

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.
(LIMITED)
252 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.
P. O. Box 1135.

MS. and all other communications intended for publication or notice, should be addressed to the Editor, and all business and other communications to the Managing Director, True Witness P. & P. Co., Ltd., P. O. Box 1135.
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Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00.
Canada, United States and Newfoundland, \$1.00.
Terms payable in advance.
New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1896

SOME BASELESS CONCLUSIONS.

Not without justification does the Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia complain of the perversion by Protestant writers of the defeat of the Conservative Catholics of the Province of Quebec. In the Review of Reviews, the editor, referring to the elections, under the heading "The Progress of the World," says that "the ecclesiastical drum was beaten might and main; while the doctrine that a Catholic citizen must vote as his priest tells him was asserted with the most uncompromising emphasis." Then after setting forth the result of the elections in this province the writer thus comments: "The worm has turned at last with a vengeance." How one-sided, prejudiced and ignorant any one must be who could have written such a criticism, intelligent Canadian readers, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, need not be told. There is a type of Christian of the Uriah Heep variety that is prone to pick opprobrious epithets from their proper context in the Bible and to apply them to their friends and themselves. "Worm" is one of their favorites when they go in for practising this mock humility. Probably some of our readers have heard of the young man who, when reproachfully reminded that it was the early bird that caught the worm, asked how it went with the early worm. No person, in sound health of mind and body, likes to be compared to a creature so lowly, however useful it may be in the scheme of creation, and to characterize the Catholics of Quebec as reduced by ecclesiastical tyranny to the condition of anything so mean and contemptible is at once impertinent and absurd. We regret the appearance of the passage reproduced by the Standard even more than our contemporary, for it cuts us to the quick. If it had been published in some A. P. A. organ we might regard it with equanimity, for there is nothing too ignominious and despicable for the bigots of that society when they speak or write of Catholics. Some time ago we had the pleasure of pointing out in the pages of the True Witness with what disdain their views are regarded by all respectable American Protestants. We cannot help being surprised, therefore, that language betraying such lack of knowledge, judgment and good taste should be published in a periodical that pretends to be above mere vulgar appeals to religious passions. Indeed, although the founder and chief proprietor and editor of the Review of Reviews holds some curious spiritualistic notions in lieu of a creed the very title of his monthly implies a profession of impartiality and fair play in dealing with the questions of the hour. The Catholic Standard and Times deserves our thanks for so promptly disabusing its readers as to the misleading conclusions of the Review of Reviews. The Catholic bishops and priests of Quebec did no more than what Catholics do everywhere when they have wrongs to redress—comes to the front and speak their minds honestly and openly. As for the electors they interpret the advice of their pastors—each, according to his own idea of the right or expedient of the case. The Standard then sums the matter up in these words: "That the vast majority of the Quebec electors believe that Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, the Catholic French-

Canadian, is the best man to settle the question, is a fact which demands no small ingenuity to distort into a revolt of the down-trodden worm." The argument carries, indeed, its own refutation, for who would believe that an electorate that showed so much independence had only just been emancipated from a thralldom such as the Review of Reviews imagines to have existed? The truth is that, as a defection from the Conservative side, the vote has been exaggerated even in Canada. Instead of being a sudden turn over *en masse*, it was in reality only a following up of a movement begun in 1891 and was mainly due to that tide in the affairs of the Liberal party which taken at the full led on to fortune. That it was in any sense a revolt against the authority of the Church no Catholic has the slightest ground for believing; and if there is any Catholic who is disposed to countenance such a notion, he is either sadly misinformed or is unworthy of the name that he bears. Gross as is the misrepresentation in the Review of Reviews to which the Catholic Standard and Times drew attention, it is of trivial importance compared with the travesty to which the Presbyterian Record, of Toronto, has thought proper to commit itself. The paper in question, which is said to be the organ of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, has made the elections of June last the subject of what may be called a manifesto containing a platform and plan of campaign. This manifesto is of peculiar interest as disclosing the attitude of a considerable number of Protestants towards the Church to which the majority of our readers belong. We do not believe that all Protestants hold opinions so perverse. To some of the more thoughtful and fair-minded we venture to say that such views would be extremely distasteful. But that many hold them is a melancholy fact that cannot be disputed. The Record alludes to see in the result of the elections in this Province, so far as it was "a revolt of the people from ecclesiastical control," a cause both for encouragement and for alarm. The editor, first of all, sets himself to establish the fact of the revolt. This, he says, is "patent to all." The hierarchy threw their influence in one direction; yet the people deliberately voted in the opposite. What is this, he asks, but the expression of a revolution in sentiment? We need not repeat all the inferences that the Record draws from the premises that it takes for granted. If they were true, Mr. Laurier's position, notwithstanding his triumph, would be far from enviable. Long ago it was said that men are inclined to believe that which they eagerly desire. The Record sees in the growing outspokenness of the French-Canadian press, and in the increasing success of French evangelization, signs that heralded the great revolt.

