

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY.....MAY 1, 1895

OUR NEW ABODE.

As announced in our last issue THE TRUE WITNESS will henceforth be published at No. 253 St. James street, and we invite all our friends to call upon us at that address. After over fifteen years at the old stand, 761 Craig street, we are about to say adieu to its memory-haunted precincts and our next issue will come forth from a new establishment. Even in this age of change and rush there is a certain feeling of sadness connected with every permanent separation. One grows attached to a locality, not so much on account of its attractions as the associations that cling to it. It may no longer suit the business of life, but it saw many of the struggles of the past. The home of our childhood is even so; the land of his birth has the same influence upon the exile. He would not care to live there again, but he would like to revisit its well-remembered scenes—perhaps only to find there a great disillusion, but no matter. It is thus that we feel regarding the familiar offices that we leave. We expect that, for some time to come, as we saunter down in the morning, with a head full of plans and ideas for the day's contributions, we will turn along Craig street and only awake from the day-dream in presence of the door that no longer bears THE TRUE WITNESS sign.

But be that as it may, we look upon this move as the marking of another in the history of the good, old Catholic organ. By dint of intercourse, and especially of weekly communion of spirit, the editor comes to feel that he is personally acquainted with every reader and that each one is a particular friend. Therefore it is painful—not from the mere standpoint of a subscription—whenever one of those, with whom weekly con-

verse has been long held, disappear from the list. When death claims anyone of the number it is our mournful duty to record the sad event, and to keep the soul in memory in all humble petitions thereafter; when for other reasons a subscriber drops out of the number we feel a pang of regret, and hope to again renew the acquaintance; and when, for obvious reasons, we are obliged to discontinue the paper to any address, the feeling is far from pleasant. No one in this world ever cares to curtail the number of his friends; in the short span of life everyone considers that friends are always less numerous than desirable.

But, on the other hand, when we find, as happily, during the past few months, new names are constantly being added to the number of those readers, we rejoice proportionately, for we feel that each line we write, each thought we express, each effort we make, serves to please, instruct, amuse, or interest one more in the world. The grand aim of a Catholic paper is to do the greatest possible amount of good, to spread the greatest possible number of blessings on all sides, and it is encouraging to know that the public co-operates with the journal and reciprocates the good will and interest of its constituted mouthpiece.

Looking back over the few years that we have had the honor and pleasure of editing THE TRUE WITNESS, we will ever recall the many memorable days spent in the old offices. It was there that we first made the acquaintance of hundreds of cherished friends; it was there that thousands of obstacles, far greater than the world will ever know, were steadily overcome; it was there that the organ received the impetus that started it upon the successful path which it now follows; it was there that many a discouraging cloud was dispelled and that beams of hope and perseverance were constantly rekindled; it was there that many a kind one was welcomed whose footsteps are heard no longer in the aisles of time; it was there that associations of kindred spirits were formed that shall live as long as memory lasts.

On all these we look with grateful remembrance, and as we close these doors, for a last time, we extend a hearty shake of the hand to the Past, and turn our gaze to the promising Future. In our new abode we will be in a more central place, and a locality more in accord with the rapid progress which THE TRUE WITNESS is now making. At this hour, when it seems to us that a new era is beginning for the Catholic journalism of our Province, we can well recall the words of Denis Florence McCarthy:

"The Past shines clear and pleasant,
There is prospect in the Present,
And the Future, like a crescent,
Lights the deepening sky of Time,
And that sky will yet grow brighter.
If the Worker and the Writer
And Sceptre and the Mitre
Join in sacred bonds sublime."

Let our Catholic public unite heartily with us in this glorious work and the day is not distant when the voice of our press will be a mighty factor in moulding the destinies of our people.

THE TRUE WITNESS will henceforth be published at No. 253 St. James street. In a few days our new offices will be completely fixed up and a hearty welcome will await all our friends. Not only will our abode be a new one, but the paper will appear very soon in an entirely new dress—as the ladies say—according to the latest styles. The only thing that will not be new about the whole business is the spirit of the paper; that, like the Church, must remain unchanged. Please, do not forget the address.

GLADSTONE.

Three great men—born about the same time—still live to be in turn admired, criticized, respected, misunderstood, praised, condemned, by a generation that was unborn when they had spent over half a century of life. Different in many respects, still they are the three great monumental figures of the nineteenth century; its declining sun flashes rays of glory upon their white and venerable heads, even as the setting sun lights up the snow-clad summits of the giant Alps. They are Bismarck, Gladstone and Leo XIII. The last is in every sense the greatest. It is with the second of this trinity of octogenarians that we have to do in our present article.

