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WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1895.

THE JESUITS EXPOSED.

At last the clever and mysterious Jesuits have been found out in their well-conceived and systematically arranged plans to destroy England, to uproot British power, to dethrone Queen Victoria and to bring universal chaos—political and social—into the Empire. So wonderful are the recent revelations that we are astonished that a member of the order could still be allowed "to go about seeking whom he may devour." It has been reserved for the Rev. Thomas Bernery, A.M., a member of the Senate of Cambridge University, and rector of Bacon Ash, near Norwich, to finally expose the terrible plots of these followers of St. Ignatius. Soon, if they are not checked, they will turn all England over to the Pope, and thousands of embryonic Jesuits—boys and girls—are doing the fine part of the work for them. The Irish Catholic of Dublin and sturdy American Catholic organs have become so horrified at the audacity of the enterprise that they have reproduced all of Rev. Mr. Bernery's convincing evidence. That reverend gentleman, in his patriotic zeal and religious fervor, has sent an address to each member of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, in which he sets forth all the facts that he has by good fortune discovered. We understand, of course, that he only refers to the Jesuits in the British Isles; but since Canada forms an important section of the Empire, and since the Jesuits here are in league with those in Great Britain, it will be no harm to put our authorities on their guard against them. Of course the Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governors, being the more direct representatives of the Queen, should be warned of the smouldering volcano beneath their feet. The members of the different administrations—Federal and Provincial—as well as all the representatives of the people, deserve to be told of their impending ruin. Even the gentlemen who do such good service—for themselves at least—in the City Council, must be forewarned in case of a Jesuitical attack upon their exceedingly respectable and very respected body. We, therefore, feel justified in publishing some of Rev. Mr. Bernery's terrible facts.

The following is the title of his impressive and highly instructive address—which, by the way, is bound in vivid yellow:

"The Exposure to Parliament of the Jesuit Secret Mission for the Reversion of England, Church and Non-Conformist, to Popery. Resulting in at least a Jesuit enthroned in two vast bishoprics, another a suffragan bishop; in the prime making four Jesuit colonial bishops, one a colonial suffragan bishop and his church a patronage bill. A gigantic fraud, and adapted, in time, to put a crypto-Jesuit in every living in England as it shall become vacant and to alienate the blessing of God."

Just imagine that for a plot! And think of these crypto-Jesuits, women as well as men, being let loose in the land. While we think of it we might as well inform the proprietors of the monster circus, that exhibited in Montreal last week, that a good speculation would be to secure a couple of Crypto-Jesuits—male and female—to head the street parade. Every person has seen lions, elephants, camels, tigers, and the other specimens of untamed and foreign animals to be found in a menagerie; but we hold a penny that no person, except Rev. Mr. Bernery, Jules Verne or Baron Munchausen, has ever come across a live Crypto-Jesuit—a real throne-up-stating, parliament-devouring species of wild man. But to come to the method of training these Crypto-Jesuits. Rev. Mr. Bernery knows all about it. The system

is a most elaborate one. Of course Rome is the central school and thence the young Empire-wreckers are sent abroad. Just listen to the gentleman's own statement: it must be very exact since it comes from such high authority and its very exactness makes us shudder. He says:—

"By the Jesuits in the schools of the 'Propaganda Fide,' 2000 boys and 2000 girls, where they were all carefully trained to speak English like natives and to argue upon those points of doctrine that are at issue between the churches of Rome and England. Hence their fluent extempore sermons on such points of doctrine. At 16 years of age they had to pass an examination, when twenty boys are selected and females in the same manner, for 'The Secret Mission.' These are then all sworn to 'The Oath of Secrecy of the Jesuits' (a copy of which I have). They are affiliated to the Jesuits and receive the holy communion; and at midsummer are sent off to England, to London, to the care of Jesuit guardians, by whom they are sent, two and two, to public schools."

This must be true! We have personal experiences that substantiate the theory. About a quarter of a century ago we attended a Protestant public school in this very "Canada of ours," and one of the boys who studied in the same class and played on the same grounds with us, has since become a full-fledged, open, unmasked Jesuit. Only the other day we met him on Bleury street clad in the garb of the Order, and he positively informed us that he has been doing Jesuit missionary work for some years. We cannot vouch that he was ever in Rome, nor that he was a Crypto-Jesuit; but we do know that he attended a non-Catholic school, most likely with sinister designs. As yet we have not met a female Jesuit; but since Rev. Mr. Bernery says that they hunt in pairs, it is probable that the other one of the two has died, or been converted. Such was our experience; now listen to Rev. Mr. Bernery's:—

"Two of them came to the school at Charter House, when I was present. When questioned in the usual way as to their antecedents, they answered, 'We may not say.' All we may say is, we are sent here by a guardian.' When he asked, 'How old are you?' they both answered, 'We are 16 years old.' An exact coincidence; for all other boys came to public school at 14 years old."