But what does it mean, this revolt from the authority of the Church? In answering this question, the Record's tone is not entirely that of exultation. It is forced to admit that such revolts have not always been a gain to Protestantism. Frenchmen especially, when their faith is shaken in the dogmas of the Church, are seldom induced to enter any sectarian fold. What the Record calls "evangelical religion" has, as a rule, no charms for the Frenchman who has cast off the restraints of his mother's creed. The sophistry by which he has tried to convince himself that he can do without the solemnity, the beauty, the solace of his own Church's divine offices, is futile in supplying him with a substitute. The frigid services of Puritanism go but a small way in compensating for the glorious privileges that he has lost by his apostasy. If it is so-called freedom that he yearned for, he is not likely to assume obligations more galling than his own clergy ever dreamed of imposing. Having found the ordered liberty of Catholicism too heavy a yoke, he will not willingly submit to Sabbatarian tyranny. Logic, moreover, forces him to abandon the less when he obtains the greater. Should the revolt become general, therefore, there is a peril—a terrible peril, as to which history is not without warnings—in which Protestants not less than Catholics would share. For if in more than a century and a third the ever increasing French-Canadian population has yielded only a few thousands of Protestants, what is likely to happen if the bands of authority should become generally relaxed and the whole French-Canadian community showed revolt from the Church? Even the Record acknowledges that such a prospect is not free from alarm. To prevent such a consummation it proposes that Protestantism should put on its aggressive armor and seize the present opportunity of giving French Canada the Gospel! These are the conclusions that have been drawn from the June elections by one organ of Protestant opinion. Are they to be taken seriously, or have the Catholics who are on the winning side any idea of the significance attributed to their victory by this voice of the strongest of the Protestant denominations?

Joseph Martin is pulling all kinds of wires to get the Interior portfolio. His friends attended in force at the Patron convention at Portage la Prairie on Saturday and passed a resolution endorsing Mr. Martin's claims.

SOME HALLOWED MEMORIES.

In our article on Madame D'Youville we promised to refer, with greater fullness than before, to the admirable Appendix, written by one of the reverend Sisters. The author of the Life, as already mentioned, is the Rev. D. S. Ramsay, a brother of the late Hon. Judge T. K. Ramsay. Abbé Ramsay belongs to a goodly company of confessors, who, though born of Protestant parents and educated under Protestant auspices, had the happy privilege of being led by Divine guidance in the way of truth. The late Abbe's Richards and Holmes, the late Mr. Justice Monk, the late Dr. Henry Howard, Mr. Joseph Pope and his gifted sister, that much lamented statesman the Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, and others whose names will occur to some of our readers, are examples of the same illumination. After his conversion, Abbé Ramsay served for years in the town and parish of South Shields, in the county of Durham, England, where he was Rector of St. Bede's and Rural Dean of St. Aidan's and where the poor profited largely by his self-devotion and zeal. We have already mentioned how he came to write this excellent biography.

