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WEDNESDAY,.....MAY 4, 1892.

**THE MONTH OF MAY.**

May! The brightest, the sweetest, the most welcome of all the months! In her garments of verdure and with her breath of caressing softness, scattering flowers from her hands, and bearing tidings of fresh life, of hope, of joy, May comes tripping down the mountain side and over the valley. In her fair presence all nature smiles and rejoices; the trees bud forth, the streams leap along; the fields look fresh in their green robes, the days grow longer, the skies become bluer, and the birds return to the last year's deserted nests, and sing their hymns of happiness in honor of May. Then all animate nature feels the glow of the spring time, and rejoices accordingly; the lambs skip in the fields, the birds carol on the limbs, the bees hum amongst the flowers, and each creature seems to express, in its own peculiar and natural way, a boundless gratitude for the fresh life that it receives. And man—man, the lord and monarch of all other creatures, rejoices and is made happy; or, at least he should rejoice and should be made happy. Man enjoys all the glorious transformations in nature, and he participates in that species of rejuvenation which May seems to impart to all the world. Christian man sees and feels and drinks in all these wonderfully good things, and he turns his eyes to heaven and he blesses the "Giver of all good gifts," for the blessings that the angel of May has brought. But Catholic man! Ah! for him there is something more than an annual return of natural spring; for him there is something beyond the mere general idea of May, the month of light and song; for him it is a season of holy thoughts, of loving aspirations, of sweet devotions, of tender feelings—it is the MONTH OF MARY!

Mary, the Mother of Christ, the Spouse of the Holy Ghost, the Hand-maid of God, the Queen of Angels, the Patroness of the Saints, the Refuge of Sinners, the Comforter of the Afflicted, the Mother of mankind; it is Her month; it is the sweetest, brightest, fairest month of all the year, and it is fittingly consecrated to Mary! Let the world scold; let the impious deride; let the unbelieving ridicule; high above their miserable sphere soars the Catholic soul, and in the pure atmosphere that must surround the one who was Mother of Christ, it cries out on May Day: "Hail Mary, full of Grace!"

Long, long ago, away back in the dim centuries before the days of the Redemption, the wisest of men chanted a "Canticle of Canticles," and in it he cried out: "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?" Inspired prophet of the God whose chosen people he governed, the singer's eye must have scanned the future, and glancing down the vista of ages, beheld that glorious apparition upon the horizon of Time. In an ecstasy of delight, of wonder, of rapture he could but ask "who is she?"—he could but compare her to the most beautiful, most glorious and most imposing of objects then known, to the morning's first flush, to the pale-faced moon, to the light-diffusing orb of day, to the grandeur, majesty and awe-inspiring might of an army set in array.

Yes; Mary, the Queen of May appeared upon the sky of the past like "the morning rising." The clouds of sinfulness had obscured the world since the fall of Adam; the deep shadows of paganism and barbarism hung over humanity; God had promised and the prophets had foretold a Messiah; the Sun of Redemption was to rise one day upon the world; like stars in the night-sky the prophets, the patriarchs, the saints of old twinkled and revolved; but from out the blackness of that night all eyes were strained towards the East, expecting the Orb of Salvation to appear. And even as before the rising of the sun there is a crimson flush of morning glory just above the horizon, and as herald rays of light dart up the eastern slopes, proclaiming the advent of the day-god, so did the flash of immaculate glory that hung over Mary's cradle, and the beams of celestial virtues that surrounded her young life flash upon the horizon of promise to proclaim the dawn of Redemption and to announce to the human race the Day of Salvation. Again, the prophet king asks "who is she that cometh forth fair as the moon?" Who but Mary, the light of the future, shedding the silver rays of hope upon the darkness of pre-Christian night, and appearing amidst the angels and saints—a queen and ruler—just as the moon rolls

