

The True Witness

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1895.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

There is no character in all the annals of modern history that has occupied a more unique position before the world than St. Ignatius Loyola. He has received probably more praise and more censure than any other great figure in the sphere of religious life, during the past three or more centuries. He has been misunderstood and misrepresented by thousands, while his motives have been attacked by a prejudice as bitter as it is ignorant. Every so-called reformer has had a shot at the founder of the Jesuit Order. The more fanatically opposed to Rome a man becomes the more violent his comments upon the life and works of this great saint. In fact the narrowness of anti-Catholic bigotry is, as a rule, in the direct ratio of the hatred displayed towards this remarkable, this marvellous soldier of Christ. And yet how very few of those enemies of the Jesuit, and therefore of the Church, are really conversant with the life, the works, the ideas, the principles and the motives of St. Ignatius Loyola.

In a lengthy series of articles, during the course of last year, we fully established the truth regarding the teachings and practices of the Jesuits. But were we to have published that series in every language known to civilization, and to have it read by every Christian, young or old, in the world, it in no way would prevent the blindness of the unwilling from repeating again and again the old calumnies. What, to us, is most remarkable in all the sweeping attacks made upon the followers of St. Ignatius, is the absence of special facts to corroborate the statements made. We have never yet met with any home-argument against the Order; not one of its despisers and detractors has ever been able to place his finger upon a single word, or act—either of an individual Jesuit, or of Jesuits collectively—to substantiate his accusations. On the face of it this state of affairs goes to show that they must of necessity be a wonderful body of men; that their piety and truthfulness must be very exceptional; that their aims must be lofty, and their methods in accord with the strictest law of the state and the most exacting law of God.

In this chaotic mass of wild and baseless calumnies it is refreshing, at times, to find a sincere, large-minded, educated non-Catholic paying a well deserved tribute to the name and fame of Ignatius Loyola. About four Sundays ago, at All Saints' Church, Chicago, Rev. Jenkins Lloyd Jones, a distinguished Protestant clergyman, delivered a very effective sermon, in the course of which he said: "You remember the story of how an impulsive, ambitious soldier, while tossing with the fever of impatience in a Spanish hospital, took to reading the 'Lives of the Saints,' and how the story of their goodness and self-denial sank into his heart. And how there dawned in his mind visions of nobler things to do than to be a soldier with carnal weapons. He saw great moral battlefields, where there were needed heroes of love, warriors of truth, soldiers of the Cross—and the crippled soldier became the Loyola who founded the great teaching order of the Catholic Church."

Continuing, the preacher said: "They became the schoolmasters of Christendom. They went everywhere and taught, until their colleges are in every part of the world and their teachers speak in every language, and reach from the Indian schools in the West to the great colleges of the Propaganda at Rome, where every language and every dialect of the world, it is claimed, is taught."

So far we have but an honest statement of the facts; but in the following

paragraph the preacher pays one of the highest tributes—from a worldly standpoint—that could be paid to a benefactor of humanity. He cried out:

"Brave soldier! The bravest act of his life was when he voluntarily turned from guns and bayonets, painfully took up the spelling-book and arithmetic, first mastered them himself, and then enlisted an army vowed to teach them to others. All the way from the hospital in Spain, down through 350 years, streams the light that shone upon me in the pueblo of the Toseques, in far-off New Mexico, the other day."

We leave these few extracts from that sermon to the reflection of the ultra non-Catholic element that is constantly lashing with its impotent breakers the solid rock upon which the Church has been built, or, like the storm-bird dashing itself against the light-house, is vainly flying against the inextinguishable Phare that Ignatius has erected for the guidance of humanity upon the great ocean of years.

PAUL BOURGET.

Recently the famous French novelist paid a hurried visit to Canada and the United States. By a letter from "F" which we published last week our readers can perceive that the great author of fiction allows his imagination to run away with him and his prejudices to sway him when dealing with the real and with what should be plain facts. Not many weeks ago, on behalf of Bourget, Max O'Rell fell foul of Mark Twain and scored the American traveller and humorist in a most unmerciful and somewhat unfair manner. He would like to be told what Mark Twain can possibly know about France and the French people. Twain only visited a few French cities, travelled in railway carriages through the country and attended entertainments and theatres in that land. We do not know how deep or exact Twain's information is regarding France; but we do know that Bourget has less knowledge on certain phases on Canadian life—upon which he poses as an authority—than has our American friend concerning French manners. Bourget falls into the very trap that his friend O'Rell laid for Mark Twain. He only paid a flying visit to Canada, passed through a few cities, crossed a large extent of country in railway cars, delivered a couple of lectures—perhaps four—was lionized by a small circle of enthusiastic literateurs, the majority of whom are the avowed enemies of our Catholic system of education, and not a few of whom are most anti-clerical in their ideas.