It now remains for us to say something of a portion of the Grey Nunnery's work that has a special interest for Irish readers. In 1823, we learn from the Appendix, a special ward was opened for Irish orphans. This good work, begun at the request of the Gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, was continued until 1846, when St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum was founded and put in charge of the Grey Nuns. The first sister who had charge of the children was the Reverend Sister Forbes, whose memory is ever cherished by the Irish Catholics of Montreal. After laboring in the ward for fifteen years, she was elected Mistress of Novices, but in 1853 she was entrusted with the direction of the Asylum, and remained till within a few days of her death, in 1877, in the midst of her beloved orphans.

The year 1847 is sadly memorable in the annals of the Irish people of this city. On the 17th of June, in that year of sorrows, the Ladies of the Grey Nunnery learned that hundreds of fever-stricken sufferers were dying, untended, at Point St. Charles. The Superior, at this time, was the Venerable Sister Forbes, sister of the directress of the Orphanage. (In religion, Sister McMillen, of Glengury). Promptly visiting the locality, in company with Sister Sainte-Croix, she found the rumor dreadfully true, even short of the whole truth. Having communicated with the eminent agent, Sister McMillen appealed to the members of her family, concealing nothing. They all volunteered, after a moment of prayerful reflection, and she made choice of eight. The experience that awaited them was enough to deter all except those who had not given their hearts and hands to God. "I nearly fainted," said one of the Sisters, relating her emotions on that eventful day, "when I approached the entrance of this sepulchre. The stench suffocated. I saw a number of beings with distorted features and discolored bodies lying in a heap on the ground and looking like so many corpses. I knew not what to do. I could not advance without treading on one or another of the helpless creatures in my way." Seeing a poor man making frantic efforts, she made her way to him with difficulty, to find that he was trying to escape the proximity of two discolored corpses. It is terrible to read of such things. What must it have been to endure them. Not for a few moments, nor even for hours, but for long days and weary nights? Yet the ardor of the Sisters knew no abatement till the plague began to seize them too for its victims. Novices and professed Sisters toiled side by side till fatigue overcame them. Then the Sisters of Providence took their places at the bedside of the patients. Bishop Bourget, the priests of the Seminary, the Jesuit Fathers, and other members of the Clergy, were alike unceasing in their efforts to solace and restore the helpless exiles. The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame lavished their sympathies on all. In September the Grey Nuns resumed their heroic tasks, which they continued not only during the year 1847-48, but later, when cholera took the place of typhus. The description of the scenes at the sheds is most thrilling. The wailing of the children of the dying added fresh pangs to the anguish of agonizing parents. Those sons and daughters of sorrow found homes with the faithful at the instance of good Bishop Bourget. Of 30 Sisters of the Grey Nunnery who caught the dreadful typhus, and were for a time at death's door, eight survive to-day, and among them is the Superior. There is no more touching episode in Montreal's history, and those who read this account of it will find a new meaning in the subterranean monument, with its simple inscription, that keeps its memory sacred.

One result of the share of the Grey Nuns in this long tragedy was a large increase in the number of aspirants for admission into the Community. Up to 1840, the professed Sisters were authori-

tatively restricted to thirty. The prohibition cancelled, the demand for branch houses could be granted. During the last fifty-six years no less than fifty-eight such houses have been established. Of these some are hospitals, some schools, some orphan asylums, some infant schools, some industrial, some for Indians, one for the blind. They are distributed through this Province, Manitoba and the United States. Special interest attaches to the institutions in Northwest both from the relation of the Foundress to the brave Verandegre and her sons, and because in its early struggling days her institution had been helped by the Northwest merchants. Out of gratitude for those benefits, Madame D'Youville often thought of founding a branch in the Pays d'en haut. Not until 1844 was her heart's desire fulfilled. On the 20th of April in that year four Grey Nuns set out for Saint Boniface from Lachine in birch canoes. In these days of luxurious travelling we cannot realize the inconvenience, the weary slowness of travel in the years before steam. On the 24th of June they reached their destination, taking two months for a trip that now requires only a few days. What changes have come over the Northwest since then! At that time it was assuredly a "great lone land." Mgr. Provencher, who went to his reward in 1853, was the first of the honored roll of missionary bishops, his jurisdiction extending to the Pacific and Arctic oceans. His successor, the late illustrious Archbishop Tache, who wrote the record of the missions, passed away in June, 1894, just as the Grey Nuns were about to celebrate their jubilee—thus changing joy into intense grief. This admirable narrative gives extracts from letters exemplifying the modes of travel in those now far-off years. Hints of the difficulties of missionary work among the Indians suggest a mention of their devoted friends, the Oblat Fathers.

