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WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1896

**A CHARITY THAT DID NOT FAIL.**

The impressive ceremony of which the Grey Nunnery was recently the scene when six novices pronounced their final vows and were admitted as members of the community, suggests a retrospect of more than ordinary interest. On the 7th of October next year it will be just a century and a half since the community founded by Madame D'Youville took possession of its first home. The present generation has been noted for its centennials, every multiple and aliquot part of a hundred—from 10 to 100—have furnished occasion for a more or less imposing celebration. Of such observances of anniversaries our own country has had its share and so has Montreal. There is, therefore, no lack of precedent for marking with white so significant a date as the 150th birthday of an institution so dear to Montrealers. Opportunely, as it in preparation for the event, an admirable biography of the Foundress, prepared at the request of the Reverend Sisters and printed at their press, has just made its appearance. The author, the Reverend D. S. Ramsay, late Rector of St. Bede's, South Shields, and Rural Dean of St. Aidan's, has done credit to himself in honoring one who was not the least worthy of the *servantes de Dieu en Canada*. This is not the first life of Madame D'Youville that has been composed. Her son, the Abbé DuRoi, and the Abbé Satin, P.S.S., long chaplain to the Grey Nuns, discharged a like task, or rather labor of love. But their writings have remained in manuscript. The Abbé Failon, P.S.S., that most laborious member of an order fruitful in good works, wrote a biography of characteristic merit, and that volume Abbé Ramsay would have simply translated, had it not been the desire of the Reverend Sisters that he should re-write it in his own way. He refers there who seek information as to Madame D'Youville's Breton ancestry to the monograph of the Count de Pally, printed at Rennes in 1894.

So much being premised, we proceed to lay before our readers a brief outline of Abbé Ramsay's fascinating narrative. Mary Margaret Dufrost de Lajemmerais (also written Lagesmerais) was the daughter of a Breton gentleman, who, after serving in the navy, was in 1687 transferred to a regiment then engaged in a campaign against the formidable Iroquois. In the first year of the 18th century, having won some distinction as a soldier, he married Mary, daughter of René Gauthier de Varennes (afterwards Governor of Three Rivers), and his wife, a daughter of Pierre Boucher de Boucherville. Eight years later he died, leaving his widow and six children but slenderly provided for. Of his three sons, two entered the priesthood; the third, a soldier like his father, died of hardship in the winter of 1535, at Fort Maurepas, on Lake Winnipeg. Mary Louise, one of the daughters, became the wife of Ignace Gamelin—being thus connected with the family of another foundress; while another, who married Pierre Gamelin-Mangras, was the great-grandmother of the late Archbishop Taché. The third daughter was designated by Providence for a work that was to live after her and to compensate by its character and success for many trials borne with exemplary resignation and fortitude. Educated at the Ursuline Convent of Quebec, where her gentleness, devotion and superior intel-

ligence had won the sympathy of her teachers and all who came in contact with her, Marie Marguerite, while still young, became a real comfort to her widowed mother, whom she aided not a little in the task of bringing up the younger children. Nor was her good influence confined to her own household. Her graces of mind and person won esteem and affection and made piety attractive to people of the world. It was in the nature of things that such a young lady should win admirers, and modest though she was, like other young people, she was pleased with such attentions. In 1772 (her mother having meanwhile married, in second nuptials, an Irish gentleman named Sullivan) Marie Marguerite was united in wedlock to M. François M. d'Youville. As to outward advantages, the union promised happiness, for M. d'Youville was possessed of considerable means. But there were drawbacks, and Madame d'Youville had ample occasion for the exercise of patience. It was, however, a severe shock to her when her husband succumbed to an illness of a few days at the early age of thirty-one. Other cares now super-vened, for she found herself burdened with debt, so that she had to undertake the charge of educating her two surviving children (both of whom entered the church) with sadly straitened resources.

