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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1895.

OUR JOB PRINTING BRANCH

In order to more fully concentrate all our energies upon the improvement and advancement of THE TRUE WITNESS, we hereby notify all our kind patrons that we have retired from the job-printing branch of the business.

PENTECOST.

Sunday was the feast of Pentecost—the great day upon which the labors of the Apostles commence, when, according to the promise of the Holy Ghost—the Third Person of the most Blessed Trinity—in the form of tongues of fire descended upon them.

We are still within the octave of Pentecost. The feast is one of major importance and it should be celebrated in a manner worthy of the wonderful event it commemorates.

One of the grandest evidences of the infallibility of the Church is to be found in the story of Pentecost. If a Christian

believes in the fiery-tongued miracle of that day he cannot but believe in the infallibility of the teaching body that is under the special guidance of the Holy Ghost.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT NIAGARA.

Last week we referred, in a passing notice, to a most important work just issued by William Briggs, of Toronto, and written by the erudite and graceful historian, Rev. Dean Harris, of St. Catharines.

The last three chapters are of a more local than general interest, as they deal with "The New-born Parishes," "The Religious Communities of the Peninsula," and the life and labors of the late "Dean Mulligan."

In an elegant and easy style—most accurate and yet appropriately picturesque—the author introduces us to the Indian mound builders, and uncovers for us numerous relics of a forgotten race.

Then comes the wonderful story of the adventures and labors of the famed Jesuits Choumont and De Brebeuf amongst the Neutrals. Again is there a chapter upon the first flint workers, the relics left by these strange people and their habits and achievements, as instanced in the wampum belts, clay pipes, wood carvings and bone ornaments still to be found.

Here we are given a detailed and most interesting history of the first settlement of Catholics, the first Parliament, the troubles of the Scotch Catholics and the arrival of the Catholic soldiers.

persecution, the Penal Laws of Nova Scotia compared with those of Ireland, the story of the Irish Hegira, the famine of 1845-46, the fearful sufferings of the Irish emigrants, the heroism of the French-Canadian priests, the toilers on the canal, the fever and ague, the history of Fathers Grattan and Conway, and to the pioneer Irish Catholic settlers of the district.

It would be absolutely impossible to convey, in the short space at our disposal, any adequate idea of the fund of information contained in this admirable work.

THOSE JUDGESHIPS.

During the course of last week two letters appeared in the Herald, one signed "Dalcassian," the other "Fair Play," the former, a piece of unwarranted presumption; the latter, in as far as it refers to the vacant judgeships, is a fair hint to the very imaginative creator of applicants.

"Sir,—The Hon. Mr. Curran in to-day's Gazette is reported to have said at the picnic at Lakefield that 'the model of all true Canadians should be the Queen, the country and the constitution, under which the weakest minority would ever be secure in all their rights and privileges.'"

"Fair Play" answers one part of this queer effusion as follows: "Sir,—The sign in your issue of to-day signed 'Dalcassian,' and referring to Mr. J. J. Curran's banking after the judgeship made vacant by the death of Sir F. G. Johnson, would be interesting were it not for the fact that there exists no earthly reason for dragging in the religious cry into that case.

The last part of the reply deals with a question foreign to the present issue. In the first place it is not an 'open secret,' nor has it been told by any minister of the crown, that Hon. Mr. Curran is to be appointed at the end of the session.

But were it true—and we only say this for argument sake—that the Solicitor-General were seeking to have both appointments go to Irish Catholics, we fail to see wherein there would be any injustice done the Protestant minority.

To settle the matter beyond peradventure, let us take the statistics of this Province. There is a Protestant population of 175,447. Divided between nine judges, it gives one judge to every 20,000 of population. The Irish Catholic population is 105,000. Thus we have one judge to this number of people.

to replace the late Sir Francis Johnston, we would have one judge to every 35,000 of population. This would then be the proportion: One Protestant to every 20,000; one Irish Catholic to every 35,000.

IMPOSING ON CREDULITY.

In the Daily Witness of May 4, Mr. L. V. Lariviere, of Quebec, published a letter on the subject of "Those Little Books," (which are "The Little Quebec Catechism" and Mgr. De Segur's "Talks on the Protestantism of the present day.")

He quotes from the catechism the following: "Can one be saved outside the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church?"

Ans.: "No; outside the Church there is no salvation."

