

# The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.  
(LIMITED)  
At 233 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.  
P. O. Box 1138.

MS. and all other communications intended for publication or notices, should be addressed to the Editor, and all business and other communications to the Managing Director, True Witness P. & P. Co., Ltd., P. O. Box 1138.  
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Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00.  
Canada, United States and Newfoundland, \$1.00.  
Terms payable in advance.  
New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.  
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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1896.

## NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

The Old Year's gone with its joys and cares;  
The New Year comes with its hopes and fears:  
The shroud is the robe that the Old Year wears:  
In baptismal white the New appears.

We greet our friends with the sincere wish for a Happy New Year. In the life of a people a year is but a day; in the life of an individual a year is a long and important span. It would seem as if we were born to live between the memories of the past and the hopes of the future. At this solemn hour, when the last sigh of the dying year is followed by the first exclamation of the new one, we may well pause and, while glancing back over events and scenes that are beyond recall, build up resolutions for the months that are to come.

The child has little to remember of the past, its span has been short, and its experiences few. The young, therefore, merely glance for a second at the dead year and turn all attention—with joy and promise—to the prospects of the new born year. It is the opposite with the aged. They love to dwell longer upon the fading year, for all their pleasures and trials are read in its features; they have no assurance in the dawning year, they know not whether it will be or will not be for them the last. Over the expanse of the past the aged look; but upon the fields of the future the young now gaze. The former dwell amongst the ruins of many a hope; the latter build castles that may be as unsubstantial as the air. Yet it is a time of comparative happiness for all. The old recall faces long vanished, and

"Live over those times when they, too, are gone;" the young enjoy, in anticipation, the pleasures, triumphs and comforts that they may, or may not, ever taste. The glance of the older one is like the twilight at evening; that of the younger one like the first flush of the dawn.

Speaking for ourselves, we have long since passed that period when we trusted to the New Year to bring, what never comes to man, entire and complete happiness. Like Richard Dutton Williams,

"We have learned rude lessons since then.  
In life's disenchanted hall;  
We have scanned the motives and ways of men,  
And a skeleton grins through all."

Neither have we reached that stage when the narrow strip of our possible future is like the last glimmering of the departing day upon the Western horizon. We behold grand prospects, bright hopes, greater happiness in the year to come. We know that, guided by the sadder experiences of the last year, we have opportunities of improving during the next twelve months. Consequently, while the season is naturally suggestive of sad reflections, the birth of a new year brings equally to all grand hopes. To the Catholic, who looks back and counts the great number of the friends whom he greeted on New Year's day 1895, and who to-day have passed for all time from the scene, there should come a determination of spending the year 1896 as if it were to be his last one. Thus he will be certain that, no matter what comes, in one sense at least it will be for him a truly Happy New Year.

During 1895 some very important events have taken place in the great world. Many leading men in the spheres of the Church, of the State, of commerce, of literature and of science have paid the last and inevitable penalty. Great crimes have been committed—may the snows of New Year bury the recollection of them! Great and noble deeds have been performed—may the sun of New Year ill mine them that the future may not allow them to pass from sight!

As far as THE TRUE WITNESS is concerned the year 1895 carried off several tried and good friends, while it brought many new and generous ones to replace

them. Yet while we welcome the new we do not forget the old. Of our subscribers a few—thank God, very few—have laid down their paper for a last time. In the ranks of our directors there was a void, and the wing of Death's messenger overshadowed the home and touched the life-chord of Senator Murphy. May his New Year's celebration be one of eternal rest and glory! On the other hand 1895 saw great changes and improvements in the good old Catholic organ. Subscribers have multiplied, advertisers have increased, kindly criticisms have been numerous and friends have been generous.

We have always sought to advocate the best interests of the people whose sentiments we are supposed to voice. It is human to err; none of us are infallible; therefore, if, in the course of our fifty-two numbers during 1895, we wrote or published anything that might have grated upon the feelings of any of our readers, we ask them to attribute the same more to our lack of proper expression than to our intentions. With the dawn of 1896 we desire to shake hands—actually or in spirit at least—with all our friends, to smile at the worries of the past, to look hopefully into the future, to start along the road of the New Year with smiling face and contented heart, and to feel that our good wishes to all are reciprocated. It is, therefore, not a mere formal greeting that we extend; in all its sincerity and meaning we wish each one a Happy New Year, the joys of peace, the realization of hopes, the boon of happiness, the reward of success, and the choicest blessings of God. May no shadow fall upon the year we commence, and may its close find no vacant chair in any household.