It was, says her biographer, in the midst of this desolation and poverty, to which she was reduced by God's will, that Mde. d'Youville was apprised of her vocation as if by Divine inspiration. Her director, M. deLecocq, said one day to her: "Child, be consoled, for God calls you to a great work and to raise up a falling house." That work was the establishment of the Sisters of Charity, since called the Grey Nuns; the falling house, the General Hospital of Ville Marie, now Montreal. The hearing of those words, which were seed sown on good soil, marked a new and fruitful stage in Madame d'Youville's career. Asking God's assistance on her project, she started a small business which so far prospered that she was able to clear off her late husband's debts, without at the same time neglecting the education of her boys. Her spare time she gave to the poor and infirm. In 1738 M. Lecocq died, having been her spiritual director for seven years, and she chose as his successor, M. Normand du Faradeu, superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, rector of Notre Dame and Vicar-General. M. du Faradeu followed M. Lecocq's example in urging Madame d'Youville to take charge of the General Hospital. This institution, founded in 1694, by Messrs. Charon, Le Ber and Fredin, devout laymen, had, through mismanagement, sunk to a condition virtually moribund. At her director's advice, in order to fit her for the work, she, with some associates, rented a house and took charge of some poor people. On entering this abode of charity, they knelt at a statuette of Our Lady (still a cherished relic in the Grey Nunnery) and asked the protection of the Blessed Mother on their work. Her Companions were Miles. Cuson, Thaurin and Demers. The years immediately following were years of persecution, bereavement (Mlle. Cuson dying in February, 1741) and disaster, their house being destroyed by fire, January 30, 1745. Over the embers the associates devoted themselves to a common life of holiness and self-renunciation. Even this act failed to silence their calumniators, and M. Bigot showed a marked hostility.

Notwithstanding these trials, which form one of the strangest chapters in Montreal's institutional history, Madame D'Youville was, as already mentioned, put in possession of the General Hospital on the 7th of October, 1747, and finally the King's letters patent of June 3, 1753, granted her and her companions all the rights and privileges accorded to the Hospitalier Brothers by the like instrument of April, 15, 1694. The hospital was then enlarged, the church, with a sanctuary added, being made the centre of the structure, and thenceforward the blessing of God was made more and more manifest on Madame D'Youville and her work. It also gained in ever increasing measure the good will of the people and the *Demoiselles de la Charité*, in their simple but becoming garb, were regarded with affection and gratitude whenever they appeared on their errands of mercy. Even M. Bigot changed his tone, but his friendship was even less desirable than his enmity, for he cheated the Sisters as he cheated everyone else.

The Foundress of the Grey Nunnery survived the conquest nearly twelve years, dying on the 23rd of December, 1771. There is a great deal that is of very real interest in the history of the institution, from the settlement already mentioned, until her death, while an Appendix contributed by one of the Reverend Sisters deals vividly with later events of deep significance in its subsequent annals. To these we hope to refer on another occasion. Meanwhile, we may say that to all who read it a right little volume, so creditably printed and so tastefully illustrated, must prove at once instructive and edifying, while incidentally it brings before the mind many striking traits of M. nt-

real society in the closing years of the Old Régime, as well as in those which followed the conquest.

**THE CAUSE OF THE EVIL.**

There are so many points on which we differ, by the whole firmament, from Prof. Goldwin Smith, that our agreement with him on any single item is exception enough to be regarded as noteworthy. In last week's issue we published some comments that he wrote on the Woman question, suggested by the decision of the Oxford authorities on the admission of ladies to degrees. Prof. Smith thinks that if the young women of England must have University degrees, their best plan would be to agitate for a university of their own. Although he opposes the attempt to give women equal rights in an institution never intended for them, Prof. Smith admits that the movement is the least alarming feature in the general revolt of women against what he hitherto considered the limitations and safeguards of their sex. This revolt has taken the form of "a sudden passion for what have hitherto been made employments, male practices, male pleasures, male resorts and even male habits of dress." And associated with their new vogue is an open avowal of impatience of the burdens of wifehood and maternity. Prof. Smith finds a parallel for this phase of the New Woman movement in the manners of the pampered women of the Roman Empire, and of certain developments of court life in medieval England. Prof. Smith concludes his criticism by observing that ladies cannot expect to have both equality and knowledge to fight with man for place and power, and at the same time to appeal triumphantly to his chivalry.

