

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY.....JUNE 30, 1897.

CLOSING OF THE SCHOOLS.

While some of the city Catholic schools are in advance of others, there is, we are happy to think, a general condition of progress that is creditable to all our educationists. During the last twelve months there has been a great deal of comment on our Catholic schools in which serious injustice has been done to a most meritorious and devoted class of men and women. We have tried to show how utterly at fault some of those comments were and how little some of the critics knew of the history of the institutions against which they so lightly lifted up their voices. The strangest thing during the long and painful discussion, which cannot be ended till justice is done, is that men calling themselves Catholics have joined the mob of fault-finders in howling down teachers to whom perhaps they owed it that they were able to write at all. But *fiat justitia ruat cælum*. In the end truth and right will triumph. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to know that our Montreal Catholic schools are keeping up their reputation.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax has won high praise for the manner in which he discharged the duties of President of the Royal Society of Canada during its meeting at Halifax. Owing to the Cabot celebration, or the commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the arrival of John Cabot on the shores of the New World, it was deemed advisable that the Society should meet this year at Halifax instead of as usual, at Ottawa, and consequently a good deal of responsibility fell to the share of the President. As was to be expected, His Grace acquitted himself worthily of his functions, both as a host and as the president of a learned society. The luncheon given by His Grace to the members of the Royal Society and its delegates and invited guests took place on the 22nd inst., at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Spring Garden Road. His Grace also entertained some distinguished members of the Society.

THE MARTYR PRIESTS OF LIVERPOOL.

On the 10th inst. a memorial was erected in front of St. Patrick's Church, Liverpool, to the Irish martyr-priests of 1847—the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of their noble confession and martyrdom in the holiest of causes. When the famine fever broke out among the Irish emigrants in Liverpool there were in the town twenty-four priests set apart for devotion to their spiritual needs. In six months the lives of ten of them had been sacrificed, and within two months more three others had followed them to the grave. One of those who recovered from the ordeal through which they had all to pass was the Rev. Doctor O'Reilly, late Bishop of Liverpool. We have already referred to the devoted work of those noble priests in connection with the victims who fell in the discharge of duty in Montreal and elsewhere during the same sad year. All those priests were heroes in the truest sense, and that a memorial should be erected to the sacerdotal martyrs of Liverpool must give satisfaction to every Irishman in Montreal and wherever else there are Irish hearts to cherish sympathy and gratitude.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

The grant of local self-government to Ireland—which the Munster News calls Home Rule in reality if not in name—has directed the earnest attention of all who are interested in Catholic education in Ireland to the best means of solving that great question. In a recent address on the subject His Eminence Cardinal Logue, replying to the boys of the Christian Brothers' Schools of Letterkenny, spoke of the advantages of a good round education combined with moral training as his chief hope for Ireland's future. His Eminence did not forget to avail himself of the opportunity of saying that the Christian Brothers' Schools were thorough in both these aspects of the best education that a country can have. This fact was brought out very clearly on the intellectual side by the reports of inspectors of which we gave a careful summary about a year ago. The superiority of the Catholic (Christian Brothers) Schools

was borne witness to by Protestant inspectors, and examiners in a way most gratifying to those who had stood out for Catholic education. And the Cardinal Archbishop has urged these results as justification for the refusal of Catholics to be satisfied with either Trinity College or the Queen's College. They will persist in maintaining that ground of separate Catholic Education through every grade of training—from childhood to manhood—from the catechism to the starting point of business or professional knowledge, so that every lesson learned until the young man begins the struggle of life will be imparted by Catholic principles. This insistence is all the more essential now that Ireland has become the mistress of her own local affairs, so that while the minority will not be deprived of a single just right, the majority will enjoy the benefits of that local self-administration which has for ages been denied to it and which it will exercise as a guarantee for the discharge of the fuller engagement—National Home Rule.

ST. PATRICK AND THE CRITICS.

