

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..... SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE WARS.—There are two wars still going on—we cannot say raging. What they are doing in China is not easy to find out, and what is taking place in the Transvaal does not seem to create very much interest. To all intents and purposes the Boer war is over. Still DeWet is making Tommy Atkins dance around amongst the kopjes, just as a fidler would make the fairies dance in the glens of the Galtees. Baden-Powell has become chief of police out in the Transvaal, and Lord Roberts is moving about trying to get things quieted down. Here and there we read of other generals running after Boers, dodging ambushes, and performing the very uninteresting scenes in the last act of that drama. Most of the contingents are coming home; not a few have already reached Canada, or England. It seems now to be a mere question of military administration in South Africa, previous to a new system of civic administration being adopted. This is about all we have to tell. As to the Chinese war, the Boxers seem to be demoralized. Li Hung Chang has been given full power to negotiate peace terms with the various foreign Powers, and Russia wants to withdraw her forces from the Celestial Empire. They say that the Queen Dowager has at last been taken prisoner. If she has not, the situation remains as it has been for over a week; if she has it does not much matter, provided she is kept under the eye of the united allies. England and Russia seem to have similar ideas regarding the evacuation of the country; but France and Germany do not appear to care much beyond their respective interests. In a word, it is a mystery and only time will solve it.

A PILGRIMAGE TO ANTWERP.—The pilgrimage to Our Lady of Antwerp, which took place this year under the auspices of the Catholic Association and the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, passed off very successfully. The pilgrims, who were accompanied by Father Fletcher and Mr. C. J. Munich, reached Antwerp about 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, and at 11 a.m., in accordance with the pre-arranged programme, proceeded to the cathedral, where Mass was said by the Rev. A. Byrne, English chaplain at Antwerp (who worked very hard for the success of the pilgrimage), the pilgrims meantime singing their English hymns. After Mass they assembled before the statue of Our Lady of Antwerp, where, after the hymn "Hail, Queen of Heaven" had been sung, a short address was delivered by Father Byrne, and prayers for the conversion of England was recited.

A PRIEST FOR BANNOCKBURN.—Bannockburn is one of the most sacred spots in Scottish history. There was fought the great battle which has ever remained the theme, the inspiration and the boast of the Scottish people. Some time ago there was opened there a school-chapel, and now for the first time since the so-called Reformation, a Catholic priest administers to the people, the mission having been put under the

charge of the Rev. Francis McManus, of the Cathedral in Broughton street. Father McManus has the reputation in Edinburgh of being a hard worker, and an energetic priest, and Bannockburn Catholics are to be congratulated on his selection.

A PAROCHIAL CUSTOM.—In Scotland the last Saturday in August winds up the summer season, and consequently most of the mills and workshops are closed, whilst the workers go down and take their last look at the sea till once summer comes round again. Several of the parishes made a new innovation this year and held them to the coast for the day. St. Joseph's went to Stirling. St. John's visited one of their curates who has lately been appointed to the charge of the pleasant little sea coast mission of Saltcoats, and here, too, the St. Francis' League of the Cross, and Father Richard at their head, betook themselves. Fortunately the day was all that could be desired.

IS DEWET PARNELL?—According to the London "Mail" there exists in Ireland a theory that DeWet, the remarkable Boer leader, and Charles Stewart Parnell are one and the same person.

"The imaginative Celt," says the "Mail," "has built up a romantic story to the effect that Parnell did not die and was not buried; that he attended the funeral which was supposed to be his and smiled at the credulity of his countrymen. Now it is actually believed in many parts of Ireland that he really is Christian DeWet, and nothing apparently shakes the belief of the simple Irish folk in this remarkable story."

We are strongly under the impression that the "Mail" is far more imaginative, certainly more inventive, than ever were the people of Ireland. There is about as much sense in this story as there is in anything that anti-Irish organs concoct for the benefit of their prejudiced readers. We don't believe that ever such a theory found birth except in the brain of the writer in the "Mail."

THE GALVESTON CYCLONE.—From time to time in the history of the world we read of disasters, misfortunes that assume the proportions of national catastrophes. The elements seem to suddenly be let loose and to run riot over the country. We in this north land of comparative security know nothing of the tropical hurricane, we have never, even in the depths of our severe winters, experienced storms such as the one which swept over Galveston, Texas, on Sunday last. In fact, the imagination can scarcely conceive such a death-dealing, wholesale destructive visitation of the elements. One of the most minute and graphic accounts that we have read is from the pen of an eye-witness, Mr. Richard Splan, a newsdealer of Galveston, says:—

"One of the most awful tragedies of modern times has visited Galveston."

