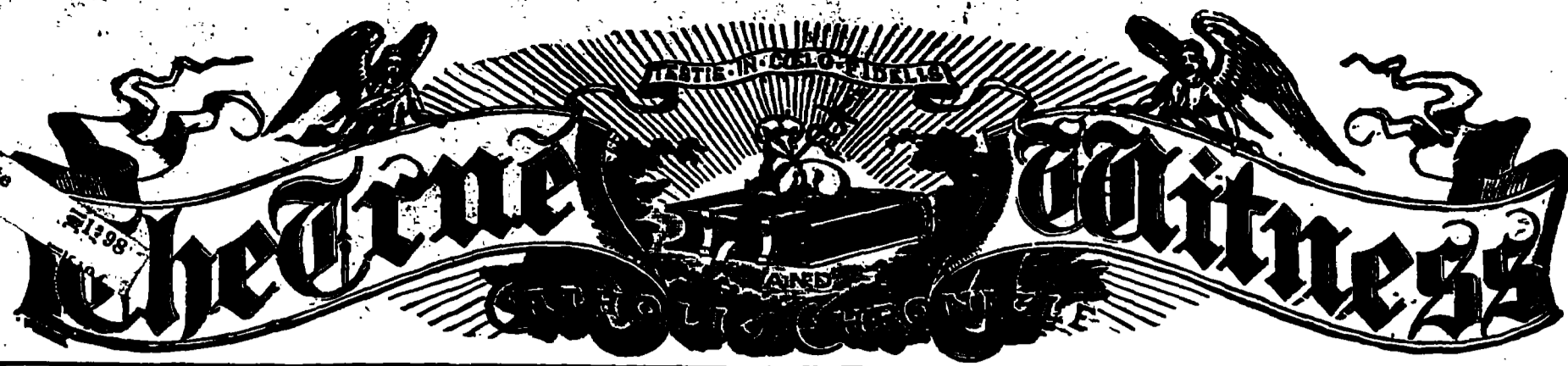


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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1897.

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THE ENCYCLICAL

Issued Recently by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

THE PONTIFF'S TWO GREAT DESIRES

Restoration of Christian Life in Civil and Domestic Society and the Reunion of Christendom.

On Friday of last week, says the Standard and Times of Philadelphia, Archbishop Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate, received the Latin text of an important encyclical issued by Pope Leo XIII. It is one of the longest that the present Pontiff has transmitted—filling twenty-four pages of a Latin pamphlet.

The following translation of the most important parts and a synopsis of the whole are authorized by the Papal Delegation. The document is dated Rome, May 9, and is addressed to the patriarchs, primates, archbishops and bishops and other ordinaries having peace and communion with the Apostolic See. It will be known in the pontifical archives as "Divinum Illud Munus" (that divine office), or ex cathedra explanation of the divine office of the Roman Catholic Church, and it is the final reply to the claims of the Anglican and Eastern divisions regarding the Apostolic succession.

THE DIVINE OFFICE.

It begins: "That divine office which for the sake of the human race Jesus Christ received from the Father and in most holy manner fulfilled, as for its ultimate scope had in view that men should participate in the everlasting glory of our Blessed Lord, so in this world for its proximate ends it intends that they should receive and nourish the seed of divine grace which finally shall bear its fruit in heavenly life."

"Wherefore the Redeemer does not cease in His supreme goodness to invite into the bosom of His Church all men of whatever nation or language, saying: 'Go unto Me all; I am the light; I am the good Shepherd.' However, in the providential decrees of His wisdom He did not desire to perfect and to fulfill in every direction His work on earth by Himself alone. But that which He Himself had received from the Father He gave over to the Holy Ghost to be perfected; and most joyful to our memory are those words which Christ, shortly before He left the earth, spoke in the assemblage of His disciples, saying: 'It is well for you that I should go, for if I went not the parable should not come unto you; but if I go I will send him to you.'

"Saying these things He gave the reason of His withdrawal and of His return to the Father as being especially the utility which would derive to His followers from the advent of the Holy Ghost, who, indeed, He at the same time showed to be sent equally from Himself and therefore to proceed from Himself as well as from the Father, and that it would be He who, as intercessor and mediator and teacher, would perfect the work already done by Himself in His mortal life."

