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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

"If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their
best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and
powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent
work."
—PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

A pastoral letter from His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, on the subject of the proposed hospital for incurables to which he had previously drawn attention, was read in the churches of the archdiocese on Sunday last.

"When we beheld," says the Archbishop, "sick persons condemned to suffer for the remainder of their days, and refused admittance to the hospitals; when we saw them abandoned by everybody, and obliged to seek refuge in jail, our heart was saddened, as your own would have been if you had seen the same spectacles; and we came to the conclusion that these afflicted ones must not be left without a home where their wants will be attended to. Such a home exists to-day; and the circumstances attending its foundation prove that it is the work of God, Who will consequently bestow His blessing upon it and upon all engaged in the good work."

At the beginning of our episcopate several pious lay-women came to see us and informed us that they would like to devote their lives to the work of caring for those who had incurable diseases. They had no resources; they earned their living by the labor of their hands. But they were full of confidence in God. They counted on receiving assistance from their friends. We blessed them with all our heart, and they at once began operating. Humble and touching indeed was this work in its beginnings. In a little house on St. Charles Borromeo street a sick woman was received and cared for; another incurable woman soon went to join her; and then a third went. The house was found to be too small. A larger one was rented on St. Denis street, at forty dollars a month. The money required was always forthcoming. This noble work of charity was carried on quietly by women as humble as they are generous. It was known only to a few. We desire to acknowledge the part they took in the foundation of an institution which is destined to fulfil an important mission not only in Montreal, but throughout the Province of Quebec; for it will be open to incurables from all parts of the province, no matter what their creed of nationality may be.

Having accomplished their part of the work, in initiating it, these pious women separated, some rejoining their families, others entering religious sisterhoods, giving place to the Sisters of Providence, who, in response to our request, willingly added this to the other important works of which they have charge. We were thinking of erecting the hospital in the eastern part of the city on land generously placed at our disposal by a citizen whose modesty is equalled by his charity, when God came to our assistance, and a site was given us in the more suitable and most healthful district of Notre Dame de Grace. The Sisters of Providence acquired the monastery of the Precious Blood in that parish, and it is in this house, sanctified by penitence and prayer that the poor incurables of this city and province will henceforward find an asylum. Several people are installed there already. Once a month we have visited them. They are attended with maternal solicitude by the good Sisters. But their number is necessarily limited, owing to want of space. The monastery was not nearly finished. Alterations had to be made, and two wings have to be added. When the building is completed we shall have an hospital for incurables such as Canada does not now possess.

We are confident that, with God's

help, the necessary funds will not be lacking. Several Catholics and Protestant citizens have already come forward to help us. The Government of the province has given us proofs of its benevolence, which are a pledge of assistance in the near future, and a financial institution which contributes every year to charitable works has put the hospital upon its list. We authorize the Sisters of Providence to collect money for the hospital in every parish in the diocese, and we desire that in every church and chapel in the diocese a box may be placed, bearing the inscription:—"For the Hospital for Incurables."

SECULAR PRESS REPORTS.

A perennial source of fun the articles on Catholic matters which appear in the secular daily press would be, if the subject were not of so serious a character from other points of view. The secular daily press of Montreal is a more frequent offender in this respect than elsewhere, because, this being a city with a large majority of Catholics in it, efforts are made to present their readers with Catholic news. As the proprietors and editors and writers and reporters are all non-Catholics, the priests and editors and writers and authentic and accurate Catholic news is comical where it is not susceptible of a harsher name.

The deplorable destruction by fire of the Trappist monastery at Oka, of which the "True Witness" published the fullest and the only accurate report, gave these non-Catholic writers for the secular press an opportunity for "enlarging" on the subject, so as to give the public the idea of great enterprise on the part of the journal. One of the Montreal newspapers stated that the Trappist Order was founded at Oka seventeen years ago, and that the monks get only two meals a day, consisting of soup. The Trappist, or Reformed Cistercians were founded in 1098. On ordinary days—that is, days on which fasting is not obligatory, such as the vigils of feasts, etc., the monks have two full meals, and a collation for breakfast. On fast days, there is no breakfast, and a collation is given for supper. This, however, applies only to those who are in good health. No meat is allowed, nor is wine given, except to those who are sick or invalids.