The difference between the case mentioned and that stated by Rev. Mr. Bernery is very remarkable. In our case the Crypto-Jesuit became a real Jesuit, an undisguised one; but in his case the young envoy left the school, went to a Protestant University, studied for the Anglican ministry, became a member of that church's clergy, secured a parish, and proceeded to undermine the British Empire, dethrone the Queen, and convert England to Popery, by means of preaching the gospel according to the teachings of the Anglican faith. Rev. Mr. Bernery is rather hard upon the honest Anglican ministers and their good wives, for he leaves us to understand that when a minister is a disguised male Jesuit his wife is a female one.

After thus exposing the Jesuits and their plots, this very Christian gentleman proceeds to offer up the following sublime and noble prayer:—

"May the Lord smite every Crypto-Jesuit in the Church of England, and everyone affiliated to the Jesuits, whether male or female, who are working treacherously for the perversion of Great Britain or Ireland to the Papacy; may their heads and necks be wrung round to their left, and their noses point over their left shoulders, or at least at right angles to their central plane; and so to their work with what appetite they may."

A contemporary wisely remarks, concerning this prayer, that if it is heard "it is clear that the secret Jesuits will be soon all identified, and certainly in view of the public service which he (Rev. Mr. Bernery) will thus have rendered we fail to see how the members of both Houses of Parliament can possibly refuse to listen to the following pathetic sentence with which his 'address' concludes:—

"Moreover as expenses will be great, and as I am in great pecuniary difficulties, I shall be truly grateful for any donations or subscriptions which may be kindly sent to me, the author."

The same organ suggests that subscriptions be withheld until a couple of specimens of Crypto-Jesuits—male and female—with their heads turned according to the desire of Rev. Mr. Bernery, be placed on public exhibition, so that proof positive of their existence and of the influence of such a loving prayer may be had.

It might be profane, vulgar and un-Christian on our part to express our honest conviction on this subject; nevertheless we cannot refrain from thinking that the Rev. Mr. Bernery's own erudition must be turned in some very peculiar and eccentric fashion—probably at right angles to his centre of gravity. We do not wish the zealous and able gentleman any harm; we feel that he deserves some mark of public recognition for the exposures he has made, both of the (crypto-) Jesuitical plots and of his own credulity and infallibility: under all these circumstances the Government of England should provide him with a permanent free abode in one of the many asylums that the country supports. Such patriotism and devotedness should not go unrewarded.

A history of the Vatican archives, by Don Gregorio Palmieri, is ready, and

will be published before the end of the year. This volume will be one of great interest and historic value. The labor connected with it must have been enormous. We suppose that it will be soon translated into different European languages.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

While we are ever deeply interested in the advancement and prosperity of all our institutions of education, and are prepared to do anything in our power to aid them, we feel that too little attention is given to our elementary schools. Some months ago we wrote a couple of editorials upon the subject of hygienic requirements and the absolute necessity of great care for the health of the children who frequent those institutions. It is not our intention to repeat what we then stated; but we think it is timely, while yet the vacation is unfinished, to call attention to a few points of vital importance.

It is to the elementary school that the majority of the children are sent, and sent at the age when their constitutions and future lives are most easily influenced. A healthy race of people is a desirable thing and the country is deeply interested in the physical as well as mental development of the coming generation. As a rule, especially in cities, the children sent to the schools go from homes where there is a lack of freshness; they are crowded into small rooms, where they have not regular breathing space; they have no other playground than the street; and as a consequence they grew up, or rather vegetate, in a rank atmosphere calculated to enpoison their systems for all time. The result may be read in the pale, worn, sallow faces, the stunted growth of body, the unhealthy appearance, and the premature age. All these sad consequences could be easily avoided by care on the part of the teachers and a deeper interest on the part of the authorities. We intend this week to briefly refer to two points; firstly, the location of the school, and secondly, its sanitary requirements.

In a vast city like Montreal, the location of elementary schools should be in accordance with the density of population in the various sections of the city. Here we pause. It seems to us that, considering the small number of schools—in proportion to the population—there could be a fairer distribution of them over the city. It is not according to our idea that the children of one section should have three or four schools within a few minutes' walk of their homes, while the children of an equally important section should have to go immense distances, in all kinds of weather, to attend the only school within possible reach of them. There is no part of Montreal more thickly populated than that which extends east of St. Denis street. It may be said that this is outside our domain; we hold that it is not. We have an interest in every Catholic school in the city, as we will show before long. But we intend to commence with the extreme end and go over the ground fairly. No better illustration of our contention can be had than in that very division.

