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WEDNESDAY...OCTOBER 9, 1895.

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS.

It is now some time since we called the attention of our subscribers to the fact that their remittances of amounts due would be very acceptable. It is always with hesitation that we refer to this subject—for it is not one of the most pleasant in the world. However, as all the accounts have now been sent out, we beg to inform our friends that an immediate attention to them will obviate the necessity of any future reference to the subject and will enable us to continue improving the paper for which they pay. It is a legal obligation, a real debt, and the longer its payment is delayed the more unpleasant becomes the relations between subscribers and publishers.

THE NIGHT SCHOOLS.

We have been requested to announce, that, contrary to expectation, a night school class will be opened in St. Ann's school, on the corner of Young and Ottawa streets. Last Sunday, the Rev. Pastor of St. Ann's parish made the official announcement, to the same effect, from the pulpit, at High Mass. Should the attendance be sufficient to guarantee the establishment of a second class, the same will also be granted. It has been remarked that, while a class was given to St. Ann's school last year, the attendance was not sufficient to warrant the granting of one this year. It was, however, discovered that the reason why such a limited number were present last year was, that, the school having been opened some time after the others, a large number, who would have attended there had they known a class was to be given, had already entered their names elsewhere. We trust that this year the class in St. Ann's school will be so well attended that in future there will be no question of the permanency of a night school for that section of the city.

MINORITY GRIEVANCES.

There is considerable discussion going on just now as to the rights or claims of minorities. The latest phase is the claim of the Protestant section of the community to the judicial appointment made vacant by the death of Sir Francis Johnson. The French-Canadian element claim the post for one of their number, on the score of representation according to population. On the question of judicial appointments, at a later period, it may be necessary to point out some salient facts; for the present, let the question rest. It may not be inappropriate to recall the vehement protests that were raised when, from time to time, Irish Catholic grievances were adverted to. Then our people were told that to refer even to such matters was against the general interests of the community, that sectional cries should be stifled for ever. Now those who were scandalized, at the demand for a portion of fair play to all sections, are the loudest in their protest lest a small share of what their own section has always enjoyed should be taken from them.

The Irish Catholics of this Province have seen themselves deprived of many positions once held by them, and what few they have retained have been secured after a most vigorous and unjustifiable resistance against their just claims. It would be instructive as well as entertaining to know how our friends of other races and creeds would act, were they in the position Irish Catholics of the Province of Quebec have occupied since Confederation; in the matter of Cabinet representation at Ottawa, for instance. It is a matter of history that, at the memorable period

of the Union of the B. N. A. Provinces, the Irish Catholic representative for Montreal Centre was one of the fathers of the movement, one of its most able and certainly its most brilliant advocates. Naturally it was to be supposed that he would be called into the Councils of the Nation as a member of the first Dominion. Yet the poet, orator, historian and statesman, McGee, was excluded from the Cabinet because he was an Irish Catholic representing a constituency in the Province of Quebec, so that room might be made for an English-speaking Protestant and three French Canadians.

Since the first day of July, 1867, no Irish Catholic on either side of politics has held a portfolio in the Dominion Ministry. Perhaps it is unpatriotic in the eyes of some that we should air this Irish Catholic grievance, and it may be too bad to wound the susceptibilities of those who do not like to read such statements, but who cry aloud when they feel their own rights and privileges in the slightest degree interfered with. A glaring injustice in the matter of Cabinet representation at Ottawa was perpetrated upon the Irish Catholic minority at Confederation, it has been perpetuated ever since, and it is high time that a justification should be offered, if any be available, for such manifest ostracism.

ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR.

On Sunday last the new organ, at St. Patrick's Church, was used for a first time at Divine Service. Professor Fowler presided, and, in order to bring out more clearly the perfection of the instrument, he played a series of well-known Irish airs, which gave him an opportunity of using the various stops and emphasizing more clearly their power and utility. At eight o'clock Miss the ladies' choir sang several choruses. Mrs. C. Monk and the Misses Jensen, McAndrews and McNally, rendered beautiful solos. Mrs. Turner accompanied Mrs. Monk on the violin-cello. At ten o'clock Mass the gentlemen's choir gave, in grand style, Salvi's "Kyrie," "Gloria" and "Sanctus," as well as Pro. Fowler's "Credo" and "Benedictus."