Meanwhile, in Montreal, a great crisis is at hand. The dear home of so many loving associations must be abandoned and a fresh start made from a new site. The choice fell on the "Land of the Red Cross"—a territorial name that recalls a drama of crime and punishment under the Old Regime. The story is vividly told. Very different are the associations by which the scene of retribution is now signalized. Madame D'Youville took charge of the General Hospital on the 7th of October, 1747—a century and a half ago next October twelve months. On the 7th of October, 1871, her precious remains were conveyed to the new convent—that colossal house of charity and all good works that not long since won the admiration of a son of Erin from the land of the Southern Cross.

SAINT MALACHY'S PROPHECY.

Attention has been called to the ancient prophecy attributed to St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, and the friend of the illustrious St. Bernard, through a work lately published by the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney. This prophecy is of peculiar interest both from the circumstances under which it was delivered and because the inspired prelate had passed away before the conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second of England. At that time the condition of Ireland was very different from what it had been in those earlier ages when its learning and piety were known to all the world. It had been overrun by these northern adventurers, as yet unchristianized and uncivilized, who were for centuries the terror of Western Europe and even of the Mediterranean. Nothing escaped their ruthless greed and cruelty. The houses of devotion fell a prey to them. Many of the monasteries they burned, and not only did they make havoc of the most precious libraries, but in numerous instances they slew those who guarded them. The consequences of these aggressions were most disastrous. Despotism, rapacity, feuds, and every kind of lawlessness took the place of the ancient institutions of the country, public morality had been succeeded by vice and obedience to the Church by defiance of authority. Unless this mournful change from Ireland's pristine rule and manners be borne in mind, the language with which St. Bernard begins the biography of his deceased friend will hardly be understood. "Our Malachy," he says, "was born and educated in Ireland, but he was no more affected by the rudeness that surrounded him than is a fish by the salt of the sea in which it has its being." He considers it nothing less than a miracle that a saint so gentle should have arisen amid such scenes of conflict and violence. His parents were of honorable race and were reckoned among the great people of the land. The mild and thoughtful boy owed much to his mother, who was nobler by her virtues than by her blood. She taught her son a knowledge more precious than all the learning of the world, and his spirit being susceptible to such teaching, he chose the better path. After a period of probation to religious life, he was admitted to the order of the priesthood at an age earlier than ordinary. One of his chosen tasks was to restore the once glorious monastery of Benchor (the

blessed choir or company, now called Bangor) which had been destroyed by the pirates. It was while thus engaged that he wrought his first miracle. Being reluctantly consecrated bishop of Cuneareth (Connor), he had the sorrow to see his city sacked by the King of Ulster. He retired into Munster and, with King Cormac's help, built a new monastery. Ceallach, or Celsus, the primate, dying, Malachy was, by his desire, elected Archbishop of Armagh; but, two rivals appearing in succession, he accepted the high office only on condition that, after he had restored peace, he should be permitted to retire. Having succeeded and returned to his former See of Connor, which he divided, and taking Down for his own charge, placed the remainder under another bishop.

