

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1874.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR. JUNE—1873.

Friday, 19—St. Juliana Falconieri, V. Saturday, 20—St. John of San Faluando, C. Sunday, 21—Fourth after Pentecost. Monday, 22—St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, V. (May 27.) Tuesday, 23—Vigil, St. Marguerite, V. (June 10.) Wednesday, 24—St. John the Baptist. Thursday, 25—St. William, Ab.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Matters in France are going from bad to worse, and civil war seems imminent, almost unavoidable. Not in the stormiest days of the first revolution were men's passions more unrestrained. For instance a Count St. Croix, a Bonapartist slaps M. Gambetta in the face, and is fined \$200, and sentenced to 6 months in prison for the outrage, but his friends applaud him, and are prepared to follow his example. We may distinguish three parties in France at the present moment: the Monarchists or Legitimists, which party includes the partisans of the younger as well of the older branch of the Bourbons, since the Orleansists have virtually recognised the prior claims of the Comte de Chambord. Then we have the Bonapartists; and next the Republicans. Between these two the battle will have to be fought, for the Monarchists have no policy, and scarce know their own minds. The Bonapartists on the contrary are numerous, well organized, and are the inheritors of the political traditions of the late Empire, under which in a material point of view it must be admitted that France prospered. The Republicans or revolutionists are, though numerous, not organized for one common policy, and comprise within their ranks men of very various shades of political opinion; such as Communists as well as constitutional republicans, to whom the word Republic does not convey the idea of the abnegation of government, and with whom republican institutions are not synonymous with anarchy, and confiscation of property. Under these circumstances, and in the actual state of frenzied excitement the dissolution of the Assembly, and an appeal to the electors of France, would be the signal for civil war in every department of the country.

There have been again some disquieting rumors with regard to the health of the Holy Father, but at latest accounts the fever with which he had been troubled had subsided. The pilgrims from the United States met with a most cordial reception, and it is probable that the old practice of pilgrimages will become very frequent on this Continent.

Some few weeks ago, or so, a young lady pupil and boarder at the St. Joseph's Convent in the vicinity of Toronto, disappeared. Immediately the Protestant papers teemed with outrageous insinuations against the Catholic Institution. Stories were made up and published of immoralities witnessed by the missing boarder, who it was darkly hinted had probably been murdered or otherwise disposed of. The Montreal Witness improved the occasion by reminding the public that the Ladies of the Convent had a place of interment of their own.

All this inevitably created a great sensation. His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto courted judicial investigation, but this of course did not suit the books of the other party. Monstrous lies were concocted in Toronto and forwarded to Montreal for publication in the journals; and here we must acknowledge the frank and gentlemanly conduct of the editor of the Gazette, into whose paper one of those slanderous Toronto stories found its way by inadvertence, and without his privity. The editor next day explained the circumstance, and in the most honorable manner made ample amends for the error of which, through no fault on his part, the Gazette had been guilty.

It is almost a pity to spoil a sensational romance, and yet such has been done for the real facts of the case are now before the public, and were given in the city papers of Wednesday, 3rd inst., in the following paragraph: "News has at last been heard of the young lady

missing from St. Joseph's Convent. It appears she left the Convent on the 5th ult., and reached Scarborough on foot, where she remained that night. She then set out, still on foot, and reached Port Hope, where she took the steamer for Rochester. Here she remained while she communicated with her mother, from whom she obtained the funds required to take her home."

From a communication on the same subject, it seems that the missing pupil had on the day of her disappearance incurred the displeasure of her teacher who had reprimanded her, and threatened to report her conduct to her family. Hence we conclude the young lady's escapade of which we suppose she now sees the folly.

GUSHING.—She was a "gushing thing" was the younger Miss Peckniff; so also with truth may it be said of an English public when striving to do honor to distinguished foreigners visiting their shores. How they did "gush" to be sure, when Garibaldi visited England! and what fools mayors and other officials made of themselves on that occasion. To such considerable extent has this "gushing" business been carried on the occasion of the recent visit of the Czar, that we think that sober minded Englishmen being Protestants must almost feel ashamed of it, since it is hardly consistent with Protestants of the Church of England, whose head is the Queen, to acknowledge and salute a foreign prince as the "Faith's sure defender." Yet, as such, the Czar was enthusiastically hailed the other evening at the Crystal Palace, when the following sweet hymn was sung to his honor and glory, amidst loud applause.

