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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1893

THE MASS.

Before proceeding with the different parts of the Mass, let us answer a question which is generally asked by those outside of the Church of Rome: "Why are the services of the Catholic Church in Latin?" There are many reasons to be given; but, in order to pass quickly onward, we will be satisfied with three principal portions of the answer. Firstly,—the Church is Catholic, which means universal, founded for the benefit of all men, irrespective of color, nationality, time or place. The Church is the same to-day as she was when taking refuge in the Catacombs; the same sacrifice is now offered upon our altars as was offered throughout the ages. It is the same Mass that we hear in the cathedral and the humble chapel, beneath the dome of St. Peter's or amongst the wilds of the East. Type of the universality and unchanging perfection of the Church, the Latin language preserves her liturgy the same. Secondly,—the Latin language is what we call a dead language: that is to say, one no longer used in the commerce or intercourse of peoples. Consequently it is a language that can admit of no new words or changes. You could no more change the language which is dead than you could alter the facts in the history of the people who once spoke that language; both are buried, but the language is embalmed. Were the Mass said in English or in any of the other modern languages, it would only be understood by people speaking that particular language. It is all very well when a creed has a human origin, and is confined to the limits of a country or a race to make use of that special tongue in the services. But the Catholic Church, being limited to no land, time, or people, deemed it necessary to make use of this universal medium. We might add that in all Catholic prayer books there are translations of the Mass and of all other prayers that are said in Latin. These translations are necessarily correct, for although the general public may not understand Latin, yet were the translations inexact the number of educated Catholics would detect and expose the fraud. Thirdly,—there is no language, living or dead, so admirably adapted to *plain chant* as the Latin tongue. For these reasons, amongst others, the Church of Rome has chosen the first language of the Romans as that of her own establishment.

In the last number of his Globe Quarterly Review, Mr. Thorne makes a great mistake in regard to the "Popularising of the Church" by means of having the Mass said in English. He gives an evidence of a very recent advent into the

fold; and he shows beyond a cavil that he has not yet thoroughly grasped the meaning of the Mass—in the true Catholic spirit. The Mass is not a mere form of prayer; it is not a service—in the ordinary acceptance of the term—it is an Act, an Oblation, a Sacrifice. The priest *alone* performs that supreme act, none of the faithful are expected to imitate him; the priest *alone* offers up that Oblation; he *alone* performs the Sacrifice. The faithful do not go to Mass as they go to Vespers or to any other service, or as Protestants go to prayer-meeting or service. In all these cases the faithful go to take part in the worship, to join in the hymns, the prayers, the petitions. But, in the Catholic Church we go to Mass in order to be present at the supreme sacrifice and to offer up our individual petitions to God while the Oblation is being presented on the altar. The man who can read may follow the priest with his prayer-book; the illiterate may say their beads or other prayers. It is not at all necessary to follow the Mass word for word. As the Mass is the nearest approach that exists between the adoring creature and the adored Creator, it is the safest and most effective channel whereby man's petitions can reach the ear of God. Therefore, each individual brings his own petitions, and while the priest offers up the Sacrifice, he places them at the foot of the altar, and on the wings of the Sacrifice they ascend more directly to heaven. Mr. Thorne has given proof that he has not as yet completely seized the true Catholic meaning; the sublime significance of the Mass. He is yet undivested of those looser Protestant notions that he drank in with his mother's milk, and that have been the companions of his life. Nor could it be expected that he should have thoroughly imbibed the real Catholic spirit. It will take a time to become accustomed to the new armor; it may not fit exactly at the first start. As far as the Mass is concerned, Mr. Thorne will learn by-and-by that it is not a set of prayers in which the faithful are expected to take part; it is an act; five words really form the focus of the Mass; and only the priest can pronounce these words with effect.

Go into a Catholic Church in this city and French, English, Italians, Indians, and Germans may be found kneeling side by side. They all understand that Mass; it is the same sacrifice, the same great oblation for each and all of them. It is the same Mass that is heard in Rome and in the shanties of the north; the same that was said at the dawn of Christianity; the same that will be said at the sunset of Time.

CHARLES GOUNOD DEAD.

While the joy-bells of France are ringing out a welcome to the Russian visitors, the great, solemn tolling of a mighty knell for the dead hero, MacMahon, is heard throughout the land: while the less thoughtful are weeping over the representatives of the northland, the serious are shedding tears upon the grave of the great composer Gounod. We trust that when this outburst of international friendship shall have spent its spasmodic strength, and the calmness of every day existence shall return to the nation, some glowing tributes will be paid to the memories of the bravest of Generals, and to that of the most popular and powerful of modern Musicians. Meanwhile, from his late residence at St. Cloud, all that was mortal of Charles Gounod has been taken to the tomb, while on lark-like wing his tuneful soul has soared into an atmosphere of unending peace. His own majestic composition made the temple ring with *requiem*

strains, while his spirit joined choirs, whose harmony his music-filled life had never conceived.

Charles Francois Gounod was born in Paris, June 17, 1818. At the age of twenty he entered the Conservatoire of Paris; and in the following year he carried off the great "Rome" prize, which entitled him to residence in Italy. He made a careful study of Italian Church music. Gounod was not successful as a composer in the beginning; in fact he had failures enough to discourage a man of ordinary powers. He commenced as a lyric composer, but his first efforts, although bearing the unquestionable marks of genius, did not achieve all he had hoped or expected. One of his first productions for the lyric stage was entitled "Philomen and Baucis." Then came "La Nourme Sanglante," "Sappho," a cantata; and "La Colombe." It was only when "Faust," that masterpiece of Goethe, had been set to music by Gounod that the power of the composer was recognized. In fact his music of "Faust" is as great an evidence of genius in the composer, as was the weird conception of the poem a proof of genius in the poet. Moreover, hundreds of others had attempted to compose music worthy of the great theme, but all failed in different degrees; Gounod alone succeeded.

