

The True Witness

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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, JUNE 17, 1909.

VAGARIES OF DR. BRIGGS.

It is fast becoming a sin to attempt dealing with the printed output of the XXX type; but our moral code differs with the finding of pessimists and hate-souled danger signals.

Prof. Charles A. Briggs, erstwhile Presbyterian heretic, now an Episcopalian theologian, and ever a magazine philosopher, has a paper in the North American Review, which paper contains more ardent theological romance than could be found in fully a half-column of doctrinal matter as published in the Daily Witness.

According to Dr. Briggs, Modernism amongst us Catholics has a providential mission. We think so, too; for it is indirectly helping us to foreshadow the angel's work in Joseph's Valley, by separating the goats from the sheep. God, of course, permits Modernism to be, after the same manner as he accidentally permits chicken-thieving, "Orange Sentinism," and Christian Science.

"The battle between Modernism and the Papacy is raging all over the Christian world," he says; and, although he fails to know why, it is because the rats, to change our simile, have spread. One city is too small for a baker's dozen of toothy upstarts.

"The despotic attempts of the Curia to crush it have been in vain," he further remarks; but most likely Prof. Briggs has been fast asleep all the while on the hills that gathered in Van Winkle's dreams.

Citizens Loisy, Murri, both 22-shooters, and Tyrrell, formerly a Jupiter for blindmen and their publications, are stronger in the eyes of the Professor than the whole Church of Christ, and are, most likely, reincarnations of Fipshihai and his two first cousins in the moon, or, perhaps, lineal descendants of the men who were officially charged to polish Gulliver's traveling boots or to scour his snuff-box.

So much the better, Brother, if distinguished prelates are serving spies a hash of the kind the witches in Macbeth make; praise be! But no informer is needed to detect a man's folly and ignorance, when they are spread broadcast, with all the noise of reports from a camp-meeting or General Assembly, on how a preacher should keep his holy physog at full canonical length.

Cardinal Merry del Val is an intriguer and a mean one, according to poet Briggs; the Vatican officials, Monsignore Benigni, in particular, are tools, black-souled tools; but, then, gentle or worried reader, you know that ever since the Presbyterians farmed out Prof. Briggs to Bi-

shop Potter and the Episcopalians (as closer to Unitarianism), he has had informers and inquisitors on the brain, and "moonlight on the shutter." It is true Pius X. is, for the Doctor, a good, simple old man; but, then, you see, as the Pope has not any "Brigantine" genius, he gets all his opinions on man and events from spies. Here we may remark, for the benefit of our magazine theologian, that Vaticanism has no recourse to the atmosphere from which he has suffered, and by which he judges the world. It is a pity poor Dr. Briggs could not hold a General Council all by himself; Rev. semi-Rationalist Sabatier could, however, act as war correspondent, even as cook.

"Russia and Turkey, and even Persia and China" (why did he not mention the Alutian Islands?) "have been compelled by the modern spirit, etc., etc.," according to the thunder-god of New York; and so, you may judge what a church would be like, when trimmed after modes and fashions known only in the millinery shop of Briggs!

We have but little use for either the Czar or Abdul Hamid, the Shah or Pu-Yi the Celestial, but we do like a man who gets paid for his lines, to distinguish modernism from modernism, with, at least, a little of the cunning whereby and where-with the Man in the Moon can tell a rainy night from a Quaker meeting. If his sense of perception and classification will not permit him to differentiate Loisy from a "Young Turk" or a Mongolian "Boxer," he might as well save us the trouble of seeing his theology even in the North American Review; and, if he considers the handful of Modernists as men, while he is pleased to view the Pope, our Bishops and clergy, with the rest of Catholics, as either weaklings, tools, simpletons, slaves, or informers, then we take off our hat and say, "Thanks, Briggs!—Yes, thanks, Briggs, the compliment is too prodigious!"

