

## THE SACRED SCRIPTURE.

Should be Perused for Light and Consolation It Imparts.

The Word of God is an inexhaustible treasury of heavenly science. It is the only oracle that discloses to us the origin and sublime destiny of man and the means of attaining it. It is the key that interprets his relation to his Creator. It is the foundation of our Christian faith, and of our glorious heritage. Its moral code is the standard of our lives. If our Christian civilization is so manifestly superior to all actual and pre-existing social systems, it is indebted for its supremacy to the ethical teachings of Holy Writ.

Viewed as an historical chronicle, the Word of God is the most ancient, the most authentic and the most instructive and interesting record ever presented to mankind. It contains the only reliable history of the human race before the Deluge, embracing a period of more than 1500 years from the creation of Adam to the time of Noah. Were it not for the Hebrew annalist the antediluvian age would be a complete blank to all succeeding generations. The Decalogue is 700 years older than the jurisprudence of Lycurgus; it is 2000 years older than that of Justinian; it is 2700 years older than that of Magna Charta; it is 3300 years older than the code of Napoleon, and almost as many years older than the American constitution, and yet the Decalogue is better known to-day and more universally inculcated than any laws ever framed by the hand of man. It is an historical monument that has remained impregnable for thousands of years, and has successfully withstood the violent shocks of the most formidable assailants. There is not a single arch or column or keystone in the sacred edifice that does not show some marks of foreign or domestic assault. But there it stands, as firm as the pyramids, unshaken and unruined by the upheavals and revolutions of centuries. It gives us the narrative of the most memorable and momentous events and of the most eminent men that have ever figured in the theatre of the world. There is scarcely a notable incident recorded in the Scripture that may not serve as a text for some moral reflections. Bible facts are sermons as well. Read Masillon's discourses and you will perceive the truth of this assertion. If history is philosophy teaching by example, this definition is specially applicable to the Word of God, for the Apostle says that "what things soever were written, were written for our learning." There is not a single virtue that is not embellished by the luminous example of some patriarch or prophet or apostle or king, or matron in the sacred Book. If you look for an example of unshaken faith and hope in God, where will you find it more beautifully portrayed than in Abraham? In David you have a conspicuous marvel of tender piety toward God, and of magnanimity toward an enemy. Charity and filial affection shone forth in the life of the patriarch Joseph. Tobias and Job were held up as types of patience and resignation in adversity. Martial heroism is strikingly exhibited in Gideon, Joshua and the Maccabees, and domestic affection by Jacob and Ruth. Susanna is a sublime pattern of conjugal purity, and St. Paul of burning zeal and apostolic courage.

The Bible is the unfailing fountain at which theologians, doctors, and the fathers of the Church drank deep and copiously. Apart from its inspired character, the Bible is a model of literary excellence. What classic author, ancient or modern, can excel Isaiah or St. John in sublimity of conception, or in Books of Samuel and Kings and the Gospels, in the charm and conciseness of historic narrative, or Jeremiah's Lamentations in pathos and tenderness, or the Apocalypse in descriptive power, or Jacob, in majestic and terrible images, or David in poetic thoughts? The grandest creations of poetic genius pales before the psalmody of the royal prophet. Milton and Dante have borrowed their noblest images from the pages of the sacred writings.

But the Bible should be read for a higher motive than for the sake of the style. It should be perused for the sake of the light and consolation which it imparts. When you open the portals of this temple of divine knowledge you should not stop to admire the ornaments and decorations of the interior, but you should rather meditate on the words of wisdom that are inscribed on its walls, and contemplate the hallowed portraits looking down upon you, that you may imitate them and hold them up to the veneration of the faithful.

Plutarch informs us that it was the habit of Alexander the Great to sleep at night with a copy of Homer and a dagger under his pillow. You who are soldiers of Christ should certainly have as much attachment for the Book of Books, as Alexander had for the Greek poet. If you rest on your pillow armed with "the Word of God," you will find it the best sedative for allaying mental troubles and feverish excitement, for, in the language of the Psalmist, "God shall overshadow thee with His shoulders, and under His wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror of the night nor of the arrow that flieth by day." There are many strong examples—Paul before the Governor of Caesarea and his wife as the superiority of innocence enchaind over guilt, enthroned; the lives of those who had fallen from their high estate serve as beacon lights warning us to shun the rocks which occasioned their downfall.—Cardinal Gibbons.