on high amidst the million lamps of heaven that shimmer in the deep empyrean. "Bright as the Sun." Yes! On all future generations her illumining beams were destined to shed their radiance, and to impart heat, life, and light to the world. "Terrible as an army set in array!" Ah! Satan felt the truth of that comparison. With her foot that Virgin Mother crushed the serpent's head. She it was who stood forth the protectress of mankind and the awful enemy of the Arch-Enemy of God. If angels became happy in the light of her smiles, the legions of hell trembled and fled before her august majesty and power. If Christ could refuse nothing to His Mother, if she can enlist all His mercies in our behalf when we ask her to intercede for us, surely she can command at will all the thunders of His ire, when she wishes to turn them against the enemy of our souls. The tenderest mother is the one that will fight the most bravely for her offspring; and in proportion to the love our Heavenly Mother bears us is the strength with which she is ever ready to defend us against evil and to crush the powers of hell. To some of us—and thank God to a vast number—she ever appears like the glorious "morning rising," all high, all hope, all beauty, all love; "fair as the moon," shedding silver beams of peace upon the troubled night of our existence; "bright as the sun," imparting to us the light of Faith and the warmth of Divine Love. But to a great many she must undoubtedly "come forth terrible as an army," to those who scoff at her goodness, who ridicule all devotion to her, who insult her name and deny her prerogatives. Poor, short-sighted mortals, they would rather face the wrath of the outraged Son—outraged in the person of His Beloved Mother—than to receive His gifts through the intercession of the most powerful mediatrix in Heaven!

But this is May! Happy May! The Month of Mary! Let us hasten to her altar; thereon let us cast our offerings of flowers, and of prayers! The flowers are the children of Mary, we are the children of Mary! Let each reader of our paper make a special devotion during the days of this month. The Rosary must not be neglected; the Litany of the Blessed Virgin must be said; and visits to Her altar must be made! A good Catholic should prove his love of Christ by a devotion to the Mother that bore Him. Attend the exercises of the month of May, and neglect not to pray for all those who are in danger of one day beholding Mary "terrible as an army," that they may be brought to recognize the dignity and blessedness of the Queen of Angels, and yet enjoy the happiness of her friendship and love, her powerful influence to aid them in this life's struggle, and her glorious presence to make them happy for all eternity.

**INDIFFERENTISM.**

Nearly three months have elapsed since, upon the subject of Indifferentism, we drew the attention of our readers to this fearful danger, and promised to make war upon it with all our strength. Under other headings and in different spheres of argument we have striven, indirectly and directly, to combat this deadly enemy of our Faith. However, we deem it prudent to draw especial attention to the monster, and from time to time, to name him and point out some of the evils that are found wherever he drags his slimy folds.

Indifferentism is to be met with in a hundred different forms; it has become almost ubiquitous in our day. Atheism is abroad and is blasting the aspirations of youth and the last hopes of age. Irreligion haunts the avenues of life; like a ghost it flits in pallid hideousness from place to place; its icy hand knocks at the doors of the wealthy, and they open unto the spectre; its dread breath is felt in the hovel of the indigent, and the poor learn to curse God and to accuse Him of being the cause of their misery. The fearful effects of Atheism, of Infidelity, of Irreligion, are to be seen in the trembling of Europe at the voice of Anarchy. Happy Canada! You are free from the shocks of that infidel earthquake that convulses less favored regions! You are safe, so far, from the pestilence of Revolution that infects older lands! But alas! thousands of your hardy sons have taken the first step upon that road that inevitably, sooner or later, must lead to moral, social and religious chaos. They have not as yet drank of the cup of Irreligion, but they have prepared their systems for its deadly dregs, with the opiate of Indifferentism.

Indifferentism is a lethargy that steals upon the religiously slothful; it is a deadening of the moral faculties, a stilling of the voice of conscience, a checking of the spiritual life within the soul of man. It is even professed openly by some Catholics—unworthy the name—in this very Canada of ours. There are men (and alas! even women) who are not ashamed to proclaim their religious indifference. They imagine that they are showing an independence of spirit, while they are simply forging around their limbs the chains of a loathsome slavery. They are indifferent to the practice as

well as to the precepts of Faith, and in the maelstrom of their passions, powerless to resist, they are whirled on and on to an inevitable doom. They seem not to see it; they apparently do not know it.