But, after all, we are surprised to see that the doctor cannot grasp the Holy Father's motives in having the Canon Law thoroughly codified; surprised again are we that he can take our little "Higher Crickets" seriously. We had grown to believe he was a fairly good student; even if we were ready for his own Modernistic vagaries. It is enough to make a whirlwind scrupulous, to see how egregiously he mistakes Modernism for what is just its opposite. To tell the truth, he writes as competently about it as Rev. Dr. Hodges can treat of Mariolatry; as unconcernedly as Preacher John L. Scudder, of New Jersey, can provide vaudeville in church.

True, Dr. Briggs is a pleasant writer, when he handles subjects he has mastered; but, in the present instance, as, in fact, whenever he deals with questions pertaining to Catholic dogma and Church polity, he is an astoundingly lamentable failure. When he deals with ecclesiasticism, he is as successful as those literary critics are, who can manage to hear poetic song, when, in reality, they hear (or should hear) but a smithy's hammer make music on a split anvil.

"It is no longer a battle between Protestants and Roman Catholics," he says, and that is quite true, we think. Most of the preachers who to-day publish their views on theology in magazines, to instance one class of offenders, are purely and simply semi-infidels or spouting Agnostics, who blasphemously caricature the Gospel for a name and for a livelihood. As poorly read and as prejudiced as the men of the old school were, they, at least, believed in the infinitely unimpeachable Divinity of Our Lord Jesus.

Dr. Briggs intimates that Modernists want to reform the Church from within. Is that why some of them are running after poor foolish women? Pity the unfortunate girls who may get such manikins for a husband! As in the case of the rev. Chicago blackguard-excommunicate, they may prepare to face the infernal horrors of the divorce court. Even a sinful daughter of Eve could not live in a cage with a jackal.

Thanks, Briggs! In spite of what you think of the Modernists, and in spite of what you deem the Holy Father and our Bishops and clergy to be; in spite of the pigmies who pilfer the book-treasures of the intellectual, if erring, stewards of the Rhine, the spotless Spouse of Christ, the ever-abiding Church of our Fathers, shall stand in the face of Hell, shall continue to suppress ridiculous little theology joke-writers and the whole Scripture school of Lilliput. She needs no heretics in her womb; her children shall ever obey her; our desire shall always be to have our dust mingle with the martyr-dust of Rome, while she shall go on with her glorious mission cheered with the Balm of

Gilead that is hers through the promise of Jesus Christ.

PADRAIG.

"T. S. B." AND HIS GOSSIP.

In a previous communication I had occasion to say a little of what I think of "T.S.B.," the gossip-monger who sends the Montreal Star a weekly supply of two-cent old-woman talk, and which, when gathered together in a column or so, each Saturday is called "Our Irish Letter."

"Shame-us" MacManus, erstwhile anti-Irish correspondent of Sir Hugh Graham's paper, was seemingly entrusted with the task of helping the "Shinn-Faners" ostensibly, in order to stab Redmond and the Nationalists in the back all the more effectively. "T.S.B.," however, caters in another way; his mission seems to be the very noble one of trying to malign Ireland's enviable reputation for scarcity of crime. His "Irish Letter" for Saturday, June 12, in this year of Humbug, is an instance of what appears to be his aims and motives. His dozen and a half paragraphs respectively deal with: (1) Wrists for recovery of rent; (2), a fight between an old aunt and her nephew; (3) police armed with all the weapons of a highway robber; (4) a house-breaking old woman; (5) the finding of somebody's lost skull (perhaps "T.S.B.'s"); (6) William O'Brien nonsense; (7) a wandering "Suffragette"; (8) an old woman found dead in her house; (9) taxes; (10) a public-house brawl; (11) Clonmel justice silently commended; (12) a drowned policeman; (13) a successful hit of Clanricarde, the villainous old landlord; (14) Irish soldiers wanted, to stand in front of their English fellows in case of war; (15) blackthorn sticks; (16) unsuccessful candidates for old-age pensions; (17) Local Petty Courts; (18) Lunatic Asylums; (19) police and people.

Now, with such a weekly menu, better on the Saturday we allude to above than more than generally, what do the Star people imagine we Irish are? Have they nothing better to give us? Canadians are getting enough of England's immigrant off-scourings: we can all do without the kind of letters "T.S.B." sends. But, then, you see, he appeals to old women and gossips, evidently. The interested public reader does not seem to care!

