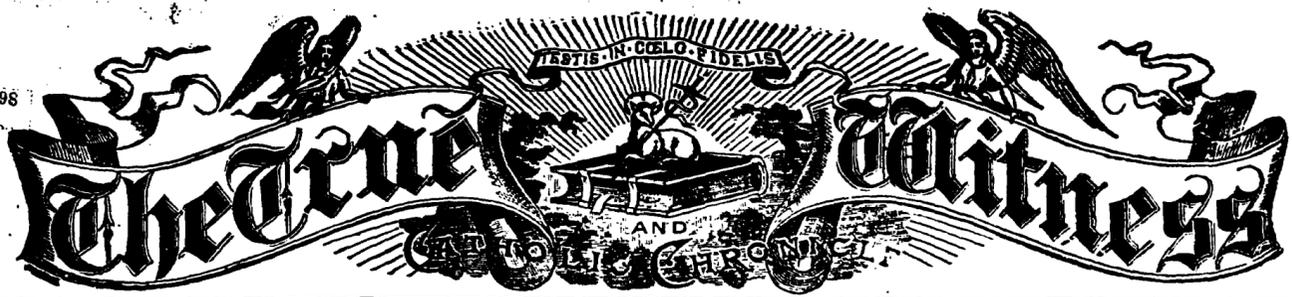


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# CARDINAL NEWMAN.

His Character and Work Reviewed by Mr. Henry Austin Adams, M.A.

A Graphic Picture of the Career of the Leader of the Oxford Movement.

The Last of the Winter Course of Lectures Held Under the Auspices of the Montreal Free Library a Splendid Success.

Mr. Henry Austin Adams, M.A., of New York, on Friday delivered the last of the Winter Course of lectures organized by the Montreal Free Library. There was a large gathering present. The proceedings were opened by Prof. J. P. Costen, who gave an exquisite selection on the piano. He was followed by Miss Morrison, Montreal's favorite soprano, and Mrs. Harding, who rendered, as a duet, that famous composition of Cardinal Newman, "Lead Kindly Light." Both performers were warmly applauded as they resumed their seats.

Rev. Father Devine, S. J., introduced the lecturer, in the unavoidable absence of Sir William Hingston, who put in an appearance later in the evening and occupied the chair during the remainder of the lecture. "Cardinal Newman" was the subject of Mr. Adams' discourse, and he treated it in a manner that showed him to be a thorough student of Newman and his works. The audience closely followed the lecturer, as was plainly evident by the frequent outbursts of applause which greeted him as he placed before it some striking picture of the Cardinal's nobleness of character, or depicted his reverential humility, traits which won for him a warm spot in the hearts of English Protestants.

In commencing his lecture, Mr. Adams said that he was going to try and give to his hearers the picture that he had in his heart of hearts of John Henry Newman. He wanted to get Catholics to appreciate more fully than they did the meaning of the great non-Catholic world all round them, pressing and looking in through the bars of Catholicity and yet, in their (the Catholics') opinion separated from them by chasms of time-worn indifference, chasms of 300 years of misunderstanding. He wanted them to recognize, first of all, that John Henry Newman was the connecting link between Catholicity and the English-speaking world; that no longer could the Church ignore the English-speaking world—she never had done that—but that no longer could the English-speaking world ignore the Catholic Church, which was a very different proposition. Adams then went on to say that the central fact in the religious evolution of the nineteenth century was that, in 1845, John Henry Newman, the leader of the intellectual and religious evolution of the English-speaking world, in the maturity of his powers, and at the cost of everything that could be used to measure the sincerity of any man's act, deliberately submitted

TO THE AUTHORITY OF THE HOLY SEE, and surrendered his imagination, his will, his preconceptions, everything, and said: "God teach me through Thy one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church"; and for forty years he lived an obedient child of the Holy Church. That central fact was the one great rock on which the modern non-Catholic world had split, and through the gap in the walls of the glorious Catholic Jerusalem which Newman made as he entered, the vast majority of non-Catholics got their bearings; they loved him; they loved his genius, they trembled at his power, they grew silent and broken-hearted when they contemplated the step he took. While other men were battling for the truth in all other lines, while men's minds were being torn this way and that, Newman was right up all the time, simply asking, "Truth, truth, truth; only pure abstract truth." He was fighting that last foe, the great Goliath of the nineteenth century, intellectual pride, and Goliath's chief lieutenant, a great deal more fussy than Goliath, spiritual pride. The greatest

intellect in England said to itself: "I am not infallible, nor am I free, except as truth shall make me free." The greatest spiritual force in England said: "I am not free, except so far as truth shall make me free." And when he did those things

HE SHIPPED THE VERY BUD OF PROTESTANTISM.