"God save the noble Czar, "Long may he live in power, "In happiness, in peace, to reign "Dread of his enemies, "FAITH'S SURE DEFENDER "God save the Czar.

Now considering that the State Church of which the Czar is the supreme head, retains all those practices and ceremonies which devout Protestants denounce as idolatrous and soul destroying, when observed by Papists, it certainly is funny to hear him hailed in England, by English Protestants, as the "Sure Defender of the Faith." We shall be told of course that this was only "gushing" and that it meant nothing serious; but if so we think it was rather overdoing the business. From a religious point of view we care not to discuss the propriety of the recognising by English Protestants as the "Defender of the Faith," of the head of a church which offers the sacrifice of the Mass for the living and the dead, and which honors with religious rites the Blessed Virgin and Saints reigning in heaven; but from a political point of view, considering that by law Queen Victoria is at present the Defender of the Faith, we see not how loyal British Protestants could give even in the extremity of their "gushing" that title to another.

THE BEST JOKE OUT.—At the very moment when the poor, much perplexed bishops of the Protestant Church of England are knocking at the door of Parliament, and humbly imploring that body to grant them certain powers to repress erroneous teaching, it almost takes away one's breath to learn that it is seriously proposed, by one of these same bishops—the gentleman who holds the revenues of the See of Litchfield—to call together a second time the Pan-Anglican Synod of Lambeth, whose proceedings, when it met a few years ago, caused much merriment, or innocent mirth in the world—and for conferring the dignity of Patriarch! upon the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury; who, poor man, so little is there of the character or quality of a Bishop about him, is actually obliged to solicit from a Parliament composed of Catholics, Protestants of all shades of religious belief, or disbelief, and Jews, powers to enable him to enforce the law on a refractory curate. The Church of England which is the mere creature of this body, subject to its rule, is to make one of its members a Patriarch! Even the Protestant secular press cannot refrain from laughing at this most ludicrous proposal, as may be seen from the following remarks on the subject which we clip from the Montreal Gazette of the 1st instant:—

"English Bishops have a hard time of it. Tied and hampered by law, public opinion swept over them like a torrent because they did nothing to stay the progress of Ritualism. And now that they have sharpened an axe, that if swung by a steady hand, will lay low the evil, and leave its roots to die, down comes Convocation on them, with a fury and anger, unknown even to us, in the hottest charges of our past debates.

"Whilst the Church in England is thus raging like a troubled sea, it is almost laughable to read the proposition of the Bishop of Litchfield, to call the Pan-Anglican Synod together once again, for the purpose, chiefly, of defining 'the exact position that the Archbishop of Canterbury should hold, in reference to the various branches of the Anglican Communion scattered throughout the world.' The Right Rev. Prelate thinks that the time has come when something equivalent to the office of Patriarch ought to be adopted by the Anglican Communion, and he appears to think that it is the earnest desire of the Anglican Church, throughout the world, that the Archbishop of Canterbury should be recognized in that capacity. Knowing that such an office would be perfectly useless in the State Church, he bases his hopes of seeing it instituted on the fact, that it is needed for the Colonies."

Counterfeit silver coin is in circulation at London, Ontario. Let merchants here beware of the "queer."

SPIRITUAL POACHING.—The London Times strongly condemns the poaching on: the spiritual preserves of the London Missionary Society at Madagascar, by the Anglican missionaries, and which poaching has led, it appears, to a jolly row betwixt the episcopalian and non-episcopalian missionaries in that portion of the world. The London Missionary Society was first in possession; it had discovered the ground, and naturally expected to have the ran of it, undisturbed by interlopers. Not long however has it been allowed a monopoly of the sport. The excellent spiritual covers of Madagascar, the abundance of game therein, and the facility with which converts could be bagged, were temptations too strong to be long resisted by the "Church Missionary Society" and so the agents of the latter determined, in spite of all the laws of good fellowship, to assert their claims over the ground. New of itself this would have been bad enough, but this was not all. The Church Missionary Society has by creating a bishop of Madagascar asserted exclusive right of spiritual hunting, and has laid claim to all native souls as its own. This was more than the London Missionary Society could stand, and in the quarrel that ensued betwixt the two Missionary Societies, the London Times sides strongly with the first occupiers of the so-called field or cover.