PADRAIG.

WHAT WOULD IRELAND DO?

The Chicago Citizen undertakes to lecture the jingo Englishmen and threatens them with direful happenings in the event of a war with Germany; the loss of Ireland, for instance. "Of course we would not object," adds the Citizen, "provided the Germans turned Ireland over to the Irish." Well, of all the round-about roads to Home Rule the Citizen has certainly chosen the longest. Just imagine the tenacious Teuton letting go anything he closed his mailed hand on. Fine fellow, the German, but why suggest that the fire is more comfortable than the frying pan?

WESTERN CATHOLIC POPULATION.

La Verite is authority for the statement that in the ecclesiastical province of St. Boniface, composed of the diocese of St. Boniface, St. Albert, Prince Albert and the vicariate of Athabasca, there is a Catholic population of 219,173, of which number there are 30,471 whose native tongue is English. It would have been interesting if the statistics included the number speaking French and other tongues. At all events it is evident that the English-speaking Catholic population of the west is surprisingly small.

A DIFFERENCE IN RACING.

The Toronto Globe is well calculated to please saint and sinner. It has a dominion to edit its views and a horseman to control its sporting news. One preaches nice Monday morning sermons and the other is to be found at the race tracks in official capacity. So far so good. The Globe gives all the news of Woodbine and chats pleasantly of Blue Bonnets, not overlooking the odds. These race meets are, it appears, sanctioned affairs, sanctioned by a turf body, therefore legal and thoroughly proper. But now that a group of "outlaws" is giving a meeting at Dufferin Park, the Globe loudly proclaims that they are operating under a dormant charter and loudly cries for the police. As there will probably be a sufficient group of Yiddish bookies at Dufferin Park to clutch, if they can, whatever easy money is offered, the bystander is rather puzzled to know what makes racing legal at Woodbine and illegal at Dufferin Park.

FOUNDER OF THE HOLY NAME.

Branches of the Holy Name Society are so numerous throughout Canada and the United States, and, indeed, have become so thoroughly identified with parochial work that they convey the impression to the present generation that they have existed for a much longer period than really is the case. The work done by these societies is of such incalculable benefit, both to the community at large and to the individual, it is not extraordinary when the suggestion that parishioners should join, if not already members, is made a feature of every retreat and mission. The frequent communion and the reparation made for profanity has ennobled the society in the eyes of man, how much greater, then, must it be in the eyes of the Most High. The man who founded this excellent organization passed to his reward last Sunday afternoon, dying in his home in New York after an illness of some weeks. His name is Stephen Therry, a name that should be long remembered. The society which Mr. Therry founded was organized in New York in 1854 in the parishes of the Immaculate Conception and St. Francis Xavier. From a small beginning it has developed until to-day there are more than a million Catholics enrolled under the banner of the Holy Name. Mr. Therry was born in Limerick in 1832. He was a member of the Board of Education of New York and one of the trustees of the City College. As men are known by their works, the memory of this man will be for ever blessed.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Names are curious things after all and not always proper indexes. As an instance, Mgr. Grosch lectured upon the Fulham Pageant, as told by our London correspondent, and was spoken of in the Church Times as "a Monsignore with the fine old English name of Grosch." Naturally the insinuation that he was not English interested the reverend lecturer and in a note to the Catholic Times he undertakes to explain things. He writes: "An apology for nationality must always be superfluous. Our birth-land is an incident in our career for which we are in no way responsible. Names, too, which matter very little, are, as a rule, inheritances of themselves, reflecting neither personal credit nor discredit upon their bearers. Front my name, some judge me to be German. I should be quite content to be, but I am not. For three generations on the paternal side my forebears are English, i.e., born in England and living here—all Protestants. I regret to say, with the exception of my father, who became a Catholic more than forty years before he died. On the maternal side, I am hopelessly Irish from an old Irish stock of Western Ireland, all Catholics, thank God, who, for all I know, may have descended from Brian Boru or some other Irish warrior. But prized above all, though entirely unmerited, is sonship of the Holy Catholic Church, transcending all nationality and ennobling the humblest and the least."

