

The True Witness

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noon.

Correspondence intended for publica-
tion must have name of writer enclosed,
not necessarily for publication but as a
mark of good faith, otherwise it will not
be published.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST SOL-
ICITED.

**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 Cath-
olic 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 at-
tempt dealing with the printed out-
put of the XXX type; but our moral
code differs with the finding of re-
sistants and hate-souled "danger sig-
nals."

Prof. Charles A. Briggs, erstwhile
Presbyterian heretic, now an Epis-
copalian theologian, and ever a mag-
azine philosopher, has a paper in the
North American Review, which pa-
per contains more ardent theological
romance than could be found in ful-
ly a half-column of doctrinal matter
as published in the Daily Witness.
Nor are we exaggerating, even if the
statement we make is, indeed, as-
tounding.

According to Dr. Briggs, Modern-
ism amongst us Catholics has a pro-
vidential mission. We think so, too;
for it is indirectly helping us to
foreshadow the angel's work in Je-
hoshaphat's Valley, by separating the
goats from the sheep. God, of
course, permits Modernism to be, af-
ter the same manner as he accident-
ally 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 Cu-
ria 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 pub-
lications, are stronger in the eyes of
the Professor than the whole Church
of Christ, and are, most likely, re-
incarnations of Pishihili 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 in-
triguer 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 Presby-
terians fanned 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 shut-
ter." 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 theo-
logian, that Vaticanism has no re-
course 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 Per-
sia and China" (why did he not
mention the Aleutian Islands?) "have
been compelled by the modern spirit,
etc., etc.," according to the thun-
der-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 meet-
ing. 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 con-
siders 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; sur-
prised again are we that he can take
our little "Higher Crickets" serious-
ly. We had grown to believe he
was a fairly good student; even if
we were ready for his own Modern-
istic 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 compe-
tently about it as Rev. Dr. Hodges
can treat of Mariolatry; as uncon-
cerned as Preacher John L. Scud-
der, of New Jersey, can provide va-
udeville in church.

True, Dr. Briggs is a pleasant
writer, when he handles subjects he has
mastered; but, in the present in-
stance, as, in fact, whenever he deals
with questions pertaining to Catho-
lic 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 the
ology in magazines, to instance one
class of offenders, are purely and
simply semi-infidels or spouting Ag-
nostics, who blasphemously carica-
ture 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 Di-
vinity of Our Lord Jesus.

Dr. Briggs intimates that Modern-
ists want to reform the Church from
within. Is that why some of them
are running after poor foolish wo-
men? 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
plaster the book-treasures of the in-
tellectual, if erring, stewards be-
yond the Rhine, the spotless Spouse
of Christ, the ever-abiding Church
of our Fathers, shall stand in the
face of Hell, shall continue to sup-
press ridiculous little theology joke-
writers and the whole Scripture
school of Lilliput. She needs no he-
retics 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 pro-
mise 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-mong-
er who sends the Montreal Star a
weekly supply of two-cent old-wo-
man talk, and which, when gathered
together in a column or so, each
Saturday is called "Our Irish Let-
ter."

"Shame-us" MacManus, erstwhile
anti-Irish correspondent of Sir Hugh
Graham's paper, was seemingly en-
trusted with the task of helping the
"Shinn-Faners" ostensibly, in order
to stab Redmond and the National-
ists in the back all the more ef-
fectively. "T.S.B.," however, car-
ters 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) Writs 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-break-
ing old woman; (5) the finding of
somebody's lost skull (perhaps "T.
S.B.'s"); (6) William O'Brien non-
sense; (7) a wandering "Suffra-
gette"; (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 success-
ful 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 bet-
ter to give us? Canadians are get-
ting 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 GAIN?

The Chicago Citizen undertakes to
lecture the jingo Englishmen and
threatens them with direful happen-
ings in the event of a war with
Germany; the loss of Ireland, for in-
stance. "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 Ci-
tizen has certainly chosen the long-
est. 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 POPULA- TION.

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 vi-
cariate of Athabasca, there is a Cath-
olic population of 219,173, of
which number there are 30,471 whose
native tongue is English. It would
have been interesting if the statis-
tics included the number speaking
French and other tongues. At all
events it is evident that the Eng-
lish-speaking Catholic population of
the west is surprisingly small.

A DIFFERENCE IN RACING.

The Toronto Globe is well calcu-
lated 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 ap-
pears, 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 op-
erating 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 So-
ciety 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 pre-
sent generation that they have ex-
isted for a much longer period than
really is the case. The work done
by these societies is of such incalcu-
lable benefit, both to the communi-
ty at large and to the individual, it
is not extraordinary when the sug-
gestion 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 profan-
ity 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 Con-
ception and St. Francis Xavier.
From a small beginning it has de-
veloped until to-day there are more
than a million Catholics enrolled un-
der 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 lec-
turer 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 lit-
tle, are, as a rule, inheritances of
themselves, reflecting neither person-
al credit nor discredit upon their
bearers. From 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 Eng-
lish, i.e., born in England and living
here—all Protestants. I regret to
say, with the exception of my fa-
ther, 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 Se-
nate Document, No. 60, a Congres-
sional record. This paper relates
the various circumstances of the af-
fair, but the particular point of in-
terest 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," he
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 Res-
tiveness," 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 con-
veyed through successive stages of "in-
dependence" 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, intense-
ly pleasing to a section of United
States citizens, but that section is,
after all, rather glib. What the
destiny of Canada is one is not pre-
pared 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 an-
nexation 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 coun-
try 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 di-
vores 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 raids 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 man-
ners, 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 gov-
ernment 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 con-
stitutional rights which makes Can-
ada truly a favored country. There
is a destiny to be worked out in
this northern land, and it will be
consummated by Canadians for Can-
adians.

seem that Canadians at home are
not to be so particular as John Bull
whose famous roast beef of Old Eng-
land often comes from Canada.

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 mon-
strous extravagance.

We may say to the Catholic Re-
gister, which shudders over the ex-
posure 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 Presby-
terian ministry, indicates a new trend
of disbelief.

Told of King Edward.

Father E. Roulin, priest-in-charge
of the French settlement at Fliley
(Yorkshire), has related a char-
ming 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 mas-
ter and said to him: "I want this
point these Catholic nuns will travel
in a first-class carriage and will
pay nothing."

We must inspect our export beef
closely, but recent decisions make it

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