It was then that Malachy determined to go to Rome to submit his acts to the Holy Father and to obtain a pallium for the primate. He seems to have first crossed over to Scotland, whence he moved southward to York. There a priest named Sychar, who had the gift of prophecy, recognized him as the Holy Men. Pontiff who knew the hearts of men. There also Wallenus, then prior of the brothers regular of Kirkham, but afterwards father of the monks of Mailross (Melrose), called upon Malachy and offered him his horse with apologies for its temper. But Malachy took it thankfully and under him it became gentle. Both going and returning, Malachy called at Clairvaux. When Bernard would not let him remain, he asked the privilege for four of his disciples and, on their acceptance, he sent others on his return to Ireland. Thus Clairvaux became the mother of Irish daughters. His pastoral duties and the reformation of manners employed the saintly bishop after he reached home, and his miracles became known all over the island. Among the places that St. Bernard mentions are Corcragia (Cork), Cashel, Lesmor (Lismore), Cultratin, Saball (in Ulster), and in Scotland, Lapersasper (Port Patrick) and Crugeld, besides those already named—Armagh, York, Mailross (Melrose Abbey) and Benchor (the Irish Bangor).

Before setting out on his second visit to Rome, Malachy, being asked where he would like to die, said, if in Ireland, where he would have Ireland's apostle with him at the resurrection (Downpatrick), but if out of Ireland, he would like, if God permitted it, to die at Clairvaux. As to the time, he said the feast of All Souls. He was anxious to see Pope Eugenius especially because he was of St. Bernard's company and a friend of his friends. Those who loved him in Ireland felt grievously his departure and made him promise to return safe and sound. He promised, in order to comfort them, and an adverse wind which drove the vessel back on the Irish coast enabled him to keep it to the letter. But he felt that they should see his face no more. Next morning he embarked again and in a few hours was in Scotland. He visited the canons regular of Glasgow and spent some days with King David. After some delay he was again near his beloved Clairvaux. "Though he came from the west," says the saintly biographer, "we received him as the rising sun! How eagerly I sprang to meet him, weak and trembling though I was! with what fervor did I embrace him! He, this pilgrim of ours, came to meet us smiling, affable, wondrously gracious to us all." Five days passed. The feast of St. Luke arrived, and having celebrated our Conventual Mass with characteristic devotion, he was seized with fever. He knew then that the hour of departure was at hand. St. Bernard does not allude to the prophecy about Ireland. In both the life and the letters there is indeed reference to his prophetic gift and there are many interesting touches descriptive of Malachy's genial Irish nature. Saint Bernard, on one occasion, expresses thanks for the present of a stick which his Irish friend had sent him, having learned that he was weak and ailing. We can almost believe that it was a genuine Irish blackthorn cut by Primate Malachy's own hand. Abbot Bernard composed a hymn in his honor. Five years later (1153) Bernard had followed his revered friend to the grave.

What is known as Malachy's prophecy was discovered in the Abbey of Einsiedeln by the famous Mabillon, who sent it to Saint Malachy's successor, Archbishop Oliver Plunkett. The correspondence is given in Cardinal Moran's life of that brave good man. According to the record Malachy had got as far as Pontefract, a short day's journey from Clairvaux, when death stayed his steps. He fell on his knees and a light shone over and around him. His attendants heard him speak as if praying, "Alas! for my ruined country! Alas! for the Holy Church of God! . . . With terrible discipline shall she be purified, but afterwards far and wide shall her magnificence shine in cloudless glory! And, O Ireland, do thou too lift up thy head! Thy day also shall come—a day of ages—a week of centuries, equaling the seven deadly sins of thy enemy, shall be numbered unto thee! Then shall thy exceeding great merits have obtained mercy for thy terrible yet so as through

scourges great and enduring. Thy enemies who are in thee shall be driven out and humbled and their name taken away. But inasmuch as thou art depressed, inasmuch shalt thou be exalted. Thy light shall burst forth as the sun and thy glory shall not pass away. There shall be peace and abundance within thy boundaries and beauty and strength in thy defences."

Such was the prophecy uttered by Saint Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, just before his departure on the 2nd of November, 1143, 24 years before the conquest of his country by the free lances of Henry II. Is the day of fulfilment at hand?