Let one sample suffice for this week! A young man, or young woman has been brought up strictly and faithfully in the principles and in the practice of Religion. Monthly Communion has strengthened the soul, and constant prayer has fortified the will. Indifferentism begins, by slow degrees, to creep in; at first it is scarcely perceptible. Another is not so scrupulous, why should he be? His neighbor is just as well off and yet only goes four times yearly to the sacraments. Protestants think him bigotted, he must appear a little more liberal-minded. So on and on it goes: Monthly communions become tri-yearly; soon they are reduced to a yearly one; after all, it is easy to find an excuse, and the yearly one is missed for once. It is only once, and what matter? All that can be fixed up next year. Meanwhile he does not reflect that he is a month, a six months, a year nearer to the great inevitable—the goal of every life—the grave! There is a dread to repair the fault; this is succeeded by procrastination; then comes inventions and excuses; finally he conjures up injuries received at the hands of the Church—now comes the determination to never repair the mistake! From shame to fear, from fear to self-excusing, from self-excusing to fault-finding, from fault-finding to aversion, from aversion to hatred from hatred to deadly enmity, to Irreligion, to Infidelity, to Atheism! And yet it all began with simple Indifferentism! God protect our faithful readers from the curse of Religious Indifferentism!

**ANARCHY RAMPANT.**

Despatch after despatch is flashed to us from beyond the ocean, and each succeeding one is charged with more alarming news than its predecessor. Anarchy is abroad on the continent to-day, and the demon lurks, as usual, in and around that focus of European life—the city of Paris. One day priests are insulted in the churches, the next socialists are preaching their doctrines in the public Assembly; in the morning bombs are bursting under the houses of the offensive and the inoffensive, at noon placards, inviting to murder and arson, are posted upon the wall, at night these murders and that arson are executed. The spirit of Anarchy has spoken and the villages on the Haut-Loire echo the words, they cross the Pyrenees and float along the Manzanares and the Guadalquivir, they leap the Alps and are repeated by the Arno and upon the banks of the Tiber. In the Capitals the crowned ones tremble and their nobles grow pallid; in the hamlets there is disorder and murmurings against authority. The whole of Europe to-day is honey-combed with socialistic and anarchist cells; its entire system is undermined, and the world looks on in awe, fearing the inevitable catastrophe, yet ever unwilling to recognize the signs of God's anger and the unmistakable marks of His justice. Everyone is asking the cause, and seeking the remedy; the cause stares them in the face and they will not see it, the prescription is thundered in their ears by the infallible Doctor of the world, and they will not harken, nor accept it.

France! Thou greatest of all contradictions! "First daughter of the church," and mother of Anarchy! Were not two lessons enough, that you wish to experiment with a third one? Or is it in the order of things that every half century Paris should be rocked by "The Terror"? At the close of the 15th century we behold the first French revolution—child of Atheism and Anarchy; in the middle of the 19th century we behold the second volcanic outburst—offspring of the same parents; at the close of this century are we destined to behold a third convulsion created by the same two infernal spirits? Heaven avert the blow! But we cannot close our eyes to a danger that menaces in so tangible a manner.

In the first revolution, Paris—for Paris at such times is France—"denied its God, as a consequence killed the King; and when the clergy and nobility had passed away, the mob-extinctioner of today became the mob-victim of tomorrow. No age was revered, no rank respected, the sanctuary was polluted with poison-blowers culled in the slums of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the goddess of reason sat upon the altar of Notre Dame. And all this was done in the sacred name of Liberty; yet in the deluge of human blood there remained not one mountain-top for the ark of Liberty to rest upon." In 1818 the hideous drama was repeated, and wherever the scorpion of Infidelity raised its head, the vampire of Anarchy was seen to riot upon the life-blood of a noble nationhood.