"It is to say the least," says the Times, "very unfortunate that the Church of England should appear in those regions not only as a disturber of the peace, but also as an intruder, claiming a title and authority certain to be challenged, and equally certain to be discredited."

If the Church of England had been more modest in its pretensions, would not have been called to account because of a few stray interlopers, taking a chance shot now and then at some native whom the London Missionary Society had missed to bring down; but when it set up a bishop over the whole district, and thus claimed the entire cover as its own, with exclusive rights of sporting over it, the London Missionaries got their backs up, and as we said, a regular row ensued—which thinks the Times can only be quieted by the retreat of the Anglican Missionaries from the island.

"The whole proceeding" says the Times in conclusion, "seems to us as equivalent as it is possible to imagine respectable persons finding themselves unaccountably led into. It certainly looks about as bad a way of getting into a fold as one can conceive in these quiet and orderly days. Thus far it has done nothing but mischief, now do we see what else it can do."—Times.

Perhaps in the above we may detect one cause of the failure of Protestant Missions.

An action brought by an unlicensed grog-seller against his parish priest for libellous language in the pulpit, has been tried before Judge Routhier in the Richelieu district. The defendant had it seems, denounced the evils of the liquor traffic from the pulpit in vigorous language, and had urged his hearers to use their influence to prevent the granting a license to a certain person who kept a sly grog-shop. The individual alluded to hereupon brought an action against the priest laying the damages at about \$5,000. The Judge laid down the law that the priest in the discharge of his sacred functions was justified in using the language imputed to him; whilst the plaintiff in examination had to admit that he had been prosecuted, and convicted for selling liquor without a license. The plaintiff was non-suited.

MONTREAL CENTRE ELECTION.—On Saturday last his Honor Judge McKay delivered judgment in this case. He dismissed the petition against Mr. Ryan, with costs, on the grounds that the petitioners were not duly registered voters, and had therefore no locus standi in Court.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.—June, 1874.—Hardy & Mahony, Philadelphia.—Contents: Our Fast Age: A Study in American Character; The Summer of the Sacred Heart; Marrying an Heiress; Catholicity Characteristic of the Divine Institution of the Church; A Church of the Twelfth Century: The Story of a Torn Prayer Book; About Words and Phrases, No. II.; Wasted Treasures; Lost and Found, A Story; A Visit to Vesuvius; Waiting for something to Turn Up; The Passion Flower; New Publications.

The St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society intend holding their annual picnic on St. Helen's Island, on Thursday, the 16th of July.

We have received Chisholms International Railway and Steam Navigation Guide for June.

We are deeply pained to learn by a despatch, dated Renfrew, June 5th, that a very sad accident happened at Mount St. Patrick on the afternoon of the 4th. The Rev. Father John McCormac started after his dinner on a short walk; a party calling on him and waiting a considerable time, the house-keeper went in search of him, and he was nowhere to be found. She gave the alarm, and the neighbors traced him along the Consta Creek, where it is supposed he had been fishing, and came to a place where his tracks stopped, and there found him lying on his face, drowned, in about four feet of water. The sudden death of this amiable Olegryman will cast a gloom over the entire County of Renfrew and his sorely-afflicted brother—the Rev. James McCormac of Brudenell—will have the heartfelt sympathy of the community where his pious zeal is so widely known and justly appreciated. We, in common with many of our readers, tender the expression of our sorrow at the melancholy event, and pray that God may assuage the bitter grief it will bring to the heart of our Rev. friend.—Irish Canadian.

SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS. No. 68.

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."—7th Com.