It seems that an English professor has been denying the existence of St. Patrick. Such denial is not a new thing, but the grounds on which we are now asked to question the reality of our patron saint's life and mission have a certain novelty. The very name of the saint is by this new light said to be due to a misunderstanding. Venerable Bede, in his history of the Church in England, writes that in the 8th year of Theodosius the younger, Palladius was sent by Pope Celestinus to the Scots (that is the Irish) who believed in Christ, to be their first bishop. In the 23rd year of the same monarch's reign, Bede adds, "Etius, qui et patricius fuit," discharged for the third time the duties of the consularship, having Symmachus for his colleague. Now, according to this new critic, the words that we have given in the original were regarded by a careless copyist as referring to the name of a person, instead of being a qualifying clause, indicating the aristocratic or noble origin of Etius. It is plain from the context that Etius was not a churchman at all but a Roman patrician or noble, who had been three times raised to the consularship, and on the third occasion had the illustrious Symmachus for his colleague. It is difficult to see how any one could take this passage as having anything to do with Ireland's patron saint. Etius is a well known historical character. Even in this very chapter of Bede's History he is represented as receiving from the Britons, at that time in great distress, because the Romans, being themselves in conflict with barbarians, had been obliged to withdraw their forces from Britain, an appeal for aid. The letter had this superscription: "To Etius thrice consul, the groans of the Britons," and it went on to urge that they were so pressed by their enemies that to death by the sword they had no alternative but death by drowning.

It is not to Bede that we must look for the origin of St. Patrick and his mission, but to his own writings. That there is controversy regarding his autobiographical works is no more extraordinary than that there is controversy regarding hundreds of other documents that have come down to us. We know much more concerning his parentage, boyhood, his early experiences, his captivity, his vocation and his mission than we know of the lives of many other saints and many other men who were not saints. That there should be a degree of obscurity as to some points in his career is not surprising in view of the time and circumstances of his life. Rather is it a cause of satisfaction that so many testimonies are extant of his great work in Ireland. As his name implies, he was of good birth. We should not, indeed, depend wholly on a Roman, any more than a modern name, as indicating a personal characteristic, for names among the ancients, as among the moderns, are not always to be accepted as significant in that way. But we believe it because St. Patrick tells us so himself. He also informs us that his father had a little villa near the town of Bonavem Tabernice, south of the wall of Severus, in that part of Scotland which is opposite the county Antrim. It was from there he was carried off to be enslaved in Ireland, to which country, after his escape, he returned as a missionary. For six years he was a herdsman in the Antrim mountains and the town of Downpatrick still bears witness to his presence. He had a dream some years after his return to his people in which, like St. Paul long before him, he heard the voice of sinners calling him to help them. He was still a young man when he obeyed the divine vocation and it was near the end of the fifth century before he was called to his reward. Our readers have had opportunities many and great for hearing from their clergy all that St. Patrick did for Ireland. The very traditions of his long and glorious labors in evangelizing our fatherland is quite enough, if we had nothing else, to convince us of the grand reality of his mission. No higher criticism can deprive

us of the comfort of belief in his glorious and ennobling example. Let us only be true sons to St. Patrick and we need not fear the wrong-headedness of the critics.

EXIT, CAPTAIN BOYCOTT.

The death of Captain Boycott not long since recalls one of the most remarkable struggles between landlordism and tenants' rights that the world has witnessed in our time. The peculiarity of Captain Boycott's history as a landlord and an agent of landlords is that his name became synonymous with the retribution that overtook him. It became a terror to all Irish landlords or agents who adopted his policy. Although it is not yet a score of years since it was first used in the peculiar sense attached to it and for which the English language has no other term half so expressive, it is found in all the recently published dictionaries, as a word employed with a definite signification, wherever the English language is spoken. It is said to have been first used in its long well known popular sense by Father John O'Malley, of the County Mayo, and by James Redpath. How did a gentleman, otherwise of fair enough reputation, draw upon himself the reproach of being the very impersonation of the doom that awaited intolerable tyranny—a social excommunication so sweeping that even the boldest might well hesitate to provoke a penalty so formidable?

Though of English descent, Captain Boycott was Irish by birth. In 1833 he settled in the County Mayo, where, besides owning a small property in Connemara, near Lough Mask, he acted as agent for several landlords. In this capacity he adopted a policy of thorough and exacting enforcement of the claims of his employers, and, as the people were too poor to pay, his rule caused much distress. The condition of the peasantry who were subjected to harsh dealing becoming known, in 1880, to Messrs. Parnell and Redpath, they devised a plan by which eventually the tables would be turned upon the oppressors. Captain Boycott was the first to feel the effects of its application. He lived in an atmosphere of sullen silence. No one greeted him or any of his family; no one answered their greeting. No mechanic or laborer would enter his service. No shopkeeper would sell him goods of any description. His fields lay neglected, his crops withered, his grass was left uncut, his potatoes rotted in the ground. If he entered the church the people left it. He was as an outcast in his own community. He could not get fuel for heating or cooking purposes. At first he determined to stand his ground and to send for what he wanted to towns and localities beyond his immediate neighborhood. But it was no go. The sentence pronounced against him held good there too. At last he sent his family to Dublin and obtained strangers to harvest his crops and to do other necessary work, soldiers protecting them from the angry peasantry. But the result was not satisfactory, and at last Captain Boycott had to admit that he was vanquished. So, complete was the ostracism that no word but his own name could justly express the reality of the condition to which he had been reduced.