Kingdom, Empire or Republic,—it matters not the form of government,—as soon as the temporal power flies in the face of the Omnipotent its days are numbered. So has it been with a hundred royal houses proud as any that today sway sceptres over their peoples. Even so with that genius of war, the seemingly

invincible hero of Austerlitz and Jena: the last hour of Napoleon's triumph, and the first hour of his decline was when he smote the holy Head of our religion, and dared to place the immortal cross among his perishable trophies. And the founders of the great Republic of France—men who tore down the altar to erect the statue of Liberty—what was the fate of their wonderful enterprise? God defied, religion crushed, clergy persecuted, exiled, murdered, "it mattered not that their impiety seemed to prosper, that victory panted after their ensanguined banners, that their insatiate eagle, as he soared against the sun, seemed but to replume his strength and renew his vision, it was only for a moment, and in the very banquet of their triumph the Almighty's vengeance blazed upon the wall and diadem fell from the brow of the idolator."

Has history—the venerable chronicler of the grave—no voice to awaken them into an appreciation of their position? Are all the lessons of the past lost upon the men of our day? Or has Infidelity so blinded them and Socialism so mastered them that they can neither see nor understand the cause of all this political chaos? From beyond the Alps a trumpet-voice has warned—and repeatedly warned—Europe of the dangers to be feared from Socialism, Radicalism, Secret Societies, and Infidel Anarchists. The gray watchman, from his tower upon the seven hills, has looked out upon the night-sky of European Infidelity, and read the signs potent with woe, desolation, confusion and destruction. Nor has he been silent! In his mighty mandate, issued from that glorious palace that rises upon the ruins of pagan splendor, he has summoned both Capital and Labor to harken; he has pointed out the shoals and has indicated the channels of safety. To France he has sent a warning and at the same time an assurance. Will she listen to the one or will she accept the other? Not until the last stroke, perhaps, has fallen. It is evident to every student of the past, to every fair-minded and unprejudiced man, that as long as the nations were faithful to the teachings and guidance of the Church they were ever in the ascendant; but the moment Infidelity stalked abroad, and the poison-breath of anti-Catholic sentiment fanned their brows, confusion, misery, instability, chaos, murder, anarchy and the whole hell-host of evils rushed to their destruction. The mighty arm of God's church alone can shield the nation from these perils, the potent voice of Christ's Vicar alone can exorcise those spirits of national annihilation. We read this in history! It is no sentimentality!

Plague after plague was called up by Moses, and yet the Egyptian Pharaoh would not believe! At last death's angel slew the first born in each household, and terror-stricken the tyrant gave in to the man of God. How many more plagues of revolution must accursed Infidelity bring upon that land, before her rulers learn that from the knife of the Socialist and the bomb of the Anarchist, there is no salvation, except in the heaven-protected fortress of the church, and in the laws that God inspires and that she dictates? For Paris, for France, for all Europe to-day there are but two alternatives—Catholicity or Anarchy, Peace or Destruction.

**A MOST UNIQUE CONFERENCE.**

Canon Wilberforce, who has the honor of having given his name to a sect or portion of a sect, declared the other day that "all theological hatches will find a grave in the Grindelwald glacier." It has long been announced that at Grindelwald, in the Bernese Alps, a grand convocation of the different Protestant denominations will take place, when all questions of difference in theology and church discipline will form subject-matter of full discussion; the upshot of all is to be a union of the Churches. Thoughtful Dr. Lunn has made "special arrangements with the railway companies and the hotels in Grindelwald by which any who wish to combine a fortnight's holiday in Switzerland with the pleasure of listening to the discussion can do so at the cost of ten guineas each." According to their own programme we find that: "A number of the leaders of the different Churches shall spend at least a part of their holiday in this delightful Swiss village discussing the possibilities of reunion and the method by which they may solve the different problems which now confront the Churches."

It is indeed a sensible undertaking to have a grand two weeks holiday up in the Bernese Alps. Nothing could be more pleasant and certainly beneficial from a stand-point of physical health. The rest is a mere chimera.

When the excommunication returns home, will their different congregations accept the decisions of the Grindelwald conference? May not these stay-at-home persons claim that gospel liberty which Luther introduced, and laugh at the pretensions of their travelled teachers, would dare to impose their newly decided interpretation upon human beings en-dowed with reason? As well accept Rome and its concave of Cardinals: the idea of allowing fifty or sixty ministers

of the different sects to sit down and deliberately deprive honest Protestants of their heaven-inspired independence and individual judgement in matters of Faith! The thing is preposterous!

