

The True Witness

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ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST: 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 Catholic 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, JANUARY 6, 1910.

THE THREE KINGS.

"Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." And at length, there came the fulfillment of what Isaiah had foretold.

"The Eastern Kings before Him knelt, And rarest offerings brought; The shepherds worshipped and adored The wonders God had wrought: They saw the crown for Israel's King, The future glorious part; But all these things the Mother kept.

And thus Jesus the Son of the Living God manifested Himself to the shepherds, through an angel; to the Magi, through a star; to the multitude, through the wonders attending His baptism by John; to the Apostles, by the miracle in Cana of Galilee. Having come to save all men, our Saviour showed Himself unto all the classes of mankind, but first of all to the lowly of earth and the humble of heart.

"O Star! which led to Him whose love Brought down man's ransom free; Where art thou?—Midst the hosts above May we still gaze on Thee? In heaven Thou art not set, Thy rays earth might not dim,

Send them to guide us yet, O Star which led to Him!" The three Magi were the first fruits of the Gentile believers. The only evidence they had was the star in the East. This they followed whithersoever it led them. They might have asked for the evidence of miracles, or for the evidence of prophetic reasoning. But no. They were content with the star. They were satisfied with the slender evidence God had given them.

It is well for our "separated brethren"—in English, our non-Catholic friends,—to contrast the methods used by priests and preachers in winning a soul to their respective churches. When a preacher wishes to convert a bad Catholic (or tell what the Catholic Church teaches), he has recourse to lying books and pamphlets, calls some unfortunate fallen priest to his pulpit, spreads barefaced lies about convents and monasteries, has no definite catechism of doctrine to offer, presents a false version of the Bible he openly attacks in his sermons, cites and quotes the first scamp and scoundrel who happens to have honored the Church with his slime and slander. There is no talk of thorough instruction, no real bother about prayer.

When a Catholic priest wishes to help a non-Catholic enter the Church the methods he uses are altogether different. Here are the things he does:

- (1) He makes the neophyte pray; (2) He never admits a convert to calumniate Protestants, and Catholic converts would not so act; (3) He neither buys, sells, gives nor lends any lying or scandalous book or pamphlet; (4) He offers the neophyte a definite catechism of doctrine; (5) He obliges the intending convert to seriously study the Church's claims; (6) He does not admit the neophyte to baptism until convinced of his sincerity and willingness; (7) Very often the priest instructs in his priestly convert; (8) The priest may point to such conquests as Newman, Manning, Faber, Ripon, Brownson, etc., etc., with two thousand Anglican ministers since 1835; (9) The priest may illustrate the sanctity of the Church through the defection of Chiniquy and the Reformers; (10) He may appeal to history at every step.

A CONTRAST OF LIVES AND DEATHS.

A short while ago there died two men among many others; one died in the fulness of his years; the other a young man. Now, the older man had spent his long days, up from young manhood, in the service of God, a religious, a humble lay brother. True, he had been obliged, through many a long year, to do without many of even the permissible joys of earth; he had had to submit to the orders of various superiors and different; had risen before dawn for his daily work through the years; was humble, pious, self-sacrificing, nothing in the eye of the worldling. He died the death of a saint, and his soul was wafted into eternity on the wings of prayer. His crosses are over, and the trial at an end.

On the other hand, the young man of whom we speak died the victim of a sad accident, without a moment's warning, and, as far as we can see, just as he had lived. His days he had spent in riot and debauchery; blasphemy and abomination had been ever on his tongue. Though the child of good parents, he had proved a monster. For confession and communion he had but little use; the warning of the priest, friend, and parent he had lazily spurned. Missions or retreats in the parish he had failed to attend, and of his religion he had not cared to hear. Death surprised him in his sins, to all appearances. Oh! what a passing! "Which of the two departed ones was greeted the more kindly by God? Let your future lives give the answer. Let the young men whose days are spent in sin and riot remember that there shall be an awful reckoning. It may be hard, in their eyes, to live as

did the good old brother, but there is a heaven for eternity. It may seem pleasant, for the while, to indulge one's passions and fulfill one's sinful longings, but there is a hell. Notwithstanding the open contrast in the manner of their deaths, may both the young and the old man have found mercy with God!

FALSE CHARITY.

