

The True Witness

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TRAVELLER—Matter intended for publica-

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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.

TERMS OF LOCAL INTEREST (C) L.

KIRBY.

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 the country.

I heartily bless those who encourage
this excellent work.

PAUL,
Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1910.

SHOCKING CATASTROPHE

The shadow of a great tragedy
hangs over our city. On Monday
last, without a moment's warning,
numbers of men and girls were hur-
led to death owing to the collapse of
the water tank in the "Herald"
building. Cruel indeed their death,
and heartrending the sights which
met the eyes of all who sought the
morgue in the hope of identifying
their own. Burned beyond recogni-
tion, identification is next to im-
possible. Many stories of heroism
are told, and well can we believe
them, for in such a time as that
surely all that is good in one must
manifest itself. The forewoman of
the bindery, who could have saved
herself, stood aside to allow all
those under her charge to avail
themselves of any chance of escape,
and when her turn had come it was
too late to save herself and she fell
back into the seething flames below.
Willing hands are doing all they can
to bring the poor crushed bodies out
of the debris; but slow work it is
and gruesome. Heartfelt sympathy
goes out to the bereaved relatives.

THAT DREADFUL SACRILEGE.

Many of our readers have wonder-
ed, we suppose, why we did not
deal editorially, before now, with
the story of that awful sacrilege in
St. Michael's Church. First of all,
religious authority had to speak and
the Church's rules to be followed
out in the matter; that was done
and nobly and thoroughly done. We
can now venture remark and opi-
nion.

It is plain the nefarious deed we
deplore is not the work of a fool,
nor is it the perpetration of an or-
dinary fiend. Evidently some oc-
cult influence, goaded on by the de-
mons of Hell, are responsible for
the sacrilegious outrage.

Here in Montreal, in spite of tens
of thousands of fervent Christians,
there are many waifs of virtue, lit-
tle schools of hidden agencies, and
some vile fellows from the vice-pens
of Continental Europe. The story
of St. Lambert's Church is there,
and, perhaps, if circumstances of
time, place and persons are com-
pared, a favorable solution may be
reached. Meanwhile, all true Cath-
olics should pray that God may
cause the unknown's shroud to fall
from his shoulders, and that the
fullest justice of our law-courts be
made his share. There must be
some clue, and we feel sure, given
the mind and energy of those in-
terested in the detection of the sac-
riligious scandal, the penitenti-
ary—it should be the scaffold—
shall soon be given its legitimate
toll in flesh decayed.

We can well understand the grief
of good Father Kiernan; we can
readily share that grief, as we do,
in view of the kind God so griev-
ously offended, and in view of his
earnest and true-souled priest.

Experience has taught us all that
foul infamies of the kind we deplore
in this instance are not the work
of even the most fanatical of Pro-
testants, but, rather, the inglorious
treachery of some of the Continental
off-scourings dumped upon our
shores to spread obnoxious opinions
and curse the very air we breathe
with their blasphemy.

We would suggest that all our
Catholic young men form themselves
into a widespread detective force,
helping the proper police authorities
and the guilty one will soon be
found. Let us not leave a stone
unturned in the search. A criminal,
such as the one responsible for the
sacrilege in St. Michael's Church,
must not go free. Now is the time
to act; and we hope that when he
is caught he will get all the law
can give him, under the fire of the
severest judge we have.

The sorrow of His Grace Arch-
bishop Bruchesi must be great, es-
pecially in this Eucharistic year, at
the story of the crime, but God will
be avenged by men and by Himself.

THE LATE GOLDWIN SMITH.

Goldwin Smith has passed away,
and the religion of his childhood
failed, through its representatives,
to bring him any consolation in
the supreme hour of his passage
from earth to judgment. It is fatal
for any man so intellectually down-
cast as was the late Doctor to set
out on the ocean of life and study,
with only a lame creed and spine-
less confession and paralyzed theo-
logy to give answer to the doubts
that arise in a soul, or to bring
balm and comfort in moments of
anxious searching and waiting.