The city is in ruins, and the dead will number probably 1,000.

The wreck of Galveston was brought about by a tempest so terrible that no words can adequately describe its intensity, and by a flood which turned the city into a raging sea.

The weather bureau records show that the wind attained a velocity of 84 miles an hour when the measur-

ing instrument blew away, so it is impossible to tell what was the maximum.

The storm began at 2 o'clock Sunday morning. Previous to that a great storm had been raging in the Gulf, and the tide was very high. The wind first came from the north, and was in direct opposition to the force from the Gulf. While the storm in the Gulf piled the water up on the beach side of the city, the north wind piled the water from the bay on to the bay part of the city.

About noon it became evident that the city was going to be visited with disaster.

Hundreds of residences along the beach front were hurriedly abandoned, the families fleeing to dwellings in higher portions of the city.

Every home was opened to the refugees, black or white. The winds were rising constantly, and it rained in torrents. The wind was so fierce that the rain cut like a knife.

By 3 o'clock the waters of the bay and Gulf met and by dark the entire city was submerged. The flooding of the electric light plant and the gas plants left the city in darkness. To go upon the streets was to court death.

The wind was then at cyclone velocity, roofs, cisterns, portions of buildings, telegraph poles and walls were falling, and the noise of the wind and the crashing of the buildings were terrifying in the extreme.

The wind and waters rose steadily from dark until 1.45 o'clock Sunday morning.

At present it is roughly estimated that over one thousand people met death on that terrible night. Mr. Splan says:—

"During all this time the people of Galveston were like rats in traps. The highest portion of the city was four to five feet under water, while in the great majority of cases the streets were submerged to a depth of ten feet."

To leave a house was to drown. To remain was to court death in the wreckage. Such a night of agony has seldom been equaled.

Without apparent reason the waters suddenly began to subside at 1.45 a.m. Within twenty minutes they had gone down two feet, and before daylight the streets were practically freed of the flood waters."

After giving details that astound, bewilder, almost frighten us, on merely reading them, the gentleman above quoted said that:—

"It will take a week to tabulate the dead and approximate the money lost. It is safe to assume that one-half of the property of the city is wiped out, and that one-half of the residents have to face absolute poverty. For ten miles inland from the shore it is a common sight to see small craft, such as steam launches, yachts, and yester sloop. The lifeboats of the steam sailing station were carried half a mile inland, while a vessel that was anchored in Moses bay, lies high and dry five miles up from Lamarque."

FORMER CYCLONES.—This fearful cyclone is not the first that has visited Galveston, nor is it the first that has spread death and destruction over the Southern States; but it is the worst within the memory of living man.

On Wednesday, September 15, 1875, a storm broke over Galveston, which submerged half of Galveston island and left the city cut off from the rest of the world until late on Sunday night. Several hundred tenements were destroyed, churches were unroofed, and the streets were littered with debris. Some score of lives were lost in this gale, and the damage done reached nearly a quarter of a million dollars. The shipping in the harbor suffered severely, one schooner being hurled forty feet inland. In the Strand market the water driven in from the Gulf by the gale was three feet deep. No railroad trains were run, and the telegraph wires were down for three days. Other towns on the Texas coast suffered in proportion. In this gale the town of Indianola, in Calhoun County, with a population of 1,150, was entirely swallowed up by the sea. Two hundred lives were lost, and the damage done to property, reached a million dollars. Bodies were strewn along the beach for twenty miles after the gale.

In October, 1886, Sabine Pass, Tex., was practically destroyed by a storm on the Gulf, in which 247 lives were lost. The Louisiana coast suffered severely at this time.

It was a similar storm that on August 27, 1893, ravaged the coasts of Louisiana, Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina, being most severe in the latter state, where 1,000 lives were lost, mostly in the Sea Islands. The Red Cross provided for 30,000 people in South Carolina that fall.

A SCOTCH CONVERT'S GIFT.—At Ayr, in Scotland, two weeks ago last Sunday evening, a new monument the gift of Mr. Stuart Coats (a recent convert to the Church,) was used in St. Margaret's Church, Ayr, for the first time. The monument, which is of exquisite design, richly set with precious stones, was greatly admired.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Henry R. Gray and family have returned from Aspen Farm.

Mr. E. B. Devlin returned from Europe on Sunday by the Lake Champlain.

FATHER SAVARD DEAD.