The professor is to be congratulated on the success which has attended his singing class; the efforts of Sunday being the outcome of that well conceived idea of Mr. Fowler. This class—for the special purpose of teaching sight-reading of music—has been well attended and the results are to be seen in the excellence to which its members have attained. The class is free, the only condition being that those attending form part of the choir. There are now over forty who have taken advantage of the class; but Professor Fowler claims that he has room for sixty more—and certainly the magnificent choir gallery is calculated to give ample room to a hundred singers. We congratulate the members of the choir on their proficiency and the professor on his well-deserved success; and we hope that the number of his choir members will go on increasing until St. Patrick's shall possess one of the largest and best in the city.

ETERNITY.

In attempting to convey an idea of the infinite it is necessary to make use of finite comparisons, consequently it is absolutely impossible for man to express, or even conceive that which belongs not to the limited sphere. Eternity—without a beginning and without an end—has been compared to a measureless ocean; we can form an idea of an ocean so immense that no human power could ever measure its limits; but an ocean that has no limits we cannot conceive—our minds are finite and they can no more grasp the infinite than a human hand could span the earth. Eternity has been compared to the sands on the shore, each one representing a million years; yet this gives us no idea of eternity, because there is a beginning and an end to the sands, no matter how countless they are. In fact it is useless to attempt conveying an idea of that which is incomprehensible.

A few weeks ago we read, with great regret, an account of the death of an humble, zealous and holy priest—Rev. Father Shalloo—who had the care of souls in the parish of Sheen, in the Vicarage of Pontiac. Many of our readers will remember this good and exemplary man; we can recall the days when he was a student of theology at the University of Ottawa. Once in recreation the question of Eternity was being discussed by a number of aspiring philosophers, and a remark passed by Father Shalloo made such an impression upon our mind, at the time, that we have never forgotten it. "Eternity" he said, "is the imperceptibility of duration." In other words, he meant that it was the non-duration of time. At the moment we did not fully catch his meaning; but as years went past, and other subjects of an equally serious character came up for our study and meditation, this definition seemed to grow upon us, until we examined it in all its possible phases.

Often we go to a concert and listen to some exceptionally fine music, the time occupied in the execution of the piece

may be ten minutes, or half an hour—no matter which, it is all the same to us, we do not perceive the duration nor the flight of time. You sit down to listen to a lecture delivered by a genuine, soul-entrancing orator; he commences to speak at eight o'clock sharp; so powerful is his oratory, so magnetic his influence, that when he closes his address, you imagine he has been speaking fully forty minutes, but on looking at your watch you are astonished to find that he has been over an hour and a half or may be two hours on the platform. You lost all perception of time while you were entranced by the eloquence of the man. Again, you fall asleep and you have a most vivid and delightful dream; you travel, on the wings of fancy, into foreign lands; you rush back through the ages, or down the vistas of the future; you spend days, perhaps, in the society of persons long departed or people whom you never knew; finally, you awaken and discover that you have only slept a few minutes. Yet it is impossible to relate all you did and all you saw during that brief period of time. To do or to see the same amount, in reality, would require weeks, months, perhaps years. Time was lost as far as you were concerned; you had not perception of duration.

If all this world and all the creatures therein, as well as all the harmonies by which it is surrounded, are so beautiful, what must not be the beauty, harmony and perfection of the Infinite Creator of all such finite objects? If the sound of music, as we on earth know it, can make you forget the duration of time, what must not be the influence and effect on the soul of the incomparable music of the celestial choirs? If the magnetic influence of an ordinary man's speech can lull you into an oblivion of the hours and minutes, what must not be the effect of the beatific expressions in heaven? If you can travel over space and defy centuries in a dream, what must not be the ubiquity of the soul in the presence of God and in the enjoyment of that unending Beatific Vision?

It seemed to us that such must have been the good priest's idea of a happy eternity when he styled it "the imperceptibility of duration." Once the human being, accustomed to the various limitations of time and space, enters the eternal regions, the very harmony of the surroundings, the magic of the sounds and scenes, the perfect contentment, the indescribable repose, the unlimited grasp of perception, the self-sufficiency and all absorbing splendors, wonders and beauties of the Deity, must fill the soul to such a degree of fullness that there are no longer any seconds, nor minutes, nor hours, nor days, nor time, nor measurement, nor duration—it is all present, incomprehensible, inexplicable, universal enjoyment, participated in by every sense and permeating every portion of the being; in a word, it is God!—Eternity! Again, we repeat: the idea of the one who expressed those words must have been something akin to what we have attempted to picture.