The monks are, with few exceptions, strong and healthy; and all of them are contented, having that peace which the world cannot give, peace with God and peace with themselves. Their great objects are to sanctify themselves by prayer, penance and work; to convert sinners by their prayers and their example; to bring blessings upon the Church and on all mankind.

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

The vigorous anti-Catholic campaign carried on by the French Government has caused rioting in several parts of the country, where Catholic laymen were naturally indignant at the enforcement of the "law of associations." These outbreaks, however, serve no good purpose. On the contrary, they only intensify the hostility of the infidel government and the majority which sustains it in power by their votes in Parliament. Nothing can be done except to conform to the law or leave the country, as the Jesuits, Dominicans, and other Orders have done, and as the Carthusians are now doing. French Catholics are now suffering for their lack of unity, for their barren attachment to effete dynasties, and for the apathy with which they

watched the coming avalanche of active infidelity. They should take to heart the good old French maxim: "Aide-toi, et Dieu t'aidera!"

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

For the third time within twenty years a Registration Society has been formed in Preston, England. The question was discussed in ample detail at the meeting of the First Catholic Charitable Society, Councillor Hubberstey opening the debate strongly in favor of an association and its many advantages. The Education Bill, if passed, would need the exercise of all the strength and voting power of the Catholic body. In relation to this and other subjects of importance it became necessary to see that all Catholics entitled to a vote were placed on the register, especially among the poorer classes, and that they utilised the right of voting in all matters affecting Catholic interests.

St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society

A meeting of the above Society was held Tuesday evening, July 29th, to make final arrangements for the Society's excursion to Lake St. Peter, on August 4th, per steamer "Three Rivers." The various sub-committees presented very satisfactory reports, and everything points to one of the most successful outings in the history of the Society. The committee have done everything possible to provide an enjoyable time for all who will accompany them. Some of the features will include a progressive euchre party, also a bean guess, valuable prizes being offered for both events. Casey's original orchestra will accompany the excursion.

A City of Learned Women.

Marie Donegan Walsh contributes an interesting and thoughtful article to the current number of the "Catholic World" magazine, entitled "A City of Learned Women." She writes:—

In an atmosphere of self-congratulation upon women's colleges and universities and the higher education of women, can it come as anything but a revelation to find one's self face to face with a city or learned women of long centuries past, who spread the light of their knowledge through a land which bowed before their intellect while reverencing their true womanhood? Such was the revelation which disturbed my new-world complacency one bright morning in the ancient city of Bologna, in this year of the twentieth century; wandering through stately halls of learning where for centuries women had held intellectual sway. No fair girl-graduates were these, drinking their first draught at the fountain of mighty knowledge; but women whose powers of intellect had placed them in the professorial chair, instructing on equal terms with the men-professors the students who flocked around them. One knows, of course, of certain learned women of other days; considering them always as bright particular stars of individual genius, not confined to any country or age—such as a St. Catherine of Alexandria, a St. Catherine of Siena, a Vittoria Colonna, or a Lady Jane Grey. But to meet with such a galaxy of learning as that of the women of Bologna, all the product of one city, and many of them belonging to ages which are often thought lacking in even the rudiments of culture and learning, proves fairly overwhelming. It makes one pause to reflect sadly if we are quite as original as we think; and if, after all, the modern craze for women's improvement is only but a tardy revival.

The cross is a letter from the Lord to the soul, wherein is written: "I love thee."

ARCHBISHOP CROKE DEAD.

Most Rev. Thomas W. Croke, archbishop of Cashel, Ireland, died Tuesday, July 22, aged seventy-eight years. He had been very prominently identified with the Land League and Irish nationalist movements.

Archbishop Croke was born at Mallow, Cork County, in 1824. He studied at the Irish College in Paris, taught at the college of Menin, in Belgium, and for three years was a student at the Irish College in Rome. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1847, and was ordained in the same year. He then taught at Carlow College, Ireland, and at the Irish College in Paris. He was engaged in pastoral work in the diocese of Cloyne and in 1858 was appointed president of St. Colman's College, Fermoy. In 1865 he was made parish priest at Donerale, the post occupied at present by Father Sheehan, the Irish novelist. In 1870 he was consecrated Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, and in 1875 was promoted to the archiepiscopal see of Cashel.