Pride of judgment, with all it included, was smashed forever, and educational, sophomoric dilettantism was pricked in its very heart. Newman, therefore, stood in the centre of our century, spanning it by his long life, dying not until its last decade was reached, and having proved in both the spiritual arena and the intellectual that he was capable of understanding all of the issues; that his face was on the side of God and truth; that the intellect could reach its highest power only when it was admitted to the truth, and that the soul of man was safe and near to God only when it submitted to the truth as God revealed it through His one Holy Church. Having spoken thus generally Mr. Adams touched on the depressed condition of the English Church, English society and English art and literature seventy years ago, and said that paralysis had struck the world, when, suddenly, along all avenues of man's endeavor and thought came the spirit of revolt, change, breaking-up, in order that the strong and new might come. In that crucial moment of a great living factor in the development of the world John Henry Newman was born; and on him God laid the glorious, splendid vocation of the saviour. It was a grand thing, remarked the lecturer, to be a scapegoat of that type, to bear up uncomplainingly under successions of affliction, in order that others might enjoy the good things of life in peace. He spoke of

THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF NEWMAN'S CRITICAL MIND,

referred to his college career at Oxford, touched on his entering the Anglican Church, which, from the crown of his head to the heel of his foot, he thought was the true Church, and then went on to allude to the part he took in the Oxford movement. The tracts issued by the leaders of that movement, Mr. Adams said, at times called on their heads a perfect storm of ridicule. The first time that a vicar in London wore a white surplice he was stoned and nearly killed. That gentleman was the vicar of the church in Pimlico and vicar of the church of Knightsbridge. Every step in advance that was taken by the leaders of the movement was fought out in the law courts. But at last a great popular wave of appreciation swept over England; and at the moment of its culmination, when the whole country was beginning to read the Fathers, those who were nearest to Newman began to see a change in him. The lecturer spoke of

THE WONDERFUL INFLUENCE WHICH NEWMAN EXERCISED

over those who came in contact with his lofty soul, as was shown by the fact that for twelve long years he, Sunday after Sunday, took the noblest in the brains of England and moulded it as if it were putty. Mr. Adams vividly portrayed that great event in Newman's life when, whilst administering Holy Communion in his church at Littlemore, the change, the matter of which had long perturbed his mind, suddenly came, and being convinced in his soul that he was not a true priest of the Church he represented, he left unfinished the administration of the sacred office in which he was then engaged. There was not a pulpit from Land's End to John O'Groats that did not hiss its "I told you so." But with a lofty, noble spirit, Newman rose above it, and humbly, in the dead of the night, he was received into the Church, made his confession, sobbed at the feet of the Father who instructed and received him, and looked eagerly to the time when he could make his first communion. At that time he was only 45 years of age, just in his prime. Keble, his dearest Protestant friend, tried to persuade him that his career of spiritual usefulness was finished, that God had no more work for him. But, suddenly, within five years afterwards,

ALL ENGLAND AGAIN HAD ITS EYES ON HIM.

Again this mighty intellectual and spiritual giant threw down the gauntlet and took a magnificent position in his essay on "The Development of Doctrine." All England surged back and forth, and you could see how magnificently he was cornering his opponents. He wrote pamphlet after pamphlet, essay after essay, and the consciences of the people were aroused. Later on he was dragged from the seclusion of his cloister into the arena to defend himself against a stab by Charles Kingsley. It was then that he wrote his "Apologia Pro Vita Sua" which contained no fussy underbrush, but was just the broad, white, calm, serene flight of marble steps up from the cradle, where he suffered in the dark night and used to cry, to the great altar of his self-sacrifice when he said to God, in truth, "Lead Thou me on." Not only did Newman vindicate himself in that work, but the whole Catholic priesthood, from the moment it was printed, stood absolutely in

