

The True Witness
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TR. WELL.—Matter intended for
publication should reach us NOT
later than 5 o'clock Wednesday after-
noon.

Correspondence intended for publica-
tion must have name of writer enclosed,
not necessarily for publication but as a
mark of good faith, otherwise it will not
be published.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST NOT
CITED.

IN vain will you build churches.
Give missions, found schools—
all your works, all your efforts will
be destroyed if you are not able to
wield the defensive and offensive
weapon of a loyal and sincere Cath-
olic press.

—Pope Pius X.

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.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1910.

HOLY WEEK.

This week, Holy Week, after the
Church will have celebrated the in-
stitution of the Most Blessed Sacra-
ment of the Altar; when the bells
are hushed, and her temples are
draped in mourning, she will give
vent to her grief, a grief of centu-
ries, over the death of Jesus her
Founder. It would, indeed, seem
that the very Angels must shroud
their glory in the vesture of sorrow,
while the Church of earth utters her
laments and chants the funeral dirge
of a God.

See the Little Babe of Bethlehem
at Whose coming the Angels sang.
Whom the Shepherds greeted with
joyous hearts, and to Whom the
faithful Magi from the East offered
their presents of gold, frankincense,
and myrrh, the Little Infant Jesus
Whom Mary and Joseph loved, Who
had not a stone whereupon to lay
His little head, come into the world
to save and redeem; see Him now,
after the scourging at the pillar, af-
ter they had crowned His sacred
head with thorns, after they had
basely insulted Him, and had blas-
phemously spat in His tenderest
of faces—see Him on the Cross—
dead—the victim of our manifold
sins!

The lovely boy Jesus of Nazareth,
Whom the innocent children had
loved, Whom the mothers blessed,
upon Whose face there shone the
eternal radiance of Heaven, and
Whose every word was a message
from the thought-surpassing abode
of the Godhead! See the gentle boy
Jesus, Who loved the plains and the
rivers of His native Jewish home,
the joy and solace of Our Lady His
Mother, Who had helped Joseph the
Carpenter in the work of his trade—
see Him, sinner, now upon the Cross
dead, the victim of His ungrateful
creature, your victim, my victim, the
abandoned, the persecuted, the cruci-
fied of mankind!

Think of it! The Jesus Who loved
little children, Who went among men
doing good; Who cured the sick,
Who gave hearing to the deaf and
sight to the blind and the word of
speech to those who were mute;
Who cheered the heart of the widow
and smiled the orphan's sorrow in-
to comfort; Who gave her son back
to the Widow of Nain, and Who
called Lazarus and the Daughter of
Jairus back to the love and embrace
of their near and dear; Who multi-
plied the loaves and Who fed the
worn and hungering in the wilder-
ness; Who blessed mankind on the
Mount, and Who loved the sons of
men—behold Him on the Cross!
Dead!

But why was He crucified? What

had He done? Why did His creature
repay His gifts with the accursed
return of ingratitude? Why did
mankind rise up against its God?
Why was there a Calvary? Why?
Why! Ask the sinner! Sound your
conscience, ye sons of men! See
Pilate, the soldiers, the heartless
Jews! They stand where we should
have stood in guilt. They sinfully
took the place of all mankind. They
did what we all have done. They
crucified their Saviour; so did we.
And shall not the story of His woes
and sorrows and agony and death
move us to pity and compassion.
These the thoughts for Holy Week.
Mater dolorosissima, ora pro nobis!

EASTER.

"Upon fresh eternal wings
The Resurrection sunlight springs
Above the skies of Easter morn."

—Easter! The trumpet of the An-
gel Song proclaims the Resurrection
hour. The greatest of all physical
miracles, was the Resurrection of
Christ. The greatest of all spiritual
miracles is a man's resurrection from
sin. It is difficult to realise this
without serious attention. But the
burden of our Easter thoughts
should deal with the theme. We
must rise with the Lord Our Sa-
viour.