"To the multiplex power of this spirit, which, in the creation of the world, ornamented the heavens and filled the circle of the earth, was reserved most providentially the perfection of the work of its redemption. Now, we have always endeavored to imitate the example of Christ our Saviour, who is the chief pastor and bishop of our souls, religiously adhering to that work which He entrusted to the Apostles, and especially to Peter, whose dignity, even in an unworthy heir, is not lacking."

HIS TWO GREAT DESIRES.

"Led by this counsel, whatever we have attempted in the course, already long, of our supreme pontificate, and whatever we still intend to attempt, we wish to be directed especially to two things:

"First, to the restoration of Christian life in civil and domestic society, in princes and in people, because from no source except from Christ can true love come to all."

"Second, to bringing about the reconciliation of those who are separated from the Catholic Church in faith or in obedience, since this certainly is the wish of that same Christ, that they should all be indeed in one fold and under one shepherd."

"Now, however, we see coming the day of our human end. And we are by Holy Ghost, who is the vivifying love, thus far accomplished for its maturity and fecundity. In order that our plans may be better and more richly successful, we have determined to speak to you concerning the presence and wonderful power of that same Spirit, how

greatly that, both in the whole Church and in the souls of individuals, He exercises His influence by a wonderful abundance of divine gifts.

WOULD AWAKE FAITH.

"Therefore it is that we most earnestly desire that faith should be awakened and should flourish in souls concerning the mystery of the most august Trinity, and especially that piety should be increased and become more fervent towards the Divine Spirit, to whom all should refer whatever they have received of truth and justice; for, as Basil preached the dispensations in regard to man which were made by the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ according to the goodness of God, who will deny that they have been fulfilled by the grace of the Holy Ghost?"

"The encyclical continues in the same strain, discussing the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and Son, and is simply a dogmatic amplification of the foregoing. It quotes liberally from the Scriptures and the doctors of the Church, and especially Saints Basil, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Cyril of Jerusalem, Gregory the Great and Leo, showing how necessary is the assistance of the Holy Ghost in managing the affairs of the Church."

It concludes as follows:—

ANNUAL NOVENAS.

"We, therefore, decree and order that the whole Christian world, this year and all future years forever, shall celebrate a novena before Pentecost in all the cathedral churches, or, if the bishops think it well, in all the other churches and chapels. To all those who make the novena and pray according to our intention, we grant an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, to be gained in each day of those days, and also a plenary indulgence, which may be gained on any one of those same days or on the feast itself, provided that they shall receive the sacraments of penance and communion and piously pray according to our intentions."

"We desire also that those should enjoy these benefits who are detained from reasonable cause from attending these public prayers or who live in those places where, in the prudence of the bishops, the public prayers cannot be said in the church, provided, however, that the prayers and works of the novena be privately performed and all other conditions fulfilled."

A MONTREAL PRIEST HONORED ABROAD.

Five years ago the Rev. Luke Callaghan was ordained in St. Patrick's Church and then appointed as chaplain to the Hotel Dieu, where for two years he earned for himself, by his charity, prudence and zeal, a reputation which has not yet suffered any tarnish. Inspired with the idea of perfecting himself in ecclesiastical learning, and influenced by the counsels of Rev. Father Leclair to carry it into effect, he repaired to Rome, where, in the Canadian College, he has spent the last three years. On the 21st of May he underwent, with the happiest results, a most difficult examination, before the professors of the Propaganda University. He is now a Roman Doctor in Theology. We join with all his friends and admirers in congratulating him upon the title which he has been awarded and upon the combination of qualifications it demanded on his part. May he enjoy it many, many years, for the good of souls and the glory of God! Doctor Luke Callaghan will, at the beginning of August, leave the Eternal City, which will always be entwined with his tenderest affections and most fervent sympathies. Before retracing his steps to Canada he intends to make an extensive tour through Ireland. The home of his ancestors is the County Kilkenny, which he is especially interested in visiting. The intensity of his love for everything Irish can only be italicized by his trip to the Emerald Isle. The Rev. gentleman had the privilege of assisting at the canonization of the Blessed Fourier and the Blessed Zaccaria, which was witnessed two weeks ago by 40,000 persons. With other pupils of the Canadian College he has been promised a special audience by His Holiness the Pope. Montreal is his birthplace and will be the scene of his future labors in the sacred ministry.