A NEW RELATION TO THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

It showed that not only was a Catholic priest capable of honorable, truthful,

direct, manly, out-and-out square dealing, but that from the top to the bottom the whole Church repudiated, denounced, stigmatised and damned the slightest approach to anything underhand, sneaking, double-faced, equivocal or mean. And so the whole broad, strong prejudice of the English public had a good solid laugh at itself, and shook hands, for the first time in 300 years, with the Catholic priesthood. The "Apologia" took the scales from 10,000 eyes, and they saw for the first time certain vital principles, and saw through the clear light of that beautiful production the sympathetic, almost child-like nature of the man. The humility of that book was simply indescribable. The author of it did not go out of his way to show how good he was and how bad his enemy was; but he came out and tried to explain to the people how hard he had tried to know what God wanted him to do, and how he felt at every step that he was falling short of what was required of him. Speaking of Newman's picture of a medical university, the lecturer said he considered it the finest thing in English since Shakespeare. Through that picture the English public got its first honest, loyal and appreciative look at those grand principles of Catholic education which had been

THE GLORY OF THE HOLY CHURCH:

and on the lines there laid down could be seen the future in the development of education. Already, at Oxford, there was a Jesuit College; so that it began to look extremely as if the medical university Newman so graphically and beautifully pictured was going to be the University of Oxford in the twentieth century. Newman was not a theologian; Pusey was a more accurate theologian; but he failed to attain to the conception of Catholic truth. It was not on Newman's theological side that he was of the greatest use to all mankind; but he gave to the revolt of the Protestant prejudice of his fathers what was better than exquisite song, for Keble could do that; he gave to God his absolute pledge that he would go through fire and water, across the mouth of hell, from trials, ambition, hope, career, to where He showed him the truth was to be found. To his fellow-men he gave a personal leadership. Innumerable converts had been helped up the steep and difficult ascent that leads to Catholicity more largely from the splendid enthusiasm aroused by Newman than by any other means.

At the close of his remarks, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Adams, on the motion of Sir William Hingston, who briefly described an interview of forty-five minutes' duration that he once had the honor of having with the Cardinal.

## IRISH NEWS.

PROPOSED CENSURE OF A COUNTY INSPECTOR. At the Omagh Town Commissioners, Mr. Patrick McLoughlin, T.C., gave notice that at the next meeting he will move "That the report of the County Inspector of Tyrone to his lordship Judge Murphy at the last Assizes, as to the increasing drunkenness in the County of Omagh is an unjust and unfounded attack on the town and county mentioned."

ARMAGH MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS. The convention for the Catholic voters of Armagh was recently held in the Armagh Catholic Reading Room for the purpose of selecting candidates for the coming election of Town Commissioners in Armagh.

The Rev. John Quinn, Adm, Armagh, occupied the chair. The Rev. Felix McNally, C.C.; Rev. Patrick Fagan, C.C., and Rev. Michael Quinn, C.C., were also present, and there was a very large attendance, including almost all the Catholic voters of the city. The meeting proceeded to business at once, and the following candidates were selected for the respective wards:— St. Brigid's Ward—Messrs. James McLaughlin, John McCreesh, James Warzoll, John Gillen, Javanna McConnell, and Michael Donnelly. St. Patrick's Ward—Messrs. George Sherry, Patrick McKenna, James Mulvan, James McMahon, James O'Hagan and Thomas Dolan.

The proceedings throughout were marked with the greatest harmony.

A CRISIS IN FERMANAGH. For upwards of five hours County Court Judge Craig, in the Court House, Ennis Killen, was engaged in hearing appeals in Loan Fund cases. Mr. Michael Maguire, solicitor, Ballyshannon, defended the borrowers and sureties in all the cases except two, in which Mr. Mayne, solicitor, appeared. Messrs. Falls and Cooney appeared for the Libellaw, Enniskillen, Ballinamallard, and Keel Loan Funds.