Dr. Goldwin Smith is certainly right when he characterizes the desire to adorn her mind with the gains of knowledge or even to win the letters that bear witness to a certain standard of intellectual advancement as the least harmful of the New Woman's aspirations. But he has not dealt quite fairly with another question. That there are women who, by innate learning, or long reflection, or strong religious influences, are led to devote their best energies, not to the cares of motherhood, but to some form of service to humanity equally blessed, if conscientiously undertaken in obedience to the divine call, most of our readers will agree. In all ages there have been women of peculiar gifts—some possessed of a wondrous enthusiasm which enabled them to control the minds of others; some endowed with rare organizing and administrative powers; some exercising influence by the lofty purity of their character, or by a patient devotion that won the most obdurate; others imbued from on high with a clearness of insight that put them on a par with the ancient prophets, and others, again, born to command, to rule communities, or nations, or empires. Such women are the special blessing of no one section of the human race, of no single century, or class of society or profession of faith. There have been such women, of mental power and moral conviction and strength of purpose, ranging from the "clever woman of the family" to the prophetess, the heroine, the saint. Confining ourselves to the lower levels of this elevated region of human endowment and endeavor—that is, to such women as we have all opportunities for coming in contact with some time or other in our lives, and of whom we have frequently read in books, can we doubt that Providence has given them to mankind for special lines of work, or that, in the more conspicuous instances, their work has been revealed and allotted to them? For examples of such women, we need not pass the bounds of our own country and its history. Madame de la Peltrie, the Venerable Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, Mlle. Mance, the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeois, Madame D'Youville, Mademoiselle Le Ber and many others who labored with them and succeeded to their legacy of good works, belong to the grand roll of honor. Some of these holy women were sublimely tried in the furnace of affliction before they received or, at least, before they recognized the call to the higher life. It was in the designs of Providence that they should enter on their missions with that ripe experience which should enable them to be wise counsellors to those who accept the invitation to follow in their paths. To others the compelling voice came in their prime, and with the summons sufficient illumination was vouchsafed to direct their steps aright in the way in which they were to go.

Now, the point to which we would call attention—and it is a point for which Catholics cannot be sufficiently thankful—is this: That there is no form of well doing in which women can worthily devote themselves for which the wisdom of the Church has not made provision. And it is just here that Protestantism—regarded simply as an organization for the attainment, of certain ends—has, more or less, lamentably failed.

A Protestant historian, Lord Macaulay, in one of his most famous essays (the review of L. Ranke's work on the Popes),

long since drew attention to this fact. Why are the ascision and multiplication of Protestant sects constantly going on, so that in the British Isles alone, not to speak of the continent of Europe and the United States, there are more than three hundred registered denominations? There is hardly a recognized truth of the Church's creed which has not formed the basis for one or more sects—some tenaciously holding to what others deny. Yet while the zeal of those sects is thus consuming each other, the Protestant system has no direction for individual souls yearning to consecrate themselves to the great task of prayer, to the divine work of mercy, to the relief of the poor, the solace of the distressed, the nursing of the sick, the saving of the imperilled, the instruction of the ignorant. It is to this want of provision for certain aspirations and energies—especially of the more richly endowed womanly natures—that the vague unrest and often sadly misdirected zeal of the modern Woman Movement are largely due. For, as we need hardly inform our readers it is not among Catholics that the exaggerations and anomalies that Prof. Goldwin Smith denounces are to be found. In the Church there is room for the fruitful expansion of all the Christian virtues. Catholic education lays due stress on the duties of the wife and the mother, and keeps them in the faithful discharge of every obligation. But for women whose hearts are drawn toward another altar of joyous sacrifice either for constant prayer and meditation or for the relief of any of the myriad forms of human misery, or for the reclaiming of those who have sadly strayed from the paths of virtue, or for the training up of the young in all that is good and true and becoming—for these the Church has open doors within which they may stand in true humility, live in simple obedience and walk in love and patience, thus daily advancing in the spirit and obtaining great favor with God."

**THE IRISH MUSICAL FEIS.**

Some years ago, while Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill was under discussion, and the name of the new legislative body to be created by the bill was being considered, some English member proposed that it should be known by its Irish name. This suggestion, which was meant to cause amusement, would, in the normal state of things, have been a matter of course, and the ancient *Féis Teambhrach*, or Assembly of Tara, would have been revived in the modern institution. The consummation has, however, only been postponed, and meanwhile the harp of Tara is to be unbound and to "give all its chords to light, freedom and song. Nor is it without significance that the projected festival is to bear the old historic name. It will thus be a forecast of another National Feis which will, in the fullest sense, fulfil the aspirations of the Irish people. A recent writer says that the change which has come over the musical spirit of Ireland is one of the saddest signs that her modern condition affords. It would, indeed, be inexpressibly sad if there were no hope that the national pulse would ever again beat proudly in recognition of the old familiar airs associated with so much sorrow, so much joy, so much enthusiasm. But happily that hope is not yet dead. The awaking of national sentiment to which we have already referred as including in its range of revival the language of our forefathers is not indifferent to one of the main triumphs of Ireland's genius and achievement, her wondrous musical inspiration. Experts may deal with the technique of Irish music, and doubtless at the coming *féis* there will be no lack of learned theory to account for its controlling power over all the springs of emotion, but what makes it dear to the general heart of the Irish race is that it is so full of associations with the past, every note becoming a living memory, as if some ghostly presence of old times had brought us a message. This is, of course, more evident in some strains than in others. There are airs that appeal to the feet rather than to the heart, though they, too, bring up images of old-time rapture, of the loves of those that sleep in old abbey grave yards, and whose brightness had dimmed long before we were born.