## THE EPIPHANY.

On Monday next, the sixth of January, the church celebrates the grand feast of the Epiphany. In the far East the Wise Men beheld a star and they followed across the deserts. It led them to Jerusalem and thence to Bethlehem. There they adored the new born King of the Jews. They presented Him with gold, frankincense and myrrh. This story has been told year after year, in so many beautiful ways, that it is unnecessary for us to repeat its details. The Gospel of the day tells us how these Magi informed Herod of the object of their journey; how he made them promise to return to him when they had found the Child; how they paid tribute to the King of Kings; and how they finally returned home by another way.

The gold that they offered represented the wealth of this world, which all wise men, all Christians—king or peasant—should place at the feet of the one from whom it came. The frankincense may be said to indicate sacrifice and the myrrh to represent suffering. All the sacrifices and sufferings of life—as well as all the successes and good things—should be offered to Him as a tribute of our devotion and as an evidence of our faith.

Each one of us has a star—like that which guided the Wise Men, it takes the form of conscience and it will conduct us, if we will, but follow it with perseverance, safely to the shrine where the new born King of the Jews, the Savior of mankind, awaits our coming, and will reward our devotion.

## THE DARK WING.

Since New Year's Day 1895 the dark wing of the universal destroyer has shadowed the world. In his passage the spirit did not omit to hover over our city and brood there for a longer time than we would have wished. There are hundreds of families, to whose friends the TRUE WITNESS comes weekly, that note this year the vacant seat and miss the well-remembered features of some dear one. In glancing over our files, for the past year, we have been particularly impressed with the great number of obituary notices we were called upon to write. It is a mournful task that of recording the deaths of friends and well-wishers. No matter how one strives to enter into the sentiments of those who survive the departed, it is ever a difficult duty to express, in cold words, the real feelings that we can fully appreciate, but never adequately convey.

We hope sincerely that during the year we commence the number of such articles will be exceedingly small. They lend a melancholy tinge to the page and they form sad keepsakes that can never repair the losses sustained. We trust that our pen may be more frequently engaged in the glad composition of marriage congratulations and of announcing the advent of little strangers. The bright winged spirit of contentment is also ubiquitous; we pray that it may make an abiding place of this city during the year we are beginning. Our young people we need and cannot afford to allow them to leave us; our older friends we require to encourage us and to continue in setting before us the examples of their useful lives, and we do not wish to part with them. Therefore, we trust that the Dark Wing will not shadow our sky again, as it has too often during 1895. May 1896 be free from all sorrows and misfortunes for each and all of our readers.

## MONTREAL CENTRE.

In our last issue we expressed the hope that in our first number for 1896 we would have the pleasure of congratulating Sir William Hingston on a well-deserved victory. We had confidence in the good, solid, common sense of one section, the patriotism and devotion of self-interest of another section, and in the national pride and independence of spirit in a third section. We have been partly mistaken in regard to some and entirely astray as far as others are concerned. The proverbial common sense of our mercantile citizens has been conspicuously absent in the case of a goodly number; principle and even industrial interests were immolated at the shrine of prejudice; the patriotism—so loudly heralded on all sides—of our French Canadian fellow citizens went down with a crash before the first assault of partyism,—worse still, ingratitude towards the men, who have risked their political lives to do justice to the Catholic minority of Manitoba, has for a first time stamped the action of these very electors whose vain regrets will soon be chronicled; and, the best and grandest opportunity that our Irish-Catholic fellow citizens have had in long years to prove to Canada that they can estimate their own worth, feel their own importance, and prove their own claims to the very highest class of representation, has been allowed to go past and unprofitably. We have but one consolation, and it is in the fact that we seriously doubt that even a small majority of our people assisted in lowering our standard.

We have now to only hope and trust that the Government will not allow an ungenerous blow to turn them from the constitutional path they have undertaken to follow, that they will return good for evil; grant remedial legislation, save the Manitoba minority, and protect the interests of the electorate of this city.

## THE WAR SCARE.

Half a century ago the Irish poet Irwin wrote the magnificent verses on "The War." He thus opens out:—

"At length the great War that the Prophet foretold,  
From his lone ocean prison, around us is hurled:  
The mandate is given—the lightning is rolled;  
From the long gathered clouds on the brow of the world  
O, who may declare how the nations shall rise,  
When Peace scatters light over the tempest of doom?  
Vague forms of the future are shaped in the skies,  
When the Cossack and Christian contend in the gloom.  
Rise, Demons of Force—weep, Angels of Light—  
Our present star rolls for a space into night."