Having considered the thefts of the poor, and the thefts of the rich,—or, as we chose to distinguish them, vulgar and genteel thefts,—we come now to consider the thefts of children from their parents. There are many, Christian soul, who make no scruple to steal from their parents on the shallow pretext that, in doing so, they only take what is their own, because they will in time inherit it. But let them know that this is a grave error; for although they may, indeed, one day possess it—(which is by no means certain, such is the uncertainty of life)—it is not yet theirs, and until it is, they can have no mastery over it. Hence, Christian child, whenever you take from your parents a notable sum, or to the value of a notable sum, and make a bad use of it, you sin mortally.—Away then with this pernicious error!—An error not only disproved by right reason, but expressly denounced by the Holy Ghost.—"He who stealeth from his father and from his mother, and saith, 'This is no sin,' is the partner of a murderer."—(Prov. 28, 24.)—Yes! Christian soul, the child that steals from its parents commits a grave sin, because it outrages those whom it should love and respect and obey; yes! Christian soul, the child that steals from its parents is the "partner of a murderer," because in thus anticipating in its inheritance, it gives the world to know that it desires the death of its parents, or indeed considers them as already dead. And you, young man, who spend in taverns, or in gambling, or, worse than all, in debauch, those earnings which belong of right to your parents, are not you also the "partner of a murderer," since you withhold from your parents what ought to go towards their support?

And you, wives and mothers—you who steal from your husbands in order to deck out yourselves or your children in all the finery of this foolish age—what sin are you guilty of? Is there any of the murderer in you? Alas! when we beheld the foolish extravagance in dress indulged in by all ranks and classes of society, it is hard to say, but that all are guilty in some degree at least of stealing either from their husbands, or else from the poor, or from God's Church. I know that, by the law of right reason and common sense, every woman is allowed to take from her husband's means what will dress her according to her station; but what woman now-a-days dresses according to her station? what woman but puts upon her back not only, or the backs of her children not only what is becoming and decent according to reason, but that excess of finery also which is bought only by robbing their husbands, or by taking what ought to be set aside for the poor or for God's Church?—This is not the valiant woman of the Book of Proverbs! this is not the woman so highly praised by the Holy Ghost! If she is "clothed in purple and fine linen" it is "the work of her own hands;" if she has "made to herself clothing of tapestry," it is because "she hath sought wool and flax and hath wrought by the counsel of her hands;" it is because "she hath put out her hand to strong things, and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle." Here is no taking away from her husband to deck out her body; she gives to her husband, for "it is the work of her own hands, the fruit of her own industry that clothes her so sumptuously. And hence instead of her bravery—her purple and her fine linen being a disgrace to her husband, and rendering him a mockery before the people—he is "honorable in the gates, when he sitteth amongst the senators." O ye vain and foolish women! You who do not, perhaps, actually steal from your husbands in order to dress above your station and above right reason, but who wring from them by your importunities and scoldings, their hard earnings, in order to feed your vanity with dress, and to vie with others who are as sinful as you, behold to your eternal shame this valiant woman of the Scriptures, as described by the Holy Ghost. Instead of impoverishing her husband by her costly dress, this valiant woman whose price is "far and from the uttermost coasts," has not dressed herself until she has first "made fine linen and sold it, and has delivered a girdle to the Chanaanite" (merchant). Instead of squandering her husband's means, "she hath considered a field and bought it;" "with the fruit of her hands she hath planted a vineyard." Instead of spending money in flimsy finery which will stay neither heat nor cold, "she shall not fear for her house in the cold of snow, for all her domestics are clothed with double garments." Where now-a-days is this valiant woman to be found? this woman according to the Holy Ghost's own mind?—Alas! Christian soul, "far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her."