Every person acquainted with the eastern part of the city knows that within the square formed by St. Denis, Craig, Visitation and Ontario streets there are thousands of children who should frequent the elementary school. It is obvious that these schools should be so distributed over the territory that, in as far as possible, they would all be at central points. What are the facts? Cast your mind's eye upon the map. From St. Denis street to St. Andrew street we have five large schools of the class under consideration. Of these two on La Gauchetière street are within a block of each other. Now, from St. Andrew street to the convent on the corner of Craig and Visitation there is only one school. This one serves for a district as large in area and almost doubly as populated as that which possesses five schools. The one referred to is kept by Mrs. Fournier; the others are those of the Providence, Ste. Croix, the Congregation, Miss Labelle and Mrs. Marchand. We do not claim that any person in particular is to blame for the arrangement, but we are under the impression that one of the schools, at least, on La Gauchetière street would be more serviceable in the vicinity of Montcalm or Beaudry streets.

For the present we will be content with drawing the attention of all whom it may concern to the above-mentioned facts. It seems to us that it is not altogether fair that the pupils of one section should have to travel four and five streets to a school, while those of another section adjoining have four or five schools within easy distance. It may be that it was not possible to provide schools in proportion to the population; it may be that some teachers prefer certain sections, for one reason or another, and have influence sufficient to secure more congenial habitations; but, no matter what the cause, we feel justified in placing these facts squarely before the interested public.

Coming now to the sanitary conditions of schools, we will take this one, on the corner of Amherst and St. Catherine streets, as a starting point. We do not say it is the most perfect, nor that

it is the best, nor even that it is one of the best possible in the city; all we pretend is that if all the schools were arranged and appointed as it is there would be far less likelihood of the dangers from unhealthy surroundings to which we referred in the beginning. In the first place, we examined the certificates from the Health department regarding the drainage and the space accommodations of the rooms, and found them most satisfactory. Moreover, there was no need of looking at the official certificates; a hurried run through the building would suffice to convince us of the perfection of all arrangements. The edifice is three stories in height; its apartments used for school purposes are calculated to contain two hundred and thirty odd pupils. The rooms, for example, that are allowed thirty pupils scarcely ever hold more than twenty or twenty-five. The windows are large and high; the doors are so situated that there is little likelihood of draughts; the lavatories are so arranged that each compartment has a window; in these the floor is of slate in some places and in others of a marble mosaic; the baths apartment equally well ventilated. For winter each room, or section, has its radiator proportionate in size to the space therein. The boys' department is as entirely separated from that of the girls as if they were in different buildings. They have separate entries, recreation halls, class and study rooms.

These are a few of the points that we desire to emphasize. The institution is a credit to whosoever built it, or selected it for a school. All the fault we find is that it has to serve far too large a district. Perhaps when we come to speak of other schools we may find many of the same qualities. For the present, however, we content ourselves with illustrating the two questions under consideration, by the most apt example we could find. On this subject we have a great deal to say, and there are various other considerations that will find their illustration in other sections of the city. Meanwhile, we beg of all who are actively interested in matters of education, to remember that the elementary schools are of vital importance and that the very first question to be solved concerns the adaptability of the buildings, both in construction and surroundings, to the sanitary requirements of the young.

STORIES OF THE PROMISES.

We always welcome with pleasure any addition to our Catholic Canadian literature, particularly when the work is calculated to raise the standard and to fill a gap. We have before us a neatly, in fact elegantly bound copy of a little book of some two hundred and fifty pages—well printed, on good paper, in large type—entitled "Stories of the Promises." This volume has just come from the press of Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., and is set down at the reasonable figure of one dollar—postage free to any address. Having now stated the title, the appearance and the price of the work, we naturally turn to its contents. The volume consists of a number of short, interesting, ably written, highly instructive and—for younger people—very much needed stories. It would be difficult to analyze or to appreciate each one of these gems; suffice to say that they are all heads of great worth upon a chapter that has been strung in honor of the Sacred Heart. To form an idea of their value you must read them. They are sufficiently long to be of deep interest and sufficiently short to obviate all danger of weariness. It is a book that should be upon every Catholic table, particularly in homes where there are children and young people. The volume may be taken up for an hour, or for ten minutes; it may be opened at any story and found amusing, elevating and refreshing.