Bourget did not carry his own glasses with him, they might occupy too much room in his valise; he was accommodated with the colored glasses of his little set of would-be satellites, and through them he studied—between meals—the different phases of Canadian life. On arriving home, he set to work to tell of his "Sensations in New France." He has given strong evidence of a very romantic disposition. He may certainly be a fine novelist, for fiction and inconsistency are his elements. Since he intended writing, and publishing his impressions of Canadian life, and particularly Canadian institutions, it would have been better had his friend allowed Mark Twain to go untrickized. It is really funny to find a man, of Max O'Rell's literary pretensions, accusing another of the very fault that his friend perpetrated himself.

There is also a seal of insincerity upon "the chapter dated Montreal, Oct. 16," to which our correspondent refers. When Bourget was here and when he paid a hurried visit to some of our leading colleges, he used expressions very different from those which he employs in his book. Here it was to his own interest to say kind words; of course, he was a traveller, a visitor, an object of admiration amongst a few. But in France, where his book is on sale, and where he caters to an anti-religious class, it becomes advisable to ridicule and to misrepresent the institutions that received him. Of course in Canada he felt somewhat like a fish out of water; he could not but perceive that the religious and educational establishments were anything but excited and enthusiastic over his presence. He was received with a politeness that is characteristic of Catholic education, but the Mountain was not overturned nor the St. Lawrence set on fire in superhuman efforts to make him think that he was considered a demi-god.

Remembering all these little "Sensations de Nouvelle France," it is very probable that the writer of questionable romance thought he had a good opportunity of pleasing the small circle of our literary anti-clericals by having a fling at the educational system which these gentlemen have so vainly attempted to destroy. When next M. Bourget comes to Canada—and we trust it will be soon—we would advise him to refrain from lecturing others, and to attend a few lectures, for his own benefit, in our leading institutions. Instead of seeking for students on the public thoroughfares, let him go to their gymnasiums, playgrounds, and recreation halls, if he wishes to know how they take exercise. Instead of noting the dictated opinions and judgments of those literateurs, who live in a realm

of self-supposed omniscience and who fret under the absence of a general adoration of their little selves, let him attend the regular examinations in the classes, the competitions—intellectual and physical—between the students of different institutions, and glean information from a direct rather than a second-hand source, if he seeks to impress upon the world that he knows whereof he writes.

Since the above was written, we find a letter from Paul Bourget, in the columns of the Patrie, in which he says:

"It was with stupor that I read the newspaper clippings that you sent me. This act of falsely ascribing a work to an author seems to me something abominable, that would deserve a good lawsuit. You will oblige by stating that I was disgusted even to a point of indignation at this literary infamy. I made it a point to write nothing concerning Canada, because I did not study it, and I did not consider that I had the right, after only fifteen days of rapid passage, to touch upon the race questions that are raised in the Dominion. Moreover, the dirty articles which you remember in I forget what Quebec newspaper, had so deeply saddened me, I had seen therein, in that old France corner, a new proof of the disunion and want of sincerity from which our country has suffered so much, and I feared lest something of that impression might pass in what I was writing. These reasons for my silence rendered particularly painful for me the idea that these pages should have been discussed in your country as coming from me, and I am surprised that the Canadian press was not unanimous in denouncing the villainy which constitutes an actual 'forgery' in literary matter."

On the heels of this comes the following, addressed to R. Azarias-Tureune:

"I have learned with indignation of the publication as my own of 'Sensations de Canada.' I will be much obliged to you to deny that allegation. It is the most ignoble stroke of commercial speculation which I have heard of."

(Signed) PAUL BOURGET.

Canines, May 4.

Here is a nice kettle-of-fish. Bourget positively disclaims the authorship of the work referred to in our remarks above. If another person, for the sake of selling the book, has presumed to sign Bourget's name thereto, he has perpetrated a threefold sin; he has defamed Canadian institutions, he has shunted the responsibility for his vile criticism upon the shoulders of a well-known author, and he has been guilty of a high literary misdemeanor. Of course we accept M. Bourget's denial of the authorship; we do not think it possible that a man holding the position that he does, could be so far forgetful as to write a book, and when he found it severely attacked, turn around and point blank disown the production.

