

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

"If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work."
—PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY APRIL 20, 1901.

ADVISING YOUNG MEN.

Ever since Horace Greeley's famous but ill-fated advice: "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," there has been, and there is still being printed in the daily press and in Catholic weekly newspapers columns of counsel to young men as to what they should do to succeed in their way through this world. "Watch your chances," one writer says; "do not let your chances slip by," is the manner in which another puts it; and a well known public man in New York wrote a book a few years ago entitled "Chances of Success." Other advisers of young men indulge in columns of vague generalities of which it would be difficult to give the gist in a few words. When all this advice is subjected to a critical analysis, it is found to amount to nothing, from a practical point of view. If every young man in the United States went west, what would become of the east? Young men are progressing along the road to prosperity in the east; are they to leave their good positions and run the risk of failure and adversity in the west? "Chance" is hardly the correct word to use in the case of a young man's material and social progress; "opportunity" would be preferable. Those who place any dependence on chance are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred almost certain to fail.

But the really important point in this question has been left untouched. Few young men starting out on their careers through life, possess sufficient initiative capacity to select and persevere in the path of prosperity. Of what value is the theoretical advice to the vast majority? Take an average case. A very desirable opportunity, just the one best suited to him, may exist in close proximity to a young man. But how is he to know of its existence? That touches the kernel of the subject. What he needs is some one, whose position is already high, to take him by the hand and to help him to avail himself of that opportunity. Compared with that sort of assistance all the advice that has ever been printed or spoken is as nothing.

Amongst those belonging to other nationalities and creeds than our own the extending to young men of this practical kind of help is of much more frequent occurrence than amongst us. Some of them, indeed regard it as a duty—and rightly so—to give young men this needed and all-important assistance. Why our people should lack, as a rule, this meritorious quality is difficult of explanation. It is due either to carelessness, selfishness, want of benevolence or want of national enthusiasm. It is time that our race should profit by the examples of other nationalities which are everywhere in evidence in professional, commercial and social life.

COMMERCIAL LIFE TO-DAY.

Few people realize that what might almost be termed a revolution has been going on for several years in the commercial methods in use during the past generation. Commerce has become closely allied to a science; and to ensure success in it as much of a special study and training is required as in the professions. If a successful business man were asked how it was that he had got along so well he would probably reply that he has given a special study to the particular branch of commerce in which he is engaged. He is a student in the real sense. Now commerce is a matter of study, of method, and of thorough acquaintance with every detail of the specialty for which a man finds he has an aptitude. It would be difficult, then, to emphasize too strongly the necessity of being equipped for commerce in general in the first place, and for special lines of it in the second—we allude, of course, to those who intend to enter upon a mercantile career.

Some remarks recently made in this connection by Mr. Heneryk, the head of a large firm in England, in the course of a speech delivered before an association in London, are not without interest. He said: A good business man ought to have a good grounding in arithmetic. I speak as a father of six sons who have been, and are being educated in English colleges, and as one who has come in contact with many young men leaving the best colleges in England, and from this experience I can say that most of them have no knowledge of the very first elements requisite for commercial arithmetic. They know little or nothing of percentages, of the metric system, of exchanges—all matters which come within the sphere of a large business house. Then we must have commercial geography taught, also book-keeping, and political economy. You will see, gentlemen, that my aims are very high. I do not believe in sending a boy of fourteen into an office; I would not send him till the age of nineteen. I was present at a meeting at the Guildhall, when Sir John Gorst said that if we do not provide a good commercial education for the people of Great Britain, but rely solely upon the grins of old fashioned calibre—it would be like having ships of the old fashioned pattern, and fancying ourselves secure and certain of victory, because the men who manned those ships and who worked those guns were possessed of all the old British pluck. In short, if you do not prepare and thoroughly equip those who are to be the great captains of industry in this country, and if you do not keep them up to the mark, then this country will lose rapidly the influence which it has hitherto possessed in the commercial world.

NOTES.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE. — On the 8th May next Sir William Hingston will celebrate his fiftieth year of practice as a surgeon. In 1851, at the age of twenty-one years, he graduated at McGill. He has also been forty years connected with the Hotel Dieu Hospital of this city. We understand that on the eighth of May it is the intention of Sir William's friends to commemorate the occasion in a befitting manner; also we are informed that the good Sisters at the Hospital will not permit the event to pass uncelebrated. We of the "True Witness" owe a deep debt of gratitude to the foremost physician and surgeon of this Dominion. Apart from giving vent to our sentiments on that day, we will attempt to voice the feelings of all our fellow-countrymen and co-religionists. The career of Sir William Hingston, extending over the half of a century, and marked with successes, honors and merits in a most exceptional degree, corresponds in many details with the history of the Irish race in Canada. His advancement professionally, socially, politically and otherwise, has always reflected brilliantly upon our people; and, if alone for the prestige that we have all derived through him and the influence his grand personality has imparted to us as an element of the Canadian population, should we join heartily in commemorating his professional golden jubilee.

