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EDITORIAL NOTES.

"AUGUSTUS" wants to know what he should do in order to attain salvation. A pretty broad question. The best answer we can give is "Ite ad Joseph"—"Go to Joseph, and do whatsoever he shall tell thee." In all probability if our friend honestly adopts this advice, he would find an answer sufficient unto the cause. Of course this will necessitate the "invocation of the Saints," and many other equally important dogmas of our faith; but we can only repeat the words—"Ite ad Joseph;" and by going to *Him* you cannot fail to go to *Mary*, His spouse and the Holy Mother of Christ. And you may rely that if you go to Her you will learn all that is required and will obtain the means of salvation.

THIS Oriental war—between China and Japan—seems to be getting quite monotonous. In fact the only reports that tend to enliven the story consist of accounts telling how many Chinese were killed. If the Chinese had the advantage of a land fight instead of one on the ocean they would be much better off, for they might then have an opportunity of getting out of the way. But it is very difficult to escape when men are cooped up in a vessel and when that vessel is a considerable distance at sea.

We thought that the exposure and castigation which Mr. Rider Haggard received when he published his novel, "Montezuma's Daughter," should have taught him a lesson. But apparently he is bent on running counter of all Catholic sentiment, and of excluding Catholics from the list of his readers. In his recent work, "The Children of the Mist," he has drawn such a picture of a young priest—Francesco—that certainly no Catholic will feel grateful to him for the misrepresentations of missionary life and misadventures that the production contains. Mr. Haggard is a successful author from the fact that he appeals to the very worst sentiments, and helps, with his elastic imagination, to create a thirst for sensational and unsubstantial literature. We trust some fair critic will arise who will deal with "The Children of the Mist," as "Montezuma's Daughter" has been dealt with recently.

ON more than one occasion we have referred to the very anti-Catholic, or rather un-Christian, productions that appeared in the columns of that otherwise splendid magazine, the Pall Mall. It is with pleasure that we note a very great improvement, in every sense, in the last issue of that publication. In fact the December number—which is a Christmas one also—is superb, and while a great deal of its pages are taken up with more or less instructive stories, still the whole tone is good and the appearance beyond reproach. In fact the front piece is a gem, and is, in itself, worth the price of the number. It represents a scene in the desert; a caravan is starting upon a journey; the old Arab, on the

last camel, stops to look back at his wife, who stands in the tent door and holds aloft the baby-boy, while bidding adieu to the husband and father. The coloring is superb. The number is splendidly and profusely illustrated, and is one of the very best we have seen this year. We are not backward in finding fault with such magazines, when the subject matter they contain deserves severe criticism, nor are we at all prone to overlook their many fine traits and good points when these are deserving of praise.

At the recent Chichester Diocesan Conference the serious question as to the right of non-communicants to attend the Ritualistic service of Holy Communion (called "hearing Mass") arose, and the Dean was in favor of the proceedings, while the Bishop was directly opposed to him. Here we have the Dean and the Bishop of the same church, which is styled by its adherents "Catholic," taking views diametrically opposed to each other. Either one of them must be a heretic; and whichever is guilty of heresy has the consolation of knowing that half the congregation is with him. But which prelate and which half of the congregation is right, is a question that no person can solve. They are badly in need of some supreme head who is duly authorized to settle questions of that class.

We have often mentioned that a Catholic organ cannot be other than non-political. Individual interests may be at stake, but as a Catholic publication it cannot afford to sacrifice a general principle for the sake of any minor considerations. In this connection we find the following very concise and telling paragraph in one of our American Catholic contemporaries:

"The Catholic Church, having no entangling alliances with purely political parties, sees the rise and fall of organizations, changes of politics and platforms, and the triumphs and defeats of statesmen, with the serenity that is due partly to its own disinterestedness in material concerns, partly to the consciousness of its own immortality."

NOTHING is easier to secure than cheap notoriety. We have an example of this in Lord Plunkett, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who has undertaken the mission of converting all Spain to Protestantism. To read the newspaper reports, so freely circulated, one would imagine that the whole of Spain—from the Government down to the most humble beggar—were all excitement over the mighty movement. The fact is that, a few weeks ago, assisted by the Protestant Bishops of Down and Clogher, Lord Plunkett "consecrated" an apostate priest—Senor Cabrera, as first Bishop of Madrid, and the ceremony took place in the distant section of a small suburb, in a pretty building erected in a lane, and that Madrid knew absolutely nothing of an event that was being heralded to the outside world "with a flourish of trumpets." We feel for His Lordship; certainly he has gone abroad on a very

quixotic expedition, and while he is taking every means to let the world know of his efforts, the Spanish people seem to be entirely oblivious of his existence. There are queer men in the world; and Lord Plunkett is surely one of them.