Some weeks ago the editor of a Maritime weekly scandal-sheet was put in jail. For months his paper had kept up a campaign of slander. Nobody, not even an honest man or woman, in the town where the rag was printed and published, was safe, or were the doors of his or her home strong enough to prove effective screens from the vicious eye of the editor. Honest men found him guilty, and, as we said, he was sent to jail. But now, lo and behold you! one or two excuses for editors have rushed to the rescue. One of them, a strange kind of individual, declares that the convict's paper was not at all what thousands found it, and he wants the Government to interfere and discharge the prisoner.

Now, we do not want any man's life or purse, but we do want to see our Canadian liberty respected. If that scandalous editor had lived and written in the Southern States he would long have ended his earthly days. Scribbling blackguards must find out that here in Canada a man's home is his castle, and his name a belonging sacred and stern. True, the Maritime scandal-sheet never attacked the Church. True, it would never have published the lies and calumnies against us that some pious Protestant weeklies do; but their editors can rightfully plead insanity. No! No! Canadians are not going to let a petty thief serve his full term and ask pardons for polished criminals.

DYING WITHOUT THE PRIEST.

It is sad news when we read about any Catholic having refused the ministrations of the Church in the hour of death, and doubly sad when the one who so died happened to have enjoyed the benefits of a thoroughly Catholic training. Of course, one alone is the judge of life and death: One alone can punish or reward—God! But aside from the facts of any particular case, what may explain the death of a Catholic willingly deprived of the Church's help? Many reasons. Pernicious books, secret societies, evil associates, pride and all the other deadly sins. No good Catholic irretrievably falls from grace in an instant. Hardness of heart is not the making of a moment's weakness. Chiniquy advanced through a long succession of steps, and Voltaire's final iniquity was the result of a long life of vice and moral decay. No young Catholic with a clear mind or a pure heart ever died impenitent as yet; and no agency of destruction can ruin the soul more fatally than lust or the pride of intellect. Happily, deaths with the priest determinedly banished are rare among us, yet even one in a hundred years is one too many. And what honor is there in dying like the beast of burden, or the dog deprived of an immortal soul? Did the great men of the Christian world so die? Is an impenitent death the only claim some have to immortality among men? The immortality of fame, even the greatest, will die with the last man, while the memory of the pious and impenitent shall be swallowed up in eternal perdition.

INSULTING THE AUTHORITIES

People who deem themselves privileged to teach their fellowmen must not either by word or deed, appear as enemies of authority. We know that with the doctrine of the free-and-easy, go-as-you-please self-interpretation of Scripture may grow enraged when they are told they must listen to the voice of authoritative teaching; but that does not mean that the Presbyterian preachers of the Maritime provinces or anywhere else, are permitted to publicly attack the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. Still the thing was done, by the sea, a short while ago. As a result, the preachers are entitled to praise from the Anarchists and Socialists, with their unscoured brethren, the Nihilists of Russia! In all these Presbyterian synods, from Terra-del-Fuego, past Dumfriesshire, to Etah in Greenland, there is hardly any question of doctrine or of true religious activity. The greatest thing the Maritime Synod did was to criticize what Lieutenant-Governor Fraser eats at his dinner-table and how many glasses the government has given him! Very serious issues, eh? And all that nonsense, while Presbyterian ministers, in many a pulpit, are attacking the very vitals and fundamentals of Christianity, tearing up confessions and condemning the Bible. A synod's members who can do no better than pass resolutions on bills of fare, should go into the horse-swapping business. But, then, busybodies will ever be busybodies, in spite of religion.

MARK TWAIN.

Mary Twain! We have heard the name before. They say he is a humorist! We had thought "Mr. Dooley" was, and are convinced he is; but that cannot be. At any rate had "Mr. Dooley" only the ability of a Mark Twain, he could never have made a fortune at his work. All Mark Twain has done is furnish fun for people who do not know what either wit or humor is. There is another phase of Mark Twain's work we wish to treat in a few words, and that is his mockery of everything holy. He jests with Hell, Heaven, religion and the sacraments. He even introduces the sacred mysteries for a laugh, but his jokes had already preceded him in a score of authors. Personally, we would not waste ten cents on Mark Twain, were we in quest of a joke or a laugh, and certainly we are only voicing the opinion of a tremendous multitude. Mark thinks he is funny, but we know "Mr. Dooley" is. Had Samuel Clemens the brains of Firley Peter Dunne, we could reach an adjustment. There is no philosophy to Twain's books, but there are heaps of ridicule. Little fellows who are grow-

