

THE TRUE WITNESS

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

- 1st.—All communications must be signed with the writer's name, or at least the name must accompany the manuscript, for purpose of identification.
- 2nd.—All letters, or other communications must be as short as possible, and be written on one side of the sheet only.
- 3rd.—No article or letter that reaches the office later than Saturday will appear in the next issue.
- 4th.—No news items received later than Monday afternoon will be published.
- 5th.—We will not guarantee the returning of any rejected communication unless it is accompanied with sufficient stamps for postage.

WEDNESDAY,.....OCTOBER 26, 1892

FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS.

We knew well, from ten long years of experience, what it is to be a college student; we also are aware how often the young men, in rhetoric or philosophy, whose college days are drawing to a close, and whose battle with the world is rapidly approaching, love to try their pens and to commence what might eventually terminate in a literary career. Also, we are fully aware of the want of encouragement that these young men experience at the hands of the older and more advanced in life. It is true that their professors drill them in all the rules of composition and give them ample opportunities of exercising their talents—if they have any—in that line. But they feel that their efforts deserve more encouragement than being read in class, or at best, on a "commencement day," for their parents. They imagine that if they could only reach the public eye through the medium of the press, they would make giant strides along the path-way to fame and perhaps future emolument. The ambition is a legitimate one, and it deserves encouragement.

Of late years a number of universities and colleges have established magazines wherein the students have a chance of seeking and gaining publicity for their effusions. These are admirable works and they deserve the highest praise and the greatest encouragement. But even the college magazine has a limited circulation and, at best, it only finds its way into certain scholastic circles and amongst the friends of the institution. The young man often likes to have his work—duly credited to himself—obtain a wider field. But then comes the barrier. The daily, even the weekly, press is so much taken up with the hurry of passing events that it finds no space for the student with his more or less profound theories and abstract subjects. On the other hand the student, by the circumstances of his position, is cut off from the outer world and cannot follow at once the course of his studies and the course of daily occurrences. Yet, we think, there should be some open for him in the field of letters.

We do not hereby encourage every boy scribbler to lose his time attempting composition on subjects that he does not understand, or pestering publishers with pages of matter that can be of no possible interest, nor even information to anyone. It is the duty of the professor of Belles-Lettres, for Rhetoric, to see that such-like

effusions remain inside the college. But when it happens, as it does every day, that a young man shows a real talent for writing, that in him the teachers can distinguish the germs of a real literary gift, and that he merely requires training, study, exercise and encouragement, then, we say, let that student have an opportunity of testing his strength. Let the institution be furnished with a good, choice reading-room; let the advanced pupils see the daily and weekly press, the magazines and all solid current literature; let them be advised to study up the burning questions of the day, and if not with the aid of worldly experience, at least with the light of the principles that are taught to them, to place on paper their ideas, views, opinions upon what they have observed. Then, when a young man exhibits a special gift, or the promise even of a talent for writing, let him have a wider range, give him a larger horizon, permit him to publish his essays, to sign them, and to credit his college with being the source whence he drew his draughts of knowledge.

But here the professor is heard to ask: "Where can we find a medium whereby to reach the public? No paper will be bothered, especially in this electric age, with school-boy effusions." Stop a moment! It is exactly on account of all that we stated above; on account of our own experience in the past and our intimate knowledge of the ambitions and failures of young men, that we are about to make an offer to all our Catholic colleges in Canada, and through these institutions to their advanced pupils. To-day we publish an essay on "A System of Education," written by a young man, at present a student in the Ottawa University. It is a credit to the writer and also to the institution. Why could not other students, from other colleges, attempt the same?

THE TRUE WITNESS is now published in a magazine form, it is more handy to use and more suitable for preservation; we are making every effort to cut down all uninteresting, uninteresting matter, and to multiply the number of departments: we wish to make our paper a medium of as much good as possible for our readers and our co-religionists. Therefore, are we prepared to accept, and to reserve a column each week for contributions, well-written, upon interesting subjects and in the proper spirit, from the students of the higher forms in any or all of our colleges. Credit will be given to the institution and to the pupil; it will make the names of our houses of education known and it will encourage in a very material way those young aspirants to literary fame.

In thus opening our columns to such contributions, we reserve to ourselves the right to pass a final judgment upon the compositions and to decide whether they are sufficiently short, interesting and well written to occupy the space. In making this offer we would beg of the professors to see that the compositions are written on one page (or side) only of the sheet, that they do not exceed five pages of foolscap (unless they are exceptionally good and interesting), and that they be, as much as possible, upon living subjects—especially Catholic. We believe that THE TRUE WITNESS is the first Catholic paper in this country to make such a suggestion and such an offer; we trust that advantage will be taken of them in the interest of Catholic education and the future of our Catholic young men.

To-morrow the exercises of the Forty Hours will commence at St. Edouard, and on Saturday at St. Francois d'Assise de la L. P.

THE LATE BRO. MAURICE.

On Friday we received a letter of which the following are extracts:

"MT. ST. LOUIS INSTITUTE,
Montreal, Oct. 20th, 1892.

DEAR MR. FORAN:—I would be particularly pleased if you would read the enclosed and see that fair play be given to those concerned. I rely on your genuine Catholic spirit and on your laudable desire to promote good, and feel that your pen will as ever be ready to assist in a just cause. My sincere congratulations on the improvements made in the "TRUE WITNESS." Yours most sincerely,

BRO. MAURICE."