One writer has, indeed, contrasted the more joyous character of the Erse music with the sombre nature of the Welsh. "The pure Gael," says Prof. Morley, "now represented by the Irish and Scotch—was, at his best, an artist. He had a sense of literature, he had active and bold imagination, joy in bright color, skill in music, touches of a keen sense of honor in most savage tunes, and in religion, fervent and self-sacrificing zeal. In the Cymry—now represented by the Celts of Wales—there was the same artist nature. By natural difference, and partly, no doubt, because their first known poets learned in suffering what they taught in song, the oldest Cymric music comes to us, not like the music of the Irish harp, in throbbings of a pleasant tunelessness, but as a wail that beats again, again and again, some iterated burden on the ear." There is, no doubt, some truth in the foregoing remark, in so far as the Irish nature is

more elastic than the Welsh and has the happy faculty—imparted, it would seem by Providence, in compensation for much misery—of quickly recovering its tone and thus shaking off griefs and wrongs that would bow others to the dust and make life unendurable. But Mr. Morley is strangely wrong when he takes this gaiety of temper as a proof that the Irish Celt has not suffered as much as his Cymric kinsman, or that he is wanting in depth of feeling. The very persistence of Irish national sentiment, in spite of all obstacles or allurements, and the fact that it flourishes as freely and strongly in exile as on the "old sod," to which the exile ever affectionately turns, contradicts such a conclusion.

Nor is Irish music always gay. It is not gay music that brings the tears to one's eyes, as many a simple Irish air does. "The plaintive melodies of Carolan," wrote Moore, nearly a century ago, "take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship God in caves, or to quit forever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home with sanguine expectations of the honors that await him abroad—such honors as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valor of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favor of the French, and extorted from George II. the memorable exclamation, 'Cured be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!'"

No! the Irish are neither empty-pated nor shallow-hearted, and if they can change with an ease which surprises their stolid Saxon fellow-countrymen from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," it is owing to a blessed gift of temperament and not to any inferiority of spiritual endowment. Nor, by the same token, do we believe that the old songs and airs that have done so much to sustain that temperament under so many harsh trials, have been forgotten by the Irish people. It is not among the Irish alone that the torrent of new fashions in music, as in everything else, has swept aside what was loved and venerated by our fathers. But the very fickleness of fashion inspires the hope that the degrading thrall of the music-hall will be short-lived even with the votaries of *la mode*, and that the National *Féis* will give such an impulse to the study of Irish music that the waves of enthusiasm will not only sweep the baptismal effluvia over the Irish race but overflow the Saxon borderland till England too has caught the inspiration of our grand old music. And if we believe some English historians, it will not be the first time that the Celt taught the Saxon an art higher than his own. Mr. Fergusson, the historian of architecture, thinks that "it is not too much to assert that without his intervention we should not have in modern times a church worthy of admiration or a statue we could look at without shame." And a more recent writer, a glorious Celt herself, Fiona Macleod, says that the inheritance of the Gael is "the beauty of the world, the pathos of life, the gloom, the fatalism, the spiritual glamour," and these qualities assuredly are of the very essence of poetry and song, of that music which appeals to the inmost soul. Let us heartily hope that the coming national *Féis* may produce such an awakening of what is worthiest in the old Erse music that every Irish heart may be aroused and gladdened and inspired.

**A VALUABLE REPORT.**

We reproduce, from the Freeman's Journal of Dublin, a portion of the report on the "Financial Relations of Great Britain and Ireland since the days of the Union," which has been prepared by a committee composed of Messrs. Sexton, Blake and Slatery, and which was submitted to the Royal Commission appointed to deal with the matter. It is a splendid retrospect of the essential features of the financial relations which have subsisted between these countries during a period of almost a century, as well as a striking and remarkable epoch marker in regard to the shameful manipulation of the financial affairs to the detriment of poor, weak Ireland. Contrary to all past custom, the report is couched in language both calm and convincing, and is a unique document in consequence of the masterful marshalling of facts and figures evinced by its able compilers. The report will be read in this New World by countless thousands of people regardless of nationality, and to all those who do not claim to be of Irish birth or extraction, and who have never taken the trouble to scan the pages of Irish history, it will serve to awaken in their minds and hearts a newer and more worthy opinion of our people and do much to remove the prejudice which has long existed in certain circles, and bring light to many minds obscured by error.