Seven years ago William T. Stead, the distinguished English journalist, contributed a character sketch of Archbishop Croke to "The Review of Reviews." Though, as usual in the case of Mr. Stead's work, colored by that gentleman's views on religion and men, it was to a considerable degree sympathetic and was a fascinating politico-religious history of the great prelate and patriot. Following is an extract of the sketch:

A little more than fifty years ago a slight fracas arose outside the barrier of a French provincial town. Two young Irish students, who had paid for seats in a diligence, by which they were making their way to Rome, found themselves victimized by a rascally conductor. During their temporary absence from the vehicle, while the horses were being changed on the passengers were refreshing the inner man, the conductor had sold one of their seats to a country-man of his own, and when the two students came to take their places they were informed that one would have to sit upon the knees of the other for the next stage, which the lying rascal added would be very short.

The students, although unfamiliar with the language, resented this arrangement, and appealed to a fellow-countryman, a young theological student like themselves, who was resident at the time in the town. He, being proficient in the language and in no way loath to prevent cheating, insisted upon the ejection of the intruder from his friend's seat. The conductor, gathering together some stablemen, blustered and swore, and finally began to hustle the young Irishman. Thereupon the Irishman in question struck out from the shoulder, and the blustering conductor fell all of a heap.

Smarting with pain and furious at his disfigurement he scrambled to his feet clamoring for vengeance. No sooner, however, had he gained his feet than down he went like a nine-pin from another of the sledge-hammer blows of the young athlete. Again he rushed at his foe only to drop in his tracks; and this time he fell to rise no more. The gendarmes hurried up and the further discussion of the question was adjourned till next morning, when the court sat and dismissed the case.

The young Irishman who had thus felled the rascally conductor three times running, none of his allies daring to interfere, turned out to be one Croke, a young collegian from County Cork, famous in those days for his indomitable courage and his prowess as an athlete. He was always fighting and as invariably coming off the conqueror. The hero of a hundred battles in his native county, he made short work of the pugacious and irascible Frenchmen and Belgians who rashly challenged him to combat.

It was, indeed, an instance typical of the man, containing within itself, as in a microcosm, the germs of all his future career. For on that occasion Dr. Croke stood alone, defending those who were unable to defend themselves, and dealing out

with clenched fist telling blows against the foreigner who had dared to swindle his weaker fellow-countrymen. That is what Dr. Croke has been doing all his life.

It must be five or six years since Cardinal Manning urged me to lose no opportunity of making the acquaintance of Dr. Croke. "The Archbishop of Cashel," said the Cardinal, in accents full of loving admiration, "is a saint;" and he added many expressions of affection which showed that he loved him as his own brother. The very day before he died, as he lay on his deathbed, he said to Canon Ryan, rector of St. Patrick's College, Thurles: "Give my love to Dr. Croke, and tell him we have always been two honest Radicals."

The constant association of Dr. Croke and Cardinal Manning had led me, not unnaturally, to picture to myself an Archbishop of Cashel, who somewhat resembled the sainted ascetic, the frail, emaciated body, within whose form there was more spirit than either flesh or blood, who for so many years was virtually Archbishop of all England.

Imagine, then, my great amazement on entering the palace at Thurles to find myself confronted by a stout, stalwart man, about six feet in height, who might not have been more than sixty years of age, and who was still in possession of an unimpaired physique, and rejoicing in thews and sinews which might safely be backed to down any member of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Parnellite or McCarthyite, who ventured to try conclusions with him at a bout of fistfuffs.

Here, indeed, was no pale ascetic, no emaciated enthusiast. The Cardinal's saint was an Irish saint of the true breed of St. Patrick, full of physical vitality, keenly interested in the world and all its affairs. An ecclesiastic indeed, to his finger tips; but an intensely human man, with but a human man. Measured by the almanac, Dr. Croke has passed his three score years and ten, but in his heart he is still as much a boy as ever full of interests in sports and athletics, delighting to recall the memories of the earlier days when he was the champion athlete of the Irish race, swift of foot and stout of heart, with the proud exaltation of one who never came off second best.

We talked of many things in the long and pleasant conversations which we had at Thurles, but first and before anything else we talked of sport. He is still president of the Gaelic Athletic Association, and recently took an opportunity which local circumstances rendered both natural and fitting, to publicly testify his patronage of the association.