We mean to cast no aspersion on
the dead; we have no feeling of
glutted self-complacency with which
we could want to blight his mem-
ory; but the fact is there that men
of transcendent genius appealed to
religion and not in vain, while Gold-
win Smith, according to his own
admission, had failed to grasp the
full bearing of Christ's message to
the world. Oh, the dearth, the
emptiness, the fatality of slipshod
religion and defenceless confessions
for a mind that is strong and com-
pellingly resourceful!

In his "Hymn to Intellectual Beau-
ty," a hopeless Shelley could ex-
claim, in his despair:

"No voice from sublimer world hath
ever
To sage or poet these responses
given:

There, the names of Demon,
Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain
endeavor.

Frail spells, whose uttered charm
might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability!"

Shelley appealed to the intellectu-
al, and his failure to ask religion
for its aid and help and comfort
easily explains the wretched exist-
ence he led, with its awful ending
in the Gulf of Spezia. He, like
Goldwin Smith, had studied at Eton
but he had not the natural moral
worth of the Sage who made the
Grange somewhat of an institution.

What is there in man's intellectual
greatness after all? What are the
combined intellects of all mankind
contrasted with the infinite intellect
of God? St. Paul's lesson is there!
All we have comes from God, and
no man has reason to take glory
unto himself for the little that is,
whether of soul or body or intellect.
At the most we are only worms of
earth.

Whatever his success in the domain
of letters, whatever his claim on
the admiration of the schools, it is
a poor tribute to Goldwin Smith's
breadth of mind and power of soul
to say that religion held no win-
ning goal for him. The strongest
intellects are always the lowliest.
Intellectual pride proved the down-
fall of Lucifer. It is what is mak-
ing the world the sorry thing it is
to-day.

And yet we trust that Goldwin
Smith was able to give good and
saving account of his stewardship.
In spite of all the pennybodies who
wear professional gowns, the Gospel
is still God's message, the Church
His household, and His, too, is
judgment. Again, let us say, Oh!
the dearth, the emptiness and fatali-
ty of slipshod religion for the mind
and soul of boyhood!

THE CLERGY OF SPAIN.

We may all take for granted
when we hear any man or woman
denounce the clergy, and spend
their wisdom and gossip on clerical
reform, that there is something very
unsightly in Denmark—Luther, Cal-
vin, Knox, Chiquiquy, McCabe, Stat-
trey, and Achilli are there to warn
the truth of our words.

The Marquis of Salamanca was
in Montreal lately, and he gave an
interview to a reporter on the short-
comings of the Spanish clergy.

They may soon have a repetition
of France's story in Spain, he says.
The Marquis of Salamanca ought
to have learned from history, if he
can read,—what bad government has
done for Spain already. The anti-
clericals have made both it and
France the laughing-stock of the
world.

We do not know what the authori-
ties of Spain will think when they
learn what the little Marquis said.
What right has he to bring the
name of King Alfonso into his case?
And did Queen Victoria of Spain
become a Catholic to suit the Sala-
manca fancies of the Marquis? He
is evidently an adept in the fine
arts, seeing how doggishly he can
stoop in the presence of a little in-
terviewer.

"As much as 40 per cent. of the
whole population of Spain is illiter-
ate," the Marquis says. That is
not true, and we shall prove it soon
in a letter from proper authorities
in Spain. But, then, as long as it
is a question of belittling the Church
of Christ, you can make the editors
of some of our local papers believe
that cheese grows on apple-trees.

The petty Marquis has a dig for
the Jesuits. It has ever been the
property of weak minds to hold
such views. If Spain, however, had
stood by the Jesuits, she would not
be the one-horse thing she is to-
day. While crazy countries like her-
self are afraid of Loyola's disciples,
live and strong powers like the
United States are welcoming them,
and are giving them the fullest en-
couragement.