ing too intelligent to go to church like Twain's jokes, and think them really choice. They are welcome to their finding, and Twain is welcome to their tribute. It is hard for a man with even the shadow of wit and humor in his soul and spirit to find six good comical sayings in any of Twain's books. We would not even sell them if we had kept any of them, and would not have read them, were it not for curiosity's sake. We failed.

THE CHAMPION LIAR'S TRADE.

We were once asked why some regarded, instead of talking to the full license of the out-and-out infidel and libertine, chose, rather, to preach in heretical howling-tubs. We answered that, as the fellows generally wasted money, they found it a good financial venture to enlist their efforts in the cause of religion that needed lies, slander, and calumny to buttress their claim to truth and apostolicity. True, the game no longer pays as it once did. The following from the New York Catholic News bears out our statement:

"Of course," says the editor, "the anti-Catholic accusations against the Church that are so widely circulated do considerable harm to Catholicity. But it must not be forgotten, too, that they often do some good. Many an honest and intelligent Protestant has been led by extravagant anti-Catholic charges to make an investigation of Catholic teachings, and has been finally brought into the Church itself. A sample case is furnished by the London Catholic Times. In a letter to that paper Mr. A. de Reya, a merchant sailor, writing from the steamship Drake, relates how he has investigated charges against the Catholic Church and in every instance found them to be false. The result is that he has decided to become a Catholic. 'I have been going to sea now, on and off, for the last seventeen years,' he writes, 'and in that time I have visited nearly all parts of the globe. I am a Protestant, and am shortly to become a convert to the one and only true faith. I have in my travels the last few years read and heard a great deal that has been said against the Catholic Church. In my spare time I have investigated, as far as it has been possible, what I have heard and read, and in every case I have proved these statements to be the most wicked and outrageous lies that ever could be invented. As a man who has seen much and traveled far for many years, I feel very strongly on this subject, and I say that it is more than scandalous that such lies are told, and also written, about the Church of Rome. I have not stated here the exact nature of these base falsehoods, as it is not worth while.'

What Other Editors Say.

A HIDDEN FORCE. The Church works upon the soul in the confessional. There the purer law and adherence to the higher...

OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.

It is one of the hallowed beliefs that the training of the child for good belongs to the home influence and parental precept. While there are many incidents that are exceptions to this, it is also a fact beyond dispute, that the lives of successful men and women are usually monuments of honor to the thorough goodness of home and the personal supervision of a sane father and mother.

"LIFT YOUR HATS, BOYS."

The other day we happened to be in a neighboring city. On a street car were half a dozen men, one of them a priest, and one woman. The woman occupied the seat with the priest. It could easily be seen they were not acquaintances. Presently a church came in view, and strange to relate every man save one lifted his hat. They were Catholics and the church bore a cross.

A STORY WE DON'T LIKE.

We lately came across a "Tally-Ho" story in one of our very best Catholic publications of New York. We do not like the story. We say "we", in order not to interfere with the solar system. "Tally-Ho" was written by a lady writer; it took her a half-dozen of pages to tell us what Rip Van Winkle's sister could have told us in five lines, with much more effect. Here it is: A dog wins first prize. A lawyer "bamboozles" a will. Jack Hartigan, like "Charley on the Spot," arrives in time to save the old man's life, by telling him that "Tally-Ho" came out first in his school amongst the other dogs. Jack gets his bride.

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"Tally-Ho" goes down a place or two in the following year's examinations. The old man dies when he hears the news.

A very pathetic story! Of priest or minister there is not a word. The old man evidently lived and died for the dog's sake. The only indication of prayer, or religion, is summed up in dogs' howling, the Banshee, an old woman's holy exclamations, with an old man's half-suppressed oaths. Truly and surely an admirable piece of literature! It was evidently made and intended for a Catholic magazine, even if it had worn a more Irish coating it might have been found "unavailable."

