

BER 19, 1907

to. LIMITED

Coats.

a suitable extra standard values,

length, self wide arms, \$29.00

ordered, in with French \$30.25

of Carpets, great reduction

fine border, \$89c.

terms with \$1.05 yd. to match, \$85c.

NE QU-

\$15.95

\$19.95

\$22.45

\$16.25

\$17.95

\$21.50

them in made. You

th extra for...67c

trim- c...87c

to LIMITED Montreal

ine"

(Tou- ands and cept Sun- cing 1st

HAMIL- NDS and ys, Wed- 5 p. m. line. Daily at

rebec on at 8.30

light. Every

ost Office

IAL

DEPOT.

Hyacinthe, bec.

y. Buffet

St. Hy- Quebec.

St. John, ning Gar.)

tuesday to g car to

Hyacin- and in-

rebec and

A sleep- h passen- ay arrive a Depot.

t. or Bo-

t. Agent. ent.

nell

re-

nday,

# The True



# Witness

LVII, No. 12

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1907

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Imposing Ceremony at Cote des Neiges.

Some Forty Thousand People Gathered on the Heights of Calvary. Listened to Eloquent Sermons and Joined in Solemn Service for the Dead.

At the Cote des Neiges Cemetery on Sunday the annual gathering for the service for the dead took place. His Grace Archbishop Bruchési and Bishop Racicot presided. Some thirty thousand people were present. It was a magnificent sight to see this immense concourse stretching

so commercial, so progressive, whose port is frequented by ships that hail from every clime; Montreal, the rising, the important, is so because she is above all a city of souls. The day, then, when these souls, these minds that make our Montreal, shall cease to remember their dead, that day shall Montreal decline, and begin her downward course to dissolution and to ruin.

will tell you. Were you to be called before God now, you feel you could not stand it. Your inmost being would shrink from His gaze. You feel you could not bear His light thrown full upon you. You would ask, in mercy, to be purified. You would cry out like the soul of old:

Take me away in the lowest deep. There let me be, And there in hope the lone night-watches keep Told out for me.



away as far as the eye could reach, and listening with rapt attention to the words of the speakers, who, clad in their picturesque habits of St. Dominic and St. Francis, produced no small impression upon the multitude. They carried the mind back to

called you together to be mindful of your dead. Oh! I need not say how you have answered! This mighty throng that stretches out before me far and wide is the earnest and the proof that your faith has answered upon his. Yes, your faith is strong, and you know that if the empires of old recalled the memory of their dead, we, too, who belong to the Empire of God, must remember our dead also.

But let us not forget, it is not our heroes that we honor here. On the head-roll of the great Master there are other little souls. There are those who were not giants of faith or heroes in the practice of virtue. They were like ourselves, ordinary, weak and afraid, with a good mixture of the human in their composition. And do we not feel what must be their fate! Can we not judge of it from what would be our own? Is there one here who can dare say that he would be found blameless in the sight of God? Even though we repudiate the theological idea of sin, are we not forced to admit that there are certain events in our own lives that we regret extremely, certain failures to achieve the right thing, and certain achievements in which we should prefer to have failed? And in the light of God's all-purity, how are these failures and achievements to be received? Ask of your own heart. It is what your instinct suggests. This is what your instinct suggests. It needs a Purgatory; it claims a place of cleansing. God's purity is so awful, too terrifying, and if the soul would dwell with God it must be cleansed from all disfigurement and stain.

And so our holy Catholic teaching confirms our natural instinct and we are bound to believe that there are souls who suffer in the other world, but only in order to be cleansed. Unlike the damned they don't suffer in despair. On the contrary,

"These holy souls they suffer on. Resigned in heart and will, Until God's high behest is done And justice has its fill."

Yes! Until God's justice has its fill, for it must have it (and this is another reason for our Purgatory), and it will have it, for "nothing defiled can enter heaven."

Until that day, then, "until God's high behest is done and justice has its fill," these souls in Purgatory must suffer on. I need not detail to you their sufferings, you know them. The loss of God whom they have seen just once and found so beautiful; God for Whom they were created, and in Whom alone their heart can rest! Oh! how they must yearn for Him! What an excruciating torture to be separated from

**Abbey's Effervescent Salt**

Clergymen Need Just such a Tonic as Abbey's Salt. It gently regulates stomach, liver and bowels — helps appetite and digestion — strengthens and invigorates the whole system.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 and 60c. BOTTLE.



The most enthusiastic admirers of the Kelly-Springfield Tire are those who have had experience with others.

Good, honest composition, backed up by the correct tire principle—that's the Kelly-Springfield idea.

CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS  
**The Rubber Tire Wheel Co. Agency**  
342 CRAIG ST. WEST, MONTREAL.

Him! He is their love, their supreme love now, and how can supreme love bear separation? Must it not be the worst of tortures? "Add to this the pain of sense, and we shall have an idea of the state of these poor souls. But there is one source of suffering, my dear friends, upon which I wish to lay special stress. It would seem that God chooses to punish us precisely in that in which we have sinned. Thus it happens that these poor souls whose sin in life was that they forgot God from time to time and turned to idols of their own, are forgotten in their turn by the very idols that they worshipped."

The Rev. Father here went on to prove his assertion, showing very pathetically how the expectation of many of those who lay beneath the graves around must long since have been deceived. "How many a father, how many a tender mother passed into their eternal sleep with the ardent, fond assurance of a life-long remembrance from their children. And now this many a year those pale, white faces have been upturned towards the silent stars and not a word of prayer has been offered in their behalf. Oh! what a sin is this! What a crime against all we hold most dear. Oh! as we hope one day to be remembered, as we hope to be prayed for, let us pray for those who have gone before us.

"Sweet Jesus help, sweet Jesus aid The souls to Thee so dear: In prison for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here!"

"And now, my dear friends, a word for ourselves. The Bible tells us 'Tis a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead,' and we are convinced it is so. But might we not ask the question, 'for whom is it more wholesome? for the dead who live or for the living who are dead? We know that it is wholesome for the dead beneath the sod, it frees their souls from suffering. But, oh! it is wholesome too for the living dead who crawl and creep above it. Yes! it is wholesome for us to think of the dead. It is wholesome for us to look steadily upon the churchyard and its graves. It is wholesome for us in the days of our

(Continued on Page 8.)