It is only countries that are ruled
by thieves and assassins that need
fear the Jesuits. This some have
felt. As T. F. Galtway says: "Cath-
olics almost instinctively love the
Jesuits, because the bitterest en-
emies of the Jesuits have always been
those who are the bitter enemies of
the Christian religion and Christian
morals."

Canadians do not take gentlemen
like the Marquis of Salamanca seri-
ously.

BURKE.

Burke is a good name in affairs
Irish and Catholic. It was good in
its Norman ancestry, to begin with,
and then there was, years after, Fa-
ther Thomas Nicholas Burke, the
great Dominican. What Brother
Burke, the Irish Christian Brother of
Edmund Rice's community, did for
technical education in Ireland could
not be told in three in-folio vol-
umes. There was Edmund Burke,
the great Parliamentarian, Aedanus
Burke, the great American jurist,
Sir John Bernard Burke, the author
illustrous, John Doly Burke, the
American historian, Robert O'Hara
Burke, the Australian explorer—all
of the Old Country, and if not all
Catholics, every one of them was a
man to the full extent of manhood.

Then there was Ulick Burke, the
successful Catholic author and edu-
cator; the American hierarchy has
welcomed more than one Burke,
while Canada by the sea is still re-
spectfully mindful of the Bishop of
Sion. Burkes were among our best
patriots in '98, and Burkes unnum-
bered have been ordained to the holy
priesthood. Nor has the name ever
suffered disgrace the slightest. The
first man we ever saw thrash an
Orangeman, with reason, was a
Burke, too. And there was Thomas
Burke, Ireland's bard.

To-day a Very Rev. Dr. Burke is
working wonders for the Church
along the lines of Christian Exten-
sion. In a little more than a year
he has done the work of a quarter-
century. Another devoted priest
is that Father Burke who is work-
ing for the uplift of the negro, with
the sanction and loyal support of
the whole Church in the United
States. Burke, too, is a traditional
name in the True Witness office.

We have a loving Burke souvenir
peculiarly our own: the priest who
gave us Holy Communion for the
first time in our lives was a devout
and gentle Redemptorist Father by
the name of Burke—so why should
we not like the name? We hope
that there are further honors await-
ing some of the Burkes. They de-
serve them.

THE COMING OF THE OBLATES.

In his truly admirable work ("His-
tory of the Catholic Church in West-
ern Canada," vol. I., ch. xii.; Mus-
son, Toronto), Father A. G. Morice,
O.M.I., tells us of the first Oblates
who went to the Canadian North-
west, and in a way and style of
which only a master is capable.

"Only twenty-five years had rolled
by since the Church had permanent-
ly established herself on the banks
of the Red River," when, in spite
of deeds heroic, privations and suf-
ferings of all kinds, the most re-

mained to be done. At the time,
in 1844, Bishop Provencher felt
that, if the mission among the In-
dians were to prove a lasting suc-
cess, it was necessary that some
religious order be placed in charge
of the work. Valiant secular priests,
such as Fathers Darveau, Lafleche,
Belcourt and Thibault, had worked
wonders; but, as vocations were not
plentiful, and as men, at times, were
soon discouraged, it was plain some-
thing altogether new should be at-
tempted.

In the course of a visit to Rome,
in 1841, Mgr. Bourget, of Mont-
real, in the name of Bishop Pro-
vencher, had tried to persuade the
General of the Jesuits to send a
band of missionaries to the Cana-
dian West; but, as events later proved,
he was not successful. True,
only the noblest motives could ex-
plain the General's failure to act.