CATHEDRAL ON FIRE.

THE CONGREGATION PANIC STRICKEN.—SEVEN LIVES LOST AND MANY PERSONS INJURED.

During a special service at the Cathedral of Pisa, Italy, last week, a candle fell, setting fire to the building and causing a great panic among the many persons present. Seven persons were killed and seventeen others injured, three of them seriously, during the rush for the doors. The fire was immediately extinguished. The Cathedral was closed, and the ceremonies were suspended. Great grief prevails in the town.

The God-given mandate: Work thou in well-doing, lies mysteriously written in Prometheus, prophetic characters in our hearts, and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed. Nothing offends God like pride. True piety is in accord with all reasonable pleasures.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

The Movement in the Interest of Catholic Deaf Mutes.

Some of the Facts in the United States—Timely Criticism on the Subject.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PHILADELPHIA, June 7, 1897.

"There is a time for everything," and the time has come for the expression in many ways of an interest in the deaf mutes who are Catholics. For many years certain faithful souls have prayed and waited, laboring all the time, for these afflicted children of the Church, but pathetic as were their appeals, and deserving as their cause, there has been a singular indifference to their representations until recently. Now we have awakened to the rights of the case. Accounts of the progress already made increase in interest continually. Institutions for their instruction, charities in aid of the needy of that class, priests who are devoted to their service, and all things possible to the amelioration of their condition have been brought into discussion, and decided upon favorably. The blessed task of enlightening them as to their duty towards the Creator, who forgets not their deprivations, is now seriously considered by all, and the realization of the duty of the fortunate possessors of all their senses towards the less gifted has begun.

IT IS A GREAT WORK

that accomplishes the instruction of a deaf mute who has never heard a sound. To such an one, nothing appears in the same light that we view it. In fact, it is almost impossible to ever present to them exactly the view we hold, but, no doubt, special graces and the light necessary follow the instructions they so eagerly receive. It was my fortune to know very well an exceedingly clever man who had lost his hearing entirely early in childhood, and so remained, becoming a deaf mute, while retaining a memory of sounds and all that he had learned before his ninth year. His education had been thorough and elaborate, for he had taken his degree at Harvard, and later, at Oxford, England. The struggles of that imprisoned and brilliant intellect against the bondage of speechlessness, and the eager longing of his sad eyes as he glanced from one to another of the speakers whom he knew to be uttering thoughts he burned to hear, impressed me more than anything else has ever done with interest for deaf mutes. From him, also, I learned many things regarding them. He was an able teacher, and his life devoted to them. Among others, he told me of a bright little fellow who came to one of the institutions from a delightful home, where his mother had very cleverly taught him many of the signs, his letters, and other things useful to him. She had also endeavored to teach him to know and love God, to say his prayers, and to "be good." But what was the surprise and confusion of his teachers to discover before long that the God in whom he believed to whom he prayed, and whom he endeavored to serve, was the great stove in the family parlor at home! In seeking to convey an idea of the All-loving God, his mother had thought best to use a figure of speech, and, pointing to the stove, had explained that as it

SENT OUT WARMTH AND COMFORT TO ALL THE HOUSE.

so God dispensed His kindness and mercy to the whole world. In receiving his lesson, the little fellow dropped a link, and it remained graven upon his mind that the stove and the One of whom his mother taught were the same. There were many things that puzzled him afterwards, but his faith was strong, for "my mother said so." The delighted joy of the little fellow, and his fervent reception of every truth, were most touching to those who aided to bring him to a true conception of Our Lord. Could any story better convey an idea of their helpless reliance on their teachers? Or of their utter, innocent ignorance? Great, indeed, must be the reward of those who carry light into these dim regions where even sight and touch cannot unveil the holy secrets by which we live from day to day. When one remembers that the first teacher of the deaf mutes was a Catholic priest, and that the world-known representation of him presents him in the act of teaching a deaf mute the name of God, it seems almost as though we had lost time here in America in not taking up the work more heartily years ago. May God speed it now.

Some time ago there was a small

OUTCRY OF THE TOO COMMON USE OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

and a protest against its being employed as an advertisement, a soap wrapper, a ham cover, and nameless other gross and undignified uses. Both outcry and protest were well-conceived and properly put, whether their end was achieved or not. Sooner or later they will bear fruit, and the revolt that must come against the irreverence, the vulgar abuse of all private rights and solemn honors, the careless grasping of everything and everybody to turn them to account, as a means of increasing wealth, will be hastened in the end by the neglect of such warnings as to the spirit of many. In a different way, there is now another

outrage upon good taste and good feeling.