Was he looking down the slope of time and contemplating the present? For a while it seemed to us as if such were the case. The horrible events that have reddened the plains and mountains of Armenia, awakened the powers of Europe from their long torpor, and, forgetting for a time their international differences, they appeared to concentrate their energies in the names of civilization and Christianity, upon that phantom of Empire call by the world the Turkish Dominion. They menaced, wrote notes to the Porte, interchanged diplomatic courtesies, ordered warships to advance and retire, and finally allowed the cloud to roll past and the sky of the East to remain red with the flush of inhuman massacre. The hour for the war had not yet rung out; and Peace had spread her wings again over the agitated continent.

At that very moment a bombastic pronouncement by the President of the great American Republic sent their Eagle screaming and flapping his wings to perch on the summit of the Capitol; beyond the ocean the Lion crouched, growled, wagged and lashed his tail; war was almost certain, men speculated already upon the results; when a financial panic set the moneyed plungers in a frenzy, and it dawned upon civilization, for a first time, that the great commercial interests of the English speaking race, on both sides of the Atlantic, have more to do in regulating peace and war than have all the thunders of the navy or the battalions of armed men. It is better it should be so, and the message of President Cleveland has done one good in proving this to the world.

## A NEW PAPER.

Two of the best and most ably edited Catholic papers in the United States have heretofore come to us from Philadelphia: one is the Catholic Standard, the other the Catholic Times. For years the former was edited by the late Dr. Wolff, and the latter by the slayer of Ingersoll, the Rev. Dr. Lambert. We learn that these two powerful weeklies are now to be consolidated into one publication, called The Catholic Standard and Times. It is expected that this union of forces in one grand journal will give the Catholic reading world an organ that will be unsurpassed on this continent.

The official announcement of the change contains these words:—"To realize this high expectation the managers will have behind them ample capital and an abundance of energy. They will also be encouraged by the official approval and the best wishes of our Most Rev. Archbishop, whom the new paper will serve as the medium for the publication of the official notices of the diocese."

We desire to convey to the new management the expression of our best wishes

for the success of the enterprise. If ever there were need of real solid Catholic journalism, it is at this moment. The press of the world has gone mad with sensationalism; men no longer read, nor study, nor think; newspapers have become budgets of small news items, set off by a certain amount of catchy headings and exciting hollowness. If books are to be left on the shelves, if serious reading is to be relegated to the past, at least let us have good and substantial Catholic journals to make up for the lack of thought in this electric age!

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

1896 is with us!  
A Happy New Year to all!  
May this year bring peace, happiness, plenty and success to all!  
We trust that the cares and sorrows that were crowded into 1895 will be buried with the Old Year, and that they may not reappear during the twelve months to come.

While the Attorney-General of Minnesota is deciding that the use of the Lord's Prayer in schools is unconstitutional, the A. P. A. crowd tries to show that such a constitution is not a Godless one.

The American Federation of Labor adopted a resolution opposing the use of street cars for carrying mails. What about the hands employed in the building of the mail-cars and the men who run them?

The Christmas numbers of the Michigan Catholic, the Catholic Columbian, and our own Canadian contemporary, the Catholic Register, are most elegant. May they long flourish to supply similar numbers for years to come.

PARTICULARLY do we tender our greetings to all our friends, subscribers, advertisers, patrons, encouragers and well-wishers. We have much to be grateful for during the year just gone; we trust to have the same thing to say when the close of 1896 is at hand.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS has commenced a new opera, and has engaged the great Irish tenor, Joseph O'Mara, for the first production of the work. Irish talent is universally recognized; but particularly in the realm of music is it expected that a son of the "Land of Song" should triumph.

FATHER DAMIEN's brother has gone to Molokai; and Father Conrady, who has been eight years among the lepers, will be relieved. It is said that the number of these unfortunate and stricken people increases. Many of them flee to the mountains so as not to be sent to the colony.

POOR JOHN KNOX is getting hard slaps from the London Athenaeum. It says that he was not only worse than a churl but that he "was a coward and a murderer." Mr. Horace Brown has written a biography of Knox and it will immortalize Brown. He can claim rank for all time to come with Baron Munchausen.

THE Pittsburgh Catholic tells of a Protestant minister who lately received the confession of a penitent criminal, and then handed him over to the authorities, and the paper adds that "in the history of the Catholic Church no such case can be cited." We might add never was it known that even a perverted priest violated the secrecy of the confessional.

On all sides we heard the sad remark that a great humiliation had come to Montreal on last Friday. It is true, but there is one exception. On Sir William Hingston none of that humiliation falls. He stands to-day amidst the wreck of principles, like Murius of old amongst the ruins of Carthage, grander in his defeat than ever in the hour of greatest triumph.