Since, then, Paul Bourget is not answerable for "Sensations de Nouvelle France" we beg to apply what we have said, and to do so with still greater emphasis, to the individual who, under the mask of another person's name, has attempted to impose his untruthful productions upon an injured public. Not man enough to openly abuse our institutions over his own name, and probably feeling that his own name would add little weight to his opinions, he inflicts a cowardly wrong upon the country, and does so in such a way as to have the blame fall upon one whose name was the means of securing a sale for his stuff. There are depths of literary meanness that we never before imagined could exist.

A CHORUS SINGER.

In our third last issue we referred, in an editorial, to the dangers of the stage. Perhaps some of our readers may have thought that we greatly exaggerated the risks that young girls run when launching out upon the treacherous sea of histrionic life. In a recent number of the Catholic Union and Times we find the following very sensible and timely paragraph: "Young women who imagine that they have histrionic ability; and who dream of becoming star actresses, scout the warning that the life of a player is beset with temptations. They do not know of the whirl of unreal emotions in which a theatrical performer lives, of the obstacles to the practice of religion furnished by a nomadic life, of the trials to virtue that come from a low tone of moral life among the common run of dramatic people, of the dangers of late hours, night journeys, absence from home in strange cities, and the close companionship of fellow-members of the company of both sexes, none of whom is too good. 'O, I can take care of myself' every one of them exclaims, in the ignorance of youth and the confidence of untried innocence."

The words, then, are quoted of a well-known and popular young actress. She has been for ten years upon the stage, and she has occupied various positions, but principally as a chorus-girl did she make her mark. In reply to a question concerning her experience she said that by all means she would advise a girl to keep off the stage. She had been piously educated at home and instructed in a first-class academy. At the age of seventeen she became "stage struck," and possessing a good figure and a good voice, although not remarkably handsome in features, she felt fully equipped. She answered an advertisement for chorus singers in Cleveland. She was accepted, and such was her success that she was

offered a permanent engagement. Her mother and friends opposed her wishes, but she argued that she was a lady, by birth, by education and by instinct, and that her mother might depend that she would never do anything that did not become a lady. At last they yielded to her wishes and she joined the company.

According to her own words she persevered during a couple of months, and felt confident that she was able to retain her position and resist all the temptations of the situation. "By that time," she says, "I found myself gradually drifting into my companions' habits, and even to-day, if I am not all I ought to be, the stage has lost none of its attractions for me." She regrets the loss of her social standing, of her self-respect, of her fine opportunities, but like the opium-eater she sinks all those regrets in the excitement of the occupation and forgets the past in the glare of the footlights. She most ardently advises all young girls to beware of her fate.

The Union and Times then asks: "What nice young man would care to marry her? Or what kind of a wife, or helpmate, would she be?" This is not an invention; respect for the young actress' relatives forbids the mention of her name; nor is it an exceptional case,—it is the general rule, the exceptions are on the other side. It is in the interest of our dear Catholic readers that we touch upon this subject at all, and we hope that our remarks will not be seed cast upon barren soil.

Editorial Notes.

FRANCE has now a law by which anyone found guilty of revealing the contents of a private letter will be punished with imprisonment for six days, the term to be increased when the opening of the letter is not accidental even if the contents have not been divulged. It would be no harm if a similar enactment were passed in every other civilized country.

REV. JAMES KENT STONE, known as Father Fidelis of the Passionist Order, is soon to preach a mission at Kenyon, O., the place where stands the Protestant Episcopal Seminary of which he was president, some thirty years ago, before he became a Catholic. Father Fidelis is in great demand all over America and his missions are given almost uninterruptedly from year's end to year's end. Strange memories and associations will arise around him in Kenyon.

"J. B." is desirous of getting the story entitled "The Wild Geese; or, the Raparees of Barnmore," by William Collins. We are not aware of any edition of it being in print. Perhaps by writing to Benziger Brothers, New York, or Murphy & Co., Baltimore, a copy could be procured. It will be found, in serial form, in The Harp. If we mistake not it was about 1878 or 1880 that it appeared in that magazine. The Harp—sad to say—has been long a treasure of the past, but its subscribers have most probably kept their numbers.

We are informed now that Fahrenheit is not the inventor of the mercury thermometer. In a paper on the oldest French meteorological and thermometrical observations, lately read to the Paris Academie des Sciences, the Abbe Maze proved that Ismael Boulliau used a mercury thermometer together with his Florence thermometer in March, 1659, sixty-two years before Fahrenheit. That is exact; yet it in no way takes from Fahrenheit's claims. Watt discovered the power of steam before Stephenson invented the steam engine. Boulliau's thermometer was not a Reaumur or a Centigrade any more than it was a Fahrenheit.

