

The True Witness.

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 12, 1869.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1869.

Friday, 12—St. Martin. P. M.
Saturday, 13—St. Stanislaus Kostka, O.
Sunday, 14—Twenty-sixth after Pentecost.
Monday, 15—St. Gertrude, V.
Tuesday, 16—St. Didacus, O.
Wednesday, 17—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, O.
Thursday, 18—Dedication of Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As if there were not enough causes of agitation in Ireland, the Orange party, we regret to see, has seized the present occasion for adding to the complications of that distracted country. So at least we learn from a telegram dated Dublin, 4th inst., in which we read that while a party composed of Catholic priests and others were quietly returning from a land meeting which they had been attending in Cavan, they were waylaid and brutally beaten by a gang of Orangemen. Of the victims of this cruel and unprovoked assault, one has since died from the injuries received. A Coroner's Jury brought in a verdict of murder against seven Orangemen implicated in this sad affair. The pacification of Ireland is impossible so long as outrages such as these continue, and are not sternly repressed by the strong hand of the law. If Fenianism is to be effectually put down, Orangism must be put down at the same time.

The election of the Duke of Genoa for King of Spain is as yet by no means settled. There is discord in the ranks of the Ministry, and a new Cabinet is about to be formed. The Cortes has again adjourned, and it is said that great efforts are being made by the government to fill the vacant seats with deputies favorable to the election of the Duke of Genoa. This would indicate that there exists against the latter a formidable opposition.

The French Emperor is, if newspaper reports may be believed, perfectly restored to health of mind and body.

The report of the sickness of Victor Emmanuel is confirmed. He is ill, and apparently seriously ill at Florence. May God give the wretched man grace to repent of his infamous life, and his sacrilegious robberies! Prince Napoleon—Pon-Pon—has started for Florence.

Our Canadian papers are occupied mainly with the pending Renfrew election, whilst the columns of the *Globe* and others of that stripe, are devoted to rabid abuse of Sir Francis Hincks the Ministerial candidate, whom they charge with grossest corruption. Strangers to Canada would, from the perusal of some of our Canadian journals, form a very low estimate of the moral worth of our political men. Yet, with respect to Sir Francis Hincks this much may be said, that, if guilty of the crimes so wantonly imputed to him by his political opponents, the Imperial Government is *particeps criminis*, and the factor of corruption; for by the Imperial authorities he was elected to the important post of Her Majesty's representative in one of our West Indian colonies, subsequent to the acts of corruption attributed to him. Now it is not to be supposed that this appointment could have been made without previous enquiries into the political antecedents of the Canadian statesman, and as to the truth or falsity of the grave charges against him. The fact therefore, that in spite of the existence of these charges, and the persistency with which they were urged by his political opponents, the Imperial authorities made choice of their object to represent his Sovereign, and to fill a high and responsible position in the Colonial Empire of Great Britain, must be accepted as a verdict of honorable acquittal, unless we are prepared to brand the Imperial authorities themselves as accessory to Sir Francis Hincks alleged acts of corruption. This is what the *Globe*, reckless as it is, has not ventured upon.

"It is impossible," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*—"entirely to reconcile any form of systematic Christian theology with what we call civilization and progress." And of course the more a community or Church is imbued with the spirit of Christian theology, the deeper and wider will be the gulf which separates it from nineteenth cen-

tury civilization. This fact, so broadly stated by a Protestant journal, is the explanation of, and ample apology for, the attitude of the Catholic Church, and the lately issued Syllabus by the Sovereign Pontiff.

Modern society is to a great extent, if not actively anti-Christian, at least thoroughly un-Christian: all governments, more or less explicitly, repudiate the principle that they should in their dealings with the governed, and with one another, take the will of God as supernaturally revealed in the Christian dispensation, as their rule of conduct: they have all fallen back upon pure naturalism, and ignore the supernatural or order entirely. They may not persecute Christians; but they are no more Christian than was the government of Rome in the days of Augustus, or Tiberius. They have outgrown Christianity, for in this only does what is called "progress" display itself. It is not the Church that has divorced herself from what in the slang of the day is styled "civilization and progress" but it is these that have divorced themselves from the Church.