We can readily conceive Canon Wilberforce and Price Hughes going hand in hand over the slippy and dizzy glaciers, encouraging each other to look upwards and to avoid the precipice that frowns into a fathomless abyss: we can imagine a certain vertigo taking Mrs. Amos (for she is to go there), just as she has planted her alpine stock in a projecting iceberg, and swung herself into the arms of Dr. Lunn; but we cannot conceive a Presbyterian parson and a Methodist preacher coming to an agreement upon any one text of Scripture, (except in so far as they could turn it against Rome); nor can we picture a Baptist Minister and a Low Church Incumbent settling all differences, and joining hands for mutual safety as they attempt to scramble up the slippy sides, and along the yawning chasms of Protestant theology.

It is probable that they may attempt to devise better means of attack upon the Church of Rome; it is possible that they may agree upon one point, namely, that the Catholic Church has to be crushed by hook or by crook. But beyond that we fail to see how it is possible for even an approach to union—or unity—to be made. They will be found to have enjoyed a "high old time," lots of fresh air and much grand and beautiful mountain scenery: but, to use the words that O'Connell is supposed to have applied to other men in other days, their theological discussions will consist in,—

"Fighting, like devils, for conciliation, And damning each other for the love of God."

**THE POWER OF ROME.**

At the annual meeting of the Scottish Reformation Society, held a couple of weeks ago in Edinburgh, a Mr. Stuart Gray, who presided, opened the meeting with the following extraordinary sentence: "The Power of Rome is not exhausted, and the question is ought we not to be up and doing?" Here are two very peculiar propositions that are susceptible of limitless development; Mr. Gray informs the world that the "Power of Rome is not exhausted;" then he takes alarm and asks a pertinent question: "Ought we (the Protestant element) not to be up and doing?"

In the first place it seems a stupid thing for any man, in his common senses, to inform the public of our day that the "Power of Rome is not exhausted;" as well might he tell us that the power of steam is not exhausted. The Universe, referring to this strange statement—strange because it is made by such a man—says: "Even the powers of Mr. Gray (great, as of course, they are) will be exhausted, and Mr. Gray himself will not only be rotten and forgotten, ages upon ages before the angel of God, who is to swear by Him who liveth and reigneth that time shall be no more, shall give the signal 'that the Power of Rome' (that is the Church of Christ) is about to be withdrawn from its work of saving souls."

Secondly, when Mr. Gray asked his hearers whether they ought not to be "up and doing," is he in his right mind? Or is he another Rip Van Winkle, just awakened from a sleep that commenced before the days of the Reformation? The man must deem the anti-Catholic assaults, that are as numberless as the waves on the beach, and that have surged during three centuries or more against the fortress wall of the Church, mere child's play, since he wants the enemies of Rome to be "up and doing."

You are perfectly right, for once in your life, Mr. Stuart Gray; "the Power of Rome is not exhausted." Nor is it likely to be exhausted until the "crack of doom." Thousands were, and are, of your opinion. Macaulay predicted that the "Power of Rome" would still exist "in undiminished splendor, when some wanderer from New Zealand would take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." Van Ranke foretold it in his "History of the Popes;" Dollinger declared it in his "Prophecies of the Middle Ages." Why; did not Christ Himself promise it long years before Mr. Gray's standard of Faith, the Bible, was in existence? And the Church of Rome being under the immediate successor of St. Peter, and having for its invisible head the Savior of the world, and holding the perpetual promise of Christ that He would be with her until the consummation of the world, and possessing His constant presence in the sacrament of her altars, and having weathered the tempests of nineteen centuries, and being more fresh and vigorous than at any period in the long chain of years that she counts, and towering conspicuously like Chimborazo, high over the summits of all other institutions in vast mountain range of time, might not Mr. Gray as well have asserted that "the power of Christ is not exhausted?" It would be just as sensible a remark, and would convey just as much information to the public as the statement that the "Power of Rome is not exhausted." But to state that Christ's power was not ex-

hausted would not serve the orator's purpose, for then he dare not, in face of Christianity, call upon his brethren to be "up and doing."