There has been a great deal of discussion indulged in by a number of people in this city during the past few days regarding the possibility of Mr. Blake coming to the front as leader of the Irish party. That the selection of Mr. Blake would receive the hearty approbation of Irishmen in Canada is generally admitted.

We have very much pleasure in announcing to our patrons that we have secured the services of Mr. Fred. W. Wurtele to solicit advertisements for this paper. Mr. Wurtele comes to us with excellent recommendations. He enjoys the reputation of being fully conversant with all the details which are requisite in an advertising agent, in regard to giving complete satisfaction to the advertiser.

THE BRAND USED.

TWO ASPIRANTS FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ORANGE ORDER PUT TO A SEVERE TEST.

The Catholic Citizen says that Frank A. Preble and Edward Arch, two carpenters of Waltham, Mass., took the royal purple degree in a new lodge of the order of Orangemen two weeks ago, and because of the severity of the initiation they swore out warrants for assault and battery and cruelty against John G. Graham, Daniel Tracy and G. O. Nickerson, officers of the lodge. Before Judge Luce in the district court Tuesday the respondents were given a private hearing and the testimony developed the facts that the two men were brand on the breast and legs with red-hot irons.

With both men the same results followed, their wounds became running sores and their sufferings were great. They protested against the branding, but were forced to submit to it. The iron was heated over a gas jet by one of the lodge officers, and its imprint left blood-red burns the size of a silver half dollar. The court reserved its decision, but in event of conviction civil suits are to be instituted. All sides seem reticent, and the testimony was taken behind closed doors. Preble, however, said: "I am an American citizen and I don't propose to be branded like a jackass or a broncho without remonstrating. My protests proving of no avail, I have sought the aid of the law."

ARCHBISHOP FABRE

TO SAIL FROM NEW YORK ON SEPTEMBER 5, FOR ROME.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre will leave Montreal for Rome, on Thursday, Sept. 3, and will sail from New York for Havre on the French Transatlantic Line. His Grace will be accompanied by Rev. Abbe Dubuc, Chaplain of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, and will visit several places in France and Italy, and have an interview with His Holiness. This is the sixth time that His Grace has visited Europe. His Grace will return to Montreal about Christmas.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

AN ENJOYABLE DAY SPENT AT ST. HILAIRE.

The first grand annual field day of Irish national games under the auspices of Division No. 1, took place, on Saturday August 8, at Otterburn Park. The weather and care exercised by the officers and members tended largely to make the outing a grand success. During the day the youth tripped the light fantastic to the music supplied by the Casey and Davis orchestra. Men of muscle competed, while the fleet-footed ran and jumped. The success of the picnic was largely due to the care exercised by the following committee: J. McGrath, chairman; E. P. O'Brien, secretary; P. Reynolds, J. Dunlop, Jas. Ryan, John Ryan, T. Clarke, P. Logue, B. Feeney, R. Brady, T. McKeough, P. Scullion, D. Barry, P. Whitty, G. Holland, J. Mooney, R. Cransey and F. Traynor. Judges, R. Keys, B. Feeney, F. Traynor, whilst Mr. Hugh Tracy acted as starter.

PAINTINGS FOR ST. PATRICK'S.

Two large paintings for the chancel of St. Patrick's Church, the Assumption and the Sacred Heart Pleading, which were ordered last winter from a well-known artist in New York, arrived in the city on Tuesday last, and are at present in Her Majesty's Customs. It was intended to place them in position this week, but, owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Frizley, the artist from New York, who is to superintend the work, this has had to be postponed. Mr. Frizley is lying dangerously ill at Strong's Hospital suffering from the effects of the heat.

Members of the C.M.B.A. are invited to visit Mr. A. R. Archambault's new establishment at 708 St. Lawrence street, and talk over with the proprietor or his assistant the special prices and conditions at which he is willing to supply members in good standing with the latest styles of pianos and sewing machines. As Mr. Archambault does not employ agents to sell his goods, the purchaser gets the benefit of the usual agency commission. A recent inspection of his stock has convinced us that he is offering an unusually fine line of goods at most reasonable terms.