## "THE WHISPERER AND THE DOUBLE-TONGUED."

(From the Sacred Heart Review.) The tattling gossip is a fruitful source of trouble in any community. Almost every parish is afflicted with a gossip, and she is generally a woman who spends much time in (apparent) devotion. Yet, with all her devoutness, she does not miss any happening in the parish. And the more unfortunate or scandalous the happening, the more likely she is to be aware of it. Nor is she scrupulous about giving a scandalous twist to the most harmless piece of news that may be imagined. This, it is said, is what makes the tongue of the tattler especially dangerous—its facility for turning the most ordinary occurrences into the most extraordinary and significant. There are few things more despicable than this habit of detraction. No wonder the eighth commandment forbids it so emphatically. No wonder we find in Ecclesiasticus this mordant criticism of the gossip: "The whisperer and the double-tongued is accursed; for he hath troubled many that were at peace." And again: "The tongue of a third person hath disquieted many. . . . hath cast out valiant women and deprived them of their labors. He that hearkeneth to it shall never have rest, neither shall he have a friend in whom he may repose." No wonder the inspired writer admonishes us to beware of listening to gossip, or indulging in it ourselves. He says: "Hedge in thy ears with thorns; hear not a wicked tongue; and make doors and bars to thy mouths."

## DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

In the current number of Donahoe's Magazine there are sixteen beautiful pictures printed in sepia, reproductions of famous paintings of the Madonna. This issue is also the Easter number, and many features pay tribute to the season, notably "Easter," by the Rev. Walter J. Shanley; "The Alleluia of the Pasch," by Eleanor C. Donnelly; "Sorrow," by Henry Coyle; "The Lily's Message," by Mary M. Redmond; "Easter Preaching," by Mary West, and "Thou Hast Broken My Bonds, O Lord!" by Susan L. Emery.

The last instalment of "People I Have Met," written by the Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I., only a week before his death, appears, and is followed by a sketch of the venerable author at work in his own room where the reminiscences were written. P. G. Smyth gives much information on the methods of "The World's Food Exchange," and tells of the varying fortunes of men who have been active in stock transactions. Rev. John Talbot writes of "Novelities in Drama," "Memorial Day," by Catherine Frances Cavanagh, reviews the growth of the custom of honoring the dead by special observance on this day; "The Church Opposite," by Lelia Hardin Bugg; "Education in Bonanza Camp," by Rev. J. T. Roche; and "The Woman Who Could Not Forget," by Jerome Hart. The serial, "Not a Judgment," reaches in this instalment the point where Mollie Farrell appears in the new life she had marked out for herself at the time of her brother's disgrace.

There are many other features to attract readers, and the illustrations are particularly fine. There are more than sixty plates, including twenty-four page plates.

There never was a quicker way to kill courage in a feller than to fight his fights for 'im.—"The Substitute."

## The Rev. M. Sheedy on Christian Marriage.

The Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy spoke recently in St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa., on "Christian Marriage," making some strong and well called for reflections on the evils which assail it in our time. He said, among other things:

Since marriage is the foundation of the family, human society rests upon it. We cannot undermine its foundation without endangering the whole fabric of society. Now, the dangers that seriously threaten at any time human society, or what we call civilization, may be traced to the family. The root of the commonwealth is the homes of the people. Social and civil life springs from the domestic or family life of mankind. Every thinking person must see this. No matter in what light men and women look upon marriage, its attributes and obligations, all must admit that in the last analysis it is upon this institution that the whole structure of society rests. It is, therefore, of supreme importance that we safeguard the family life of the nation.

Now, it would be folly to assert that in our country to-day the domestic life of a large and growing number of the population is not endangered. There is the rising tide of divorce which is making fearful inroads upon the family; there is Mormonism, a disgraceful blot upon the fair name of the country; there is race-suicide which has called forth the stern condemnation of the president; there is the discussion of the most delicate subjects, such as "Why I have no family," by a childless wife, carried on in the public press; there is marriage treated as a jest on the stage and in a low class of cheap, vulgar novels, that are widely read by our young people. Surely these are manifest indications of the downward tendencies of our modern American life.

Religion blushing veils her sacred fires And unawares morality expires.