In 1866 Gounod was elected a member of the French Academy, for the section of Music. In 1877 he was raised to the rank of Commander of the Legion of Honor. But not in lyric stage and operatic compositions did the great master excel: rather in sacred music, in those glorious compositions that seem to lend enchantment to the prayers that they accompany, in those Masses, those Aves, those Canticles of praise and adoration. Gounod has enriched the music of the world, but he has added new charms to the music of the Church. Long after his features will be forgotten by the living, his name shall survive in his grand legacy of sweet harmony left to man, while his spirit shall be perpetually present on earth speaking in notes of the sublimest language to the listening children of unborn generations.

There are in every country and in every age men of transcendent ability whose lives mark epochs in the history of the world; the great epic and dramatic poets, as Homer, Virgil, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Racine, Milton, or Shakespeare: the towering orators of the ages, as Demosthenes, Cicero, Bossuet, Massillon, Bouradoue, Burke, Chatham, O'Connell, Phillips, and McGee; the masters of painting and sculpture, as Appelles, Zuxyes, Angelo, Raphael, Domenichino, Claude Lorraine, Dore, Millet, Macleise, Turner, or Barry; the children of Music, the great souls in harmony with God's universe and filled with all the richness and sublimity of that most perfect of languages, as David, Cecilia, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Adam, Verdi, or Wagner. To this last category belongs Gounod. He is a glittering star in that glorious constellation. There are stars in the firmament whose light traverses unmeasured space through centuries, and reaches the earth long after the orbs themselves have grown dim; so with the light that Gounod has shed upon the world,—long ages after the master hand will be dust the effects of his works will impart new life to the children of the distant future. His country was France, but his fame and his works are the common inheritance of mankind; and as long as the Church of Christ shall last—which will be unto the end of time—the vaults of our temples will not cease to ring with the majestic and harmonious accompaniments that Gounod's genius gave to the grandest and most beautiful prayers

that man has ever sent up to God. In this world he was of those men known as *les elites*; in eternity we pray, with an assurance that faith alone imparts, that he is of those beings whom God speaks of as *les Elus*.

EVIDENCE OF PREJUDICE.

We have often referred to the very anti-Irish spirit that seems to animate our daily press. The Witness, of course, is expected to be prejudiced against Catholicity and especial Irish-Catholicity; but we have already pointed out the one-sided reports of trans-Atlantic affairs that constantly appear in the Star; we have had occasions, times out of mind, to speak of the Herald's slops at Irish-Catholicity; and even the usually careful Gazette has often been unable to hide its horns—although, as a rule, it is quite diplomatic. In its issue of the 25th October we notice a glaring evidence of its natural prejudice.

In its despatches of that date there is one from Cork, which tells of a deputation of evicted tenants that waited on Mr. John Redmond, M. P., asking him to "approve a project having as its aim the forcible retaking of the farms from which they had been dispossessed." The same despatch gives an account of Mr. Redmond's attack upon the anti-Parnellite members. This is a piece of news that might tend to show how divided the Irish people are, and the Gazette finds it sufficiently important and agreeable, to comment on it editorially, and in the following fashion:

"A delegation of evicted Irish tenants has been interviewing Mr. Redmond on the propriety of taking possession of their old holdings by force. The Parnellite member's reply was that it was hardly time for this procedure yet. That in his mind the time may come for some such action, he, however, made it plain. In the struggle for votes between the McCarthyites and their rivals, it is evident that the Redmond party will not lose anything by not going far enough in advocating defiance of the law."

In the same number of the Gazette appears another Irish despatch from Dublin, which tells how Mr. Michael Davitt has been refused a certificate in bankruptcy. Mr. Davitt had been elected for North Meath, but was unseated on charges of having gained his election through clerical intimidation. He incurred most heavy costs in defending the case; he applied for a discharge in bankruptcy on the ground that he could not be held responsible for his inability to pay 10s. in the pound. Judge Boyd, in refusing to grant the certificate, spoke of the pastoral letter issued by Bishop Nulty, and characterized it as "the most shocking piece of intimidation he had ever read." Now, the Gazette knows perfectly well that this assertion of Judge Boyd is a calumny, and yet no editorial note is to be found on this subject. There would be here no possibility of shooting a sly shaft at the cause of Ireland.

Again, in the same issue is a despatch from Belfast upon the subject of a meeting of the Watch Committee of the Ulster Defence League, held in Ulster Hall. Amongst other glowing things found in that despatch we may take the following:

"Col. Sanderson, M.P., for North Armagh, said that Ulster would willingly obey the laws passed by the Imperial Parliament until that Parliament should choose to cut Ulster loose from Great Britain, then Loyalists would feel no longer bound to obey. The Rev. Dr. Kane, grand master of the Orangemen, said no enmity existed between the Ulster Loyalists and their fellow-countrymen, always excepting those who followed the priests blindly. The most atrocious desperado on the earth, he remarked incidentally, was an Irish-American, yet Mr. Gladstone had not