A MASONIC FAILURE.

Recently there was told in the columns of the True Witness of the machinations of the Sugar Trust by which the Government of the United States was defrauded of customs duty aggregating two millions of dollars. An interesting side light on the affair is to be found in Senate Document, No. 60, a Congressional record. This paper relates the various circumstances of the affair, but the particular point of interest rests in the story told by Special Agent Parr, who had been detailed to investigate the scales at the Brooklyn piers; Spitzer was the man of authority on the docks. Parr goes on to tell what happened when Spitzer discovered that the game of the false scales had been unearthed: "He took me by the arm and walked with me a few paces and said, 'We will have to fix this thing up, and not expose this thing and get a lot of people into trouble.' I said that if there was any trouble it was their own fault, and he said that was all right, that we would have to fix it up; that there was a lot of Masons around here, and they would all be in trouble if the thing was exposed, and he talked along that line for some time."

Then Spitzer tried to induce Parr's assistant to take a hand in the game and Parr tells the committee that he had overheard Spitzer say to the assistant: "We are all Masons, and this thing has got to be fixed up." The "thing" was not fixed up, the evidence being so conclusive that the trust paid up, being in so deeply that no Masonic influence could save it when the facts were made public.

Under the caption "Canada's Resurrection," the Catholic Columbian publishes a contribution signed by a name unmistakably Irish in origin. The writer informs his readers that the last English regular troops used for garrison purposes in Canada were sent home last month. He adds

WARM WEATHER WISDOM

Eat discreetly, exercise lightly, and wear cool clothing. We only supply food for thought and exercise for judgment; but when it comes to Summer attire we're here with the goods. Don't wait till your vacation begins and buy in a hurry at the last minute or run the chance of getting what you want away from home. We know the taste of our citizens better than a stranger.

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that in the Canadian papers to hand he finds expressions of joy because of the departure of these troops. From this lead the reader is conveyed through successive stages of "independence" to "some form of union with the United States," and we are told that American influence, "already powerful in Canada," will bring this to pass. This is all very interesting and is, no doubt, intensely pleasing to a section of United States citizens, but that section is, after all, rather gullible. What the destiny of Canada is one is not prepared to say in an off-hand manner. Not being possessed of a prophetic spirit, the writer is not tempted to venture into the realms of fancy. Yet one may express hopes that annexation to the United States will not be its destiny; at least, not until the Republic will have mended its ways. We possess perfect liberty in Canada and are not limited by the restrictions of democracy, which, in their way, are as unpleasant as penal laws. There we have a country much given to law making yet shockingly deficient in maintaining such laws; we find, for instance, that in ten years 966 persons were lynched. A country where one divorces with almost as much facility as one goes shopping hardly appeals to the Catholic mind—not but that in this instance there is considerable room for improvement in Canada. Trust methods and unending strife between capital and labor cannot appeal to a peaceful people. Race war, night raidings and shameless graft are undesirable from our point of view; in the latter sin the close proximity of evil companions has to some extent corrupted Canadian manners, we must frankly confess. Land of liberty! Rather land of bigotry where Catholics may fight for, die for, struggle for the country most generously, but may aid in its government only most sparingly. There is much to command admiration in the United States, but there is also much that is insufferable. We are not perfect in this country, but we are secure in the possession of constitutional rights which makes Canada truly a favored country. There is a destiny to be worked out in this northern land, and it will be consummated by Canadians for Canadians.

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LAVAL'S ART TREASURES. Through the news of the theft of two valuable paintings from the gallery of Laval University at Quebec, many persons have now learned for the first time that one of the most interesting collections of art in America is established at the great educational institution. There are some fine collections in Canada, particularly in Montreal, where the collections of Sir George Drummond, Mr. James Ross, Mr. E. B. Green-shields and others, are of considerable artistic merit and intrinsic value, but in historical value and noted association the collection at Quebec surpasses all the private collections. Monetary consideration is of small moment in comparison to art value, but it is a standard of appreciation; for that reason the statement made by Mr. Purves-Carter, who has had charge of the renovation and retouching of the Laval pictures, that the collection is valued at \$2,000,000, will offer a fair idea of the worth of the art treasures of the university. There are but two other universities in the British Empire which possess art collections, namely Oxford and Cambridge.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT appears to have been rather a popular form of investment, even more so than the Police Department, judging by the whisperings from the Royal Commission. That Parisian funeral makes it quite apparent that not all vanity is dead yet. How many hungry mouths could have been filled even for a tithe of the cost of the monstrous extravagance.