We cry out in indignation against Mormonism. The press and pulpit denounce it as a national disgrace and demand its suppression. But is Christian polygamy less reprehensible than Mormon polygamy? It is simultaneous polygamy? Why, then, is the one tolerated and the other denounced? It is because we have set aside the original idea of marriage; we have lost the sacramental view of marriage and have framed new doctrines of marriage and divorce. Now, marriage from the beginning God made holy and indissoluble. He established its law of unity when He gave Eve to Adam in the Garden of Eden; and this ideal marriage remains to-day as it was at first. For God's laws do not change.

Father Sheedy next took up and dwelt upon Christ's teaching on marriage. Christ came not only to redeem man but to sanctify society. Before His coming human society was sick unto death. It had departed from its primeval type; in order to its restoration, it must return to its primitive and divine constitution. Polygamy and divorce obtained in all nations, even among the chosen people; conjugal infidelity and unnatural crimes added to the mass of social cancers which were eating out the very life of the body politic beneath the fairest forms of the ancient civilization. The dignity of woman had disappeared; one-half the human race was in a state of degradation. The decay of society was the result of her dishonor; the restoration of its soundness rendered necessary the recognition of her rights. To restore woman to her rightful place; to make man acknowledge and treat her as his equal with a personal dignity as perfect as his own—was part of the mission of the Redeemer of marriage to its primeval type as it was "in the beginning." He rescued it with its two essential characteristics of unity and indissolubility; and prohibited, as subversive of it, polygamy and divorce. He did more. He sanctified the family. And in sanctifying the family, he sanctified society, since society, as we saw, rests on the family, and is formed through the family by marriage.

He held that the only remedy for the lax notions that prevail at present regarding marriage is to get back to Christ and His teaching. As a Christian nation we still acknowledge the authority of His teaching; and, while there may be some divergencies of the New Testament regarding marriage, there cannot be any doubt that the present loose methods of divorce are in direct ant-



gonism to both the letter and spirit of the teachings of Christ.

"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder" is an emphatic and categorical statement; and it should mean to the legislator and the judge what it meant to the first Christians and what it now means to Christians who still believe in the words of Christ.

## TONGUE TIED CELEBRITIES.

Men of Few Words Have Seen Great Men.

It is a curious and interesting fact that many of the world's greatest men have been as sparing of words as they have been prodigal of deeds.

It is doubtful if there ever lived a more taciturn man than Wallenstein, the famous commander of the Austrian army during the thirty years' war. It is said of Wallenstein that he "lived in an atmosphere of silence," and never uttered a word that was not absolutely necessary. Nor would he permit others to speak in his presence more than was essential. One of his chamberlains was hanged for waking Wallenstein with needless noise; his servants were so many mutes, not daring to open their lips in his presence, and he was surrounded by patrols and the approaches to his house were barricaded by chains to preserve him from the least disturbance. In comparison with Wallenstein, it has been recorded, Diogenes would have been a chatterbox and William the Silent a brawler.

But silence is a characteristic of many of the world's most famous soldiers. Napoleon boasted that in his dealings with men he never wasted a word and made monosyllables answer most purposes. "No things escaped his eyes, and he could compress more within a sentence than most men could convey in a quarter of an hour."

The great Duke of Marlborough when receiving reports from his generals would produce his watch and say, "I will give you a minute," and it was likely to go hard with the officer who did not observe the limitation. To his staff the Duke of Wellington was always more or less a sphinx. A nod or a shake of the head was often the only response they could get from him, and when once he was asked what he considered the best equipment of a commander, he answered, "A long head and a silent tongue."

Von Moltke almost rivalled Wallenstein in taciturnity. He never opened his mouth if a gesture would suffice; and when the news was brought to him that the French had declared war, he simply said to the aide de camp, "Second pigeon hole on the right, first tier," and turned round to sleep again. But he had said all that was necessary, for in the pigeon hole indicated were complete plans for the campaign which closed in brilliant victory. Von Moltke used to say that one verb in the German language was worth all the others put together, and that was thus: "to do."

The worst thing his enemies could say of President Grant was, "He won't talk because he has too much to conceal"; and yet it was precisely in this silence that Grant's real strength lay. His orders and dispatches were the briefest ever penned; and when once a charming young lady playfully asked him why he would not talk to her, he answered, "My dear, don't you know that silence is one of the greatest arts of conversation?"

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were, "My dear, don't you know that silence is one of the greatest arts of conversation?"