It would seem that in each succeeding issue we have to record the unexpected death of some venerable, some universally esteemed, some beloved member of the priesthood of our archdiocese. The Angel of Death does not consider age, nor station, nor degrees of virtue, nor the utility of the life about to be effaced; the mandate goes forth from the All-Wise and All-Bountiful Creator, the winged messenger rushes down through infinite space with the summons, and bears back to the Father in Heaven, the soul of whose presence is required in the realms of unending glory. Thrice, within almost as many weeks has that order been carried to priests of our acquaintance. The late Canon Piche had just descended from the pulpit, after pronouncing one of his most eloquent appeals for the salvation of his parishioners; the late Canon Leclerc had just returned from the altar whereon he had offered the adorable sacrifice for the salvation of his flock; and now, Rev. Father Savard, C.S.S.R., of St. Ann's parish, was seated in the confessional—absolving sinners and washing souls with the waters of grace—when the dark-winged angel knocked at the door, and declared to him that his place in the ranks of the Church Triumphant await him, that his place in the ranks of the Church Militant should henceforth be vacant.

Stricken with paralysis, while seated in his beloved confessional, on Monday last, the devout and zealous priest rendered up his soul to God on Tuesday evening. The news of his death comes as a severe blow to all his friends. While the members of the Redemptorist Order will feel the loss more than all others, he being an active and able priest of that community, the parishioners of St. Ann's will experience a sorrow that cannot be translated into words.

One of the most touching and eloquent expressions of Our Lord is that in which He calls upon the world to "let little children come up to Him." These words made a deep and lasting impression upon the heart of Father Savard; they inspired him with the noble idea of his great life-work; they constituted him a self-appointed protector of neglected and poor children. It was in this work of his predilection that he spent the years of his sacerdotal ministry in Montreal. By the score, by the hundred could be counted the young souls that he has saved from the dangers of life, from the almost certainty of final perdition. He was untiring in his labors; he sought out the waifs in the by-ways of the land, in the dark abodes of corruption, in the unsheltering places that could not be honestly called homes, in the miserable hovels, in the neglected homes; and he drew these little ones to Christ, to the Church, to a life that they had never expected to enjoy. What prayers must not have gone up, from young and innocent hearts, for the repose of his good soul! What tears of regret and of genuine gratitude must not have been shed over his tomb!

Rev. Louis Savard, C.S.S.R., was born at Malbaie, April 21, 1851, and was ordained to the priesthood April 8, 1878. Two years afterwards he was named parish priest at St. Fulgence, Chicoutimi. He entered the Redemptorist Order, Belgium, in October, 1883, and took his final vows on November 15, 1884. He came to St. Ann's Parish in 1887 from Ste. Anne de Beaupre. During the past fifteen years there has hardly been a parish in the province of Quebec or the New England States in which his eloquence and fine personal qualities were not known, and appreciated.

The funeral yesterday morning was the best evidence of the esteem and love entertained for the good and gentle priest of St. Ann's. From the Archbishop, upon his throne, down to the humblest child that owed a debt of gratitude to the departed, all without exception felt keenly the loss sustained, and all prayed with fervor for his eternal happiness. We, too, join in that invocation, and take the liberty of paraphrasing a well-remembered poem of McGee, in saying, with all our heart, "God's rest to the soul of the Priest of St. Ann's."

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

It is refreshing to read the opinion of T. S. B.—the Dublin correspondent of the "Star"—upon the subject of the Irish language. We doubt not for a moment that Mr. T. S. B. has a certain dislike for the Irish language; nor do we care to find fault with him for that which is most natural in such a nature as his. But we were amused, in presence of the gigantic movement now sweeping over the world, the result of which none can tell—to find that the "Star's" correspondent could, only quote a fellow of Trinity by nature an anti-Irishman—to serve as an au-

thority upon the value of the Irish language. Here is what T. S. B. says:—

"Dr. Anthony Traill, the well-known senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, does not seem to have a very high opinion of the Irish language, nor does he think that there is the least use in trying to foster it. He says: 'The sooner all Irishmen learn to talk nothing else but English the better for themselves and their country.' The present movement is, in my opinion, simply got up for so-called nationalistic purposes, bolstering up the perfectly hopeless pretence of 'Ireland, a nation,' which can only have one tendency, i.e., to throw the country back in the scale of progress. Of course, there are many others who have great faith in the project for keeping alive the Irish language, with a view to fostering a love of country and the knowledge of Irish tradition. All the same, the number of people speaking Irish is slowly but surely declining, and it is only in a few places in the wildest parts of the west that it is kept up to any extent. Of all the Irish M.U.'s who clamour for the preservation, there are only a couple who can speak it, and that badly."