IN PRAISE OF TOLSTOI — On the occasion of the annual college service in connection with the sixty-second session of the Congregational College of Canada, a large congregation gathered, on Monday last, in Emmanuel Church, to listen to Rev. Graham Taylor, D.D., of Chicago. The fact of being a Doctor of Divinity and a preacher sufficiently eminent to be brought from Chicago to deliver a special sermon upon such an occasion, makes it evident that Rev. Mr. Taylor must have voiced the sentiments and belief of a goodly proportion of Protestantism. He is reported to have said:—

"Notwithstanding some religious eccentricities, which we cannot all endorse, I believe that Count Leo Tolstoi has struck a note as to the reality of religion which has convinced more souls at the present day than half of the churches in Christendom. Among the masses of the

people who care not for the formalities of religion, there is for Tolstoi to-day a reverence almost as deep as for Christ himself."

If this report be correct, the Rev. Dr. Taylor's assertions constitute a very poor commentary upon Protestantism and its Christian teachings. To say that any man, however eminent he may be, could command "a reverence almost as deep as for Christ himself," would be asserting that which the Catholic Church is constantly and wrongly accused of asserting. Amongst the majority of Protestants the belief is held that the Catholic Church arrogates to herself prerogatives that belong to Christ alone, and that the Pope demands from the faithful a submission and a reverence which should only be given to Our Lord. Unnecessary for us to refute this false accusation; but we find it passing strange, that an eminent Protestant divine should complacently accord Count Tolstoi—that which he would deny to Leo XIII.

No better evidence than the above quoted paragraph that Protestantism is actually on the decline. It is beyond our comprehension how a minister of the Gospel, and one claiming to superior erudition—for such his degree of doctor would indicate—could make the assertion that "Tolstoi has struck a note as to the reality of religion which has convinced more souls at the present day than half the churches of Christendom." At best it is a poor commendation for "half the churches of Christendom." If the eccentric novelist and philosopher has been able to do more than half the churches of Christendom in the way of converting souls, it is time that "half the churches" were closed up. If they have been waiting ever since the Reformation, or since their respective births to have an effective note struck by some unbalanced poet their mission must have heretofore been very blank and very empty.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER

On "Irish Nick-Names."

Recently I lamented the disappearance of national and religious pictures in the homes of our people; I wish I could say the same regarding the very anti-Irish custom of employing certain "nick-names." Not long ago, in the columns of a Catholic journal, I read an obituary notice of a prominent Irishman. There was nothing but good said of the departed; his life was held up as a model, both from a Catholic and an Irish standpoint; he was praised in terms that indicated sincerity; his successes in life were counted and were presented as a source of encouragement for others; in a word, it was an admirable tribute to the dead. But I perceived, even in these friendly remarks over the bier of a departed patriot, a something that grated upon my nerves. At the outset he was called by his full name Patrick James. But as the writer proceeded, he constantly referred to the deceased as "Pat."

I would not have it understood that I have any objection to genuine Irish names, on the contrary. I love Patrick, Michael, Bridget, Mary, and all these names that belong in a special manner to the race. But I find that the familiarity of abbreviating them tends to lower the person whom we seek to raise, in the estimation of others. On all such subjects I make it a rule to consider everything from the stranger's standpoint; I suppose myself to be a stranger, and I judge of the effects upon all outsiders by the effects upon myself. When you speak of Patrick O'Brien, or Michael Ryan, or Bridget O'Hagan, or Mary Nagle, I figure to myself an individual of certain standing in the community. But if you tell me of Pat O'Brien, Mike Ryan, Biddy O'Hagan, or Molly Nagle, I cannot help lowering to another level, in my estimation, the person mentioned.

Taking the case in point—I will suppose the surname for obvious reasons—I find Patrick James Doyle, mentioned repeatedly as Pat Doyle. Now why not go the whole length, and talk of him as Pat-Jim Doyle? It would sound ridiculous; yet it gives you an idea of how really ridiculous is the use of the word Pat, instead of Patrick. I will try to convey my idea a little more clearly by taking a few examples that cannot fail to strike the attention of any one. I will select a few names amongst the Irish leaders.