Under these circumstances what can the latter do? Can she call good, evil—or evil good? in order to bring about a reconciliation for which indeed she longs, but for the sake of which she cannot sacrifice the sacred truths of which she is the depository. She cannot change or alter when she alteration finds: she cannot renounce Christianity because the several States and governments of the world have done so.

For what is it that the latter exact of the Church as the condition of union?—That she abdicate her functions, that she renounce all her pretensions over the human conscience; that she read the law "it is better to obey God than man" in an inverse sense: that she adopt as her ruling principle, "There is no God but Caesar, and him only shalt thou serve." If she would but act thus, if she would but admit her subjection to the secular power, and accommodate her teachings to the requirements of the civil magistrate, it would be well with her: her coffers would be filled with gold, her rulers would be clothed in purple and fine linen, the great ones of the earth would patronize her, kings and princes would be her nursing fathers. All these will I give thee, if thou wilt but fall down and worship me, says the spirit of the age of to day to the Church, as of old said the same spirit to Ose Woom it had led into a high mountain. Still however the answer of the Church is that of her divine Founder. "Get thee behind me Satan, for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Is the breach then betwixt the Church and Society betwixt modern civilization and progress on the one hand, and Christianity on the other, irreconcilable? It would almost seem as if such were the case, and indeed nothing but a miracle of divine grace can fill it up. Modern society seems to be much in the same state as was society in the Roman Empire in the fourth and fifth centuries: effete, worn out, unworthy of Christianity, emasculate, and incapable of the stern virtues whose practice Christianity exacts from all its professors. Humility, and self denial, and voluntary poverty for Christ's sake, virtues which he at the roots of Christianity are of no esteem in our days, nay are irreconcilable with the essential principles of nineteenth century civilization and progress. If a man preach them he is laughed at as a fool; if he practise them, he is denounced as a fanatic and a bigot, and barely escapes the lunatic asylum. Make money, pamper the flesh, minister to the body and its lusts—this is the end and aim of modern civilization and progress, which consoles its votaries as Mistress Quickly comforted the fat knight on his death bed by bidding them not to think of God, and hoping there is no need for them to trouble themselves with such thoughts. In short civilization and progress if they do not come to an open rupture with God, quietly ignore Him as moral governor, or look upon Him as a remnant of medieval superstition; as a bugbear good enough to frighten the men of the fourteenth century with, but shorn of all its terrors as regards their more highly civilised, and advanced descendants.

There is apparently no help for it, if the world will not be conformed to the Church, for the Church will never, of that we may be assured, "be conformed to this world."—*Romans* xii. 2. We must either break with one or with the other, and the only question for every man to settle for himself is—with which shall I conform? Even the *Pall Mall Gazette* as we have seen, though an advocate of modern civilization and progress, admits that it is impossible to reconcile them with any form of systematic Christian theology, with any supernatural system indeed whatsoever the writer might have said. This too says the Pope: and if Protestants continue to revile him because he refuses to be reconciled with civilization and progress, they must admit that this refusal is but the inevitable consequence of his position as a Christian, and divinely constituted guardian of the faith once delivered to the saints.

THE QUEBEC STEAMERS.—On and after Monday, 7th inst., the Quebec steamer will leave at 5 o'clock instead of 6 o'clock p.m.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MISSIONS.—Protestants receive with much distrust the reports published by Catholics in Catholic journals, of the progress of Catholic missions to the heathen. In like manner, Catholics attach no importance to, nay are often inclined to treat with levity as a good joke, the glowing accounts published by evangelical men of the glorious triumphs achieved by their missionaries, and missionaries amongst the Chinese, and the heathen generally. Indeed we fear that when Catholics read a full and particular account from the pen of the Reverend Mr. Kodde of the marvellous conversion of King Hokey Pokey the second, king of the Cannibal Islands; of the great work of God amongst his three hundred copper coloured wives, and how the heart of Wankey Fum has been softened—they are more inclined to laugh than to treat the matter seriously. It is well therefore that from time to time we should receive from some source, free even from any suspicion even of partiality, a correct account of what the several missions, Catholic and Protestant, are doing; what manner of men the missionaries are, how they live, and what are the fruits of conversion upon the proselytes themselves.