We have to congratulate the Revue Nationale upon its magnificent Christmas number for 1895. It is full of choice literature, fine stories, elegant verse, and admirable contributions. It is highly illustrated and contains the portraits of its eminent contributors as well as of many of our most prominent men and women in this Province. Each one should have a copy of it.

In speaking editorially last week of our various advertisers we omitted to mention that all orders left for engraving may be relied upon to be executed in short space and in most skillful and artistic style by A. T. Wiley & Co. Monograms, crests, initials, names; all kinds of patterns matched; such are specialties with the firm. Before completing New Year's purchases it would be advisable to call at either 1803 Notre Dame or 2341 St. Catherine Street.

SEPARATE schools are amongst the "Institutions" that the French "Language" and "Laws" protect, and that, in turn, guarantee to our French-Canadian

fellow-citizens the preservation of that language and of those laws. Still these same people vote against remedial legislation when it is guaranteed to them. On the twenty-fourth of June next the patriotic (?) will deliver speeches about "Nos Institutions, notre Langue et nos Loix," after having voted against the last, betrayed the second and paved the way for the abolition of the third. Splendid consistency.

A new addition to Irish literature is a play which deals with the joys and sorrows of Irish life. It is from the pen of Miss Loftus Tottenham, eldest daughter of the late Irish member of Parliament.  
Rev. FRANCIS J. FINN, S.J., the popular author who wrote so many books for boys, such as "Percy Winn," "Tom Playfair," "Claude Lightfoot" and others, has now completed what is considered his best work, "Ethelred Preston; or, The Adventures of a New-comer."

PERSECUTION of Catholics in Poland is revived. The Governor has ordered the priests, under severe penalties, to announce in the Russian language from their altars the birth of Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Czar. The priests refused and have appealed to the Vatican for protection against the order. Poor Poland seems to have been destined to unending trouble.

It is proposed to celebrate next year the ter-centenary of the potato. In 1596 the first potato was planted in Holborn, England, about the time that Sir Walter Raleigh was planting the first one at Youghal, near Cork, in Ireland. When Parliament introduced it into France, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette wore the flowers as ornaments. Potato blossoms no longer flourish as button-hole bouquets.

THE New York Freeman's Journal very truly remarks that "the game which the Powers are playing with the Sultan would be laughable were it not for the wholesale slaughter of Armenians still going on. Guard ships have been allowed to go through the Dardanelles, but they will be employed in the pleasant task of watching each other. The Sultan winks the other eye at his Kurdish butchers and nods them on to their work."

THE president of the Wisconsin A. P. A. has made the statement that "after Pius IX. recognized the Southern Confederacy, seventy-five per cent. of the Irish soldiers in the Northern army deserted." The Catholic Citizen offers that gentleman one hundred dollars if he will prove to the satisfaction of three Protestant judges the truth of what he has said. The journal might safely offer him one hundred times a hundred dollars.

THE death of Denny Lane, M.A., B.L., of Cork, will revive many interesting memories in the minds of the older generation. He was a most successful and careful business man, as well as a practical student of science. In the troublesome days of the mid-century, Denny Lane contributed largely to the columns of the "Nation." He was a gifted poet, and one of the last of the young Ireland party. In '48 his name was a household word throughout Ireland. Peace to his ashes!

MCCARTHY, O'BRIEN, WALLACE, STUBBS and Co., is a firm, or "body politic," that has great reasons to rejoice. Its object is the wiping out of Catholic and French influence in Canada. Strange to say, the voice of the French-Catholic electorate is with the members of that association. That is to say if the East section of Montreal Centre in any way represents the feelings of the great majority of our Province. "Whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

THE sudden death of Monsignore Federico Foschi, Archbishop of Perugia, and immediate successor to His Holiness in that diocese, has caused great regret and none feels more grieved than the Holy Father. For over twenty years the late prelate acted as secretary and library collaborator to the great Pontiff. One by one they go; but the grand old Vicar of Christ still remains as if the fountain of perpetual youth sprang in the Vatican and he drank daily of its waters.

"ERIN" asks us some dates concerning the poet Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, author of "Gungaune Barra." He was born in Cork in 1795; educated for the priesthood; gave up study on account of ill health; entered Trinity College in 1820; in 1823 became an assistant in Dr. Maginn's school in Cork; in 1829 became tutor in an Irish gentleman's family; went to Lisbon with his patron and died there on the 19th September, 1829—in his 34th year. He was one of the sweetest poets of Ireland, and wrote much for "Blackwood's Magazine."