Jesus died to redeem us. Before
His death He had foretold his resur-
rection. His enemies scoffed at the
idea. His death was juridically
sought into, and was declared to be
real. Caesar's agent had put a seal
upon the tomb wherein the Saviour
lay; and soldiers kept watchful
guard about and around. He van-
quished His enemies, appeared, as
fully risen, to His Mother, says
cherished tradition; to Magdalen,
the holy woman, the Disciples of
Emmaus, the Apostles, and even to
Thomas who had doubted.

The Resurrection is, as St. Paul
declares, the ground work of our
faith in Jesus and His all-abiding
Church. On it are our hopes for be-
yond strongly based and founded;
while our hearts rejoice at the Sa-
viour's triumph.

May we not, with Whittier, mingle
a musing on the season, with our
meditation of the hour:

"O dearest bloom the seasons know,
Flowers of the Resurrection blow,
Our hope and faith restore;
And through the bitterness of death
And loss and sorrow, breathe a
breath
Of life for evermore!

The thought of Love Immortal
blends
With fond remembrances of friends;
If you, O sacred flowers,
By human love made doubly sweet,
The heavenly and the earthly meet,
The heart of Christ and ours."

These beautiful thoughts, indeed,
from a soul of one beyond the Pale
in the days of his years! What joy
for the Christian conscience that on
Easter morn, feels it has done its
best to be at peace with God! What
hope in the promises of a glorified
Redeemer! May God, on Easter
morn, have won many a wandering
heart back to His love and embrace.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

THE PASSION PLAY.

In answer to one perplexed as to
why our Archbishop does not favor
the "Passion Play" that was to be
given at the Académie, we may state
that the intended exhibition at the
Montreal theatre has nothing in com-
mon with either the Passion Play of
Oberammergau or that of Father
Kraus, the Franciscan.

One of the reasons why His Grace
was opposed to the local performance
was very plain. The Most Sacred
Person of Christ is represented in
that play as an ordinary man, sub-
ject to all the whims of nature, and
swayed by the passions com-
mon to mankind, in a way and af-
ter a manner entirely incompatible
with His divinity.

A play of that kind could do more
harm than even Renan's or Strauss's
blasphemous attempts at writing the
"Life of Jesus." No Christian could
approve of such books; nor could he
approve of the play suppressed.
Surely to goodness our correspond-
ent, even if not a Catholic, will ad-
mit the Archbishop was right in
acting as he did. True, in those
days, when the divinity of the Sa-
viour is publicly denied in so-called
Christian pulpits, when the virginity
of His birth is assailed, His resur-
rection declared a myth and His mi-
racles delusions, it is not surprising
that so many are growing tired of
the once beloved Gospels. Protest-
antism has lived long enough to
see what Church really cares for the
Bible; it based its arrogance on a
false claim to particular veneration
of the Holy Word; and it is just the
free and foolish interpretation of
Holy Scripture that is transforming
revel into paganism to-day.

A Protestant teacher of theology
or lecturer on Scripture of any ac-
count to-day would be ashamed to
declare boldly and determinedly that
Jesus Christ is truly God. A vague
kind of semi-Christian scholarship
among the divines of Reform has
taken the place of philosophical and
theological truth in their minds.
Nine-tenths of them get up their lec-
tures from such sources as Harnack
(translated). If the preachers of
heresy are willing to question or
deny the divinity of Christ, Catho-
lics are not. But, then, we are glad
some of the Protestants still believe
Jesus Christ is true God and true
man.

MR. J. C. K. LAFLAMME.

It was with deep regret we learn-
ed a few days since that Mr. La-
flamme was still very ill. Notwith-
standing the relapse he suffered, we
yet venture to hope that he shall
soon have overcome the dread mala-
dy that would, to all appearances,
doom him to death's unending grip.
Mr. Laflamme is one of the most
scholarly ecclesiastics on the Con-
tinent, a saintly priest, and a man as
thoroughly lovable as he is admir-
able in all truth. For years he has
been looked upon as a master of
science, even by scientists themselves.
The honors he received at St. Pe-
tersburg, on the occasion of his pre-
sence at a world's congress of learn-
ed men constitute a testimonial to
his real worth. Bent on spending
his days of usefulness to the end in
the Seminary of Quebec, he refused
the honors of the episcopate. This
was characteristic of the man. In
him deep humility and lowliness of
spirit are as noticeable as are his
many claims to renown and world-
wide recognition. The Holy Father
granted his request, and Quebec Se-
minary, though justly proud of the
tribute paid her son, rejoiced how-
ever, over the fact, that he should
still remain within its hallowed
halls to honor it with his science,
help it along with his untiring en-
ergy, and edify its household by the
example of his life.