DESPITE the outbursts of eloquence of American orators, and the glowing periods of American newspaper writers, that the system of education in vogue in the United States is non-sectarian, we now

and again come across little paragraphs such as the following, taken from an American exchange, which serves to show the unrecurrent of opposition which is at work against Catholicism in that land of the free:

"Commencement exercises of the Pasadena High School were held on June 13, at the First Congregational Church, and the baccalaureate address was by the pastor, Rev. H. W. Lathe, who sermonized on 'What Religion Has to do with Education.' At Monrovia, Glendora, and other places, the public school closing exercises were held in Methodist churches, and in many other towns of the Southern part of the State the anomaly was repeated under the auspices of some other denomination. Evidently this is what is meant by 'non-sectarian' schools."

**IRISH SOCIETIES**

Meet to Appoint Delegates to the Dublin Convention but Arrive at No Decision—Meeting Adjourned to 23rd July.

At the invitation of the St. Patrick's Society, a meeting of the representatives of the various Irish societies of Montreal was held on Monday night in the St. Patrick's hall, McGill street. The following delegates were present: St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, Mr. Sharkey and John Wall; Irish Catholic Benevolent Society, Ald. T. Kinsella and D. O'Neill; St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society, W. Walsh and J. Brady; Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association, Mr. A. Phelan and W. J. Hinchey; St. Ann's Young Men's Society, Ed. Quinn and H. P. Sullivan; St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society, J. Lynch and J. Burns; Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1, George Clarke and Denis Barry; No. 2, Mr. Lynch and Lawrence Breen; No. 3, B. Wall and Mr. Brogan; No. 4, H. Kearns and P. J. Tully. There were also in attendance about fifteen members of the St. Patrick's Society who were not delegates. Dr. J. J. Guerin, M.L.A., called the meeting to order at 9 p.m., briefly stating the purpose of the gathering and the object of the great Irish National Convention to be held in Dublin early in September, to which it was proposed to send representatives from the Irish people of Canada's metropolis. The object of the Convention, which had its inception with His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, is to cement the Irish party together in a bond of unity, that the cause of the Old Land may in the future be fought in the British House of Commons with that unanimity of purpose and true effectiveness which marked the Irish campaign under the leadership of the late Charles Stewart Parnell. After Dr. Guerin had been unanimously elected chairman, and Mr. M. A. Phelan secretary, the question arose as to the right of the gentlemen non-delegates present taking part in the discussion. The delegates magnanimously decided that all present should be given a voice in the meeting. Mr. W. D. Burns suggested that a mass meeting of the Irish citizens of this city should be convened to select delegates to the Dublin convention. However, the opinion prevailed that every Irishman should belong to some National society and that the common end in view, the selection of men to fitly represent Montreal in Dublin, could be attained more satisfactorily in their election by duly authorized delegates from the various National Societies and Associations. There was considerable discussion, during which it developed that the majority of the delegates present had no definite instructions and no alternative but to report back to their societies. Under these circumstances, it was ultimately decided, on motion of Mr. Clarke, seconded by Mr. Breen, that the meeting should adjourn until Thursday, July 23rd, when the delegates to the Irish National Convention will be regularly appointed.

**PERSONAL.**

Hon. M. F. Hackett, of Stanstead, is in town, a guest at the Hall. Fathers McCallen and Fahy, of St. Patrick's, have gone on their usual annual vacation. Mr. P. J. Carroll, of the Traders' Bank, St. Mary's, Ont., is the guest of Mr. M. Charles Foley, No. 2 Durocher Street. Mr. G. T. Fulford, of the well-known firm Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont., manufacturers of Pink Pills and other proprietary medicines, is registered at the Windsor.

**THE NEW PROVINCIAL CABINET OF ONTARIO.**

Toronto, July 14.—This afternoon at three o'clock, before Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, Hon. A. S. Hardy was sworn in as Prime Minister of Ontario in succession to Sir Oliver Mowat. Mr. W. D. Balfour, Speaker in the Legislature, steps into the vacancy in the Cabinet, which is as follows: Premier and Attorney-General—Hon. A. S. Hardy. Commissioner of Crown Lands—Hon. J. M. Gibson. Provincial Secretary—Hon. W. D. Balfour. Provincial Treasurer—Hon. Richard Harcourt. Minister of Agriculture—Hon. John Dryden. Minister of Education—Hon. G. W. Ross. Minister of Public Works—Hon. Wm. Hart. Minister without portfolio—Hon. Mr. Bronson.