It must, however, be remembered that, as our minds are limited in their capacity, as our thoughts cannot soar beyond the finite, as our language is but the vehicle whereby our thoughts are conveyed, our language must necessarily be inadequate to express that which is inexpressible. Still it is the only means given to us whereby our impressions may be photographed on the minds of others. So we cannot expect, even with the aid of such a definition, and with the assistance of all the comparisons conceivable, to approach, in any measurable degree, the perception of Eternity. Yet, satisfied, as we all must be, with our imperfect state, there is a glorious satisfaction in knowing and feeling that once our souls are emancipated, from the limitations of mortality, and the dread barrier of the grave is passed, they will become, as it were, a portion of Eternity—if we can speak of dividing that which has no measurement. It is this thought, combined with the natural desire for knowledge and enjoyment, that has rendered glorious the exit of life for unnumbered saints. The great and incalculable power of Faith draws the strings from Death and robs the grave of its victory. The idea of being emancipated to such a degree as to be able to take in all time and all space, to enjoy and to know in the next that which can never be even imagined, in this world, suffices to encourage the Christian at the last hour and to smooth the path which to the generality of men seems so rough and so terrible.

Our object in making those few reflections on Eternity is more to recall the one whose words we quoted than to write an essay upon such an important subject, and to express the hope and the prayer that his soul is now in the enjoyment of that "imperceptibility of duration"—the glory of God.

WE LEARN that it is forbidden to expose to public veneration, in churches, pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, having the Sacred Heart alone, without any part of the figure of Our Lord; it is also stated, by the same authority, that they may be used for private devotion.

THE MONTH OF ANGELS.

The month of October is the month of the Holy Angels. From the feast of St. Michael, the Archangel, until the end of the month, the Church invites the faithful to pay special reverence to the pure spirits that abide with God. How long the Angels have been created there is no certainty; how numerous they are no one has ever learned; all that we know concerning their numbers is that they are countless to man. God, the Omnipotent, the King of all creatures—be they celestial or terrestrial—drew the Angels from nonentity and gave them a beauty that is incomprehensible to us. He constituted them His ministers, His officers, His servants, His messengers, His court. In proportion to the immensity of God's unlimited domain are the members of the celestial army. So powerful are the Angels and so glorious and beautiful is each one of them—even the last in the scale—that the brightest of them all—Lucifer—conceived the thought of equaling God and of usurping the throne of the Eternal; a third of the newly created Angels flashed into his service and, dazzled by their own perfection and rendered proud in their own strength, they rebelled against Heaven. It was then that St. Michael, the head of the faithful Angels, unsheathed his sword and made war upon the ungrateful horde of Lucifer's following. The archtraitor was the first to receive a blow as terrible as it was unexpected. In the twinkling of an eye the Hand of Omnipotence dug out the caverns infernal and lit the undying fires of torture; and then, in the sublime language of Milton:

Him the Almighty hurl'd,
Headlong, flaming from the ethereal sky,
Amidst horrid ruin and combustion,
Down to bottomless perdition: there to dwell,
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

Once the gates of Heaven closed upon the demon army of fallen angels, the great chieftain of the celestial hosts arrayed his millions before the throne of God, and they were divided into three distinct hierarchies. And each hierarchy contained three grades. Thus we see that "order is heaven's first law," and that authority—from God downward—is asserted, while equality is declared out of harmony in the designs of the Deity. The first hierarchy consists of the Seraphim, the Cherubim and the Thrones. These seem to form God's more immediate councillors and are ranged around His footstool. The second hierarchy comprises the Principalities, Dominations and Powers, whose duties seem to correspond to those of more general ministers, subject to the members of the former hierarchy. And the third hierarchy consists of the Virtues, Archangels and Angels, which are the envoys, the messengers and the ambassadors of God.

Of the Archangels there are three of whom we are told particularly in Holy Writ, each of which had been chosen for some special mission; they might be styled the ambassadors-extraordinary of God—they are Michael, Gabriel and Raphael. With the Angels, however, man has had most to do. Ever since the dawn of creation, miracle angels have been the envoys of God to man and the executors of His mandates. An Angel, with flaming sword, drove Adam and Eve from their earthly paradise; an Angel warned Lot and his wife of the fate of Sodom; an Angel wrestled with Tobias to prove the weakness of man compared to the strength of God; Angels visited Abraham, and ascended and descended the ladder of Jacob's vision; Angels spoke to the patriarchs and guided the prophets; an Angel, assuming the form of a column of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night, conducted captive Israel through the desert; when

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold."

an Angel swept over the enemy's tents, and

"Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host, with its banners, at sunset was seen;
Like the leaves of the forest, when Autumn has blown
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strewn."