It is a striking proof of the generous nature of the Irish peasantry of Mayo that, after legislation had brought some alleviation of their lot and Captain Boycott had ventured to return from exile to his estate, the people not only did not resent his obstinacy, but they even admired the courage that had sustained him in the unequal fight. In his later years he gave much attention to stock raising, breeding choice horses and fat cattle, and from the Dublin annual horse show, at which his figure was long familiar, he will for some years be regretfully missed by his friends, some of whom were former enemies.

A TELLING COMPARISON.

In the close of a sermon, preached at St. Mary's, Horseferry Road, Westminster, a few weeks ago, by the Very Rev. Father Nicholson, S.J., we find some figures indicating the prevalence of lunacy in different countries which it is not exaggeration to call extraordinary. Father Nicholson was showing the practical effect of sound religion on the minds of a community, and urged that it even gave to the old an expression of happiness and some measure of the buoyancy of youth. Where, on the other hand, there was no religion, no belief in God, no hope for the future, a cloud overspread the face as well as the life. He then compared the statistics of insanity in Ireland with those of England and some continental nations. In Ireland it was found that out of every 100,000 of the population, 1.7 committed suicide every year. In England the percentage rose to 6.9. In Germany it was 14, and in Denmark it was 24. Perhaps the proportion will be more intelligible if we say that in Ireland 17, in England 69, in Germany 150, and in Denmark 240 out of every million persons commit suicide during the year. The point of the comparison lies in the fact that as the Catholic element decreases the proportion of suicides is augmented.

WITHIN PRISON WALLS.

The prejudice that prevails against those who have entered a prison after conviction of some violation of the law—altogether apart from the offence or the degree of culpability, or the possibility that the prisoner, if not more sinned against than sinning, may have a better plea in equity than in law—is very extraordinary. No doubt the respectable members of the community think they have a right to be protected against the risk or the taint of the "criminal classes." Any one who questions his own experience, who has read a Justice Department blue-book or even the legal reports in the daily papers, must have come to the conclusion that it is a very mixed class—a class as various as society itself. This is also evident from the pages of "The Prison Mirror," published at Stillwater, Minnesota, in the State Prison. "It was founded in 1887 by the prisoners and is edited and managed by them. Its objects are to be a home newspaper, to encourage the moral and intellectual improvement among the prisoners; to acquaint the public with the true status of the prisoners; to disseminate penological information and to aid in dispelling that prejudice which has ever been the barrier to a fallen man's self-redemption. The paper is entirely dependent on the public for its financial support. If at any time there should accrue a surplus of funds the money would be expended in the interests of the prison library." The price is only \$1 a year. Those who are interested in the reform of prisoners by winning them under judicious guidance to the paths of virtue, honesty and religious duty will find the Prison Mirror a well-managed weekly paper. The head of the prison officials is Mr. Jas. O'Brien, and the Catholic chaplain is the Rev. Charles Corcoran.

DEADLY FANATICISM.

The extraordinary evidence of fanaticism, hardly preceded among Hindoos, Moslems or the heathen believers in gods that have human sacrifices, that has been collected in Russia by the correspondent of the London Daily News, is calculated to induce reflections for which it is not easy to find utterance. The mere recital of the terrible deeds perpetrated by those unhappy sectarians, apparently in the fullest consciousness that they were doing what was right and pleasing to God, is enough to shock us out of our self-complacent belief in the world's progress. In one case a number of willing victims were walled up alive by some of their own people. The discovery of their fate was delayed owing to the rigid exclusiveness by which the sectarians are forbidden to associate with other Christians and especially those of the so-called Orthodox or State church of Russia. One wretched murderer was wholly unconscious of the enormity of his offence against the laws of God and man and was perfectly calm while all around him were horror-stricken at the disclosures. A sort of episode in the general massacre was the putting to death by a deranged husband and father of his own wife and children. The young wife had been insanely afraid that the object of the census officers was to convert her and her children to Orthodoxy against their will and she besought her husband to be their executioner. He hesitated until he had consulted a woman named Vitalia, who was regarded as a sort of prophetess in this strange community, and when she approved of the wife's decision, he proceeded to bury his wife and children alive. His only regret was that he was not permitted to share in their self-immolation.