We hope God will spare us the
bleeding of Mr. Laflamme's inspir-
ing life for many years yet. Cruel
as his sufferings have been, may
they prove a boon for longer days.
Not that we should wish to length-
en out his exile away from God, but
that more souls may be saved
through his charm of soul and the
blessed work of his saintly service.
We hope all our readers shall say a
little prayer for kind, holy, gentle,
learned, and revered Mr. Laflamme.

CATHOLIC THEATRICALS

"Romans-Revue," as cited by "La
Verité," informs us that a plan which
has been for a long time under care-
ful preparation is now going to be
concreted into something real and
definite. The world is going to see
its first modern and truly Catholic
theatre.

An association, known as the
"Het Roomsche Tooneel," under the
direction of Mr. L. Van Domburg,
has been formed in Amsterdam; in
other words, a troupe of educated
men, with the concurrence of a group
of talented women, brilliant am-
ateurs, all are going to give the pub-
lic clean theatricals. Its principal
object is to fight questionable plays
and productions, as given in the
smaller towns especially. Evil will
thus be fought by what is irreproach-
able.

The Association is not in the field
for money. It simply aims at giving
provincial Catholic groups and so-
cieties the opportunity of allowing
their friends, and members to wit-
ness stage performances far above
the level of what local dilettanti may
or can offer, and at low prices in the
bargain.

The costumes, stage-setting, and
other called-for accessories will be
attended to by skilled artists in fel-
lowship with the performers. The
theatre, in a word, will be a regular
one, even if migratory, as is better,
of course, and will concern itself
with the exactions of religious and
artistic propriety. We may trust
that when, next winter, it makes its
bow to the eager-waiting world, an
end will be put, in small towns es-
pecially, to the passage and visit of
carrion stage-birds, whose only ob-
ject in life seems to be to propaga-
te indecency, vulgarity, and im-
morality, so as to better swell the
ranks of their later infernal com-
panionship.

THE SHOE PINCHED.

Mr. McClure, the man of the ma-
gazine must admit by now that the
Catholic weekly press of America is
not a harmless engine in just war-
fare. A while since, as our readers
know, the officers of the American
Federation of Catholic Societies
protested against a bigoted article
that had appeared in McClure's Ma-
gazine, and nearly three hundred dif-

ferent Catholic journals spread the
news broadcast. As a result the
proprietor is in a triple quandary
doubled with nightmare, for book-
sellers are sending in curtailed or-
ders from all sides.

So indignant is Mr. McClure that
he went over to Dartmouth College
the other day, where, after having
lauded his cherished magazine to the
skies, he turned about and spoke in-
sultingly of Irish Catholics, with all
the literary flavor of a "Vulgar"
Watson.

At the close of his lecture Mr.
McClure was heartily complimented
by some of the Irish-American stu-
dents. The only trouble left to clear
up is to find out where McClure was
educated.

But another question arises:
Why do Catholics buy McClure's ma-
gazine at all? For the same price
you may procure a copy of any one
of fifty other monthly publications
truly interesting and thoroughly ac-
ceptable. Are we obliged to pay for
insult? What claim has McClure to
the altars of Greece?

If our good societies will permit
us we will offer a little suggestion.
Here it is: Let them send for sam-
ple copies of each and all of our
Catholic weekly and monthly pub-
lications, in Canada and the United
States. Let the members see for
themselves and choose a favorite, or
favorites, for which they will sub-
scribe. There are hundreds of Catho-
lic papers in America, with the Tab-
let and Catholic Times across the
sea, and the Freeman's Journal, of
course. The members would stand
in awe and amazement if they once
witnessed that Congress of Papers.