It was an Angel that announced to the aged parents of St. John the Baptist the glad news that a child would be given them; an Angel "declared unto Mary" that she would be the Mother of the Saviour; Angels warned the shepherds of Bethlehem that the Messiah was born; an Angel told St. Joseph to fly into Egypt, with the Mother and Child, from the wrath of Herod; an Angel marked the doors of the faithful with the lamb's blood to save the first-born from destruction; and when Our Blessed Lord had, in after years, ascended the mountain and put the demon, with all his temptations, to flight, Angels came and ministered unto Him. When the great work of redemption was accomplished, and the Crucified was placed in the tomb, an Angel came down, rolled away the stone, and occupying the vacated sepulchre, declared unto all who came seeking the buried Saviour, "Resurrexit, non est hic"—He is arisen, He is not here.

Thus do we behold, throughout the centuries, that God principally communicated with man through the medium of His celestial messengers, the glorious Angels of light. To every star that rolls

in the realms of space a special Angel has been appointed. The earth—the great and most important planet, as far as we are concerned—has its particular Angel to watch over it. Each Kingdom, Empire, Republic, or power on earth, has an Angel especially delegated to protect it. Each province, county, city, village, hamlet and community has its Angel. Each family, on earth, is under the direction of an Angel. And, finally, each individual has an Angel guardian. God alone knows the secrets of the human heart; the Angel guardian is not in the secrets of God; but that bright spirit casts the protection of its wing over the soul and follows the human being from cradle to grave. Be life short or long, it matters little as far as the mission of the Angel is concerned. The moment a child comes into this world, a mandate goes forth from God, a special messenger is dispatched from heaven, and by the side of the newly created being the Angel takes its stand. It bends over the cradle of innocence and whispers sweet thoughts into the mind of the babe. There is a beautiful Irish legend that tells how Angels are speaking to babies when they smile in their slumber. Not for a single moment does that Angel depart from the side of its charge until the earthly path is over and the spirit leaves the prison of clay. Even then, we know that the Angel rushes up to heaven's mansions with the soul it has guarded. But it has been reserved for St. Michael to present that soul to God. Such is his mission and privilege. It is also taught that our Angel guardian will be our close companion for all Eternity.

Although the fallen angels tempt us and strive to drag our souls to their own perdition, still the Angel guardian has great power, and with our co-operation can help most potently in saving us from ruin. Therefore is it that the Church honors those creatures so honored by God, and invites us to call upon them to aid and protect us, particularly during this month of their devotion.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

Last evening, at eight o'clock, took place the formal inauguration of the Laval University building of Montreal. On account of the length and importance of the proceedings we have been unable to furnish, in this issue, more than a notice of the event. We reserve for next week a report of the ceremonies and the eloquent and appropriate addresses delivered. The name of Laval recalls the memory of the great Bishop, who, in the early days of this colony, performed such great works in Quebec, for the civilization, evangelization and education of the country. In the city of Quebec the magnificent university, which bears his name has become one of the grandest educational establishments on the continent. From out its doors have come a regular galaxy of Canada's shining lights; men who have attained the very highest positions in the State, and in the liberal professions, own Laval as their Alma Mater. In consideration of the rapid growth of the population of this Province, and more particularly in the city of Montreal, the authorities found it advisable to establish a branch in this great commercial metropolis.

From the moment that a branch of the Laval University was established here it became more and more apparent that a long felt want was being supplied. The commencement was slow, and the work was heavy. In the old halls of the Chateau de Ramezay, on Notre Dame street, the first lectures were delivered. But, as the attendance became larger, something more suitable and more permanent, in the form of a building, was needed. At last was commenced the magnificent structure on St. Denis street, which has been completed and was opened in a formal manner, and amidst befitting pomp and ceremony, last evening. The new Laval University building is certainly one of the finest in the city, and will stand long there as a monument to the zeal and devotedness of the great educators of our people who carried out the project of its establishment. It will, in future, be one of the points of interest for the visitors to our city, and certainly a more interesting institution they could not meet with in many weeks travel.