And you, husbands! who, by drunkenness and debauch, steal from your wives and children what ought to go to their proper support, and to make them honorable before the people, of what crime are you guilty? Is there ought

of the murderer in you? You are a robber, O drunken husband, and a double robber; for every glass of liquor not absolutely needed for your health and strength, which passes down your throat is a double robbery. It is a robbery of the time spent in the tavern, which ought to be employed in laboring for their support, and it is a robbery of the time already expended in earning the money thus squandered in drink. You are a double robber then, O drunken husband! You are the "participant of a murder." You take from your wife and children what ought to go to sustain life; and if the child who steals from its parent is "the partner of a murderer," because it gives the world to know that it wishes its parent's death in order to inherit his property, so must you be participant in a murder, when you take from your wife and children what is necessary to sustain life, since you give the world to understand that you are prepared to gratify your beastly appetite at the price of their lives.—But you do not spend in your drunkenness, what is absolutely necessary for life, but only of your superfluity. Well! what then? rash man. As your wife and children they have an equal right to your superfluity with yourself—(you are not surely an eastern despot). If then you exceed your share of that superfluity, you rob them of what is theirs—you are a veritable robber. Your wife and children have a right to be fed and housed and clothed according to their station in all right reason; at your marriage, when man and woman became one, you assumed that obligation—"With all my worldly goods I thee endow," are the words of the most ancient ritual of Catholic England. What is yours then is hers; and you cannot alienate it from her without becoming a robber. But I am not a murderer at least! Alas! rash man! I know not. If every one has a right to the station in which he is born, and if that is life, then to take away that station is to take away life; and to bring a wife and family down from ease and affluence to poverty and want is a veritable murder, and the drunken and debauched husband who is the cause of it is a veritable murderer. Your wife and children were honored among the people. By your drunkenness you have brought them to dishonor; you have lowered them in the social scale. Is not this a social murder at least?—a murder all the more terrible because it is a living death. The murderer who sheds blood only changes the life of his victim from the life of this world to the life to come; only changes in truth from a lower to a higher life. But the drunken husband who brings his wife and children down from a life of plenty to a life of want, changes their life from a higher to a lower life; destroys the life of affluence, and substitutes the life of poverty and want. Is there none of the murderer, then, in you, O drunken husband, and father of a family? I would not say there is not.

And you, unjust masters! you who defraud your servants of their wages, the laborer of his hire; of what crime are you guilty? Is there any of the murderer in you?

We have already seen, Christian soul, under a former commandment that the servants of your household are unto you as children; that the same obligations, that bind you as to your children, bind you also as to them. Now if a drunken father is a murderer in taking from his children what is lawfully theirs, you also, O unjust master, must be in like manner a murderer in keeping from your servants those wages upon which their whole life depends.—What I ask you do those wages represent? They represent the sweat, and hurry, and life's blood, and vital force, and wear and tear of your servants' body. Is there nothing then of the murderer in him, who deprives his servant of all this?

THE ONTARIO CATHOLIC BOOK-STORE, TORONTO.

We have much pleasure in announcing to the public that the above-named establishment has been opened in connection with The Irish Canadian. It has long been our intention to supply such a want, as nothing of a special character in that line is to be found in Canada, West of Montreal, save the store so worthily presided over by our old friend, Doris of the Aroada. Were it not for him, the Catholic people particularly of Ontario would have been put to much trouble and annoyance in procuring many works that he has supplied reasonably and without inconvenience to the purchaser.

In this city the various religious denominations have their book-stores. The Church of England, the Methodists, the Presbyterians and the Baptists have each their repositories, in which are found such works as are printed and published in their interest, and with the contents of which each and every one of them makes it a point to become familiar. If such a plan be good for the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians and the Methodists, why should it not be also a good design to inaugurate a literary centre towards which the great Catholic body of Ontario could converge, when seeking food for study, for reflection and mental improvement? The idea appeared to us to be a capital one—and we have given it practical shape. We are now in a position to supply such reading matter to the Catholic public as is calculated to elevate and enoble the mind—works by the best authors, the result of the most polished and vigorous intellects. Neither is our nationality forgotten—the highest gems of our history are on hand—the choicest efforts of Burke, Swift, Sheil, O'Connell, Mitchell, Griffin, Phillips, O'Connell, and others of more recent date, are bound up and placed on our shelves. These, with a large assortment of Bibles and Prayer Books, will in a few days be catalogued and priced—and then offered to the kind patronage of our friends.—Irish Canadian.