"But," as Father Morice writes,
"Providence had other plans. Answer-
ing the call of the saintly, Bi-
shop of Montreal, the representatives
of a much younger religious
Order had just settled on the banks
of the St. Lawrence. Provencher's
attention was called to their won-
derful success among the country
parishes of Lower Canada. The Ob-
lates of Mary Immaculate, founded
in 1816, at Aix, in the South of
France, by Monseigneur Ch. J. E.
Mazend, Bishop of Marseilles, were
the first missionaries to enter Can-
ada after the cession of that coun-
try to England." They were well
fitted for Bishop Provencher's mis-
sion, for their main object was,
and still is, the work of missions
among the poor and lowly, not-
withstanding the great learning of
many of their brethren, who, like
Father Morice, are men of talent
among the very men of talent.

Father Guignes, later Bishop of
Ottawa, was the first Oblate pro-
vincial, and he it was who sent
Father Casimir Aubert, and the
young scholastic, Brother Antonin
Tache, to the Northwest, in an-
swer to Bishop Provencher's earnest
solicitations.

"According to all provisions, the
first two Oblates should have reached
Red River by the beginning of
August, 1845"; their canoes were,
however, signalled only on August
15, but, at the news, the Bishop
could not contain his joy. On meet-
ing Father Aubert and his youthful
companion, Brother Tache, the good
Bishop was somewhat taken back.

"What!" he exclaimed, "I have
asked for men, and they send me a
child!"

But, as Father Morice remarks,
the good prelate "soon realized that
this 'child' was not an ordinary one
and but a few weeks elapsed before
he asked for many more of his kind."

Tache, later Archbishop of St. Boni-
face, was on his mother's side, a di-
rect descendant of the great Lavér-
endrye, discoverer of the country
in which he, Tache, was to work
and achieve such abiding success.

"The first unfavorable impression
over, Bishop Provencher wrote Mgr.
Turgeon, Bishop of Sydmie, his
trusted Quebec friend: 'Deo gratias!
here is at least some seed of reli-
gious. It is on this class of men
that I have reckoned for a long
time, to efficiently promote the
Indian missions.' That Bishop Pro-
vencher was right no one could
think of now denying; in fact, no
other body of men could have sur-
passed the Oblates in the work they
have done for the Canadian West,
Far West and Pacific Slope. The
names of Tache and Lacombe alone
shall live as long as Canada and
the world.

Brother Tache was ordained on
Oct. 22, 1845. At the time the
mendacious and heretical author of
"The Rainbow of the North," with
a half-dozen others of his ilk, were
busy preaching anti-Christian con-
ceptions of Christ and the Gospel,
even if they did call themselves
Christian missionaries.

In 1846, Father F. X. Bermond,
O.M.I., reached St. Boniface, on
Sept. 5. Two months later Brother
Henri Farand, later a Bishop,
then a scholastic and merely ton-
sured, arrived with a zealous lay
brother, Louis Dubé, the first of
that noble band of religious priest-
helpers to reach the West. "By the
end of 1856, hardly fifteen months
after the arrival of the first Oblates
Bishop Provencher had the consola-
tion of counting in his territory seven
priests, one scholastic, who
was shortly to be ordained, and one
lay brother. Times were evidently
changing for the better."

This is the beginning of the Ob-
lates and their work in the West,
but even ten large volumes written
in letters of gold could not, even
if the author were an angel, do jus-
tice to the story of their achieve-
ments as God knows them. Canada
should reckon the Oblates among
her leading heroes.

"FLANDRICISATION."

Belgium is a bilingual country.
The Flemish, in the north, speak a
language practically the same as
Dutch, while the Walloons speak
some of them Walloon, a Roman-
cized patois, most of them French.
Formerly, in fact, up to a few
years since, Flemish was a de-
graded language, but to-day, thanks

to a thorough revival on the part
of a truly educated class, things are
not so. Rodenbach, of Louvain,
and Guido Gezelle, the West Flemish
poet-priest, have led in the battle,
with the result that the Walloons
have been obliged to come to terms.