There are various explanations of this dreadful type of fanaticism, which seems almost incredible. Some writers blame the cruel persecution of the Russian authorities which visits with fine, imprisonment and corporal punishment those who dissent from the church of which the Czar is the head. They believe that the heads of the wretched people have been turned by the repeated cruelties experienced in the enforcement of the law of uniformity. But that is hardly a sufficient explanation. Catholics in Poland—not to speak of their long martyrdom in Ireland—have undergone ordeals that might well unsettle the mind if such derangement were a normal consequence of persecution, and the history of the suffering of the early Christians is also against such a conclusion.

Wherever or whenever the delusion that to throw away the life that God had given by any form of self-immolation, invaded any community of professing Christians, the Church invariably condemned it. The utmost fervor of Catholic courage in the ages of pagan persecution never surpassed that stage at which the believer was ready to bear all torments for his faith and to defy the ingenuity of the Roman magistrates in inventing new tortures. That friend could raise his hand against friend and the head of the family against his wife and children, seems rather like the product of some wild epidemic of madness than the result of any doctrine, however debased, claiming to be founded on the

precepts of the Holy Gospel. That fanaticism should beget schism is in the nature of things, but this dreadfully homicidal outburst of "Old Believers" or "Begims" or "Egiltives" seems more like some diabolic shape of that mysterious iniquity against which in the first ages the Apostle Saint Paul warned his Gentile converts. The whole subject requires to be thoroughly sifted. But the immediate duty of the Russian authorities is to make sure that such murderous fanaticism finds no more infatuated victims.

CATHOLIC CHARITY.

The admirable sermon preached by the Rev. Father D. A. Twomey, at the dedication of the new Hotel Dieu at Cornwall, illustrated the charity of Christ, of which that fine hospital is so worthy an example, in a manner that must have impressed all who heard him with an enduring influence. Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, presided with his mitre and crozier. Among the other clergy present were His Lordship Bishop McDonnell, of Alexandria, who opened the new home of charity; the Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, of Chesterville; the Rev. Father Twomey, Williamstown; the Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, St. Raphael; Rev. D. R. McDonald, Alexandria; Rev. W. McDonald, St. Andrew's; and the Rev. Fathers De Saunhac and Campbell, of Cornwall. The new hospital contains three wards, two for women, with ten beds, and one for men, with eight beds, eighteen in all, and four private wards. It was formerly the residence of the late Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald and was recently purchased by the diocese of Alexandria and fitted up with all modern conveniences. The Sisters sent from Kingston Hotel Dieu by Archbishop Cleary are to have charge of it.

The Rev. Father D. A. Twomey took his text from the second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians (v. 14): "For the Charity of Christ presseth us." The life and offerings of the Divine Redeemer were, said the reverend preacher, aimed at the establishment of the reign of charity in the hearts of men. He then proceeded to contrast the life of Greece and Rome even at the highest stage of development with the standard that Christ set up and that His faithful Disciples followed through every persecution. The Jews had some kind of charity inculcated by the Mosaic law, but that same law that enjoined the kindly reception of strangers was based on the ruthless principle of retaliation—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. As for the charity of pagan Greece and Rome, notwithstanding the intellectual supremacy of the one and the great jurisprudence of the other, its fruits were enough to condemn it. The Greeks looked upon every stranger as an enemy and called other nations barbarians. The Romans butchered human beings to make a holiday, senators and fair ladies gloating over the sight. Was it any wonder that Jesus called it a new Commandment when He told His disciples to love their neighbors as themselves? The reverend speaker then went on to give examples of that charity from the lives of true Christians in all ages. The Church had never ceased to be faithful to that divine mission of charity.

St. Laurence, when the Roman Prefect ordered him to give up the jewels and other wealth of the Church committed to his care, brought forth the widows, orphans, poor and helpless, and setting them before the magistrate, said: "These are our only treasures." In every century the house of relief, the refuge for the poor, the sick, the crippled, rose side by side with the temple in which God was worshipped.