It would seem as if the enemies of Rome had not been doing enough to crush her, that they were idle and lazy, that they slept at their posts, while the Roman monster was recuperating his strength. What more could Mr. Gray have them do than what they are and have been doing for the last three hundred years? Robbing the Pope of his justly acquired temporal power, stealing his revenues, leaving him with his "crown crumbled, his sceptre a reed, his throne a shadow, his home a dungeon." Was not that enough, especially when repeated against one Pope after another in forms more or less similar? No; the enemies of Rome should be "up and doing," because despite all their persecutions of the Vicar of Christ, his life unfolded to the world the fact that in him "the simplicity of the patriarchs, the piety of the saints and the patience of the martyrs have not wholly vanished from earth." Despite the scenes of sorrow on the highway from Rome to Avignon, the terrors along the path from the Tiber to Fontainebleau, the dangers and the miseries that thronged that short transit from the Vatican to Gaeta, despite all these—and the Church's enemies imagined they could foresee the downfall of the cross that glitters on St. Peter's—we behold the Representative of Christ "going forth gorgeous with the accumulated dignity of ages, every knee bending and every eye blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another." Despite the might, the venom, the cunning, the art, the insatiate vengeance with which the enemies of the Sovereign Pontiff were "up and doing," still, clearly and more clearly, was it daily made manifest that the "Gates of Hell shall not prevail against" the Church of Christ, and that the "Power of Rome" was not—and never will be—"exhausted."

But not only against the Pope in person, have the friends of Mr. Gray been "up and doing." Infidelity and anti-Catholic bigotry had driven the priests from their altars, the monks from their cells and the nuns from their convents; muzzled, banished, imprisoned, persecuted in every way, yet from their patience and virtue sprang the endurance and power of that immortal establishment which no earthly power can ever overthrow. "Up and doing" are the gospel preachers, numberless as the clouds upon a sky of dapple grey in autumn; are the tract-sellers and bible-hawkers, thick as "leaves in Valambrosa;" are the salvationists and female preachers that haunt the public with the persistence of summer mosquitos; are the men of Mr. Gray's stamp, who howl from every platform and shout from the very housetops their insane denunciations of an institution they do not understand and a religion they fail to comprehend. Are all these not "up and doing?" Or if not, pray what are they about?

We can assure Mr. Gray and all his friends, admirers, and co-workers that the powers of darkness have been "up and doing" since the dawn of Christianity, and that they will be "up and doing" until the end of time, and yet the "Power of Rome" never was, is not, and never will be exhausted.

**SALVE REGINA!**

The Spaniards have ever had a great and deep devotion toward the mother of God; and they loved to sing or to repeat the beautiful words of the *Salve Regina*. The Andalusian peasant, the gradée of Castile, the soldier under arms on the walls of Granada, the sailor on the waves of the Spanish Main, the explorer in the wooded vales of Ecuador, the cattle rancher on the slopes of San Lorenzo, the very brigand from Quito that has come to prow around the walls of Escleral, all of them can be heard at some time in the day, muttering the words of that exquisite prayer. Now that we are in the month of May, it might not be out of place to call our readers' attention to the beauties of the *Salve Regina*. They are too numerous to be touched on in detail; but we will glance at the plan of the prayer and leave to the piety of our friends to fill in the details,—and to repeat often during this month the Spanish prayer of production.

"Hail! Holy Queen!" It opens with the praises of Mary. It is an exordium worthy the cunning of a master mind. It tells all her titles and reduces them all to a few words "Mother, of Mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope." How could a child address a mother in terms more apt to stir her feelings and to touch her heart? She is truly a "Mother of Mercy," for she is the mother of the One who is all mercy and love. She is the "life" of her children, for she is their intercessor and advocate; she is their "sweetness," for all the bitterness and anguish of existence are lost in her contemplation; she is their "hope," for she has ever been the "star of the sea," the guide to heaven, the one through whom alone man is sure to reach the mercy of Christ.

Having thus addressed Mary, the prayer changes and the supplicants proclaim themselves "banished sons of Eve." suf-