So much has been written about Gladstone, as a statesman, a *litterateur*, and an orator, that it would be superfluous to go over the numerous claims that he has to the admiration, veneration and applause of the world. Brilliant as the sun is, still astronomers discover specks upon its disc: in the checkered and wonderful career of this Grand Old Man there are many of his efforts that cannot receive the universal approbation of the world, in his literary works there are to be found theories and ideas with which the impartial cannot agree. But no one has ever claimed infallibility for the venerable statesman, much less has any one ever pretended that he was perfect. Otherwise he would not be human. With all the errors of judgment, harshness of action, or peculiarity of expressions on certain subjects, in one scale, and his gigantic services to mankind in the other, the latter outweighs the former in a most pronounced manner. The last fifteen years of Gladstone's public life should suffice to repair any mistakes that the forty or fifty years previous might contain. Though actually retired from the Premiership of Great Britain, it is evident that he is still the most important personage in the realm. Virtually he is still the First Minister, and the mutations of the times might, at any moment, cause him to place anew his hand upon the helm of state.

Thus contemplating that extraordinary figure—old but apparently filled with the vitality of a perpetual youth—it may be of interest to all who admire his talents and are grateful for the blessings he has bestowed upon the world, to know something about his active life. His upward course has been rapid, yet steady; unlike most men he appears to have been on the threshold of some new period of life, after closing an epoch sufficiently long and sufficiently studded with important events and achievements to suffice for an ordinary man's whole career. We have taken a few of the leading distance-marks along that dusty, yet flower-strewn, difficult, yet triumphant highway. We will not comment very much upon them, for to all who know the history of the last three quarters of a century, comment would be unnecessary.

On the 29th December, 1809, W. E. Gladstone was born in the city of Liverpool. Thus the greatest sea-port of England—or in fact of the world—bathed the birth of a child destined to do more for the augmentation of England's commercial influence than any other individual of the nineteenth century. At the age of twenty-two (1831) he graduated at Oxford, young in years, but old in the wisdom and lore of both ancient and modern times. The following year (1832) he entered Parliament. It was evident from the very beginning that his vocation was the political arena; and even at that period he had done

sufficient to attract the attention of the great critic and essayist Macaulay. In two years from his first entry into public life (1834) he was made Junior Lord of the Treasury; and one year later (1835) he became Under Colonial Secretary. This office he resigned the same year. Apparently political preferment came more rapidly than he desired. Already he felt his own power and had confidence in the future—hence his independent spirit.

In 1838 Mr. Gladstone married. He was twenty-nine years of age, full of ambition, but apparently more anxious for literary than for political success. In 1839 he blazed forth as a pamphleteer—a phase of work which he seems, till this day, to glory in. "The State in Relation to the Church," appeared in the autumn of that year, and in 1840 came his "Church Principles Considered." In 1841 he became Vice-President of the Board of Trade. This position he resigned in 1845 to become Colonial Secretary. In 1846 he resigned office. It is remarkable how often in his early career Gladstone resigned positions that the usual man of aspirations and political ambition would covet and seek to retain. An evidence that neither office nor emolument had great attraction for him.

In the troubled year of 1847 he advocated Freedom for Jews, and placed himself on record as a man of specially large views and high ideals. The next important turn in the kaleidoscope of his career took place in 1852, when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Three years later—1855—he again resigned office. In 1858 he was appointed Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Isles. In the midst of the countless duties of that period he gave the world his "Studies of the Homeric Age." Greek had always a fascination for him, and he is reputed one of the best Hellenic scholars of the age. In 1859 he again became Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1865—in his fifty-sixth year—we find him leader of the House of Commons. It would seem, to the ordinary observer, and considering the general shortness of human life, that he certainly was "on the wrong side of fifty," and that his years of usefulness could not be many. Far from it however!

In 1866 he was leader of the Opposition, and two years later—1868—he became Prime Minister of England. During all this time his literary works were constantly pouring out upon the world—just as if he had nothing to do but study and write. In 1869 he performed the first great act that might be called a forecast of his future course. It was that year that he carried the Irish Disestablishment. The following year came the Irish Land Bill. And in 1871 he brought about the abolishing of purchase of army commissions, and of confiscation under the penal laws. That same year his native city was adorned with a statue of her gifted and now famous son.

In 1873 the Irish University reforms were proposed. That year he resigned and again resumed power. But he resumed the Premiership only to dissolve Parliament in 1874. Then came a period of transition in which his views on certain subjects—especially those connected with Irish affairs—seemed to be undergoing considerable change. It was dawn upon him that other methods than Coercion Acts and Arms Bills were necessary in order to render justice to a long-suffering people. In 1879 came his great Midlothian triumph. Amidst all these events his "Homer Synchronism," "Gleanings of Past Years," and other