The Belgian House and Senate
have so ruled that no Fleming may
enter the university for any higher
studies without having passed a
satisfactory examination in Flemish
or a certificate testifying to eight
hours' of Flemish for six years. Of
course, French still holds the main
away, and that is why many Flem-
ings are trying to reverse matters,
invert them, in fact, by asking that
Flemish be made the main study
language for Flemings, and that the
eight hours a week be turned over
on the French language. How they
will succeed we do not know yet.

We believe the Catholic Flemings
who are struggling for the inversion
are right. Belgium has nothing to
gain from French influence. Chafin-
roi is there to prove that the ne-
farious atmosphere of France can
damn souls in Belgium as well as
in the immortal Republic of Drey-
fus. Were it only a question of the
French language for Belgium, we
should not speak as we do, but even
Sam Blake knows that it is mainly
after French ideas that the anti-
Flemings are striving. The com-
plete "Flandricisation" of the Flem-
ings and of the Flemish schools has,
then, much to commend it to men
who are right-thinking.

As the Flemings will learn French,
as the law stands, or however it
may stand, the Walloons feel they
are going to be at a disadvantage.
They do not know Flemish, and do
not want to learn it.

WHY WONDER?

We often wonder why Catholic
names are so few in literary histo-
ries, and yet there is no reason for
surprise at all. If we but stop
to consider how Catholics are set
aside in all departments of culture
and endeavor, we shall readily un-
derstand that there are agencies
bound to keep silence when it is a
question of dealing with and pre-
siding Catholic men of renown.

The other day Carl Lueger, the
greatest mayor of modern times and
the man who made Vienna what it
now is—Europe's best-ruled city—
died, and neither the dailies, the re-
views, nor the magazines went to
the trouble of dealing with him and
his memory in any serious way.
Freemasonry would not stand for it,
and Freemasonry, backed by the
Jews, controls the daily press and
the popular weeklies and monthlies.

The selfsame popular press has
never a word to say about Wind-
thorst, O'Connell, Cortes, and a
thousand other illustrious Catholics,
and yet we wonder why they and
the alleged masters of literary criti-
cism refuse to say anything about
our Catholic literary lights. Of
course, some of our own transcen-
dental Catholic geniuses lay all the
blame at our own door, even if
such gentlemen are of small literary
calibre as a rule. They make the
noise of cannons, but are only fire-
crackers under a good-sized zinc
water-pail.

The truth of the matter is that
the alleged literary master-critics
know very little about Catholic au-
thors, while they are not willing to
confess to the little they know. Their
books are heralded by our own su-
percilious, self-conceited literary
champion-critics, who only smile at
better works on our own shelves,
or, at least, discourage a fruitful
propaganda on the part of Catho-
lics.

The daily press and the popular
reviews and magazines must do
what Freemasons tell them. English
literature, however, is not the only
one.

GOOD SENSE AS USUAL.

As soon as the Casket loses a
good editor it always has the luck
and judgment to find another val-
uable man to take his place. Our
new friend in the chair by the sea
promises us—in the concrete—a plea-
sant little treat and feast this week.

Well does he inaugurate his ministry
of the pen by pleading for union
among those who write for the Cath-
olic press. We must be united,
and strong with the strength of the
sea in consequence. Personally he
try to show our brethren all the
kindly respect, esteem and admira-
tion we can, even if there is a little
vinegar in our ink for shame, frauds,
impostors and slanderers.

There is no good in the outcome
of quarrels between two Catholic
pens, when both sincerely mean to
work as Catholics, and yet, not
only defense, but aggressiveness, is
necessary when dealing with foes
who have but scant regard either
for truth or justice.

More flies may be caught with a
ray of honey than with two barrels
of gunpowder.

of vinegar; but what do we want
with flies; at most they are but
very troublesome little things.