That was, very probably, the last letter ever penned by the writer, the last time he ever signed his name in religion, the last communication that he was ever to send to a fellow man. When the above was written Brother Maurice was in the full flush of health, in all his youthful vigor, with thirty-eight years of life gone past and seemingly as many more ahead of him; when we read these lines, his soul was already with God. Brother Maurice is one whose biography can be traced in a few lines, as far as the world is concerned, but whose life and its grand details would fill many a volume. His family name was Sweeney, and he came originally from Chicago; seventeen years ago he entered the order of the Christian Brothers, and has ever since been one of the busiest and most useful members of that most admirable order. During fourteen years of his religious life he taught in the Brothers' Academy in Quebec, and his name will long live in the memories of both old and young, in that good, quaint and historic city. Two years ago he was removed, by order of his Superiors to Montreal, and for the first year was a teacher and last September, on the re-opening of the Mount St. Louis College, he was appointed Assistant Director of that institution. No more happy choice could have been made. Young and yet experienced, he had all the qualifications requisite for the important position that he was called upon to occupy.

His death: ah! it was a sad stroke for the college, for the order, for his relatives in the world, for the pupils that had learned to love him so ardently; for his Director—Brother Stephen—who, during fourteen years had full opportunity of appreciating his worth; and for everyone—except himself. If ever a man was prepared to go forth, at a second's notice, from the field of mortal existence and to appear, with his thoughts, words and works before the Eternal, that man was Alexander Sweeney, the Brother Maurice of that pious and glorious order. He was apparently in perfect health on Friday morning; at ten o'clock he had taken a ramble down street with one of the pupils; at eleven he taught during his usual hour in the class of Physical Science; at twelve he went to dinner; before the first course was served, he bent over upon the table—and expired.

Such is a brief account of a life and a death, one as holy and calm as the other. Of the deceased what have we to say? He was one of the many who have given up the world to serve God and to devote their years of mortal life to the noble work of training youth and preparing the children of to-day to become the men—the good, the honest, the Catholic men—of the coming generation. All his sacrifices, his labors, his successes, his trials, his triumphs in the arena of education are never to be known to the world,—the day he abandoned all to "take up his cross and follow" Christ, every temporal ambition, honor and reward were resigned, and in humility and obedience the path of duty was to be his only route unto the end. He was, however, to "Learn the luxury of doing good,"—and to reap the reward of the "good and faithful servant." Were he

alive to-day we might fear to shock his retiring spirit by saying all we thought of Brother Maurice; but now that he is gone from this world of vanity and tinsel show, we may be permitted to recall some of his peculiar traits of character. He was generous, good-hearted, pleasant; yet, he was just to all, stern in the exercise of his duty, and unbending as a disciplinarian. He was gifted with many talents, and he had a vast store of knowledge; but what was better than all he had a special power of imparting all he knew to others.

Like Gerald Griffin, the immortal Irish poet and novelist, who donned the garb of a Christian Brother, the deceased hid under that unassuming robe, bright gifts that might one day have led him to places of high distinction had he remained in the world. It was Griffin who wrote that prophetic poem about his own death, and if its words were not realized in his own life they have found their fulfillment in the person of this other member of the same Brotherhood. Read those lines of Gerald Griffin: then think how fittingly they apply to the dead brother whose loss we mourn:

"In the days of my boyhood I had a strange feeling,
That I was to die at the noon of my day;
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away."

That even in the hour when enjoyment was keenest,
My lamp should quench suddenly, hissing in gloom;
That even when my honors were brightest and greenest,
A blight should rush over and scatter their bloom."

Yes; in the full tide of life, with the blood of youthful energy flashing through his veins, Brother Maurice was summoned—without a moment's warning—and he was ready to obey the call. His was a pure, a noble soul, and its presence was required in the chancel of God's glory; the Angel of Death was ordered to call that spirit away from earth, and with lightning swiftness the mandate was executed. There was nothing to regret or to awaken pity in that death; no lingering illness, no torturing pains, no terrific struggle, no misery,—one flash and all was over. *Nonquam non paratus* was his motto, and being ever ready his end was glorious. Without a moment's uneasiness or suffering, he passed from time into eternity, from the field of his labor to his positive reward. In bidding him *adieu* one can only add that fervent prayer, in the words of the Church, *May his soul rest in Peace!*

TEMPERANCE.

Elsewhere, in this issue, we publish a lecture delivered by Archbishop Ireland, upon the spirit and life of Father Matthew. It is published by the "Temperance Publication Bureau," of which Rev. Father A. P. Doyle, of New York, is the director, and by which this elegant, short and effective temperance literature is sent out to the world. We not only are pleased to reproduce these very important documents, but we desire to help, as far as in us lies, the cause that the good Paulists and their friends have in hand. There seems to us no more suitable way of rendering them assistance than by calling the attention of our many readers, especially in the United States, to the workings of that Bureau. If we mistake not the Paulists have given several hundred missions of late, and during the last year have administered the total abstinence pledge to over thirty-six thousand people. It is a glorious work and they are noble workers; but they must not be expected to carry on this crusade against the demon of alcohol without help from the public. We will just mention a few of the objects for which this Publishing Bureau has been established. To use their own words, it has been formed; "to secure the very best writers among both clergy and laity; to have