In our next issue we will furnish our readers with a full account of the ceremonies and the addresses. As it is, our paper has to go to press at the usual hour and our forms are too far advanced to permit of our doing justice to such an important event in the educational history of our Province.

With sincere sentiments of pleasure and gratification we wish the Laval University of Montreal all the success and prosperity that its most sanguine friends could desire. To it we say, in all the fulness of our faith in its future, *esto perpetua*. May this new institution continue to emulate the great work done by the older Laval; may it become the educational mother of a generation of great and good men, the lights of the professional spheres and the upholders of our country's fame.

LA REVUE NATIONALE.

In glancing over the October number of this most useful and interesting publication we note the remarks of the editor concerning all the pleasures and trials incident to such a work. When carrying his rifle in the army, Captain Chartrand had visions of a magazine; and now his dreams are being realized. We will not give this week a mere enumeration of the many highly instructive contributions in the present issue; suffice to say that they are all up to the standard and are from the pens of some of Canada's most distinguished writers. Our object, however, in speaking editorially of *La Revue Nationale*, is more to draw attention to the absolute need of such a magazine in this Province, and particularly at this period.

Unlike our English Canadian literature, which may be said to be in its infancy as yet, the French-Canadians have long since built up the structure of their literary fame. The history of their literature—which bristles with the names of poets, essayists, historians, scientists, general literateurs of high renown and most enviable distinction—dates back for more than a century and a half. It would be almost impossible for the men of our day to surpass in excellence the writers whose works go to make up the splendid and fertile literature of French Canada. However, within the past few years, very much of that native talent has been gradually turned from its natural channel, and the vortex of politics has been continually swallowing up the very best that the French-Canadian race has produced. This is to be regretted for more reasons than one.

If ever, in the history of Canada, there was need of strong, effective and brilliant French literature, it is at present. So much depends upon the proper cultivation of that language and the preservation of it, in its greatest perfection, that we feel a thorough sense of pleasure in the perusal of such a publication as the one under consideration. This is a subject upon which we could easily expand our article into columns; but time is ours and there will be many opportunities of referring again to the question. Meanwhile we desire to express the hope that "*La Revue Nationale*" will be successful, not only in a literary sense, but also in a financial one. Much depends upon French readers, and in the class we include all English-speaking people who can read and understand French. It is a real duty they owe to the future of our institutions and the education of the coming generation, to encourage, in a practical manner, every movement that tends to the development of a native Canadian literature. We will always be happy to receive, to read and to note "*La Revue Nationale*."

PRIZE-FIGHTING.

It was refreshing to read that the great prize-fight, so much talked of the world over, and which was to take place in Dallas, Texas, has been prevented in a most exceptional and praise-worthy manner. The Governor of the State summoned the Legislature for an extraordinary session, and the Senate and Assembly rushed through a Bill making prize-fighting a felony, punishable with not less than two and not more than five years' imprisonment. The law was put through the Senate in fifty-five minutes. Heretofore the State of Texas has had an unenviable reputation, and pistols, bowieknives and rifles seemed to have been, not only the arms, but the coat-of-arms, of that country. Probably it is for this very reason that the promoters of the present "great battle," as they style the inhuman exhibition, considered it well to pitch their tent and draw their ring in the "Lone Star" region. Driven, by public opinion, and law, which is a consequence of public opinion, from the different States of the North, these upholders of the most disgraceful method of gambling known to modern times have sought refuge in a district where they imagined that public opinion would favor their designs and no law existed to prohibit the successful operation of their barbaric scheme. But, happily, they found that they were mistaken. If there existed no special law, in Texas, against prize-fighting, the great legal machinery of the State was always in readiness and could be set in motion at a moment's notice. It did not take the Governor long to call the session of the Legislature; nor did it take the legislators long to enact a law; and still less time did it take the Governor to sign the enactment.

That Bill is simply the death-warrant of prize-fighting in America. We know that the bullies, who call themselves men, do not better each other for the love of blows, nor even for the notoriety of a championship; they perform their miserable exhibition for the prize money they secure and their promoters egg them on to the struggle for the sake of the gate-receipts and the bets. As a rule these "champions" are cast in anything but a really heroic mould. We generally find that they can practice upon their wives when their brutal instincts get the better of their discretion. They have little of that intelligence derived from God; but very much of the passions participated with the brutes. They are