Now the above is what Dr. Anthony Traill thinks about the Irish language; but it must be remembered that everything coming out of that old un-English College, called Trinity, is stamped with a specially English seal. Such men as Dr. Traill do not want to see a revival of the Celtic tongue; they know how much it depends for a people upon their language—it is the talisman of their future nationhood. The richness, the beauty, the exactness, the harmony of the Irish language are none the less real because the "trail" of persecution's serpent is left upon the nation. What a very touching advice to give the Irish,—"the sooner all Irishmen learn to talk nothing else but English the better for themselves and their country." The learned fellow of Trinity does not even suggest that, for reasons of general usefulness, the Irish should learn English; but he advises them to learn no other language. This is a pretty hard nut to crack.

Such an advice savors very much of the Penal times, when it was against the law to speak Irish and a felony to learn English. Dr. Traill would evidently wish the people to sink lower and lower into the bog of illiteracy; but that day is gone past forever. The sun rises, this day, above the slopes of Ben Heber, and sets beyond the Church of Conemara, just as if an Elizabeth had never reigned, a Henry had never murdered, and the iron hoof of a Cromwell was never set on the bosom of the Island. The Irish language revival will go on, just as if Dr. Traill had never expressed an opinion upon it; just as if Mr. T. S. B. had never misrepresented it in the columns of the "Star." It does good; sometimes, to read these criticisms; even when we know that they can have no effect upon the object at which they are aimed. We like to be forearmed and vigilant; we like also to know our enemies;—both conditions being ultimately beneficial in a national fray.

THE POPE AND PROTESTANTISM.

Considerable surprise has been created in higher Protestant circles, especially in England, by the letter of His Holiness to the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome. We publish the translation of that letter in another column. It will be seen by a careful perusal of the same that the Pope does not formulate any special accusation against the representatives of Protestant churches; he complains of the colporteur class of perverters that are sent out, under salary, by rich religious associations to entice Catholics away from the Church. Rome is infested with these people, principally women; they adopt methods peculiar to their calling, and seek to show their employees some fruits of their labors. The Holy Father knows his people; he knows that the Italian will scarcely ever become a sincere Protestant. He will fall into infidelity, irreligion, but not Protestantism. In the majority of cases, without ever actually losing his faith, the Italian pervert, through necessity and like causes, sinks to a level of religious indifference—and indifference is the portico of infidelity's temple. The higher, and better class of Protestants have as much repugnance to these low and under-hand methods of "drawing fish to the Protestant net" as have the members of our Church; nor can they well be held responsible for the conduct of these mercenaries of their own faith.

An English paper, dealing editorially with this subject, gives the following example:—

"But if, as the Holy Father remarks, they cannot count upon the force of truth, they have great reliance on the power of material resources, especially when employed in mean and underhand practices. People of mature years have convictions and can argue; the minds of the young can be easily impressed by those who are more advanced in life. Therefore one of the chief aims of the Protestant propagandists is to get hold of children. How is this purpose carried out? They are aware that Italy is a land where want is acutely felt. So they approach the poor—approach them often in an indirect, insidious way. A good lady has taken a house in a neighboring street or village. She says little or nothing of her Protestantism. The kindly soul cultivates above all things the character of a bountiful benefactress. She is astonishingly generous and open-handed. Little Nicholas has no boots; she buys him a pair and presents them to the parents. Nay, she adds a jacket and a cap, and is loaded with blessings by the father and mother, who are lost in wonder at the large-heartedness of the rich lady from a foreign land. Soon she calls upon them again and brings articles of apparel and money for food. They are effusive in their thanks. Whilst they are pouring them forth she timidly suggests that as she teaches a class at her house it might be well if little Nicholas were sent to her day by day. He would learn something. Not only would the instruction cost him nothing, but she would provide him with food and clothing. No mention is made of religion. The father and mother now strongly suspect that the funds wherewith the foreign lady procures the food and clothing are supplied by a proselytizing society, but they do not give utterance to their suspicions. They merely express the hope that little Nicholas, who is a Catholic, will not be prevented from honoring the Madonna, through whose intercession they have received so many favors. Positive assurances are given on this point and little Nicholas is sent to the lady's school. He is delighted with his reception. No serious efforts on his part are required to keep pace with the educational work. A good deal of his time is spent in play. At home it was a feast day when he obtained at meals anything beyond mackerel or a crust of bread. In the school he is fed like the son of a noble. Meat is plentiful, and he heartily relishes the different courses set before him. True, he is sorely troubled when beef is offered to him on a fast day. He discloses his difficulty to the foreign lady. In her blandest manner she conjures it away, telling him that he is really too scrupulous, and that he should not nourish food when he could get it, particularly as he is not atoning. Later, when little Nicholas is being taught a lesson, the hint is casually thrown out that Roman Catholics are deprived of their freedom—that they are only allowed to think and believe as the priests wish. Thus the process of perversion goes on. Little Nicholas conveys tracts and presents from the foreign lady to his parents. They accept the gifts of food, clothing and money with pleasure; the tracts they put aside in order that they may be able to produce them when their benefactress visits them again. All three—father, mother, and son—when they are by themselves smile contemptuously at the idea of becoming Protestants; but, as a matter of fact, thanks to the scheme of the agent of a foreign society for undermining their religious faith, they have lapsed into religious indifference. The case may be regarded as typical."