All the Protestants are outside the pale of the Church of Rome; therefore, they cannot be saved. On the next page of this little catechism the fact is clearly explained: "All those who refuse to believe the Church" (meaning the Roman Catholic Church) "are in error; they are either infidels or heretics; and the infidels and heretics are already judged by Christ himself. Is not this a hard doctrine?"

Now here is the doctrine of the Church, and here are the exact words of that catechism:

"Q. Are all men obliged to belong to that only Church of Jesus Christ? (the Roman Catholic Church). Ans. Yes, all men are obliged to belong to that only Church founded by Jesus Christ, and whosoever knows that the Catholic Church is the true Church and refuses to belong thereto, cannot be saved."

"Q. Tous les hommes sont-ils obligés d'appartenir à cette Eglise unique de Jésus Christ?"

R. Qui, tous les hommes sont obligés d'appartenir à cette Eglise unique fondée par Jésus-Christ, et quiconque sait que l'Eglise Catholique est la vraie Eglise et refuse d'y appartenir, ne peut pas être sauvé."

Comment is unnecessary. A man who knows the Church to be a true one—therefore the possessor of God's Truth—surely cannot expect salvation if, in his bad faith, he declines to accept that truth. But if he does not know it to be the true Church his very ignorance is the guarantee of his salvation.

Now for Mgr. De Segur's work. Mr. Lariviere says: "The other little book is entitled 'Causerie sur le Protestantisme d'aujourd'hui.' (Talks on the Protestantism of the present day.) This book has been written by Mgr. De Segur, a Roman Catholic bishop of France.

Stop a moment! Do you mean this, Mr. Lariviere, or is it another guarantee of your salvation in the form of a sample of invincible ignorance? Mgr. De Segur was not a bishop—he was a titled priest: the book was not approved of by Pius IX., and most highly recommended by the Bishop of Montreal."

"On page 9 the following questions are asked: 'Who has created you, miserable Protestants, and who has brought you into the world?' Ans.: 'Luther has created us, and brought us into the world.' Ques.: 'For what purpose has Luther created you and brought you into the world?' Ans.: 'To protest after his example against God and against His Church, and to sin grievously after his example, and by that means reach eternal life.' Ques.: 'What is a Protestant?' Ans.: 'A Protestant is one, whether he has been baptized or not, it makes no difference, who believes what he likes and does what he likes.' Ques.: 'What is the mark of a Protestant?' Ans.: 'It is horror of the cross, his hatred of the Holy Virgin, of the Pope,

and of the saints, and also his entire forgetfulness of the poor souls in purgatory."

The above questions reveal clearly the nature of the book. For a Roman Catholic, it would be a sin to question the orthodoxy of that little book, since it has been sacredly approved by an infallible Pope."

The last paragraph we have answered; the book was not approved by an infallible Pope. We know not whether Mr. Lariviere has been inventing or been imposed upon; but certainly the questions and answers above given are not on page 9, nor upon any other page of the approved edition of the book.

We have not space this week to enter fully into the matter. Suffice to say that Mr. Lariviere quotes what the catechism does not teach, and what Mgr. De Segur's book does not contain. We will simply refer him to page 29 of that book. Chapter XII., "If salvation is possible for a Protestant," opens thus: "Is salvation possible for a Protestant? Yes, certainly."

Surely to goodness no Protestant will pretend that a man in bad faith, who knowingly and intentionally rejects the truth, can be other than a rebel against God.

"ROB. WANLOCK'S" POEMS.

"Oh! Caldonia! Stern and wild, Meet nurse of a poetic child, Land of brown heath and shaggy wood! Land of the mountain and the flood! Land of my sires! What mortal hand, Can e'er untie the filial band That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

Two characteristics of Scott's works—both derived from his own personality—have endeared him to the world; his love of Scotland, and his perpetual peopling her misty highlands and wild lowlands with the most fascinating creatures of his imagination.

In 1874 a book entitled "Moorland Rhymes" was published in Dumfries and the author's name was Robert Wanlock. This volume "was hailed as a valuable addition to native literature, and its author, . . . from the grace and sweetness of his numbers, took at once a front rank place among the minor singers of the day."

Apart from sterling honesty, if there is one quality, more than another, conspicuous in the Scotch character, it is a sincere humility. He loves "to do good by stealth," his greatest reward is to feel that he is serving his fellow-countrymen while avoiding the expression of their gratitude or admiration.