TOHONOR Queen Victoria's seventy-sixth birthday a London poet has improvised the following to be added to the national anthem and to be sung on public occasions—

"When at some future day,
Albert this isle shall sway,
God grant us that he may
Rule like our Queen.
May he defend our laws
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King."

This might be taken, by the Queen, as a pretty broad hint that her time was about up. Apart from the absence of delicacy in thus singing "God save the King" before the Queen is dead, we think that the wording might be slightly improved. However, not being a critic of verse we must confine our remarks to the inopportunities of the addition to the national anthem.

In our next issue we will attempt a review of Rev. Dean Harris' recent important contribution to Canadian historical literature, "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula, 1626-1895," is the title of the volume. It is well bound in cloth and gold, adorned with numerous illustrations, printed in large and most readable type and covers about three hundred and fifty pages. Of its contents and the importance of the information given we will speak more fully later on. Meanwhile we must congratulate Mr.

William Briggs, of Toronto, the publisher, upon the mechanical success of his endeavor to present a volume worthy of the splendid contents. The sum of two dollars for such a work is in accord with the remarkable enterprise of both publisher and author.

ONE of our American exchanges says that few persons realize the extent to which the Republic is becoming a nation of consumptives. Statistics state that in 1890 there were 125,000 people who died of consumption in that country. Yet when a Canadian citizen feels the approach of that dread enemy he is advised to travel south and try the climate of the United States. Too often these trips are fruitless. We are under the impression that no portion of the continent is freer from the ravages of consumption than our own country. Our climate is certainly pure and invigorating.

THE SCIENTIFIC world is well acquainted with the name of Father Zahm, C.S.C., the famous professor and lecturer of Notre Dame University. His brother, Albert F. Zahm, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has just discovered a method of actually measuring time to the hundred thousandth of a second. The apparatus is very simple. Heretofore physicists have considered measurements to the one five thousandth of a second very exact. This discovery is certainly most wonderful. It is almost impossible for the mind to conceive the space of time marked by the hundred thousandth part of a second.

THE Napoleonic emblem was the violet. The Empress Eugenie adopted it, in the days of the Second Empire, because it was chosen by the women of France in the time of the First Napoleon. So wild and extravagant did the butterfly aristocracy of that second Imperial period become that violets were eaten as salad, and Marquis, the famous confectioner, invented the sugared violet as a bonbon. Imagine Irishmen eating a dish of shamrocks, or Scotchmen a salad of thistles, or Canadians a plate of maple-leaves, served up with vinegar, cream and hard-boiled eggs. The antics of fashion are sometimes funny, so are those of a lunatic—but they are also very sad.

IT APPEARS that President Faure proclaimed himself a Catholic in order to secure his election. A very powerful tribute to the influence of the Church in the land of modern infidelity. The Masonic Lodge of Melun sold him very badly, for at a recent banquet held by its members, they toasted the President, and many of the speakers congratulated Masonry on the triumph achieved in his election. There is an old saying, "murder will out;" it is difficult for any man to carry the Catholic mask over his masonic features without, sooner or later, being detected. We could furnish examples much nearer home than Paris and of personages less conspicuous than the President of France.

ON NEXT SUNDAY St. James' Church, Chicago, will be consecrated. It will be the first church in the West to be consecrated. A Catholic church is blessed only when the last cent of debt is paid off is it consecrated. The largest bells ever cast in America will be added to the church. There are twenty bells in the chimes, the largest weighs 5,150 pounds and the smallest 150 pounds. The total weight is 40,000 pounds. They were tested last week in Baltimore and proved very rich in tone. The blessing of the bells recalls to mind that glorious description of the ceremony, in D. F. McCarthy's "Bell-Founder":

"In a white-shining alb comes the Abbot,
And he circles the bells round about;
And with oil and with salt, and with water,
They are purified inside and out;
They are marked with Christ's mystical symbol,
While the priests and the chorists sing,
And are blessed in the name of that God
To whose honor they ever shall ring."

ACCORDING to the London Universe great indignation is professed to be felt at certain passages in the speeches of Mgr. Agliardi. In an address to the Professors of Law at Groswarden he said:

"You fulfil a beautiful and a holy duty when you call attention to the dangers of modern legislation, and help the eternal laws to gain the day."