When we read of a speech by John Redmond, a letter from William O'Brien, or a proposition of Edward Blake, we at once associate the act with the man, as we are accustomed to think of him. John Redmond to a rank equal to Balfour in the House

of Commons; William O'Brien we consider as the highly gifted journalist, and lofty-souled patriot; Edward Blake we at once recognize as the foremost lawyer in the British Parliament and as one of the grandest exponent of Ireland's cause, as well as being the peer of the most eminent men in England. How different our sense of appreciation regarding these men, if we were to read of them as Jack Redmond, the Irish leader; Bill O'Brien, the Irish politician; or Ned Blake, the Irish Canadian lawyer. I can see you smile, when I place the matter in this plain manner before you; but, remember, your reasons for objecting to such a style of speaking or writing about our fellow-countrymen are exactly my reasons for objecting to have my race—either collectively or individually—belittled and lowered in the estimation of other men.

In plain English (if it be an Irish subject), we have enough of people in the world who are only too glad to despise, to caricature, to misrepresent us, without our own co-operation in the miserable work. If we desire that others should respect us, we must claim that respect by never violating its precepts ourselves. We cannot afford to play with our national dignity. It is a second truth that we are bound in honor to preserve intact and to transmit unscathed to those who will come after us. I do not pretend that those who fall into the habit of nick-naming their own people do so with any bad intent; in reality they may imagine that they are giving evidence of an affectionate familiarity. But the Englishman, or the Scotchman, or the Frenchman, does not look at it in the same light—and no blame to them. I will take the liberty of drawing another example from the body of men known as Irish representatives, I am firmly convinced that Mr. Healey owes as much of his loss of influence and prestige, as a leader, through being called "Tim," as to his peculiar tenacity in matters that the majority so often over-ruled. To be honest! Could you place as much confidence in the opinions of Mick Davitt as you would in those of Michael Davitt? I need not go on multiplying examples. I think I have made my meaning pretty clear.

I remember, many years ago, hearing a lecture by the late Stephen Joseph Meany—by the way, not Steve Joe—in which he spoke of the charm of full Irish names, and he quoted Keegan's ballad "Caech the Piper." He drew attention to this stanza:—
"And when he stowed away his bar-Cross-barred with green and yellow,
I thought, and said, 'on Ireland's ground,
There's not so fine a fellow;
And Fenian Burke, and Shane McGee,
And Elvey, Kate and Mary,
Rushed in with glee and haste, to see
And welcome Caech O'Leary."

The "Mary" comes in at the end of the line with a fullness, a depth, a meaning that never would be attached to Molly, Moll, Minnie, Mimm, or any such nick-name, or pet-name. The impression has abided with me, and I can no more divest myself of it than of my nationality—and that is part of my being.

NO FLOOD THIS YEAR.

At last the inhabitants of those sections of Montreal which touch the river front are relieved of a grave anxiety. For a time the waters of the St. Lawrence menaced to repeat the story of 1886 and its floods; but, happily, in one night all danger suddenly passed away. The water had risen to a height of forty feet, and when it receded it left on the occasion of the great flood the highest pitch of the water was forty-four feet. But this time the situation has been saved by the heavy falling of the river on last Thursday. But the more fact of any anxiety existing is proof that there is a lack somewhere. In fact, Montreal should never be menaced with a spring flood; there is no reason for such a thing taking place. With all the money that Government grants, all the resolutions adopted, all the eloquence wasted, and all the plans made, surely Montreal could be placed outside the danger circle and inundations could be made an impossibility. Every spring the people inhabiting the lower sections of the city are in danger of being drowned or of having their property destroyed. If a barrier can be raised that will drive back forty feet of water, it should be equally easy to raise one capable of resisting fifty and sixty feet.

As a further proof of the popularity of the KARN Piano, four KARN Pianos were rented this week for concerts in the city, at which some of Montreal's best artists performed. The KARN Piano has been used more this year for concert purposes than any other Canadian instrument. Montreal's best singers, violinists and pianists have used, and are still using the KARN piano, and have expressed themselves as delighted with it; especially is this so of our New Scales. Call and hear them for yourself. The D. W. Karn Co., Ltd., Karn Hall Building, St. Catherine Street.

THE GAELIC MOVEMENT

And Its Meaning.

In reproducing, from the Ottawa press, the following able communication, from a student of the Ottawa University, we deem it only just to remark that the patriotic spirit displayed by the writer is merely an additional evidence of the high and noble sentiments infused into the younger generation by that admirable institution. Not long since we had occasion to refer to the giant strides made by the university of Ottawa, and we were proud to be able to record so much to the credit of one of our foremost Catholic educational establishments in Canada. The writer of the following has certainly read much upon the subject of the Gaelic movement, nor has he confined his studies to the volumes that bear upon their covers the dust of centuries; rather would it appear that he has followed the subject in all its phases through the various channels of more modern expression. The "Journal" which published this letter states, by way of introduction, that:—

Recently some statistics were given in the "Journal" regarding the Irish language in Ireland. Three-quarters of a million people there speak Irish as well as English. Over 36,000 speak Irish only.