THE Vatican press has issued the "Pontifical Annual" for 1895. A part from the Pope's great work in his encyclicals and letters, dealing with the in-

terests of localities and persons, and the usual daily routine at the Vatican, we find that the Holy Father has, during his Pontificate, established in the Church one Patriarchate, that of the East Indies; two archbishops, 85 bishops, 2 abbots, 59 vicars, 2 apostolic delegations and 22 prefectures apostolic. Thus there are in all 194 new titles to mark the happy development of the Catholic hierarchy during the last seventeen years.

It has cost the taxpayers of Clare county, in Ireland, five thousand four hundred pounds annually to support an extra police force which the grand jury, an anti-Nationalist body, has declared to be useless. The magistrates of Clare passed a resolution, on the twenty-first of November last, calling on the Government to remove the force. This is certainly unusual as far as the action of the grand jury is concerned, but very far from unusual as to the fact of unrequired police forces being kept up at the expense of the country.

We are informed that a movement is on foot to erect a fitting memorial in the church of St. Mary's, Moorfield, to the memory of the late Mgr. Gilbert. No more worthy priest ever walked the streets of the great metropolis. He was a personal friend of the late Cardinal Manning and was looked upon as one of the grandest figures in the English Catholic ecclesiastical world. We have reason to know a great deal about Mgr. Gilbert, the poor of Spitalfields have still greater reason to remember his boundless charity and untiring zeal. He was truly for them the *Sacerdos Magnus*.

AS AN EVIDENCE of the great stream of conversion that, in England, flows in towards Rome, we read the following in a Catholic contemporary:—

Bishop Whiteside of Liverpool, England, speaking at the Guilds of Ransom meeting held in that city recently, said it was his duty to visit triennially all the churches in the diocese and administer Confirmation. During the past year he had visited one-half his diocese, and the returns to date showed that of the 15,000 confirmed 800 were converts. Since 1890 no fewer than 2,400 converts had been confirmed in the Diocese of Liverpool.

## THE CHURCH AND DRAMA

What the Stage Owe to Christianity for its Existence.

Wilson Barrett's new play, the "Sign of the Cross," recently brought out in London, and which is creating universal interest and curiosity, as it deals with a phase of life rarely ever touched on by the modern playwright, forcibly reminds the critic of the Liverpool Catholic Times, in its development and structure, of Cardinal Newman's great novel "Callista." It may be only a coincidence, but it is there, nevertheless. In the Cardinal's classic little work is to be found ample materials for an inspiring dramatic composition, and considering how the stage is encumbered with silly dramas and half-witted melodramas, it is strange this has never been employed. But the disfavor with which the stage is regarded by the majority of religious people has made us indifferent, yet, as Maurice Francis Egan has well said, "it is an important factor in social life; it moulds manners; it gives tone to conversation; it excites the discussion of social problems; it teaches morals, and gives the moral point of view." This important factor was recognized by the Church from its earliest days, and it is to her the stage owes its origin and existence.

The "Miracles Plays" of the Middle Ages were the forerunners of dramatic representation in its highest form. True, we had Aristophanes and the classic Greek plays, but these too owe their preservation to the monks of the West, and from their treasures were probably first developed the idea of all religious dramatic representations, down to our own times.

The Church, so far from discountenancing the drama, always encouraged it when it kept within moral bounds. It was only after the "Reformation" that the drama began to degenerate, and continued to do so until the Puritans appeared and shackled it with manacles of steel in their bloodthirsty zeal to appear "sanctified before the Lord." The actor was placed in the same category, and meted out the same punishment as the rogue and vagabond, and his art denounced as the machination of the Evil One.

With the Restoration the scene changes. The licentiousness of the stage and those who strutted their hour upon it developed into a direful reproach to civilization, and the character which it gained in those evil days has clung to it with more or less pertinacity ever since.

In our own days the stage suffers continually, which it does not deserve. Man cannot live his life without amusement of some kind. Take away the theatre, and what have you to fill its place? Nothing, unless the ingenuity of some one invents in a month what it has taken the expression of the highest genius to develop in some three thousand years. In its highest and noblest expression it is well that the stage should flourish, and, as Professor Egan observes, we should let no foolish prejudice nor silly bigotry prevent us from making so great a force a pure and healthy force.—Catholic Columbian.

## ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN.

WINNIPEG, December 24.—Archbishop Langevin leaves here on December 26 for Baltimore, to attend the ceremonies of conferring the Red Hat on Mgr. Sotoli, on January 5. He will call at St. Isidore, Que., on his way east, to see his father.