Such a source of information we find in the *London Times* in the shape of a communication on the China Mission, over the signature of *Veritas*; who takes care to assure us that he is neither a Roman Catholic, nor one of any of the sects to which the Protestant missionaries belong. He stands before us a neutral or impartial witness to facts of which he has had abundant personal cognizance in China, Formosa, and Japan. Without prepossessions in favor of, free from prejudices against Missions, either Catholic or evangelical, he, a Protestant himself, tells a plain unvarnished tale to which we invite the attention of our readers. We give the letter in full as it appears in the columns of the *London Times*:

THE CHINA MISSION.
To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—It is with great interest that we English of this extreme East have read the debates on the China missions, and the leaders in your paper to the same effect.

By the time that this letter reaches you the interval that must elapse will be too great to suppose that even the faintest trace of public interest will be felt in the matter; but still there are a few whom it affects directly, and others, again, who are compelled, however great a nuisance it may be to them, to take an interest in the matter; and it is to them that I would address a few words, which I can be trusted to do the more impartially as I am utterly indifferent to both sides of the question, and will merely record the few things that have fallen under my notice during a three years' residence in China, Formosa, and Japan. It is hardly necessary to say that there is not the least resemblance in the manner of conducting the Roman Catholic and Protestant missions. While the former endure every hardship, lead a wandering, precarious life in the remote regions of Tibet, in the wilds of Lower China, far inland, where their lives are completely barred, and their death often remains unknown for years after it has occurred, the latter are the sleek, typical, under-educated class, who are represented in England by the Bible readers and lecturers in the small Sunday school rooms of the provincial towns. There they find themselves, to their utter astonishment, almost political agents [certainly as far as doing mischief is concerned] in obstinate defiance of the requests of their own Government, and with narrow-minded, bigoted prejudices against the people they come to convert. While I have attempted roughly to sketch the poor lay brother, a Franciscan of Rome, with no pay, no house—nothing but his breviary and his Chinese food, let me draw, with the object of starting me and all other Eastern sojourners, in the face, the comfortable bungalow of the worthy missionary—on a hill, to catch the least air from the south-west monsoon with his mosquito curtains and his China logs, his well-stocked larder and full cellar, his convenient stone's throw from the house, probably his wife and children [the last certainly above the proportion usually allotted to men]—perfect immunity from all personal danger, with the inevitable gunboat under his windows.

I refrain from saying how they teach or what they teach, or by what process they succeed in making the mission of peace and mercy an eternal cause of strife and bloodshed. For the same reasons am I unwilling to bear testimony to the amount of "fruit" these invaluable husbandmen produce, but I may fearlessly call all China to witness that of all the rascais that infest Shanghai Hongkong, or Canton, few exceed in villainy these precious lambs rescued from the toils of the Chinese Devil, whoever that may be.

But if they did nothing worse than what I have already referred to the evil itself might be easily cured by having a better class of men, by having them more under control, and by a distinct determination that they should really be missionaries, and not so many well-bounded, over-fed, illiterate persons, enjoying comfortable homes and good incomes, and doing worse than nothing. It is absurd the public at home should be made to support such an intolerable incubus as the fleet in China, which was distinctly proclaimed as necessary for the protection of the missionaries, while, at the same time were throwing off the burden of an ancient and magnificent establishment at home.

The present First Lord of the Admiralty is no doubt perfectly well informed as to the necessities of the China station; and if he carries out his reductions still more; if he can by that measure compel the missionaries to reside in recognized localities of safety—he will do more to preserve the peace between the two countries, and to pour the commerce into its legitimate channels than probably he has any idea of.

What can be more disastrous for the general traveller out in these remote regions than a horde of so-called proselytarians wandering about the country, craving protection everywhere, with their price-list and samples in three pockets, a Bible and tract in the fourth.

I am afraid I have already exceeded the very valuable space that you usually allow in your columns for a letter; and with the concluding remark, which now appears necessary to me, that I am neither a Roman Catholic, nor of the Church as preached by the missionaries of China,

I remain, &c.,

Shanghai, June 10.