THE largest crucifix in the world is said to be that recently erected by the united German and French Roman Catholic Cemetery Association, at Pine Hill, near Buffalo. The stone is Barre granite and cross and figures are cut from one solid piece. The block when quarried was 30 feet long, 12 feet wide and between 4 and 5 feet thick and weighed 100 tons. In its finished state the crucifix weighs 30 tons. When erected it stands 26 feet high, the breadth of the arms being 10 feet, and the shaft 3 feet 6 inches square. It is, indeed, a grand thing to know that such a magnificent emblem of our salvation has been erected on the soil of America. It is an evidence that the power which has governed the world for almost nineteen centuries is still as recognized as when the first Great Cross was erected on Calvary.

It appears that the Turkish Government strongly persists in its refusal to permit Mgr. Azarian, the Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople, to attend the Roman Conference. Turkey evidently dreads a union between the Eastern and Western Churches. The Turk, as all others, naturally recognizes the great power that Union must wield. He can foresee that in the divisions of Christianity has been the strength of his own position. The Crescent can only triumph when the supporters or followers of the Cross are not united. The greatest friend the turbaned Mohammedans ever had was Luther. The moment he created a division in the heretofore solid ranks of Christianity, he placed a powerful instrument in the hands of the Turk. But we are not surprised at this continued refusal on the part of the Turkish Government. A union of the different divisions of Christianity under the powerful sway of Rome would mean the end of the Turkish dominion, as far as religion is concerned.

It would seem as if the world had not ceased to revolve for one moment, since the death of the late Czar of Russia; nor has humanity, at large, noticed any very marked difference in its condition, since Nicholas II has taken the sceptre of the Romanoff in hand. After all one man—great as he may be—is of very little consequence in this world. The only being to whom he is of any real importance is himself, and if he does not look out for the future welfare of his own immortal spirit, he need not expect much consolation either before or after death. One hundred years ago the conquering Corsican was in the dawn of his career; mighty projects awaited him; much glory and much sorrow stood in his path. He passed through the sunshine and into the shadow, and to-day the world cares

very little about him. Since his time there have been millions born, who lived and died without ever having heard of him. So is it with the world, all may repeat the *vanitas, vanitatum et omnia vanitas*.

It appears that Judge Williams, according to the Catholic Review, has decided that teachers in schools must leave off all clerical garments and merely wear white ties. The object of this is to free them from "sectarian influence." A strange fancy is this of the learned judge. Thousands of teachers, who wear no clerical garb, are bitterly sectarian both in their actions and in the influences they bring to bear. On the other hand numberless teachers who, according to their rule, do wear the clerical garb, are most free from any sectarian or undue influence. It seems to us that the outward garment is of very little consequence, provided the internal intentions are just and commendable.

We are drawing towards the end of November. Let us not forget that it is the month of the dead; there are yet a few days left, and the suffering souls in purgatory expect that their friends on earth will do something to open the gates of their prison-house.

In the United States they have what is called the Anti-Treating Association. In referring to its operations and to the great injury done by the habit of treating, the Sacred Heart Review says:

"One of the greatest causes of drunkenness is the habit of treating. Four or five friends go to a saloon to have a drink, and they are not satisfied until every one has treated, although if only two had met, two drinks would have been all that they would have taken. But they take four or five, and maybe eight or ten, and then they are all in various stages of intoxication—fighting drunk, affectionate drunk, talkative drunk, or sullen drunk, as the case may be. If every one had bought his own poison, only one or two drinks would have been called for. So, stop treating, stop being treated; join the A. T. A.—that is, the Anti-Treating Association."

SPEAKING of the English branch of the Catholic Truth Society we find the following in the last issue of the Liverpool Catholic Times:

"One development is promised shortly which ought very materially to increase the usefulness of the Catholic Truth Society. We refer to the promise given to issue some Catholic temperance literature suitable for our people. A sub-committee has already taken the matter energetically in hand, and a start will probably be made with a little volume of selections from the temperance writings of the late Cardinal Manning. No better choice could have been made. Temperance literature lies for the most part under the ban. That being so, it is absolutely necessary that the Catholic Truth Society should step down into the arena and make the ground its own. Leaflets and handbills are necessary which could be distributed by priests when giving missions in their districts is one of the forms that should take. Nor should the special efforts of our Catholic society be lost sight of in this connection."