Traditions of a famous long jump of his are still current in the diocese. Once, when bathing in the Loire, without training or any preparation, he jumped 19 feet 6 inches forward and backward. On another occasion he made a wager at the dinner table that on leaving the room he would run a mile in four minutes, then, without stopping to take breath, would walk three miles in twenty minutes, coming back over the four miles in twenty-four minutes and entering the drawing-room after he had covered four miles out and four miles back in forty-eight minutes. The wager was accepted. Young Croke there and then started, an in less than forty-eight minutes returned, winning the wager with a minute or two still in hand.

One of the conspicuous ornaments on the walls of the spacious and airy library in St. Patrick's College, is an illuminated address recording the meeting of the League of the Cross at Thurles. The Archbishop, as becomes an athlete, is a strong and sturdy advocate of temperance. He confirms no child in the diocese of Cashel who does not take a solemn pledge not to touch, taste or handle the accursed thing in the shape of alcohol. But although in this respect His Grace is a temperance man after Cardinal Manning's own heart, he is too much of an Irishman of the old school to

be frown at the mixing of a glass of hot punch after dinner or to enforce the strict teetotalism which Cardinal Manning regarded as one of the first of the Christian virtues. A genial man he is, charming in society, a delightful host, a teller of good stories, and one who on occasion does not shrink from singing a song after dinner, when that is the mood of the moment and his guests are mellow with music and good fellowship.

Mr. Parnell was some time before he followed where Michael Davitt had led. At last the evidence was too strong to be resisted that the Irish people had at last roused themselves from the lethargy into which they had fallen since 1848, and then Mr. Parnell made his plunge. Mr. Parnell was a Protestant—a cool, somewhat cynical, iron-handed man; but he understood Ireland and had the initiative of genius. The moment, therefore, that he decided to throw in his lot with the Land Leaguers, he hurried over to Thurles and implored the Archbishop to join the cause. But Dr. Croke was loath to resume the position which he had abandoned long before and hung back for a time. The more he hesitated the more vehement Mr. Parnell pleaded for his support, until at last Charles Stewart Parnell, the cool, unimpassioned Protestant landlord, actually flung himself upon his knees before the Archbishop of Cashel and implored him to give his countenance to the cause of the Land League. "It is going to be a big thing," he added, "and I must have the clergy in it." It was a great scene which Thurles Palace witnessed that day, and one which perhaps an Irish Nationalist painter will commemorate one day. Mr. Parnell, a politician and leader of the Irish race, falling, Protestant though he was, at the feet of the Archbishop of Cashel, would make a very effective subject for a fresco on the walls of the Parliament House on College Green, in which the first Home Rule Parliament assembled.

The moment Dr. Croke decided to support the Land League he flung himself heart and soul into the agitation.

The first Home Rule Bill was projected on the second reading and the country was handed over to the Tories. For a time there was peace; but the neglect of Parliament to pass a bill providing for the readjustment of rents, in view of the great fall in prices and the failure of the crops, led to renewed agitation, which culminated in the adoption of the plan of campaign. The plan of campaign was a desperate remedy adopted for a desperate disease. Dr. Croke had no direct part or lot in the adoption of this policy. He doubted the policy of the plan and gravely questioned the advisability of putting it into operation on estates whose owners were wealthy enough to be able to face the loss of the whole of their rent rather than to give into what they believed to be an unwarranted demand. Nevertheless, although he did not approve of the plan he had great sympathy with the campaigners. It was shown in the hall of the Palace of Thurles an old waterproof coat known as the patriot's, a mantle which Mr. William O'Brien used to wear in the stormy days when he was fitting from estate to estate, avoiding arrest as long as possible.

With the shattering of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Archbishop Croke once more turned away from all active participation in Irish politics. There seemed to him no hope of anything being done for Ireland while Irishmen themselves were so hopelessly disunited. To all suggestions of a modus vivendi between the two extreme wings, led on the one side by Mr. Healy and on the other by Mr. Redmond, with a view to union at the coming general election, he turned a deaf ear. No, he said, they will fight until a common enemy appears whom they hate more than they will unite. I have seen it many a time in the old days when faction fights were rife in the land.