Everyone has seen the advertisement of the "George W. Childs Cigar." It is one of the best likenesses that ever was made, and the grave, kind face so vividly recalls the living presence of the man that it deepens the disgust at the thought of it as an advertisement. The living public man, or the world renowned public man, we expect to pay the penalty of the public's fickle patronage by appearing in a thousand scarecrow wood cuts, lithographs, photographs, and all the other "cheap and nasty" reproductions, but the face of the dead philanthropist deserves more of us than that. It is but a short time since Mr. Childs was here with us. There are numbers who walk past his closed office daily with the longing to consult him, to seek the sympathy that was never refused, the help and encouragement that were never looked for in vain, and a certain sentiment which is not blameable prompts the dislike to the all too prevalent multiplication of his portrait. When Mr. Childs was living the story of his charities was ever telling, and sketches of the man as he was, as others imagined him, as some would have him, and others reluctantly hoped he was not, were of daily occurrence. There is little said of him now in comparison, but never was a man more gratefully, more faithfully, more tenderly remembered. His charities were far beyond the knowledge of the world. They were of the simplest, easiest, quietest nature—daily acts and nightly plans of new kindnesses for anyone who was in need. He was a keen-sighted man, and knew better whom to trust than many who assume grand airs of scholarship and character study. But it was a trying thing to many, no doubt, to face that quiet presence, and speak freely to the calmest and most attentive of listening faces. The betrayal of faltering purpose or unground basis of truth to such a story was sure to come. He did trust many a person he felt sure was false, but his charity was real, and urged "the benefit of the doubt." Once betrayed, he was quietly safe from a second betrayal in the same quarter. He neither rebuked nor questioned, unbridled nor blustered. He simply drew back from his cordial support of the one he had helped and allowed someone else to take his place—if it could be found. As yet, no one has been found in Philadelphia to fill the place he left vacant that chill winter's day when his noble, kindly, unselfish life went quietly out. Although not a Catholic, there were many Catholic prayers went with him that day and have followed him every day since, for

HIS CATHOLIC CHARITIES

deserved the life-long gratitude of scores of young and old. Not only did he educate those who had no money and place in remunerative positions those whom his work could aid, but he performed those daily and instant acts of charity that cannot become generally known. The pressing "bill," the hopeless "rent," the threadbare garment whose pockets were bare still, the doctor's account that had run on too long while sickness still kept fast hold on its victim—all these, and heaven alone knows how many more channels that drain the life of the unfortunate, were promptly and kindly closed by Mr. Childs. He neither asked praise nor appreciation, law nor order; he gave because his brother needed. The ingratitude of man is not the patent fact it is named. Gratitude will keep his memory green long after richer men and more honored men have been forgotten. His was what all charity should be, the gift of a heart grateful for "every good and perfect thing that cometh down from above." He neither asked nor desired to take anything out of the world with him, nor to leave any gorgeous and clumsy charity with his name attached, behind him. He gave each day what the day asked, freely and gladly. And hundreds can attest the truth of this statement. These are they who detect the sight of his face in all sorts of places, and placarded with wares that are further removed from the memory of his fresh and wholesome presence. Writing of Mr. Childs and of those who need help reminds me of

SOME OF THE HELPERS

who are never known outside of their own homes, and usually very poor homes they are. I have under my window for more than a year a family living on "a back street." I do not know their names, but they are literally so near me as to spend half their daytime in a tiny yard upon which my window looks directly at the distance of a few feet. Their house is very small—six rooms, perhaps, not more—and their number is nine. There are three small children, with their father and mother, the grandmother, the grandfather, the great-grandmother, and an invalid "uncle" of someone, who is partially imbecile. Exclusive of the children, they are all "helpers." Such affection and such kindness, such patience and such uncomplaining labor for each other! They wash and scrub and clean, wait on the sick, tend those older than themselves—for they are none of them in the bloom of youth—and if ever a pleasant thing comes to any one of them, the pleasure of it is the offering it to the others, or the sharing it with them, at least. Not long ago, one of our public school teachers lectured to the parents of her pupils, and the lecture largely consisted of exhortations and insistence that "each child should have a room to itself in order that it might have uninterrupted sleep in a pure atmosphere." I read that lecture and thought of my neighbors. There must have been mothers listening to it with homes such as this. What a mockery—what an insult such

words must have seemed to them! There are other things than "pure air" needed in life, and sleep as these little ones have to rather than as they might in luxurious homes, there is an atmosphere around them better for the soul's health than most. There is love that "beareth one another's burdens." And the spirit of it is the same that actuated the bounty of the dead Philadelphian who is worthy of all its honors.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