For some ten years, according to the preface of the book before us, Moorland Rhymes had been out of print. "To meet the demand of many inquiries for the work, both at home and in America, the present collection of poems, songs and sonnets is offered to the public."

It would be difficult to give, in the short space we have at our disposal, any adequate idea of the beauty and elegance of the poems contained in the volume. They are above all patriotic, intensely national, aglow with imagery,

and powerfully descriptive of scenes and places that every lover of Scotch literature must love to recall. A great many are written in the dialect of the South, which only heightens the interest and imparts a national flavor to them—such, in fact, as does not spring from the perusal of ordinary English. The dark tarn, the rugged crag, the lonely moor, the ghost-haunted cairn, the cry of the whaup, the simple kirk, the isolated village, or the ruined castle, suggests thoughts to a Scotch poet that he must clothe in the very accents of the people in order to give them proper effect.

"Proud of my sonship, glorying in the name Bestowed by thee, though now by thee forgot, Dear Mother Country! Shall a kindly Scot, Though disinherited, renounce his claim? Nay, surely, circumstances matter not— Though far my wanderings and obscure my lot, Still am I heir to all thy storied fame! For me thy sweetest birds have tun'd the lay, Thy martyrs striven: for me on Banlock's side, (Ay, and at Flodden) have thy bravest died: And shall I fling this priceless dowry away, This precious birthright? Nay, with zealous pride I'll guard the treasure till my latest day."

For a number of years Mr. Reid has been one of Montreal's most respected citizens. Day in and day out working in the great arena of commerce, amidst the most prosaic business surroundings, we can well imagine his delight, when, at evening, after a day of toil, he sits down to enjoy the charms of Rosehill—Ostrumont—and lets his swift-winged fancy carry him back, in spirit, from the shadow of Mount Royal to the misty slopes of the Lowthers. If his soul is still linked to the land of his birth, his heart is riveted to the mountain that looks down on his new abode; for up there, in May 1887, was little "Bruce Reid" laid to rest. We love the poet for his noble, patriotic soul—and even more for his paternal heart. It is over that tiny grave he sings:

"For deep in every Scottish breast The thought of these must ay abide, And where a Bruce is laid to rest Must ever thrill his soul with pride." "He had been chanting the glories of the immortal Robert, when he turned to tell, that: "Twas but a little waif of Time, The wind blew darkling to our door, Round-wrapt with love from some sweet clime, And beauty from the Shining Shore; But while we look'd and long'd to keep The wondrous stranger for our own The little life had pass'd to sleep, And with it all our hopes had down."

Then comes again the yearning for the old Land, and the vanishing of all those dreams of happy anticipation when the poet might one day return to Wanlock head and point out to his son the scenes that inspired his own childhood:

"And thus we feet, that could not climb The heather hills thy fathers trod— Ah! they have seal'd the cliffs sublime That tower around the throne of God." With these few and faint remarks we close, for the present, a volume that we will often open in weary hours when the mind grows tired of life's din and turmoil, and we shall seek solace and vigor by the fountains of rest poetry. Well indeed may Robert Reid feel proud of Rob. Wanlock's achievements on the slopes of Parnassus; and long may he be spared to contribute, from the mine of his abundance, fresh treasures to the already rich and precious literature of the "Land o' Cakes."

THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

Elsewhere we publish the report of the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal. Our subscribers will be pleased to read the address of the President, Sir Donald A. Smith, and Mr. E. C. Clouston, the able and energetic General Manager. On carefully perusing the report we can only congratulate the President, the General Manager and the Board of Directors, as well as the shareholders, upon the results of the year's business.

The Boston Pilot—always so happy in its editorial hits—has the following regarding a recent humorous and caricaturing venture:

"Lika Joko," the English humorous weekly recently started by Jerome K. Jerome, has died an untimely death. Mr. Jerome's humor is of a kind to sadden an undertaker and cast a blight upon the hilarity of an Arizona lynching bee. "Lika Joko" was hastened to its doom by Mr. Jerome's artist, Harry Furniss, who has hardly the drawing capacity of a porous plaster.

Another sample of the Pilot's fine pen strokes: Harper's Young People has changed its name to Harper's Round Table, without changing its excellent character. Like Napoleon, who sprinkled everything in sight with his initials N. P., the new periodical started all over its title-plate with H's, as if an Englishman had walked across it.