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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1894.

"THE MORNING STAR."

We are still in the sweet month of May; it is proper that we should recall to the minds of our readers the fact that it is also the month of Mary. Numerous are the beautiful devotions of the Church in honor of the Blessed Virgin and many are the titles which she receives. It is true that "all generations shall call her Blessed;" but the faithful ones of earth have other loving expressions whereby they designate the Mother of God. In her litany she is called "The Morning Star." There is a wonderful appropriateness in this title; too often do we pronounce it hurriedly without reflecting upon its real meaning and its wonderful significance. Look at nature!

It is night; clouds roll along the horizon, or gather upon the face of the firmament. Darkness hangs over the world; a few stars peep through the mists and glitter afar up in the empyrean. A faint flush comes in the east and the curtains that fall upon mountain-tops are fringed with a silvery grey. The silver turns, by slow process, to gold—and a molten bar hangs horizontally on the rim of space. Above it are the purple folds of night's disappearing garments, and beneath it the crimson livery of advancing day. The darkness has almost completely vanished; the stars have been extinguished in the zenith; one solitary orb—larger than all the others, paler, purer, grander, twinkles amidst the floods of increasing light, and shoots its silver beams in all directions. It is the herald of the day-god. Still does it shine on, even when the great sun has arisen, and from over the hilltops looks out upon the world that has grown glorious in the effulgence of its presence. That beautiful precursor of the dawn is called "the morning star."

During nearly four thousand years the clouds of paganism rolled along the horizon of antiquity, the night of misery hung upon the world. The prophets, the patriarchs, the wise men of old, like so many stars upon the firmament of ages, shot their rays adown the vastness of the centuries. At last the appointed time came; the glow of an approaching era appeared in the orient; upon the hills of time silvery words of promise were transformed into the golden assurance of fulfillment; the purple of penitential waiting gave place to the crimson flush of emancipation. And while the constellations vanished into the depths of the by-gone, the "Morning Star," that heralded in the dawn of Salvation, shone purely, immaculately, gloriously, upon

the sky. At last the Sun of Redemption flashed upon the summits and shot the life-giving beams of its splendor over the face of the world and the path trod by humanity. And even while the Divine orb of returning day still hung upon the verge of another epoch—Mary, "The Morning Star," undiminished in beauty, glittered before the eyes of men.

We leave the picture unfinished; the lines have been roughly drawn, but the fervor and Faith of our readers can fill in, with the pencil of imagination, the wonderful details, and blend, on the pallet of the mind, the delicate hues, the soft colors, the wonderful shadings necessary to complete the work. Remember, whenever you address the Blessed Virgin as "The Morning Star," that you are speaking to the one whose lustre foretold the advent of Salvation's Sun and the day of spiritual freedom.

ANARCHY.

"Vive l'Anarchie," cried crazy Vaillant, and the blade descended, his head rolled into the basket, and his soul stood before the Eternal Judge whose omnipotent arm drew order from chaos, and whose fiat ordained that anarchy cannot exist. "Vive l'Anarchie," shouted condemned Henri, and the puny fool, exulting in his notoriety, went cheerfully to the murderer's cell, wildly, madly, gladly, anticipating the hour of execution—not dreaming of God, but conjuring up visions of cafes and reading rooms, with hundreds of the Parisian world glancing at his name—in large type—in columns of a dozen papers. "Vive l'Anarchie," yells the demented victim of a political epidemic, as he flings his bomb of death amidst scores of unoffending people. "Vive l'Anarchie" is heard at the doors of the Madeleine, in the Chamber of Deputies, on the Quai Voltaire, or in the faubourg St. Antoine. It is the watchword of society's most dreadful enemies. It means "down with order, with authority, with power, with state, with church, with religion, with God!" It rings throughout France to-day, and hundreds and thousands tremble when it is heard. The government may proscribe, the police may arrest, the jurists may condemn, the executioner may behead; but l'Anarchie is a hydra with countless heads, an octopus with numberless arms; it is not to be thus destroyed; it lives and prospers on the victims of its ferociousness. Vaillant, Henri and their imitators are not the creators of that spirit of anarchy. It is the government that has engendered it.

Gambetta cried out, "le clericalism, voilà l'ennemi;" and the poor dupes of a false principle have not brains enough to grasp the idea in all its forms nor to repeat the words of the infidel orator, so they merely re-echo his sentiment and express the logical conclusion of his assertion when they shout "vive l'Anarchie." Jules Ferry said, "l'Eglise est le grand obstacle;" and the small fry clap hands and scream, "vive l'Anarchie." The Godless Zola insults the Creator, ridicules the Redeemer, blasphemes his future Judge, reviles the Blessed Virgin, and attacks the Church; the mob applauds and laughs, jumps about in frantic delight and yells, "vive l'Anarchie." Coppee writes verses that are as soulless as they are ornamental, perfect in form and debasing in sentiment; the crowd does not understand the exactness of metre, but grasps the poisonous materialism of the ideas, and cheers "vive l'Anarchie." The government imposes most cruel and unjust restrictions upon the clergy; the canaille replies "vive l'Anarchie." Archbishops are deprived of their power and rights by iniquitous laws, and the in-

fidel populace raises again the cry, "vive l'Anarchie." The representatives of the people banish God from the constitution, the school, the country—the people whom they represent vote for them and re-echo the watchword of misfortune, "vive l'Anarchie."