Mr. Falls said that upwards of £200,000 in the Co. Fermanagh was at stake, and since last summer the various Loan Funds have been unable to get in any money. Mr. Maguire contended that the borrowers had repaid their loans several times over. He urged that the renewal system was illegal, that the societies had received double interest and double charges from the borrowers, and produced the report of the Loan Fund Commission, the Loan Fund Act, the rules authorized by his Honor Judge Webb, and the affirmances of these decisions by their Lordships, Justices Madden and Holmes, to sustain his contentions.

His Honor reserved judgment in the various cases. (CONCLUDED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

## AT THE MIRACULOUS SHRINE.

Recent Cure at Lourdes—The Statement of a Catholic Doctor.

FROM THE CATHOLIC TIMES.

A striking example of the power of our Heavenly Mother, when appealed to in the favoured sanctuary of Lourdes, having lately occurred in my family. I think it my duty to make it known as widely as possible, in the hope that it will be an encouragement to other sufferers whose complaints have hitherto baffled all the efforts of medical skill. The case I allude to is that of my own daughter, and I shall now give a short account of it from the beginning of her illness.

On the 25th of August, 1896, while she was carrying a heavy weight, she slipped on some damp stone steps; she made a sudden effort in order not to drop what she was carrying, but could not save herself, and in her fall the lower part of the back and hip struck against the stone. Nothing was felt at first, beyond a slight soreness, to which she paid little attention, and she continued to go about as usual. At the end of a week, however,

THE PAIN HAD GREATLY INCREASED,

and walking had become difficult. I then for the first time heard of the accident, and on examining I noticed distinct swelling of the lower part of the back, extending forward to the left hip and lower part of the abdomen. There was also pain on pressure in these regions, as well as in moving the lower limb, which was partly flexed. All attempts at extension produced a sharp pain in the back and lower part of the abdomen on the same side. I treated the case with perfect rest in bed and some local applications. After trying this treatment for a week, I found that there was no improvement in the local condition. The patient began to be feverish about this time. The pain went on increasing, and soon became constant and deeply seated in the left side of the abdomen. The external swelling became harder and the superficial veins distinctly enlarged. The flexion of the limb was also more marked.

ALL THESE SYMPTOMS CONTINUED TO INCREASE.

In severity, in spite of the various means of treatment that were tried, until the beginning of October, when my friend Dr. Bissarie saw my daughter and agreed with me in thinking that there was every probability of an abscess forming in the iliac fossa.

It was then that we first thought of trying the effect of the miraculous spring; the patient herself earnestly asked for it. But her great sufferings, increased by the least movement, the long distance of our house from the grotto, the rough state of the roads, all seemed to offer almost insuperable objections to the carrying out of our intentions, and it had been left entirely to our own resources we should have had probably to give up the attempt. Thanks, however, to the kind assistance of the ladies and gentlemen of the Hospitalite de Notre Dame de Lourdes, who devote their time and energy with such noble zeal to the help of the sick, all difficulties were overcome and we were enabled to carry our patient to the piscine. In spite of every care there was a good deal of unavoidable suffering, which was borne with great patience by the poor invalid, and for several weeks we continued to take her to the piscine at short intervals. But at the end of November I was compelled to acknowledge that the baths HAD NOT PRODUCED THE DESIRED EFFECT.

All the symptoms had increased in severity. The pain in the left side of the abdomen was deeply seated and of a sharp shooting character; the fever was of a distinctly intermittent type; the flexion of the limb was even more marked than before, and there was deep fluctuation in the left iliac fossa. The general health was also greatly altered for the worse, in consequence of the constant suffering, loss of appetite and want of sleep. The existence of an abscess in the left iliac fossa was, in my opinion, beyond doubt.

The course to be adopted under the circumstances was a great source of anxiety to me. Many relatives and friends, among these a medical friend from Paris, insisted on the necessity of a surgical operation, and, from a medical point of view, there could be no doubt as to the soundness of this advice. But our

FAITH IN OUR LADY OF LOURDES

was still unshaken and we determined to defer all surgical treatment until after the feast of the Immaculate Conception. We began a novena in honor of that great feast, asking all our friends to join with us in a fervent appeal to the Queen of Heaven, and every day during the novena we took our patient to the piscine. The result, however, up to the 8th of December was found to be the same as before. All the symptoms had increased in severity, and when we took her to the bath on the day of the feast, my daughter's condition was most critical. She had had no sleep for several nights from the intense pain; typhus and constant nausea had set in for the last two days which prevented her taking any food, and she was extremely exhausted.