While, then, we assure our admir-
able Antigonish contemporary that
we deeply value their gentle preach-
ment on unity among us all, we,
at the same time, want to show we
do, by publishing abroad the doc-
trine it teaches, and which says:

"The Monitor quotes from a let-
ter of the late editor of the New
World, Dr. Charles J. O'Malley, in
which he said:

"As I see it, you have a splendid
chance to build up and develop Cath-
olic literary talent and Catholic
talent in music, painting and sculp-
ture, in California and the West.
Find out the Catholic writers in
you, as I always try to do about
ever I go. Leave others to do what
they will. Do you build, build,
build! My one hope, this earnest
that, when I am dead, some friend
will say of me: This man never
he builded hope in the souls of
others."

"We think the days of bickering
between Catholic journalists are
passing, and the unfortunate and
injurious practice dying out. The
common end, purpose and desire of
all Catholics papers, to defend the
Church, her doctrines and practices,
to advance and advocate all that
will promote the best interests of
our people and our country, should
give us enough to do without wheel-
ing each other's heads, however im-
patient we may feel at times with
each other. Being all human, and
holding diverse views on many sub-
jects, it is easy for us to clash at
times; and there is often something
very enticing about a fight. The
Catholic press, however, is none too
strong, and we need each other's
help. We all need to keep in mind
the words of the dead journalist:
'Do you build, build, build!' Tear-
ing down and pulling to pieces are
comparatively easy. It is not so
very difficult to criticize effectively.
There are ten good critics in the
world to every one who can add
something to the world's store of
useful knowledge or ideas."

FATHER CARON'S APPOINT-
MENT.

Montrealers, especially the parish-
ioners of St. Ann's, the grand old
fortress, will be pleased to learn
that the kind and saintly Father
Caron is still hale and hearty, not-
withstanding his many years of
faithful work and relentless endea-
vor for good and religion. The ven-
erable priest has just been named Su-
perior of the Redemptorist commu-
nity in Brandon, Manitoba, and pas-
tor of the parish of St. Augustine,
succeeding the late dearly beloved
Father Reivelt, C.S.S.R.

Father Caron will long be remem-
bered in the truly Catholic parish
of St. Ann, where he did an abiding
amount of good, where his piety
and charity, his zeal and devotion
were proverbial. Especially did he
foster devotion to the Most Sacred
Heart of Jesus, and his reports and
instructions on each First Friday
are still a hallowed remembrance
of his stay and work.

That good Father Caron may long
be spared is the earnest prayer of
us all. He is not of our blood, but
he made our interests and ambitions
his own. Nationality is only a se-
condary requirement in the eyes of
good Catholics: "No one could love
their Irish parishioners more than
did, and still do, the Belgian and
French-Canadian Redemptorists. We
love them and are proud of them."

Did the King die a Catholic? is a
question uppermost in many minds
to-day. Evidence points to the pos-
sibility. Father Bernard Vaughan,
who was a very close personal friend
of the late King, it appears, was
with him on the day of his death,
presumably preparing him for his
last journey and when he must have
felt the need of consolation and spiri-
tual aid to sustain him as he went
alone before the bar of God's jus-
tice. Edward VII. had been ever
lavish in meting out justice and
mercy. Our fervent prayer is that
he may have received his reward in
full measure.

With characteristic frankness,
Mayor Guerin told the natives of
England that Catholic Canadians
are not going to put up with the
Coronation insult. John Bull must
soon understand that true imperi-
alism will have to do away with
Orangemen in Royal declarations.
This Sir Charles Fitzpatrick made
very clear and plain. It is a sad
reflection on Britain to be obliged
to say that the English king can-
not adore God as he sees fit. They
speak of his glory and grandeur,
and yet they force him to take his
orders from the Orange Lodges. He
is head of the Anglican Church, and
if Anglican clergymen of the High
Church kind had any suspicion they
would resign in a body, in spite of
their dogmas. Had the Catholics
not stated, at the

A London de-
Italians are al-
taxes on big I-
have seemingly
regarding hats
this is not the
the Italians,
men, have lost
heads.

They are ma-
over the bones
found on St. A-
prominent men
quarried out of
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the relics of G-
said to be Idols.

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