ST. PATRICK'S JUBILEE BAZAAR.

Closing Night: a Large Attendance—Further Donations Acknowledged.

The St. Patrick's Jubilee Bazaar was brought to a close last night. The attendance was much larger on this occasion than any previous evening since the opening of the Bazaar.

The ladies of the different sections, and their hosts of attendants, were busily occupied in drawing for the different articles, on behalf of their generous patrons. Rev. Father Quinlan was amidst much merriment and enthusiasm declared the winner of a magnificent bicycle, and Rev. J. A. McCallen was fortunate in being the successful one for a ton of coal.

Of the results achieved by the ladies for the onerous task they assumed in connection with the under-asking, we cannot express an opinion as no information could be secured by the representative of THE TIME WITNESS who visited the Victoria Rink late in the evening.

Since our last issue we have received the following list of acknowledgments of donations received:—

The following is a supplementary list of articles received for the Bazaar Table:

- Handsome opera fan, Miss Kerr, Platt street.
Chinese creton sofa cushion, Miss S. Kerr, P. at street.
China flower pot, Miss Silk, St. George street.
Five o'clock tea set, Miss B. Breslin.
Large statue of the Sacred Heart, Miss McDunnell, Duressne street.
Handsome pieces of needlework, Miss Dwire.
Very handsome hand-painted sofa cushion, Mrs. S. McGarry, St. Urbain street.
China candle-stick, Miss B. Finan, St. George street.
Handsome vase of flowers, Mrs. Dr. McCarthy.
Fancy lamp shades, handsome pin-cushion, hand-painted satin pin holders, Miss Nancy McGrath.
Bread and rolls, Mr. Spindlo.
Two pictures, J. D. Saffier & Co.
Quilt and cruet, Miss Mary M. Kihill.
Picture, Miss A. Daulton, Sackbrooke street.
Statue of St. Anthony, Mr. C. M. McKeeher, Notre Dame street.
Silver jewelry box, Miss McQuig, St. Mark street.
Silver whisk-holder, Miss E. Scanlan, Sherbrooke street.
Picture-holder, crumb tray and brush, Miss Cassie McDonald, Cathcart street.
Two pretty dresses, Miss J. Wait, Lagauchetiere street.
Dress and seven pairs stockings, Miss McGuire, Balle street.
Table cover, Miss H. Enright, Ontario avenue.
Picture framing, Geo. W. Willson, Craig street.
Two handsome pictures, Mrs. Gunnery, Aylmer street.
Pair of vases, Miss M. McGee, Belmont Park.
Hand-painted sceneries (Night and Morning), Miss M. Rowan, St. George street.
Fancy letter holder, Miss McCabe, St. Catherine street.
Glove and handkerchief box, Mrs. Kerfoot, St. George street.
Inkstand, Mrs. McArran, St. James street.
Pair of shoes, Mrs. Lynch, Lagauchetiere street.
Picture of Queen Victoria, Miss Kelly, City Councilors street.
Life of the Blessed Virgin, pair of vases and fancy articles, Sisters St. Patrick's School.
Pin cushion, Miss Shea.
Head rest, Miss Danaher, Hutchison street.
Bedroom slippers and handkerchief case, Miss O'Grady.
Steel engraving of Rev. James Callaghan, M. Notman & Sons.
Fancy articles, a friend.
The Rosary Table returns thanks to Mr. John Murphy, of St. Catherine street, for the handsome decorations which were so much admired in the Victoria Rink, of the Jubilee Bazaar, and also for sending his head bazaar.

To the Children of Mary Table:—A very pretty hand-painted down cushion of orange and black satin, presented by Miss Marguerite F. Sinnott, 269 Beury street. Miss Kate O'Connor, 269 Beury street, a pretty pink and green cushion.