Here, in the Province of Quebec, we can well understand this base system, for in various ways has it been practised upon French-Canadian Catholics, by the "evangelists" of different denominations. The truth is that this pretended converting is merely taking in Catholics and making them join the ranks of Protestantism, under false pretences. We can readily comprehend how these children and their parents become Protestants for the form of the thing; and how their pretended change of faith merely leaves them in a state of religious indifference—which almost always ends fatally for the soul.

It is against these low crusades that the Holy Father protests in his letter to the Cardinal-Vicar. On all subjects regarding the adherents of non-Catholic churches, there is no broader, fairer, or more liberal-minded person than the Pope. Wherever sincerity exists he respects it, and credits those who differ from him with the same. But there is no keener eye in the world to-day to detect fraud in matters of religion, and no readier hand to trace its condemnation.

HUMAN RESPECT.—Let the answer of every Catholic, whenever he is pressed to join in prayer, or to assist at the religious worship of persons out of his Church or communion, ever be: "My religion teaches me to pray for you, but not with you."—The Record, Louisville.

CATHOLICS EQUAL.—There is but one public position in America wherein the Catholic is absolutely equal to his non-Catholic fellow-citizen, and that is the front rank of our common army. No Catholic can complain that he is the victim of proscription when it comes to standing before the enemy's cannon.—Catholic Transcript.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.—If those who complain of the cost of supporting parochial schools were to examine many of the text-books prepared for the use of pupils in public schools, and were to hear the monstrous opinions on religious subjects often expressed by teachers, the burden laid upon Catholic parishes would seem altogether bearable. Think of a "schoolmaster" in Massachusetts (an "instructor" in history) who told his class that the Lord had "ten brothers and sisters."—Western Watchman.

Our day are not, except the implements in our hands grip on their lips when de- ever the fle- But industry, habit to cu- control a w- that lurks the wise- throust and holiday now for idleness' and the mor- readjustment advice is their certain cra- winds, slugs- flows with- ful to the c- nered philan- we will tak- go play, lea- and worries earned rest; of war; au- simply lett- ing away. B- this we soon- find whom- us of the fa- never be fou- the sign of s- out of the s- span," that- men of the- but work. "I- shines." It y- man shall se- shall be emp- spirit of our- of a guile w- enjoyment. R- furtively in- science, this- at "opportu- The senti- Post never h- the office m- a single m- pected wond- strain of an- qual or mi- full, open pr- recreation. T- the desk, th-

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We have the terrifi- dicted up- during th- But no w- pestilence- a loss on- try as th- lost with- in my ow- dual proc- loidism w- own land- on-to-day- der heav- fore the p- calculated- cept the- I say that- united mo- sion is at- tion is no- ner as th- naine fight- Commons- our people- weakened- emigration- men left a- any furth- true that- people hav- ing men h- man in th-

I am sure- ten or tw- ances, yo- could rely- but who g- cess goes- have none- young boy- and indee- ly relish- fight is be- who used- meetings i- gone, and- no more, i- to the ext- have care- against th- Yet we ar- fact that- ernment- what woul- compel the- land to th- and noth- than that- tried throu- fully, and- on the fa- mons, not- than that- three years- Ireland, c- messes, w- lords and s-

There was- was withi- weightier c- Ireland; an- who have p- of us with- League day- greater dif- path of the- with confa- at this mee- throughout- selves with- organization- set their ha- immediately- by parish- land to ad- battle strik- and will be- of war; an- the answer- overwhelming-

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