LA VEN. MARIE DE L'INCARNATION.

Official news has been received
from Rome to the effect that the
Church authorities will soon take up
the beatification process of Vener-
able Mother Mary of the Incarnation,
foundress of the Quebec Ursulines.
As can be well supposed the good
nuns are rejoiced.

The postulator of the cause, M.
l'abbé Cazeau, has advised those
immediately concerned of the fact
that the preliminary examination in-
to the virtues of the great servant
of God, Venerable Mother Mary,
took place on the first day of March,
and that all that is wanting now,
for the decree establishing her
virtue in the Venerable Mother's
case, is the work and report of the
Third Congregation, known as the
General, which is held under the
presidency and direction of the Holy
Father in person. Pope Pius will
then finally declare the truth.

In order to bring down God's
blessing on the important work of
the Congregation, it is customary to
hold the Most Blessed Sacrament in
exposition during twenty-four hours.
At the end of February, the good
Ursuline nuns of Quebec attended to
that duty in their Chapel in Garden
street.

Let us all pray that God may bless
the work now appointed with a
happy and successful outcome. It
would be curious, indeed, if Nor-
America's first saint (as canonically
declared) should belong to the
grand old city of Quebec. South
America has two saints as it is,
namely, St. Thiribius and St. Rose,
both of Lima, Peru; the former its
bishop, and the latter its gentlest
virgin.

HOW LONG?

How long is McGill University go-
ing to permit infidel professors to
poison the minds of youth? None of
our business, some will say; but it
is a matter of concern for us, since
there are many Catholic students at
McGill. At any rate, some one has
to protest in the name of Christian-
ity, since Protestant clergymen dare
not open their mouths in defence of
the very vitals of Christian belief.

Professor McBride is no longer at
McGill, but, from all appearances,
his threadbare mantle has fallen
upon other shoulders. The Gospel
is being scoffed at, the Divinity of
Our Saviour denied, the Holy Scrip-
tures rated as glorified rubbish, ma-
terialism made a part of the pro-
gramme, minds and souls and hearts
are being made over to free thought
and paganism—yet the pious preach-
ers sit in calm repose, until they
find out that a man sold a dish of
ice-cream on the Sunday before the
meeting! That is their idea of
Christian work!

Does cultured, hitherto honored,
McGill mean to become a vulgar
Yale, a ridiculous Chicago, and a
foolish Harvard? Are its grand old
traditions of honor and thoroughness
to be swept away from all memory
in the name of cheap lectures that any
man with a tongue could deliver, so
long as he could read Renan and
Strauss translated? Preachers will
declare we do not teach the Gospel,
but let them scoff at any part of
Holy Scripture, from Genesis to the

New Shirts Coming In.

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Apocalypse, and were it but for the
half of five minutes, in the halls of
Laval, he would be politely request-
ed to disappear with all the ease
productive of dizziness.

Why do Protestant ministers not
protest? Why do they not show
that they are in earnest bent on
respecting the Gospel? Are our
thorough-going universities to be-
come circus-rings? Is one man's
feeble reason to supplant the com-
mon sense of Christian Canada? What
do the Catholic students think
of the like? Are they bound to
adopt a professor's vagaries in lieu
and stead of Christ's message eter-
nal? How long is the farce going
to last?

THE AFTERMATH IN FRANCE.

When Waldeck-Rousseau started the
 nefarious campaign against religious
societies, associations, etc., in
France, he and his fellow-adversers
of the goat, waving all the while
the strings of their little aprons, delu-
ded the hungry people by promising
France a billion of dollars as the
outcome of confiscation. The monas-
teries, convents and seminaries were
to be sold, and the proceeds, as
Judas used to say, be given to the
poor. But, oh! how lamentably the
farce is ending! The buildings are
sold, and the money derived has
gone towards filling the tool-chests
of thieves, scamps, and robbers, in
tow and in league with lawyers,
who, themselves, are in turn in tow
and in league with the authorities
of the immortal Republic!