There may be something terrible in this remark; but we confess our inability to discover the great wrong. Not satisfied with these good counsels, the Envoy said, at a dinner to Count Zichy, the leader of the clerical party:

"Just as the nobility of the Middle Ages placed themselves at the head of the Crusades, so it is the duty of modern aristocracy to battle against modern legislation."

Not a bad advice to the nobility we should say. Modern legislation is becoming very anti-Christian. The attitude of the legislators on the subject of marriage and divorce should alone suffice to raise a Peter the Hermit who would preach a new crusade against immorality and domestic ruin.

themselves qualified to receive the sacrament were permitted to take their first communion in the afternoon." The fact of the first communion is right, so is that of the qualification thereof; the only little mistake is in the time of the day. An Indian once sold us a dead deer that he said we would find hanging from a birch tree, near two big pines, on the last hill overlooking Moccasin lake. We paid the price, but when we went to get the deer there was none there. A year later the Indian came back to trade; we accused him of deceiving us. "Did you find the lake?" he asked. "Yes." "Did you find two pine trees on the hill-top?" "Yes." "Did you see a birch tree near them?" "Yes." "You found no deer?" "No." "Well," he innocently said, "me tell three truths and only one lie."

A PECULIAR journalistic enterprise is on foot in Chicago. It is proposed to establish a daily paper that will ignore crime in every class and confine its news to what is good and pure. The other Chicago journals laugh at the idea. If the new publication has a reasonable backing and is well edited we see no reason why it should not have an immense circulation. There are thousands of respectable men who would subscribe to it were it only to secure reading matter for their wives and children. Its mission would be a glorious one.

IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner says: "The ignorance of the Bible among students in our public schools and colleges furnishes a curious illustration of the inadequacy of our educational machine to meet the requirements of life." The Catholic Review adds: "Why not, then, advocate the system of public denominational schools in which the children could be trained in religious doctrine and moral practices?" We believe in the Bible and in the salutary results of its principles upon children; but common sense tells us that they must have an unerring interpreter of the Holy Book if they are to derive benefit therefrom. We equally believe in children learning how to read—it is a necessary acquirement; but we think that a competent teacher is required in order to attain that instruction.

NEXT SEPTEMBER there will be fireworks in Italy, and quite an oratorical display of pyrotechnics. The "Sons of Liberty" will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the robbery perpetrated on the Pope when the Church's rightful possessions were seized. Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi, Mamiani, Gioberti, Strabidi, Victor Emmanuel, et hoc genus omne, performed a glorious work for Italy when they succeeded in crushing religion. The tree is known by its fruit. The condition of the country to-day is the direct result of their work. Credit gone; banks broken; commerce destroyed; political anarchy rampant, a figurehead monarch trembling upon a tottering throne; the walls of the banquet-hall inscribed with the name, Theecl, Phares, and the Ham of God visibly weighing upon the nation. Poor Italy!

THE New York World's Roman correspondent writes a splendid romance. He pictures in glowing and sensational terms the fearful struggle going on between the Vatican and the Propaganda; he has Cardinal Ledochowski at war with the Pope, over the school question; and he actually presents a most interesting and amusing picture of the terrible intestine strife that is playing havoc amongst the dignitaries of the Catholic Church in the Eternal City. To finish off his tableau he should have represented Cardinal Gibbons as being summoned over to settle the fight. This may be all very interesting to the readers of the World; certainly, it is quite remunerative for that organ's able correspondent. But we must not forget that already has that omniscient gentleman astonished the world—and his Eminence more than any person else—with the details of Cardinal Ledochowski's death. Also, has he foreseen—inspiration we expect—the subjects of Papal Letters that were to stir the heart of Christendom. The Pope very likely omitted to write those letters to spite the correspondent. It is a pity that even a Roman correspondent cannot send facts without drawing upon his imagination. Perhaps the poetic climate of Italy is to blame.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE DAY.

It has been settled that there is to be no joint celebration of St. Jean Baptiste day this year, each section holding a feast of its own in their respective parishes. The celebration comes off on Sunday, June 23, with religious services. In the evening there will be an entertainment at the Monument Nationale, with speeches by Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau and Hon. Wilfrid Laurier. A commemorative marble monument will be unveiled by the Lieutenant-Governor. On Monday, June 24, there will be a popular fete at Sohmer Park.

MRS. PAUL ALBERT.

Mrs. Paul Albert, 44 Amherst street, has drawn a prize worth \$500, at the distribution of the "Society of Arts of Canada," 1666 Notre Dame street.