The bath, under these conditions, was attended with very severe suffering; but on being taken out of the water, she thought the pain was slightly diminished, so slightly, however, that she dare not speak of it. To all appearances her condition was exactly the same, and we

reached home sad and depressed, but fully resigned to the necessity of recurring to surgical treatment.

In the evening, however, about eight o'clock, the patient, who had scarcely closed her eyes for several days and nights, suddenly felt inclined to sleep, and we soon saw her fall into a deep sleep which lasted, without any interruption, until half past eight the next morning, when she awoke with an appetite and had a good breakfast; she had no pain, and was apparently well. I proceeded to ascertain her actual condition and soon found to my great joy and surprise that she had a quiet pulse, a normal temperature, that the PAIN AND SWELLING HAD ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED.

That she could move freely in her bed, that the lower limb which had been firmly flexed for several months could now be easily moved in all directions without pain, in a word, that there was no appreciable trace of the disease which so clearly existed the day before. The patient felt quite well and wanted to walk, but yielding to a sudden over-estimate of her strength, I kept her in bed for the whole of that day, and it was only the next morning, on the 10th of December, that I allowed her to get up and walk, which she did with the greatest facility, just as if she had never been ill. From that moment to this day no sign of the disease has shown itself.

All doubt as to the reality and completeness of the cure was impossible to give a medical explanation of it appeared to me utterly impossible.

The idea that the disease might have been of a neurotic character could not be entertained for an instant by any one who had seen the case at any time before the cure occurred. We have, therefore, before us the plain fact that an abscess in the iliac fossa, accompanied by clear and palpable signs and symptoms, disappeared entirely in a few hours with out discharging its contents either internally or externally; in a word, without leaving the smallest appreciable sign of its former existence. I firmly believe that such a thing is never seen in the ordinary practice of medicine. How then can we honestly explain it? For those who, like me, have had the good fortune of witnessing nearly all the remarkable cures that have occurred at Lourdes within the last two years there can be no hesitation; such an extraordinary occurrence is clearly a manifestation of Divine mercy obtained for us by the all-powerful intercession of our Heavenly Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, who seems more particularly inclined to hear the prayers of her suffering children when appealed to as our Lady of Lourdes and in this place more than in any other.

## OBITUARY.

MRS. ELIZABETH SALLEY.

We have to record the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Salley, wife of Mr. Edward Salley, of the Montreal Water Works, which sad event took place on the 21st inst. Mrs. Salley was one of the oldest residents in the vicinity of the parish of Verdun, on the outskirts of Montreal, and was highly respected among all classes for her genial manner and the earnest spirit she always evinced in all matters appertaining to her religion. She was a woman of extraordinary energy and labored unceasingly for the welfare of her family. Mrs. Salley had the happiness of beholding two of her daughters entering the Community of St. Anne, at Lachine, to consecrate their lives to the noble cause of educating Catholic youth. Some time ago they were named for the Alaska mission, where they are now engaged in their holy calling. The Superior of the Convent at Lachine manifested great sympathy for Mrs. Salley during her illness, as at frequent intervals several of the nuns of the Community visited her. The funeral, which was held at the parish church at Cote St. Paul, was attended by a large concourse of citizens. A solemn Requiem Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Brault, P.P., assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. On the conclusion of the service the remains were taken to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery for interment.

The TRUST WITNESS offers Mr. Salley and family its sympathy in their bereavement. The floral offerings from friends and acquaintances were numerous, among the number being a beautiful anchor, sent by Mr. John Crawford of Verdun.

Omaha, Nebraska, experienced an unusual sensation on the morning of April 19, but its citizens are divided as to its cause. Many believe it was an earthquake shock, but others who jumped from their beds, alarmed by the loud reports, sturdily maintain that they looked out from their windows and the earth was not trembling. All the suggestions offered to establish other theories have on investigation proved imaginary. There was no explosion, no bank robbery, nor break in the levee, so Omaha has still to solve the mystery.