Coming to our own day, Father Twomey visited every great division of the globe, and showed that in each of them was the fulfilment of Christ's command. He gave striking evidences from a work written by a Protestant, Lady Barker, wife of the ex-Governor of Victoria, of the charities of the Benedictine Fathers in that colony. "Any order or creed or any country may," writes Lady Barker, "be proud of such excellent, devoted men and of the result of their life work." In the tropical regions of West Africa the evidence of Catholic charity was still more pronounced; owing to the deadliness of the climate, it had been called the "white man's grave." Father Twomey closed his sermon with a most instructive and impressive sketch of the devotion of the French Catholic missionary martyrs sent by France to Canada in the 17th century; of the heroic deaths of Fathers Brebeuf, Lalemant and Daniel, of the devotion of Mlle. Jean Manoe, of Marguerite Bourgeois, of Mère Marie de L'Incarnation, and Madame Youville and others who had loved their neighbors with a love that shines like a halo around their memories. Father Twomey gave a vivid picture of the dread leprosy—to come in contact with the victims of which was the most sublime proof of Christian charity. For that proof they need not leave their own land. Cultured ladies, as brave as Father Damien, had volunteered to go to Tracadie, well knowing the frightful nature of the task before them. In fact, when some years ago Sir W. Hingston appealed to the

Hotel Dieu in this city, every religious inmate volunteered to undertake the duty! Need we go further for illustrations of the operation of the greatest of Christian graces than the prompt obedience to God's call of those devoted Catholic ladies? Yet the Church abounds in such examples, and this, said Father Twomey, was the spirit that should dominate the Hotel Dieu at Cornwall. Within its consecrated walls angels of mercy would wipe the tears of suffering from the eyes of enfeebled and suffering humanity. God bless such noble toilers in the sacred cause of charity, and the clergy and laity who co-operated with them.

THE LATE REV. MOTHER DESCHAMP.

As we go to press the sad news reaches us that Rev. Mother Deschamp, the venerable Head of the Order of Grey Nuns, had passed away to her reward. Rev. Mother Deschamp was a remarkable woman. Under her long tenure of the high and important office of Superior General the Order has made rapid strides of progress, not alone in this city, but throughout every part of Canada. Deceased had been associated with the Order sixty years, during twenty-five of which she held the honored position which she occupied at the time of her demise. In our next issue we will deal with the principle phases of her career which has left its impress not alone in the immediate vicinity of the institution over which she had so long presided, but also in many works beyond its limits, which bear testimony of her noble devotion to the cause of charity.

CITY PASSENGER CAR SYSTEM.

No one who is old enough to be able to compare our actual car service in the city and suburbs with what it used to be can fail to be impressed with the almost marvellous character of the change in extent, speed, comfort and punctuality. Those who can recall the progress of our city in provision for cheap intra-terminal traffic since the first experiment was made some forty years ago, will have a fund of interesting recollections that cover not only the development of the city in this respect but its growth and advance along every line of civic progress. To appreciate the mighty strides of passenger car expansion we have not to go back forty, nor even thirty, nor even twenty years, for a point of view to compare with that of to-day. Ten years will be ample—much less than ten, indeed. Half a decade ago may be recalled as the starting point from which the new unseen courses set out on their endless journey. Even our young readers can remember the poor strained horses, overloaded with tired men and women dragging their burden from six a.m. to 7 p.m., with painful panting up the hills. The contrast offered by the equipment and arrangements of to-day is extraordinary and the citizen must have little gratitude who does not acknowledge it. For the efficiency which makes city travel so pleasant as well as speedy, much credit is due to the superintendent, Mr. D. McDonald, whom we are happy to congratulate on his success.

When the new electric system was introduced, many nervous people thought their lives would be in constant danger. The experience of a few months relieved them of their alarms. In fact, accidents in the city cars are fewer than by other risks to which city people are exposed, and in most cases it is the fault of the persons injured or killed.

At the same time a word of reminder may be reasonable. The conductor's duties require incessant vigilance and, as a rule, they fulfil their part of the bargain. Sometimes, however, it would be well if it were borne in mind that ladies take a longer time to get on or off the cars than men do, and that, even where no serious injury results, a sudden chuck may cause pain, loss or inconvenience. Under no circumstances ought the car to be set in motion when a lady is ascending or descending to or from it. The same rule applies, it may be said, to all passengers, but some of the young, strong and active may take risks that to ladies and older men, rheumatic or otherwise ailing, would very probably prove grave, if not fatal. On the part of the conductors and drivers there should be no departure from the company's rules. That is the only path of safety.

As to the duty of the public, passengers on the cars ought to remember that when by their impatience or rashness they put their lives or limbs in jeopardy, they are doing injustice to others—to the conductors and drivers on whom they cast suspicion, and to their fellow-travellers, whom they needlessly inconvenience in various ways; and lastly, to themselves, on whom the blows sometimes falls heaviest.

Lawyer—"You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch?" Witness—"It had my sweetheart's picture in it." Lawyer—"Ah! Yes, a woman in the case."