As in a rich repast the best things are generally kept for the last, so in this literary feast, we reserved for the close the names of the authors of those admirable "Stories of the Promises." They were written, at various times, by our dear friend, Canada's first Catholic litterateur, Mrs. M. A. Sadlier, and by her two talented and universally popular daughters, Miss Anna T. Sadlier and Mrs. Chadwick. We need add nothing now; the names of the ladies from whose pens these stories have come impart an *impresario* to the work that should open for it the door of every Catholic household in Canada and America. We will leave the volume to the kind consideration of our readers and of the general public and close with a quotation from the preface, written by Mrs. Sadlier:

"The little stories contained in this volume were all written by my daughters and myself as offerings to the Sacred Heart, and first published in the Canadian Messenger during the early years of its existence. They are, therefore, of the simplest kind, without any pretension to literary merit." (Permit us to say that the merit exists despite the modest disclaimer.) "Many of them are based on actual occurrences and all on the experiences of daily life."

"Convinced as I am, by the experience of a long life—much of it devoted to literary pursuits—that the more simply and directly the great truths of faith—with the beauty and holiness of those devotions which spring therefrom, age after age—are presented to the people, the larger number of readers will be secured and the greater amount of good attained."

AN EMBODIED SOB.

Last week, in an editorial, we expressed the opinion that verse-making was not necessarily the writing of poetry. It is not every day that we meet with true poetic sentiment combined with harmonious expression. As a rule we are hard to please; but there are times when we meet with a poem that immediately exercises a powerful influence upon us. Such occasions are rare, and are the more precious on that account. The other day our attention was drawn to a poem that a commentator entitled "An Embodied Sob." We read it hurriedly, and as we glanced from line to line, we forgot everything but the sentiment of the verses. They might be unfinished, unpolished, open to steel-cold criticism—but, if so, we knew nothing of their blemishes. All we remember is that before we reached the last stanza a mist came between the eyes that read and the lines that spoke; a sensation of fullness arose in the breast and mounted up to the throat; an involuntary tear fell upon the page. Could the writer—God rest him!—have ever wished for a more natural tribute to his genius and memory?

The commentator aforementioned thus prefaces the poem: "In August, 1882, a young Australian poet died in Sydney. His name was Kendale. Had he lived he would have made a great name. Here is one of his poems, on the death of his child—a poem that is an embodied sob." It is not often that we give editorial space to a poem; but this is an exception, and when our readers shall have perused it they will surely thank us for paying this slight homage to the memory of the man who could have conceived such thoughts and expressed such sentiments. No one can read the simple, off-hand lines without feeling better and nobler. The heartless critic who could stick his pen into a composition like this might be well classed with the creature who, as Wordsworth says:

"Would peep and botanize,
Upon his mother's grave."

The poet speaks to his young wife, who, with him, is obliged to leave the country where their child is buried and to seek a livelihood in some more favorable land.

Take this rose and gently place it on the tender, deep
Mosses where our little darling Araluen lies asleep;
Put the blossoms close to baby, kneel
With me, my love, and pray
We must leave the bird we've buried—
Say good-by to her to-day?

In the shadow of our trouble we must go
To other lands,
And the flowers that we have fostered
Will be left to other hands;
Other eyes will watch them growing,
Other feet will softly tread
Where two hearts are nearly breaking,
Where so many tears are shed.

Bitter is the world we live in; life and
Love are mixed with pain—
We will never see the daisies—never
Water them again!
Ah! the saddest thought in leaving baby
In this bush alone
Is that we have not been able on her grave
To place a stone!

We have been too poor to do it; but, my
darling, never mind,
God is in the gracious heavens, and His
sun and rain are kind.
They will dress the spot with beauty;
they will make the grasses grow.
Many winds will hush our birdie, many
suns will come and go.

Here the blue-eyed spring will finger,
here the shining month will stay,
Like a friend by Araluen, when we two
are far away.
But, beyond the wild, wide waters, when
we tread another shore,
We will never watch this blossom, never
see it any more.

Girl, whose hand at God's high altar in
the dear dead year I pressed,
Lean your stricken head upon me; this
is still your lover's breast;
She who sleeps was first and sweetest,
none we have to take her place;
Empty is the little cradle, absent is the
little face.

Other children may be given, but this
rose beyond recall,
But this garland of your girlhood will be
dearest of them all:
None will ever, Araluen, nestle where
you used to be,
In my heart of hearts, you darling, when
the world was new to me.