Now, the magazine in question may well afford to do without such story-stuff as "Tally-Ho." Were we awarding a merit note for it, we should say 3 on 10, 2 being granted gratuitously.

Religious Pictures For Framing.



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prepared to leave the car, we heard the woman say, "If I could only believe that my Savior was in the church, I would spend the rest of my days before the altar in adoration."

There is a lesson here for us Catholics. Some of us apparently have not sufficient respect even to lift our hats in recognition of our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament. We have become so vulgarly familiar that when we enter a church we make, not the genuflection we should but a mere crook in the knee. We are "blessed with the gift of faith; we believe that our Divine Lord is there in the tabernacle, still we pass by, we offer Him insult by taking His sacred name in vain; we treat Him as we do any other common acquaintance. What will He do for us when the time comes for us to appear before Him in all His majesty? Will He look upon us as coldly as we have upon Him?—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

BEAUTIFUL NON-CATHOLIC TRIBUTE.

With no intention of making invidious distinctions between the various Christian churches, justice to the Catholic Church compels the statement that its organization traces back to Peter, who was the first Bishop of Rome. Though many crimes were subsequently charged against that Church, the marvelous work it has done for civilization, and is still doing, entitles it to the reverence and respect of every true follower of the Nazarene, whose whole life was one of humility and desire to uplift man.

To the remotest wilds of the earth, wherever the human tongue is spoken, Catholic missionaries were the first to penetrate and make lasting converts to the religion of Christ, slowly lifting them from barbarism and putting them on the way to a progressive civilization. In its unity, aim and purpose, and its rigid disciplinarianism lies the great strength of the Roman Catholic organization. At the base of all creeds lies faith, and the Catholic Church commands, or demands, implicit obedience to the beliefs promulgated by it, strict obedience to the tenets of its creed, presenting to the membership of the whole, the single alternative of belief of the spiritual as preached by it, or excommunication. It is intolerant of strife and division in its ranks, and to keep down such it constitutes itself the exclusive dogma builder. Taking the Master at His word in naming Peter for the primacy of His Church, the Catholics have found in his writings the strength which constitutes it the most potential religious organization in the world to-day.—The Post, Houston, Tex.

If you are a sufferer from colds get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualities. It will be found that no praise bestowed on it is too high. It does all that is claimed for it, and does it thoroughly. Do not take any substitute for Bickle's Syrup, because it is the best, having stood the test of years. All the best dealers sell it.

Are Poised You

THE boy move day, to in health. If the waste is the system a self blood Poor dig of bile in the or weak contraction bowels, m Constipation Abbey's E

Echoes and

Are you going to this year? The Toronto Globe number did not give the picture of the schoolhouse. We hope one of presents will be purged and ventilated the "country cousin" too. All the arts are in son. It can chain the the skies; it can soothe the deep. But it is limited when the thly Dryden says: "Reason's glimmer Was lent, not to assuage way, But guide us upward day." The old fad of refect of the Church of immortalizing odyng out. Such a as Pasteur, such an as Dr. Hingston, writer as Brunetiere borrowed steps to fe Miss Katherine Ell first time since she the "map" of Ameri reported engagement Abruzzi, has successe five days in New York asked as to wh broken off her engage Duke. The dallies ar with scandals, howe An English curate the opinion that the crows by wet weather the wickedness of Asc ment. We once thoug limit had been reache radian member of P said the National Po the hens lay bigger of those English curate for a sermon theme Bible was cast overbo Our pious friends of Grande Ligne Mission during the church year had 32 laborers in th 32 preached 729 32 converted converts 1140 Bibles and port Scriptures, 50,000 pag tracts, made 6251 vious houses, entered 2 to offer the Word of I religious conversations more than 2000 ch Word of God to Roma The figures were not And now a preacher is going to do away v and use a powerful sea thus expects to reach Another preacher's Ob dealt with the chanceo Jeffries stands of whip Johnson. And that is call religion! Is it that there are thirty-fi unchurched Protestants ed States? In Canada, not nearly quite so b rank paganism was, taught in a Toronto B of theology. The way of the Prote is hard, remarks Fw Ever since Bishop (P.E Little Rock, Ark., pub book urging a corpora Protestant sects under the historic (Episcopal gate he has had all kin with his clergy and t truth is laymen make b constants than do the