The three leading artists are MM.
Duez (Do us), Mange (Devour),
and Le Couturier (bag-sewer). Their
names are suggestive. In the name
of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity
—to which we might add that of
the bad thief—they gave grown rich
on the spoils of a nation. In any
other country the people would be
up in arms in consequence, but the
Socialists, Anarchists, and Radicals
of France are too busy making
speeches to bother with an outrage
that is filling the pockets of friends.

Truly an ideal place to live in!
John D. Rockefeller wants to get
rid of his millions, so why does he
not spend a vacation in France?
Poor France! Oh! if only the
good people there had one-half of
Catholic Germany's backbone! If
only MM. Duez and his fellow-artists
could appear, as citizens, under the
auspices of an investigation held in
the parlors of the Reichstag! The
religious evicted, the buildings sold,
the money in the pockets of scound-
rels, and the pious Protestant press
of Montreal, and elsewhere, the
friends and admirers of Combes,
Jaures, Dreyfus, Mme. Steinheil and
Briand! That pious press so par-
ticularly about candy on the "Sav-
beth," and so scandalized at a pipe-
ful of tobacco! But, then, why be
surprised when the selfsame press
has no reproach for pocket-editions
of Renan, in the shape of professors,
who, even here in Montreal, are
destroying Christian belief in the
minds and souls of Protestant stu-
dent-youth!

A FOUL LITTLE SHEET.

There is a foul little sheet pub-
lished in the Province of Quebec, per-
haps, not far from our doors. It is
a supposedly humorous paper, but
the crude, nasty jokes in it are an
everlasting source of danger for
thousands of little children. We
should not be at all surprised, if
told that it means to fight the
Church and the clergy in its own
apparently quiet way. We have
seen jests and attitudes in it that
are decidedly anti-clerical, insult-
ingly grotesque even for a man with
the primitive morals of a Hotten-
tot.

We need not name the paper, but
we hope the mischief will be
brought under the notice of the
proper authorities. Our boys and
girls must not be helped, by printed
offal, along the road to perdition.

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become the object of ridicule. A
word to the wise is a book for
others!

A free press does not mean that
foul jests and indecent fun-making
are permissible. We denounce the
haunts of vice and the dens of de-
gradation; that is why we, likewise,
denounce filthy printed matter. We
hope that our courageous Inspector
O'Keefe will read this article of
ours. It will not take him long to
find out just what we mean; nor
will he be afraid to visit the of-
fenders with the rights of the law.
Let us preserve our children from
ruin and contagion! The editor of
a vile sheet is of the same class as
the lords of the "White Slave traf-
fic."

THE LATE DR. MURRAY.

It was sad news to learn that Pro-
fessor George Murray had passed
away. A scholar he was; in fact,
one of Canada's leading literary
figures, if not the very leader of
them all. Doctor Murray was ever
respectful of the soul's higher claims,
ever a believer; he placed loyalty to
God above the little learning and
struggles of man. His mind was
too clean, strong, and honest to
reckon without the God of the uni-
verse, of too serious a mould to be
shattered by the empty theories and
the speculative vagaries of either
coxcombs or literary comedians.

His book reviews in the Star, to-
gether with his answers to "Notes
and Queries," in the same paper,
were, for a long time, a winning
feature of our big daily. It is hard
to replace a Dr. Murray, for they are
few in their generation.

The deceased professor was a life-
long Anglican, and, we believe, a
very sincere adherent of his church.
Under his influence, the Standard
has shown evident signs of strong
attachment to Church of England
way, belief and manner. This has
prevented it from serving the pur-
poses of comical sects, even if Ca-
tholics did receive little knocks
now and then. At any rate, there
is culture, at least, to Anglicanism,
and Church of England clergymen
are generally a proof of our state-
ment in the concrete.

The Star and the Standard will
now have to find a scholar upon
whom to put Dr. Murray's mantle.
May the new mentor prove worthy
of the boon and task.

Representative Wiley of New Jer-
sey stated recently that there are
more bacteria on dollar bills than
on those of a higher denomination,
for the same reason, we suppose,
that the white sheep eat more than
the black sheep, there are more of
them.