The reader of Marshall's most interesting work on *Christian Missions* will not fail to notice the harmony betwixt the description of the self-indulgent, luxurious lives of the evangelical missionaries, given by the Catholic historian, and that of the Protestant correspondent of the *Lon-*

don Times. This harmony or coincidence cannot be accidental; but can only be accounted for by supposing that both have faithfully copied the same original.

And then again how striking is the resemblance betwixt the moral features of the converts made by Protestant missionaries, as drawn by Mr. Marshall, and by the *Times*' correspondent *Veritas*! "Of all the rascais that infest Shanghai, Hong-Kong or Canton few exceed in villainy these precious lambs rescued from the toils of the Chinese Devil." May not the same well be said, substituting the word *Romish* for *Chinese*, of the converts which our evangelical acquaintances boast of as having been made from amongst Irish, and French Canadian, Papists. Precious lambs in truth are they.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir,—The *Montreal Witness* makes merry over some accounts that have appeared in the *Minerve*, and other papers, about certain, I will not say miraculous, but extraordinary cures said to have been effected by "old bones" and other relics of saintly men—long since dead. No doubt these stories are, or should be, highly provocative of mirth: and as I like fun myself, and am desirous of promoting it amongst others, especially amongst such jolly dogs as evidently are the editor of the *Witness* and those whom he addresses, I am happy to have in my power to furnish them with a few more laughable stories about "old bone" cures, and wonder working relics.

I found these stories in an old book I was reading the other day. The book itself is full of them, and to me it is a wonder that it should still be printed, published, and occasionally read—as I am assured is actually the case—in this enlightened and intelligent age. Here Sir for instance, is a sample of the funny stories—just like that in the *Minerve*—which are to be found in the old book in question:—

In this book it is gravely told—and we are expected to believe the story—that a long time ago, a dead man about to be buried, was hurriedly thrown into a sepulchre where another man named Elisha had been buried some time before: and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood up on his feet!!!

There Sir, there is a story for you, about "old bones" which is as funny to say the least, and as incredible, as are any of those over which our friend of the *Witness* makes merry, because of their palpable absurdity: and strange to say the book in which it appears is published by royal authority.

Another funny story which I found in the same book relates to a man named Paul, from whose body were brought out the sick, handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them. This is said to have occurred at Ephesus about eighteen hundred years ago; but that it ever did occur is as improbable as that in Quebec, or in Montreal at the present day, similar events, as narrated by some of our Canadian journals, should take place.

I must apologise to you Sir and to your readers, for intruding upon your, and their notice, such incredible stories; but perhaps the Editor of the *Witness* may relish them, and enjoy a hearty laugh at their absurdity, and the credulity of the narrators. I have the honor to be, Sir, yours respectfully,

L'HOMME QUI RIT.

WHAT SOUND EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS MAY HOLD.—The *Montreal Witness* of the 2nd inst., in its selected matter publishes an article from the *Christian World*, evangelical. We note the following passage, not without some surprise:—

"There are, we understand, not a few Christians who believe that matter was eternal, and that the creation referred to in the Bible means the modification of the eternal matter by God. Far be it from us to say that this view may not be sincerely and reverently held."

Perhaps some Protestants may be able to perceive why it is that the Catholic Church insists so strongly on the necessity of religious education, and on the danger of divorcing physical science from dogma; when principles almost identical with Manichæism, are thus, if not advocated, at least apologised for, by teachers of the extreme evangelical school.

There has been a Congress, a church congress so-called, of the Anglican denomination at Liverpool. Bishops were there, and high dignitaries of the Establishment were there, and of the laity, learned and unlearned, not a few. The criticism of a Catholic upon such an assemblage might possibly be received with suspicion and distrust: but there is no cause for refusing to accept the dicta of the *London Times* as to what this Congress discloses as to the actual condition of the Church of England as By Law Established. Without further comment then we will allow this great organ of the Protestant world of England to record its own convictions:—

"Let everybody do his best to find what it all comes to, and what he may set down as the product and fruit of this harvest of discussion, and he will find it rather humiliating for the Church, and only promising a good result because humiliating. In

this respect the Congress has much the advantage over the garish demonstrations our Societies make year by year. It confesses divergence, embarrassments, inconsistencies, wants, and failures. In almost every point in which our Dissenters and the Roman Catholic hold themselves out superior to an extent to justify the schism, the speakers of Liverpool confessed a want, some even parading it more than they needed. There is no cordial unity among us they proclaim to the public: the poison of suspicion infects the whole community; there is plenty of "coarse Protestantism," as one speaker called it, but little pure and simple zeal for the truth.

