

The True Witness

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Just as we go to press the final arrangements with regard to the future of the TRUE WITNESS are being completed. But, unfortunately, we are unable to give our readers the results in this issue. We feel positive that the countless difficulties that have had to be overcome, and the unforeseen obstacles that sprang up—unexpectedly—in our path will be accepted by our friends as sufficient reason for our delay in stating our exact position and unfolding our programme for the future. It has been a perilous passage over the sand-bars and shoals—the dangers are now in our wake, the calm waters spread out, as far as the eye can scan, before us. The *Antigonish Casket* pays us the following graceful compliment; we hope to deserve it in the future: "The English-speaking Catholics of Canada could ill afford to lose so able and fearless an organ as the TRUE WITNESS has proved itself to be under its present editor."

ACCORDING to a despatch sent from Chicago, by the Rev. Canon Bruchesi, to the Hon. L. P. Pelletier, Provincial Secretary, the School Exhibit from the Province of Quebec has been awarded seventy-five medals at the World's Fair. We have already spoken at considerable length of the great evidence given of our splendid system and the matchless teachers, especially in the religious orders, that we possess. It is not out of place, however, to hold up this grand result as an object lesson, and to place it, in glaring contrast, side by side, with the assertions of a certain class of so-called educators who can find nothing better to do than to run down our system, ridicule our teachers and cast slurs upon the institutions that are the brightest ornaments of our Canadian nationhood. Too much praise cannot be given to Rev. Canon Bruchesi for the able manner in which he conducted our school exhibits. The work which he undertook was gigantic, but he went about it with an energy and a will both of which are indomitable, while he brought to bear a rich fund of resources and the numerous talents for which he is so celebrated. The thanks of the Catholic institutions are due to him in unbounded measure, and he has earned the gratitude of all true Canadians for the honor he has done this country in presence of the united representatives of the world.

COL. BOB INGERSOLL, the atheist, is now attempting to shield the nakedness of his theories under the cloak of an agnostic. Speaking of the immortality of the soul, he says: "All I can say about immortality is this: There was a time when I was not, after that I was, now I am, and it may be that it is no more wonderful that I should continue forever, now that I have a start, than it was that I should begin." Evidently Ingersoll does not pretend to know anything positive upon the question of immortality.

and if he cannot have an assurance that he is not to exist after death, now in reason's name, can he have an assurance that there is no God, no Eternal Being? Who told him that there was a time when he "was not?" He seems positive on that score. He is also pretty certain that he is to-day. Then if he has no assurance as to his continuance in existence, would it not be the wiser course to so act that in case there is a future he may not be taken unpleasantly by surprise? The atheist is a negative creature; his existence a vacuum. He denies without being able to substantiate his denial, and he disbelieves while believing. "Nature abhors a vacuum," and God despises a negative life. The one is as useless as the other in the plan of creation. If Ingersoll exists to-day, why should he not exist throughout the future?

EPISCOPAL Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, of Buffalo, has taken upon himself to address a very insulting and undignified letter to Mgr. Satolli. According to Father Cronin this is not the Bishop's first attempt in the same line. He succeeded admirably, in the days of the ever-to-be-lamented Pontiff, Pius IX. in splendidly illustrating the greatness of the Vicar of Christ in contrast with the insignificance of his assailant. In his last effusion Bishop Coxe makes a number of threats and promises a series of letters. He is good enough to put Mgr. Satolli upon his guard and to let him know of the thunderbolts that this Vulcan of religious frenzy is forging in the smithy of his library. Had it not been that Bishop Coxe took the trouble to indict his open letter it is probable that Mgr. Satolli would never have heard of his existence; and Bishop Coxe is not a man to "hide his light under a bushel"—even if it be a "farthing light." He has, however, proven one thing most conclusively; that is he has given positive evidence of his own egotism. Take for example the following remarks: "I cannot permit your intrusive and gratuitous teachings to be placed before my people etc." And who is "I"? What people are his exclusive property? Who asked his permission? "My people profess the Catholic religion." So your special people profess the Catholic religion! But do they practise it? Do you put its maxims into practice, yourself? You are fond, dear Bishop Coxe, of professing; you must be a regular professor—so dictatory is your language that it savors much of an untrained or tyro professor. Speaking of the Jesuits you kindly inform Mgr. Satolli that you are "the antagonist of that corrupt society." Do you mean thereby that you are their only antagonist, or their principal antagonist,—because the article "the" indicates a special antagonist? The Jesuits have always considered "the world, the devil, and the flesh" as their antagonists. Which of these do you claim to be? Or, are you the three in one? You then add: "So are thousands of professed Roman Catholics," (the antagonists of the Jesuits.) That

may be the case; but professed Roman Catholics are not practical Roman Catholics. That professing comes in badly again. You intend proving that it is "the duty of all free people," "to banish the Jesuits from their coasts." Did it ever strike you that a free people might have a decided repugnance toward yourself and your mischievous doctrines? Don't try to play "Box and Cox" with the Jesuits, or Mgr. Satolli; you may miss your beacon and frying pan some fine morning.