If bombs are manufactured, minds are perverted, lives are endangered and murders are committed; if chaos reigns, terror is abroad, and misery stares the nation in the face; if religion is despised, morals violated, and the laws of God openly spurned; if anarchists are encouraged, anarchy deified, and universal disorder brought about; if such be the state of affairs in France, it is all due to bad literature and irreligious government. The evil literature has perverted the minds of the people and the infidel government has encouraged them in the path of revolt against all authority. How can men—members of a government—who openly defy God and deny the source of all authority and power, expect that a people will recognize their borrowed authority or bend silently under the yoke of their usurped power? Yes; if anarchy is abroad, the very government, that most dreads its operations, is to blame for its existence. If the State wishes to crush out this dread monster, it is not by arresting, trying and executing—thereby immortalizing—the fools who make bombs, that it is going to succeed. It must begin by respecting God, by protecting the Church, by aiding the clergy in a mission of morality and faith, by showing the example of obedience to the Supreme Ruler and by doing justice to the hundreds of thousands of devoted Catholics, whose lives are an unceasing reproach to its prayerless ministers. Until the State perceives the real past errors and injustices, let no one be surprised if bombs are made, if death is ubiquitous in society, and if the cry of "vive l'anarchie" goes ringing from end to end of the land.

Danton encouraged revolution and praised the guillotine; his own head fell from that scaffold. Camille Des Moulins advocated the fiery principles of the blood-thirsty anarchists; he died a victim at their hands. St. Just was the tribune of murder and he fell into the steel-embrace of "Mademoiselle"—as the instrument of death was called. Robespierre sent thousands to the Place de la Bastille to perish, while he denounced religion and preached an evangel of patriotism without God; Robespierre travelled in the black tumbril, ascended the fatal ladder, and was launched into eternity amidst the jeers and cheers of the mob and to the hissing sound of the descending blade. Every one who upheld the revolution perished by the revolution. Let the men of to-day beware! They may defy God once too often; they may find themselves blown up with bombs that have been fabricated under their own instruction; and they may yet perish amidst the cries of "vive l'anarchie."

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

We received, this week, a letter from the Rev. T. E. Ryan, of Providence, R.I., one of the most energetic apostles in the cause of the Celtic Language Revival on this continent. Several communications to Irish Catholic papers in the United States accompanied the letter. It has been our intention to call the attention of our readers to this grand and most patriotic movement, as well as to "The Celtic Journal," edited by Rev. Eugene O'Growney, M.R.I.A., of Maynooth College, Dublin. The rescuing of the Celtic language from extinction will furnish us with subject matter for more

than one editorial in the future. For this week, however, we could not do better than quote a few paragraphs from Father Ryan's letter.

It is dated from the Church of the Holy Name, Providence, R.I., and begins thus: "Judging from some copies of your valuable paper, which I often read, your sympathy is with the Irish Language Revival movement, now so progressing on both sides of the Atlantic. Here, in Providence, R.I., we have done a great deal already for the movement, having circulated considerable literature on the subject and succeeded in forming an Irish Language class, which now numbers close on 170 members, all eagerly studying the language and purchasing the Gaelic Journal and other literature. It is simply wonderful the enthusiasm with which these good Irishmen and women of Providence take to their fathers' fine but neglected tongue. We never dreamed of such success two months ago when we started our project. There is no reason why nearly every town or city in America could not do as much—and they will if the subject of the Irish language and literature is brought properly before them. I should like to write a few short articles for your paper did time permit, but at present it is impossible. For the past two or three months I have been writing letters and articles on this subject, and have been corresponding with many prominent Irish ecclesiastics on the movement."

After referring to the enthusiasm of some and the apathy of others—cases mentioned not for publication—our Reverend correspondent asks us to reproduce certain articles for the benefit of our Irish-Canadian readers. We will make it a point to do so as soon as space, not previously claimed, will allow us. We go another step and tell Father Ryan that we are with him heart and soul. There is no movement, that tends in any way to elevate our race, to increase their influence, to render them happier, or to gain for them the respect and admiration that their fine qualities deserve, but will receive our humble support.

The Celtic language is a rich mine of untold treasures. It is a soft, a musical a powerful medium of conveying thought. The most priceless works of our literature are lost to us, because we cannot read them in the original. To day there are young men who spend years in college studying Greek, in order to master that grand but dead language, and simply for the purpose of being able to read and appreciate the stately verse of Homer and the rolling periods of Demosthenes. Yet have we not poetry and prose in the Celtic language that may well be said to equal the grandest productions of the Hellenic writers? The works of Ossian alone—the translation of which thrills us with that wild, imagery of the great poet—must be surpassingly grand in the original. Winged with Celtic words, the poetry of Cona's bard, must seize upon the soul and whirl it off amongst the clouds, illumine it with the lightning of heaven, awaken it with the thunder of the hills, dazzle it with the golden hair of the day-god, soothe it with the music of the rill, charm it with the magic of nature's beauty, and lift it heavenward with the breath of gales that career unfettered toward the starry realms. Besides were not the Brehon laws written in the Celtic language? Are not the hymns and prayers of Patrick, Bridget, Columbkille and all the glorious company of saints, whose virtues gave a title to the Island, embalmed in that ancient language? "The Annals of the Four Masters" and all those priceless treasures of historic