We were young when you were with us,
life and love were happy things,
To your father and your mother, ere the
angels gave you wings;
You that sit along beside me—you upon
whose golden head
Many rains of many sorrows have from
day to day been shed—

Who, because your love was noble, faced
with me the lot austere,
Ever pressing with its handships on the
man of letters here—
Let me feel that you are near me; lay
your hand within my own;
You are all I have to live for, now that
we are left alone.

Three there were, but one has vanished,
Sins of mine have made you weep,
But forgive your baby's father, now that
baby is asleep.
Let us go, for night is falling—leave the
darling with her flowers;
Other hands will come and tend them,
other friends in other hours.

Where does poor Kendale sleep? Is
there a stone above his resting-place?
Was the mother of Araluen rich enough
to give the father what they could not
give the child? We know not. But
surely no monumental stone could ever
recall his name or speak his virtues
more truly and more effectively than

does this simple poem. There is "many a flower that's born to blush unseen," but when some stray traveller happens upon one of those beautiful things he is tempted to pluck it, to preserve it and to cherish it for the future. The world is so cold, so hollow, so utterly selfish, that it can only be stirred into emotion by the jingle of dollars and cents; the rich and rare sentiments that paint life in golden and lovely hues, that give noble ideas to the mind and tender pulsations to the heart, are lost in the dust from the highway where millions of feet rush after the unattainable. When we come upon one of those delightful creations of lofty souls, we feel like carrying it to an oasis in the sandy desert of this age, and there enjoying it to our heart's content. This may be called sentimentality; call it what you like, it is dearer to us than the wealth of Wall Street.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SINCE 1850 two hundred thousand people have returned to the Catholic Church in Armenia, and sixteen dioceses have been erected there within forty years. These facts go to show that the Church, instead of losing ground, is making steady and potent progress in the East. No wonder that Leo XIII. has undertaken the grand work of uniting the different Oriental sections under the standard of Rome.

THE progress of Catholicity in England is remarkable. Cardinal Vaughan has just received the Anglican clergyman, the Rev. J. Stansfield, rector of Downham, and the Rev. J. Rawpert Le Taly, curate of Christ Church, Beckenham, into the fold. Probably Rev. Mr. Bernery will say that they were Crypto-Jesuits who have been since the age of sixteen years carrying on their secret mission.

THE Pope's prohibition to take part in the Italian political elections has been pretty well obeyed. In the Province of Bergamo, at the last parliamentary elections, out of 32,072 electors only 9,827 voted. Seventy-three per cent abstained from exercising their franchise. In seventeen electoral districts not a single voter presented himself. And yet it is claimed that the Italian power can destroy the influence of Christ's Vicar.

GRASSHOPPERS have been playing havoc in Colorado; now they are dying by the million. We have had quite a few in Canada; their presence is due to the extremely dry weather. However, we do not think that they are ever likely to become sufficiently numerous to stop our railway traffic. Not on account of grasshoppers, but for the sake of the crops, we hope that the month of August will be somewhat more moist than has been July.

LEO TAXIL, the one-time author of the Scarlet Pamphlets and the man whose conversion created such a noise some years ago, attributes the recent entry into the Church of Miss Diana Vaughan, the celebrated Masonic disciple of Paris, to the intercession of Jean of Arc. The days of continental Masonry seem to be numbered. Some of the leading spirits of the order—male and female—have renounced the errors of their ways, braved the threats of their companions in wickedness, and accepted the truths that flashed, by supernatural grace, upon them.

It is said that the son of the Amir of Afghanistan, who has recently made such an exhibition of his barbaric instincts in England, has fallen in love with a daughter of the Prince of Wales. We think that the sooner the Amir calls his wayward son home the better it will be for the young man's peace of mind (for the success of his negotiations with Great Britain. Much as English royalty may like to please the savage monarch, we expect that the line will be drawn when it comes to a question of individual alliances.

ON FRIDAY, June 21st, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, assisted by Mr. Gaspari, of the Catholic University of Paris, and Abbe Many, of St. Sulpice, solemnly transferred the remains of the True Cross, given by King Rene, in 1476, to the Celestine Monks of Avignon, to the Richer reliquaries, by special authorization of the Pope. The documents concerning the relics are of a most interesting character, and were sealed up after they were verified. The ceremony was very interesting and the accounts given will add a bright page to the already brilliant history of the Church in France.

PEOPLE go to Florida for their health, and generally return worse than when they went away. Yet this does not prove that people cannot live to a grand old age in that country, but we expect they must be natives. In the Sanchez quarters of Gainesville, Florida, in a small room in one of the little houses, lives an old couple, Uncle Henry Mammol, and Aunt Rachel. Neither knows how old they are, but colored people say that they are about 115 years of age. Uncle Henry was eighteen and Aunt Rachel