The new \$4,000,000 post office, or federal building, in Chicago will stand on a series of points instead of resting on a foundation extending evenly along the entire wall. The weight of the huge structure will be so adjusted that it will rest on cement columns 32 feet apart, three columns going down to bedrock 72 feet below the surface of the earth.

Mr. Newbub—What does it mean when a bride promises to obey? Mrs. Newbub—Simply that she prefers not to make a scene.—Puck.

# ISAAC BUTT.

An Appreciative Sketch of His Work by Wm O'Brien, M.P.

Some of the Difficulties Which Confronted Him in the Early Days of His Splendid Career.

A Sympathetic Picture of the Close of His Political Life and Retirement from the Leadership of the Irish Party.

WHEN ISAAC BUTT gives a very interesting and appreciative sketch of Isaac Butt in the Dublin Catholic Herald, he says that, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Butt was the only man of genius he ever had the privilege of knowing. He does not, he says, intend to read Mr. Parnell's unrivalled gifts as a leader of men, and more especially as a leader of Englishmen. Mr. Parnell's Englishmen more effectively than he had defeated them in not a dozen pitched battles in the field. And it must always be remembered to his credit that, although the famine of 1875-80 and Mr. Butt's miracle-working Land League gave Mr. Parnell the opportunity of a national uprising for the very lives of the people, such as Mr. Butt in his torpid time never had, Mr. Parnell had already to a great extent created the opportunity for himself by making the bones of a dead Irish party move in Westminster before ever the Irish town meeting sounded the trumpet of a general resurrection. Mr. Parnell succeeded by reason of his American qualities as a cool and hard hitter. He was dealing with

A POWER THAT NEVER SURRENDERS, and he could be as merciless as his adversaries. He was capable to an astonishing degree of sentiment. But he washed none of it on opponents. The master of parliaments was to him a place where two gangs of *obscure*, reeking with hypocrisy, cruelty and greed, would do as much or as little for Ireland as expert Irish fighters could extort by throwing their swords into the scale or that at critical moments, just as the price of their services went up or down. It is true that, once the Liberal party were definitely pledged to Home Rule, he adopted a wholly different attitude; but it was first necessary to log them out of their coronation heresies, and he was never troubled with the smallest constitutional scruple as to anything except the feasibility of the means for administering to them that wholesome discipline.

This view of the duty of a parliamentary leader was bitterly antipathetic to Butt's whole mental constitution, which was that of a deeply-read statesman, saturated with the traditions of English liberty and believing the fight to be one with statesmen like himself, courteous as knights of chivalry and animated

WITH PRINCIPLES AS LOFTY AS THOSE OF

and Fox. He was the worse practical Irish leader, but he lived on a mental level on which none of his contemporaries in Parliament except Mr. Gladstone could habitually dwell. Had he as a young man entered Parliament with the full faith of an Irish Nationalist, his would have been infallibly one of the greatest names of the century. He spent his most golden years, on the contrary, as a ricketing young Tory, casting about for beliefs, and in the meantime dissipating his glorious gifts in a career that left him an unbearable burden of debts and lollies to crush him in his old age. It was one of the services for which the Irish cause is indebted to Fenianism that it was his relations with the victims of the special commission of '65 '67, which kindled into a steady flame the Nationalist sympathies that had always been flickering somewhere in his Tory speeches or in his Trinity College essays. But he was already old, embarrassed, fettered in a thousand ways by his youthful errors and with the exception of gentle John Martin he was the only man of name with power to restore life to a cause which was plunked in apparently irrecoverable failure after the Fenian break-up.

Those who are discouraged by the antics of a few turbulent dissension mongers at present have little conception of the slumber of death that was on the country when

MR. BUTT'S FIRST ANKNEY SPEECHES broke on our ears. There were one or two excellent Irishmen in Parliament, notably George Henry Moore and John Francis Maguire, but any national programme had no more to do with Irish elections, and still less of course with English elections, than it the Irish cause, as well as its captives, had been sentenced to death by Judge Keogh after the rising of '67. Middle-aged men Concluded on eighth page.