But it has been the same in all ages. Charlemagne was a perfect miser of words, holding, with Confucius, that "silence is a friend that will never betray"; Hannibal was Caesar was nicknamed by his soldiers "The Oracle"; and in our own day Lord Kitchener shows the "strength that lies in silence." Even great statesmen and writers who can not suffer from any lack of words, have often been among the most reserved of men. Of Addison, Johnson says: "Of his external manners nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or sullen taciturnity which his friends called modesty by too mild a name." According to Chesterfield he was "the most timorous and awkward man I ever saw"; and even Addison himself, speaking of his own deficiency in conversation, used to say, "I can draw bills for a thousand pounds, though I haven't a guinea in my pocket."

Dryden was unutterably dreary as a companion. "My conversation is slow," he once wrote, "my humor saturnine and reserved, and I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company and make repartees," and Chadwell tells now he once dined with Dryden, and from the beginning to the end of the meal the poet "never opened his lips except to eat."

Thomas Carlyle was a "hoarder of the gold of silence," and would sit for hours, puffing away at his pipe, without uttering more than a grunt or a gruff monosyllable. Leigh Hunt, his neighbor and intimate, once wrote to a friend, "Have just spent a pleasant hour with Carlyle. When I went in he growled, 'Halloo! here again!' and at parting he snapped out, 'Good day!' and that is the sum of the conversation he honored me with. But how eloquent his silence is! I just sat and looked at him, and came away strengthened for fresh struggles."

## SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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"Miss Collier! If it is Collier?"

The girl started and turned round. The voice was familiar. She was surprised.

wards she was surprised should have sounded familiar, for, when she heard it the morning at the corner of street and Bond street she heard it for three years.

"Mr. Barlow!" she exclaimed, frank pleasure, as she held out her hand.

"I did not know you were back in England."

For three years they had seen each other nor exchanged words. But they met now as friends.

"I have been back in England," Barlow said, as he shook hands. "But I have been working in Devonshire, and came up to town yesterday good a May morning in Boston after three years of it."

But for Ethel Collier there was no such thing as a coincidence. Her intimacy with Bond street had been impossible. She had Barlow's gaze towards her with grave eyes. It was evident she would not have felt any if she had been told that the day before her for the last time.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," said, with a little, mordant smile.

"But why did you ask if I was Miss Collier?"

"I met a man in Colombia," knew Lewis Calkin. You remember I know him slightly. Long to the same club. You Calkin were engaged, he told me."

"That was a year ago," broken off," she explained.

Barlow was not deaf enough to avoid a moment's pause, and as if that pause contained spoken question.

"It's best to admit a mistake before it becomes irretrievable."

"Of course," said Barlow. wondering how the mistake had been discovered.

They turned and walked up Grafton street. Both had minutes to spare, Barlow went to keep an appointment.

Strand, Ethel before she was her tea rooms. She did not get her pleasure at meeting Barlow as a string of questions was honestly anxious to know.

her work in Ceylon had been successful, and she was also to turn the conversation from.

She was conscious that he was doing to read in her face whether last three years had been years of happiness for her, and she talked idly and gaily, guarding them from discovery.

But as they walked slowly up town street he read something in what those three years had meant that care had eaten at her beauty. Her throat had a trifle, her eyes were less lustrous, her lips were a little compressed at the corners of her mouth.

lines were beginning to gather was not the natural passing of years. Barlow knew that. Youth does pass at twenty-five. But he did betray that he read beneath the face. When they reached the corner of Bond street again and stood moment outside the stream of ersy before parting both were conscious of pleasure. They were that, after a space of years, they had met again.

As Barlow walked south to Piccadilly he was thinking of cynicism which Ethel had shown the first few moments of meeting. He remembered her light-hearted girl. Being a hearted and clean-minded man, he told him. To what did it owe its birth?

As Ethel Collier walked north up Bond street she was recalling past. She was unforgottenly glad to meet again a man whom she had known she could trust.

three years had left their mark on her life, twisting and torturing trust and belief in what is good of what the same three years does for Barlow she did not mind. Neither the steadiness of his eye the grip of his hand had altered.

The story of Ethel Collier's life to the day on which she met Barlow again, after an interval of three years, was one which, unfortunately, is not uncommon.

daughter of an army officer who lost his life in Egypt, she had left motherless when she was a child. She had been educated at her school at Bath. With the usual folly of which so many parents are capable, she had been educated the daughters of the rich are asked, without the possibility of having to earn a living being.