The following article by an Ottawa student is an indication of Irish feeling in the matter:

WHAT THE MOVEMENT MEANS

One of the facts of the opening century is the existence of a movement towards Celtic solidarity. The scope of the movement does not include schemes for the political union of the scattered families in some future remodelling of the map of the world, but is limited to the preservation and development of characteristic race traditions. As such the movement is by no means a matter for regret or ridicule. The grouping of the human mind on race lines, besides giving rise to that variety which constitutes much of the beautiful in God's works, is as well an important factor in the world's advancement. Friction tends to perfect the individual types. So it has been in the past, and history will probably repeat itself to the end of time, despite the millenists, or the howlers of the international.

In no part of the Celtic world is there such unmistakable evidence of this Renaissance as in Ireland. For years the stamping and amalgamating plant established by England at the castle, has been crushing out the soul of the race. At last that soul has found a voice. That voice alone is a sign of life and Ireland is awakening from a sleep that threatened death. That voice of the Gael shows that the breath is in her yet, and latterly politicians are beginning to perceive that she is kicking. New life means a great deal. In the wake of the language movement follow many evidences of increasing vigor. The musical revival, and especially the industrial reform agitation. That movement heralds the defeat of West-Brismton both in education and politics. Witness the Dublin Leader's success in its campaign against cockney ideals in literature and art; witness the passing of snobbery, that relic of the intellectual bullying of the Saxon, witness above all, the wide spread enthusiasm for the revival of the old tongue that Finian spoke at Clouard, Euda at Arran, and Colman at "Mave of the Saxons."

We shall confine ourselves to the language movement. It is born of yesterday and to-day forces the attention of writers for the public. Comment outside of all-British advance agencies is generally favorable. Few of the Irish at home or abroad but welcome the rescue of the idiom. Our own Edward Blake speaking in London on the 17th March last, said:

"I rejoice with the movement concerning the Irish language to which I allude. I rejoice at it even irreverently of that movement, because 'I regard it as the evidence of the determination of the nation to re-main a nation still. I do not myself believe that nationalism depends alone upon the tongue which is used in speaking, but it is an important ingredient. There is something in the corporate personality of a nation which is as sacred as a thing as the corporate personality of a single individual man and woman is to himself and herself.'"

None are more convinced than we that the partial loss of the language was providentially designed to facilitate the political and religious mission of the Irish in English-speaking lands, yet the race is open to reproach if they willingly let the remnants disappear. There is such a thing as sentiment. It has much to do with the patriotism, not to be confounded of course with self-interested loyalty. For the Irish the Gaelic is the medium through which Patrick and his saints laid the nation's claim to glory, through which their grandparents' parents even learnt their English. It must be confessed that there are after all more things than more utility in this our mundane sphere, and the coming century promises a dearth of ideals. Now of all peoples the Irish are noted for their appreciation of ideals. Why not give them their own. The no whit lower than that of Czech or Sikh. The former has resurrected his national tongue, the latter is privileged in bilingualism.

The utility question, however, is not by any means to be waived. The revival in Ireland does not advocate

the abolition of Saxon speech; it aims rather at making the Irish a bilingual people, or at least cognizant of their own language and its literature. Why 'tis claimed for our modern educational methods that a new language means a new life, and to insist on the utility plea logically minimizes the importance of our departmental and private French as German courses. Nor is the philological benefit accruing from an intimate acquaintance with an old and expressive idiom, to be lost sight of by the student of literature. Then there is the further consideration of mental training.

But the prime fruitage of the Irish Gaelic revival is to be the new impulse given to world literature and art. Just now we produce little better than journals and photographic papers and Mr. Douglas Hyde speaking of the dangers of a homogeneous empire, says, "Britain will scarcely escape the artistic and literary sterility of the Chinese, Babylonian, Persian and Roman Empires." The resurrection of a new literature will be a change things. Its traditions are as respectable as any in Europe. Its riches are scattered in untold manuscripts all over Europe. According to Heneryk the Gaelic is a richer idiom than German, with many of its knacks of expression. And the argument on the merits of the case, will be clinched appropriately by the following words of Cardinal Logue. His Eminence speaking at Belfast, said:

"I have some little knowledge of 'other languages, and my impression is, that if you wish to convey 'in the clearest words, the most delicate shades of thought and feeling, if you wish to go straight to 'the hearts of your audience or to 'convince their reason, you could 'not select a more efficient medium 'than Irish."