NOT many weeks ago the ill-fated Mayor of Chicago, Carter Harrison, made use of these words on the occasion of mayor's day celebration: "For the man is now born, and I myself have taken a new lease of life, and I believe I shall see the day when Chicago will be the biggest city in America, and the third city on the face of the globe." Even in that hour he was dreaming of future happiness, of domestic bliss, of perpetual fame; but he forgot that there is a Ruler who consults not the plans of men, but who regulates life and death according to His own purposes. There are a few words in the inimitable Imitation that we should recall whenever we are tempted to calculate too confidently upon the future: *Hodie homo est, et cras non comparet*; "Man is here to-day, but to-morrow he disappears." "Like a thief in the night," and generally when least expected, Death knocks at our door. There is a solemn lesson to be learned from the unpropitious words of the unfortunate gentleman whose days were cut so suddenly short and in such a lamentable manner. We should never calculate on life; for as the poet says: "There is nothing true but Heaven."

THE Anarchist is abroad, in one hand a bomb, and in the other a dagger. The cable brings us news of continued outrages perpetrated by these enemies of society. In Barcelona a bomb was found on the Plaza Real, when the Spanish troops were marching past; in the town of Villeneuve, on the Mediterranean, confusion reigned when an explosion took place; Marseilles has known a panic from an attempt to blow up the residence of General Mathelin; one day it is in a theatre, the next day it is on a crowded thoroughfare; most unexpectedly and most frequent come the reports. With murderous cranks on the one hand, and equally dangerous Anarchists on the other, it is difficult to say where the outrages against all laws, human and divine, are to end. There is scarcely a place on the face of the earth to-day where perfect safety reigns. Whose the fault? Is it the State or the Church that is responsible? We do not hesitate to assert that the infidel writers, the irreligious politicians, the immoral authors, the communistic journalists, and the inculcators of false principles are responsible for the evil spirit that they have conjured up, and the world owes them no gratitude for their work. The secularisation of education, the

wiping out of divine authority, the ignoring of God on the part of rulers and would-be rulers have brought us to this sad pass. Every Anarchist bomb fired against a representative of civil or military authority, is only a reply to thunderbolts hurled by infidel statesmen against the representatives of Divine authority. The world wants safety; then let it respect the voice of the only unerring protector that the world possesses.

THERE is trouble at Hazeldeene, near Ottawa, in the Anglican Church of the place. The Rev. W. H. Halley had the audacity to appear in a cassock before his congregation. Recently a Bishop's chair was purchased for that temple, but it was found (fearful to relate!) that there was a cross upon the chair. The pious congregation insisted on the cross being removed, and a chisel was brought, and the sign of redemption was hacked to pieces. So great was Rev. Mr. Halley's crime—the wearing of a cassock—that Mr. Thomas Hodgins, M.P. for Carleton, actually left the church. Mr. Hodgins evidently is no better posted in church etiquette than he was once in Parliamentary rules. Mr. Hodgins was elected by an accident against Mr. George Dickenson, simply because Mr. Hodgins was a better Orangeman and looked a little less city-fied than the far more eligible Mr. Dickenson. Mr. Hodgins came to the House and we remember well the figure he cut when the first vote was taken during the session of 1891. Mr. H. knew that he was a Conservative, felt that he should vote with the Government, but he sat on a back opposition seat, and the vote was on an amendment, and to vote "yea" was to vote "nay" as far as the main motion was concerned; so Mr. H. was totally non-plussed, and any of our readers who were then present cannot fail to recall the scene. But since then Mr. H. has been studying up a little, and has found that a cassock on a clergyman is a dangerous piece of cloth, and a cross upon a Bishop's chair is a menace to the peace of the community. But Mr. H. is not a *connaisseur* in matters of church regalia; during the time of the debate on the "Jesuit Estate Bill," two ecclesiastics from the University of Ottawa passed through the lobby of the House, and we remember the astonishment upon the faces of the awe-stricken circle of parliamentarians, who were talking at the post office, when a porter informed them that "two real live Jesuits" had gone up to the gallery. Probably Rev. Mr. Halley's cassock reminded Mr. Hodgins of the nearest approach to a Jesuit that he had ever seen; and the cross, perhaps, recalled to his mind the half hidden weapons—of the same form—that the aforesaid Oblate Brothers carried in their girdles. *O, Temporal O, Mores!* The wisdom of Hazeldeene surpasses all our philosophy.

There are two kinds of unhappy people in the world—those who are sad because they are not known, and those who are miserable because they are known too well.