fear even hell. As T. W. M. Marshall says: "St. Paul was as truly an apostle when stoned by the rabble at Lystra as when loving disciples fell upon his neck and kissed him, sorrowing that they should see his face no more." The Jews crucified Our Lord, and the Church is all the more easily believed to be Christ's institution, when it is plain that Hell and heresy, with schism, infidelity and Antichrist are united to oppose her—but the gates of hell shall not prevail!

At any rate it would take more than Jackson, Matthews, and one or two of McGill's professors to change our opinions. We prefer Harmack and Benan in the original, and do not want a tack when we can get a nail.

JEALOUSY.

The following prayer from the Boston Herald—one of the few to be found in the dailies—though a whit blasphemous, yet teaches its little lesson:

"Oh, Lord, the wealthy convert prayed, 'ask me to do anything in reason and I will do my best to do it. Ask me to go into the vineyard and labor there, and I will go; ask me to love my neighbor as myself, and I will try to do so; ask me to forgive my enemies, and I will do that, oh Lord, if it is' Thy will, but don't ask me, oh Lord, to tear up the mortgage on the Widow Birney's place, because if I should my wife would never believe I didn't do it just because she's young and good-looking!"

Now, there is a deal of truth in the sentiments expressed in that prayer; there would be more, were the husband to appear in the rôle of the one-offended. The world is filled with jealous men, and what they all need, without exception, is a hearty confession.

But jealousy is a universal sin. It makes victims out of good men, as far as the object of its wickedness is concerned. It is a sign, however, that there is in the man who is made to suffer its effects just the wit and talent required to negate the good of his wealth. There is nothing so healthy on the best. The best of man makes the best of himself. Ambition

hop Ireland once said that he respected a man who could make enemies—real enemies—for himself; and it is always a pleasure for a man who means to be honest to find general good-for-nothings enlisted against him. Not that we hate to bother with such individuals, for we rather like to meet them in our path, were it only for the luck of being able to thwart their schemes in a hundred ways and after a million fashions.

Jealousy is the sin of the narrow-minded man, of the half-souled paltroon: it is, likewise, the badge of the brain-ferret. Its first champion was Lucifer. Best of all, we can find good people, who, thanks to unbalanced mental strain and boneless moral torture, are forced to call their, remember it, their humility, the special virtue within them; but who, at the bottom of their hearts, are mean despisers, low-bent weeping willows, ever ready to do an honest neighbor's praiseworthiness, by some ugly report in the dark, a report worthy of their mind, heart and lineage; men, who, incapable of lofty ideals, would have others seek inspiration with themselves in the garbage barrel. They are fit reminders of the fable that tells of the inflated frog. A mosquito, however, is always a mosquito, in spite of stolen royal blood.

A FEW REMINDERS.

The following quotations are offered, with all due respect, to the consideration of freak-professors in godless universities:

"Not one freethinker in ten thousand could intellectually work out the scientific scepticism he approves."—Arthur Marshall.

"The legions of mediocrity, which encumber and embarrass all the higher careers, constitute in my eyes the greatest obstacle to the progress of nations."—P. X. Garneau.

"The few great men who make epochs in history, who boldly change its currents, are themselves, first of all, conscious of that which the whole world soon comes to recognize, that they are the instruments of a Power wiser and mightier than their own."—Rev. Dr. Edward Mc-Glynn.

"Bacon and Descartes may well be the idols of modern thinkers; but the Pope knows that these idols, and all the other idols of a more recent fabrication, have feet of clay, and he positively intimates that nothing but truth must be worshipped in the temple of Philosophy."—Rev. J. Bayma, S.J.

"St. Thomas examined pagan philosophy in detail, corrected it, and reconciled it with religious truth."—Rohrbacher.

"Few writers have done more to pervert the truth of history than philosophical historians."—Rev. Dr. Lingard.

"To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor."—Pope.