Whenever nature leaves a hole in a person's mind she generally plasters it over with a thick coat of self-conceit.

"Do you think it will rain to-night?" asked a citizen of the policeman. "I don't know, sir; I've only been in the force one week," replied the policeman.

Our Irish Letter.

SPIRITED REMARKS ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF AFFAIRS.

The Archbishop of Dublin, some days ago, issued a circular directing prayers to be said for reasonable weather. I says: "From accounts received within the last few days from many parts of the diocese, it is clear that a continuance of the present parching weather would be utterly destructive of the prospect of even an average harvest. This year is, in many respects, a critical one for our sorely-tried country. As a consequence of the recent season of prolonged and heavy rains, followed as it has been by the present exhausting drought, the farmers of the country, upon the success of whose labours the prosperity of Ireland so largely depends, find themselves, in many cases, threatened with a disastrous failure of their crops. Nevertheless, with an indifference which must be characterized as heartless—except in so far as it may possibly be accounted for by an ignorance that in itself would be unaccountable—the statesmen who, as Ministers of the Crown, have taken upon themselves the duty of protecting the interests of this country, have publicly and officially denied the existence of any serious agricultural depression in Ireland. Is it too much to hope for, that, in the presence of so grave a crisis, the people of Ireland may at length open their eyes to the fatal consequences of the humiliating dissensions which some few mis-aided men, carried away by petty personal jealousy, or by a miserable self-seeking vanity, still succeed in keeping up, to their own disgrace, as well as to the degradation of public life, and the rapidly-hastening annihilation of all public spirit, in our country? Broken in spirit, and powerless in the councils of the Empire, as our people now unhappily seem to be, the hand of the Almighty alone can save them from ruin."

GOVERNMENT SPIES IN IRISH SECRET SOCIETIES.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue recently paid his biennial visit to Magherafelt for the purpose of confirming a number of children and ascertaining the state of the parish. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Rodgers, C.C. After Mass his Eminence, having congratulated the priests and people on the satisfactory state in which he found the parish, said he was aware before he came that an effort was made to establish a secret society in the parish, but he was glad to learn that when these thoughtless youths who were being entrapped by these emissaries of sin were reminded with by the parish priest they were got to give up this unlawful society. The parties who became members of these secret organizations had no feeling for religion, and never realized to themselves what a terrible thing it was to be cut off from the Church by excommunication. Another effort was made to establish these secret societies, and he warned fathers and mothers and others in charge of the young people to watch over their children, and keep them especially from those who would lead them away from God's Church. In the parish of Magherafelt there was a secret society, and one of these individuals was in the pay of the Government. The fact was communicated to him; one of these individuals was in the pay of the police. He knew him, and could tell his name. There were the sort of men young people had to reckon with. There were a number of branches in the city of Dublin of these nefarious societies, and in every one of them each branch contained five or six Government spies. Having referred to the education and training of the children, and the duty of the parents towards them, his Eminence imparted the Papal Benediction.

NOT SHOT FOR FOOTBALLERS.

The Leinster Leader is the authority for the following incident. There is a "good one" told of a Salinas farmer, who "rounded off" on a Gaelic Club very neatly the other day. The Gael for want of a better utilized the farmer's field for football practice, but as his enthusiasm for national pastimes did not outweigh his consideration for "number one," he warned the athletes off. The latter however weren't above having a quiet game on the sly, but the farmer was too wide-awake. He carefully concealed himself behind a ditch, and no sooner was the leather hoisted than he emptied a charge of shot right into it. The ball collapsed, the Gael dispersed, and left the canny agriculturist in undisputed possession.

WOLFE TONE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

The arrangements for the celebration of the anniversary of Wolfe Tone's birthday are being pushed forward by the Young Ireland League, Dublin, in conjunction with the '98 Centenary Committee. Sunday, 20th June next, is the date fixed for the celebration, and special trains from Dublin and other places will be run to Salinas, which is within convenient distance of Bodenstown Churchyard, where the annual demonstration takes place. Special interest attaches to this year's celebration owing to the near approach of the Centenary of '98.

He whose main hope is that he shall die rich, has begun to dig the grave of his nobler faculties.

A fear of becoming ridiculous is the best guide in life, and will save a man from all sorts of scrapes.