These are the intrinsic merits of the tongue that have appealed to strangers like Strachan Finmer and these merits have been sanctioned by a chair at Washington.

It is objected that the success of the movement means the ruin of Ireland's influence in the outer world. Not exactly. The Irish abroad can take care of themselves, asking no favors, speaking the tongues of the world. Their past success has not been exclusively connected with the English tongue, and when so connected has not been a necessary product of Anglicization. And what the Irish at home need is not expansion but consolidation, and the growth of a vigorous national spirit. Characteristic of the Gaelic is the Gospel-seed 'tis true, but the institutions of Ireland are something other than exportation agencies. The Irish and their Irishness ask right of citizenship and none too soon, for 'tis a patent fact that Ireland was rapidly becoming a province, owing in part unfortunately to some who preached imperialism in the name of church and country.

Let these censors now remember that honor paid a nation's language, is honor paid its dignity and self-respect. For the nation's language is the creature of its nation's thought, "Destroy the soul," says Hyde, "and there is a measure of aspiration less in the world. Besides, in stealing from the traditions of the race, you do not give him what is best in English—Shakespeare, etc.—but the gutter of the London." We see now how it is that the sturdy Irishman made such conquests even among the Irish, why modernizers have grown ashamed of Milesian Me's and O's, for, alas! the iron heel of 700 years' oppression has left its print on the Irish soul, momentarily dwarfing it. Max O'Ry's transatlantic snob is nothing in transparency to the affected ones, on whom English ways fit about as well as the Dutchman's made-to-order suit, of which the pants were two feet too short and the coat two feet too long. The Anglo-Saxon himself has retained the framework of his idiom, in modern English, despite the Norman occupation, and he has had backbone enough to retain the manners that yet differentiate him from the Normans across the channel. Has the Celt the same staying powers? Taken in Globe we think he has, and one of the most hopeful signs of it is the fact that in five years 150 branches of the Gaelic League have been founded.

POIRIN.

A RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.

Assembled in the beautiful little chapel of the monastery of the Precious Blood at Notre Dame de Grace on Wednesday morning, April 10th, was a large concourse of relatives and friends of Sister Mary of the Passion, nee Miss Margaret Clark, to witness the imposing ceremony of her profession in the Order of the "Adorers of the Precious Blood." The chapel was brilliantly illuminated with lights and adorned with flowers. Mgr. Racicot presided, and received the vows of the newly professed Sister, he was assisted by Rev. Father Daigneau, parish priest of St. Pierre-aux-Lions.

Sister Mary of the Passion is the only surviving daughter of the late Mr. Patrick Clark, of Cote des Neiges, and a niece of Mr. H. Clark, Champlain street, this city. That her life in the holy cloister shall be a long and happy one is the best wish of the "True Witness," and of the numerous friends who learned to know and love her while she was yet in the world.

An evil heart puts the worst interpretation on all that it sees, and turns it to its own hurt.

Subscribers are requested to notify us of any change in their address, in order to ensure prompt delivery of the paper.

THE LATE THOMAS

THE APPEAL OF THE

When November's breeze
For the year that men
Hear the dear departed
Can you be so cold, u
To their earnest anxi
While your pray's r
needing
Can you let their men

When the graveyard
wending,
Where the weeping w
And the moaning p
Mark the tombs of k
P'rhaps those souls ar
ing
Looking on to high b
And their God, with
ing
Surely their appeal y

When the dead-bells s
On the autumn air an
And the tale of pit
To the faithful o'er t
Then hearken to the
ing
And while the muffled
ing
Make their echoes be
Lend the souls a help

THOMAS
Montreal, November

The foregoing poem,
last one sent us by
Whelan, and which
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ate us to-day—now th
in the dawn of the
the "Holy Souls," fo
recently asked "a
The early death of
young man affects u
manner. Twenty-one



THE LATE THOMAS

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a marked degree, he
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the literary spirit of
lives, and that even
Irish Catholic breath
will—the atmosphere
patriotism that invig
fathers and preserved
trust while embalmi
their love of country
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by all who knew him
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Institute attended his
representative funeral
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"I, too, shall be for
shall be spoken,
When Erin awakes
are broken
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mer eve's gleaming
When freedom's youn
spirit is beaming
And bend o'er my gr
of emotion,
Where calm Avonbu
ocean;
And pluck a wild w
banks of the river
To place o'er the
sleeping forever."

If it be true, as we
in Christian practice
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the God's love di
surely must have lo
pressing the gentle v
brief obituary we at
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