We may say to the Catholic Register, which shudders over the exposure of Montreal's sins, that it is not quite so bad as it is painted, and that a near view reveals some pleasant bits in the picture. Lady Aberdeen has done a great deal for the Irish lace industry and her efforts to improve the physical condition of the land of which she is vicereine deserve encouragement by all Irishmen.

That young man who does not believe in the story of Adam and Eve and the Immaculate Conception, and doubts the divinity of Christ, yet is good enough for the Presbyterian ministry, indicates a new trend of disbelief.

Told of King Edward. Father E. Roulin, priest-in-charge of the French settlement at Fley (Yorkshire), has related a charming story of the King's interest in the exiled French nuns. Seeing at a railway station two French nuns proceeding to find refuge in England his Majesty called the station master and said to him: "I want this point these Catholic nuns will travel in a first-class carriage and will pay nothing."

EDITORIAL NOTES. The large number of persons that participated in the various Corpus Christi processions on Sunday show plainly that the faith is firm and active in this metropolitan city.

St. Anthony's parish celebrated its silver jubilee this week. There have been many changes during twenty-five years and they have all been in a forward direction. We must inspect our export beef closely, but recent decisions make it

Advertisement for Ab-Effer-vescent. Includes text: "There is no Catholic Encyclopedia now being one-third the contents of the 'Encyclopaedia' and in every standard of the four 'Doubt,' by 'Dynamism,' and 'T.B., Ph.D.,' and 'Energy,' by M. Litt. D., M.A., a worthy. 'Euch' D.D., Ph.D., 'E' 'Eschatology,' D., and 'Divorc' kull, S.J., are articles in the Biographical Hunt, 'Donatelli' 'Direr,' by 'Dossi' and 'George Charles' are the great C. find a place in y 'Duns Scotus,' Minges, O.F.M., 'Dryden,' by Ar perhaps the most the field of litera phy. The papacy is gene I-V," is Horace K. Mann Loughlin, S.T.D. article on, 'Dion' Arapogait," by J., is an interest field of patrology by J. Besson, 'munication,' by are the principal Canon Law, with Charles L. Souva S.T.D., Ph.D., 'Duffy, S.S., A.M. L.' 'Epistle to t Ladeuze, S.T.D., the Bible," by A. among the Script come within the of volume five. 'Eastern Churc Fortesque, D.D., I complete conspect the Eastern Chris ism," by Joseph D es that of the an history is taken up 'Egypt,' by H. 'Ethiopia,' by M. 'England,' by He J., and William 'Ethics,' by V. C. luminated expositio and the article on J. Maas, S.J., is the scholarly way jects are considere podia. Among the num general interest, an deal to all man, be lution," by E. W. H. Muckermann, S. the Blind," by Jos S.J., and 'Ecclesi' George Charles W. and Herbert Lucas. THE PLENAR All who have at h of the Church and realize the full imp coming Plenary Co at Quebec, next Se procure a copy of a work, by Rev. A. I of Mary, entitled 'C Council of Canada,' the first place, not cils, explain the and their duties of their regard, and it beautiful formula, p votional, most insp to seven parts for week, and calling fold gifts of the H the deliberations c and others who may in. Father Mangin to the fact that th quired to do their s for their spiritual an exalted idea of the providential par play in the develop of the Church. "His the late Mgr. Duham an instruction and. The lamented Arch wa, in fact, warmly little volume, granti of fifty days for est tained therein, and accompanying the I tion, read on Trinit his clergy to see th made its way into e archdiocese. It same indulgences fr bishops of Montrea face, and the Bishop