The authority of the Church has been repudiated, but its place not yet supplied; for if there be one thing wanting in our clergy, it is a critical and accurate knowledge of Scripture. Such confessions, and many more like them, have now been made and proclaimed. There were once those who sounded a trumpet before the almsgiving, and prayed in the synagogues and market-places. We have chosen these notorious preliminaries, and these public occasions for our saddest confessions and self-humiliation. Will the poor working world see this? They may not see the wisdom of the course, but they may yet respect the sentiment, and listen to hear more of an appeal begun in such unwelcome fashion. We trust they will not suspect an artifice. The Church is not shedding tears to lure them within its grasp. Its tears were only too unaffected, for there is too much to be sorry for.

This is what three hundred years of an Established, State supported, and wealthy Protestant church has to show as the product of its labors, as the fruits of the Reformation in England.

The *London Tablet*, by authority publishes a communication from His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, giving an explicit contradiction to a statement that had appeared in certain journals, to the effect that several members of the English Episcopate are inclined to support a petition to the General Council about to be held, and emanating from many clergymen of the Protestant Establishment, praying that if their Orders be not recognised, they may be re-ordained, and allowed to continue to live with their wives, when received into the Catholic Church. The *Tablet* warns the ritualistic clergy to attach no importance to such improbable statements, and earnestly exhorts them to submit themselves unreservedly, to the decisions of the Council whatsoever these decisions may be.

Winter seems as if it had already fairly set in for the next six or seven months. The snow already lies deep on the ground, and the melancholy jingle of the sleigh bells, suggestive of the horrors of a Canadian winter, and the sufferings which it inflicts upon the unemployed poor is heard on the streets.

DEATH OF THE REV MICHAEL BRENNAN, P.P., BELLEVILLE.

We regret to announce the decease of the above venerable and exemplary Priest, at Belleville, Ont., on Sunday 31st October, at four o'clock P.M., after a few weeks illness, aged 72 years. The reverend gentleman was a native of the County of Kilkenny, Ireland, and was born in 1797. He came to Canada in the year 1826, and entered upon his Theological studies under His Lordship the late Bishop McDonald, of St. Raphaels, Co. Glengarry, and was the first student received. He was ordained Priest in the month of August, 1829, and was immediately appointed to the Belleville Mission, which at that time extended from Kingston, west to Peterboro. At the time of his ordination there were only three Roman Catholic Priests in Upper Canada, two of whom are still living—the Very Rev. Vicar General Gordon of Hamilton, and Rev. Mr. Lalor of Picton, Ont. The hardships and privations those zealous and faithful missionaries endured for many years, when their missions were mere wildernesses, are almost incredible, but their good works are manifest, in the numerous missions now established and flourishing in all directions, of which they were the Pioneers. The Very Rev. Mr. Brennan died regretted by not only his own flock, whom he so faithfully labored for over forty years, but by his numerous friends of all classes. He was much esteemed for his edifying conduct as a clergyman, as also for his many amiable qualities; he was kind, good, hospitable, and a sincere and warm friend. *Requiescat in pace.*

J. O'B. S.

CELEBRATION OF THE FESTIVAL OF ST. CHARLES AT THE COLLEGE OF ST. LAURENT, O.E.

Thursday last 4th Inst., was one of those days of joy and delight for the Students of the above named "Institution." On that day they celebrated with much spirit the Festival of St. Charles, Patron of Rev. Father Villandre, S.S.C., Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross in British North America and Superior of the St. Laurent College. Wednesday evening the Students to the number of (250) assembled in the reception room of the College, when appropriate addresses were read to Him in Greek, Latin, French & English, replete with expressions of the highest esteem and reverence for a kind Father who although in their midst only a few months, yet has done so much for their welfare both spiritual and temporal. The following day was what is called in College phraseology, *Grand Conge*. A day of rejoicing and sanitary recreation, of joys so pure and unalloyed that they leave indelible marks in the memory of the student. After dinner the students, accom-