"There are mysteries enough around us to make us realize the narrowness of our vision, the insufficiency of our knowledge."—Dr. Brann.

"Real, steadfast, unshaken Atheism is found only amongst animals."—Mgr. de Segur.

"Between a dead conscience and a dying faith men amuse themselves with philosophical theories, which reduce the Almighty to a vague abstraction, an insoluble problem, or to anything else which removes Him from the active government of the world."—John R. G. Hassard.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—Pope.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness."—VIII Commandment.

"We are asked to pray," remarks the Sacred Heart Review, "in a special manner during the month of July for the Church in Ecuador, South America." Let this intention serve also to draw our thoughts to our Catholic brethren, not in Ecuador only, but in the whole of the vast continent of South America. We do not sufficiently realize that most of the people there are Catholics, receiving the same sacraments as we do, professing the same Creed, obeying the same Vicar of Christ, the Pope at Rome. They are united to us by the strongest tie of the Communion of Saints. Their sacred interests should be our interests. We should be slow to believe evil of them, and swift to surmise the good. We should desire that they should grow in faith, hope, and charity, even as we ourselves desire to grow in those virtues. So let us pray fervently for the Church in Ecuador.

Echoes

"How can you..."
"False pity..."
"France has..."
"China and India..."
"Lady Herbert..."
"Certain clergy..."
"little about..."
"they can think..."
"late Edinburgh..."
"Congress was..."
"General Council..."
"The Standard..."
"the many stolen..."
"land says that..."
"conventional..."
"ch..."
"(by the robbers..."
"Anglican Cath..."
"The intelligent..."
"and the Scrip..."
"testament. U..."
"soul-meant stu..."
"such convers..."
"man, Manning..."
"Father Paul, S..."
"giant of the..."
"school."

The ritual obsecration of the...
"thedral of Wee..."
"was almost ide..."
"lowed at the c..."
"minister Abbey..."
"day, A.D. 106..."
"tration of the..."
"servatism of t..."
"If Anglicanism..."
"behind in the..."
"is thanks to i..."
"of their bishops..."
"their foes of..."
"Anglicans just..."
"sugar-coated p..."
"been lost to C..."
"through indiffer..."
"Why should a..."
"itself Catholic..."
"to sturdily defe..."
"Catholic paper..."
"priest in this..."
"ford to acquir..."
"methods that..."
"grand reputati..."
"with anything..."
"It often happ..."
"Orangeman. I..."
"heart of a great..."
"He believes in..."
"ing knee-deep..."
"yet he naturall..."
"gish neighbors..."
"gush a fire in..."
"But, then, it..."
"preachers and..."
"ing to cable d..."
"active hostility..."
"by closing sever..."
"by Christian Bro..."
"old game, and..."
"only offenders..."
"of a kind—very..."
"children will..."
"God and honest..."
"Bishop (Angli..."
"lifax, will do..."
"canism in the..."
"adopting a mid..."
"Congregational..."
"land rule along..."
"administration..."
"secrete a new..."
"monies different..."
"at Westminster..."
"The 'Tag-Day..."
"ceived another..."
"nor, of New Yo..."
"resolution passe..."
"Aldermen givin..."
"'tag day' in a..."
"The Mayor said..."
"authorizing the..."
"ple in the street..."
"extracting more..."
"gality and more..."
"priety. The co..."
"'tag days' is m..."
"by the aid of s..."
"tice which shou..."
"Fashion must..."
"Teddy Bear ha..."
"England by toy..."
"Caesar," the..."
"late King Edw..."
"to predict that..."
"have thousands..."
"this coming Chr..."
"British Empire..."
"made the mista..."
"forming in Br..."
"in London. We..."
"not far off wh..."
"in the sects, to..."
"to children of..."
"things will happ..."
"We are rejoic..."
"thing very ear..."
"ferent cities..."
"help the Catho..."
"ling to our s..."
"tension is burn..."
"the question, a..."
"deal indeed. Th..."