

THURSDAY, 1909. "T" Ab... Effer- vescent malady a... A morning you will not... Echoes a... How are you... Chiquiquy's meeting-house Olympia Theat... It takes two make an assa... Ferrer is not... Our friend C again appeari... world! Pleas... Thirty kille... and sixteen se... injured—that... for 1909! Th... college or h... Where is Rev... he is not goin... the interests o... (somewhat) butors. But, plicate us! According to dealing with a day, November brated Mass wi... will they get Catholic news? Rev. Dr. Barri has lately retir... pastor of the siah, has many ming friend a Montreal. U call from Ca Barnes has alw... along without... towards Cathol... Samuel Blak slaves because t... rity. He canno man may believ... ty. He stands yet he ought to Act of Parliam... lief of every Am at the King's fe... Montreal may its secular Cath... very grateful fo... other city could competent, even price. Their se... cognition than are proud of ou very proud, but good secular tea... The Independen pleased with Bi... severely wound... conscience when American univer... unbelief are spr... the young, and p... prate about inf... pressing the gra... tion of society... Independent hate... Meandering eva... worst enemies... Their sermons at... ble sacred into n... philosophical an... ty that is causin... United States God and His Fa... and flippant rid... punishment beyo... pends upon the material... The surest sign when numbskull... It would be poo... King Alfonso, praised him. Re... man who finds... others has none... fraud, trickery, b... ble-dealing must... with the work... Grave-diggers firm... ment, once vo... schemes... "I shall never Canadians may a... future, as they a... in battle, was in council, and choo... brate their explo... dom from general... T. D'Arcy McGee.

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...suffices to make bad Catholics out of their children, even if in Catholic life and work the main thing is strong belief and righteous living. But those gentlemen ought to be ashamed of the word example, and should logically grow mad when they hear the word edification. Their own minds and hearts are poisoned, and they do not want to see the multitude preserved. Their only aim in life is money, their only happiness luxury. We are not surprised they are enemies of the Catholic press, but are sorry Jews and Protestants trust them.



HEAD THIS! Through personal correspondence we have heard of the good work the French Ursuline nuns are doing in their magnificent convent at Greenwich, London, S.E., England. But they are handicapped by the fact that it is hard to get vocations in England. The good nuns could broaden their owork and extend their sphere of thorough usefulness, if only educated English-speaking girls with a true vocation could be truthfully advised—as they always are—to take a share in the work and the sacrifice. The good nuns found hopes in Canada. They would joyfully welcome suitable postulants. True, the life of an Ursuline religious means days spent in the holy cloister, but given the admirable site and situation of the Greenwich Convent, there is the full guarantee of fresh and bracing air. It may be that God wants some young ladies of Canada or the United States to help in the good work; if He does, He will not be outdone in generosity. God never points to the Cross without having prepared the crown. The Church is making rapid strides in England; but if more zealous workers were available the harvest would be much greater and richer than it is. If we cannot share actively ourselves in the work, we can all, at least, offer the tribute of our prayers and alms-deeds. The good Superioress of the Convent of Ursulines (address above) will be glad and consoled to hear from any pious and generous soul who may grow interested in the work. We kindly request our valuable exchanges to say a word about the good work, if in their judgment, they deem the step advisable. Canada will never lose, nor will the United States, by lending to God.

OF COURSE. Prof. Goldwin Smith, in a letter read at the latest meeting of the Dominion Grange, Toronto, says Germany is not a menace to Britain and condemns the proposal to establish a Canadian navy. His idea is that we should avoid Imperial issues altogether and depend upon the United States. But we are not going to discuss politics. All we care to say is that many of our Canadian dailies are again scandalized with false teaching. When Goldwin Smith gives an opinion about the Pope, the Church, Spain, Italy, or the Bishops of France, his words are printed with all the care and veneration possible; but when he speaks as he lately spoke at Dominion Grange, he is called "the advocate of lost causes," and he is told that "he does not realize that Canada has grown in many ways since he began to shut his eyes to the trend of development." In other words, when dealing with the political and economical issues of the day, Goldwin Smith does not know what he is saying; but when he deals with questions of the Church, about which he knows but little, then he is proclaimed a prophet. It is hard to find the bump of "sincerity" in some cases. A WONDERFUL DOCTOR. A few days ago, a gentleman called a doctor took upon himself the strange task—in his case—of explaining the miracles wrought at the shrine of Ste. Arne de Beaupre. The ladies present came away awestricken and profoundly impressed. Now, we had never thought Montreal could be blessed with such a prophet as the doctor. We know that Europe's most famous medical lights have gone to Lourdes and to St. Ann's, and were so impressed, that they came away from what they had witnessed with the firm resolution of respecting science and saying nothing. An in fact, what does it matter whether this or that doctor confounds the things of Isis and Mother Eddy with God's miracles? Is that going to stop us from enjoying our breakfast and saying our prayers? Our God is not a little idol locked up in a cupboard. Our faith can reach beyond a tooth extractor and a box of pills. Protestantism has never yet been able to work a miracle. And if any bigots say our miracles are not miracles, why, in the name of Heaven, don't they cure a few invalids, give sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf? By the very fact that they claim our miracles are due to natural causes, they admit their own ignorance, stupidity, or cruelty. But let us not fear, if men could do the things that are done at St. Ann's, pills would have long ere now been cast aside and reputations built up along other lines. Our general run of doctors do not talk as some do. In all professions there are lights and shades. And, then, even the ancient heathen poets sang under a cloud of perplexity, "with the sun of truth sinking over nearer and nearer to its setting, and with the fallen and still falling leaves of pure and severe tradition ever heaping themselves around their feet. When the first comer is willing to explain where Europe's leading medical lights are forced to be silent, it is time to sew the stovepipe together and time to glue the sofa to the floor. Ranters and others may say what they like, but Catholics shall ever be able to show the miracles wrought at their shrines. "St. Paul," in the words of T. W. Marshall, "was as truly an apostle when stoned by the rabble at Lystra, as when loving disciples fell upon his neck and kissed him 'sorrowing that they should see his face no more.'" Pea-shooters and fire-crackers will never dislodge the truth, nor shall the gates of Hell prevail against the Church of Christ.

bound to God by bond indissoluble, and (c) as blessed among women with a blessing directly in opposition to the curse that befell Eve. Such conditions of grace in Mary must necessarily exclude original sin from within the precincts of her soul. Furthermore, the adumbrations and prefigurations, such as the story of Esther, are at hand with St. Paul's First to the Corinthians (x. ii.) If we turn to tradition, we find that, in both the Eastern and Western Church, and as far back as the Twelfth Century, the feast of Mary's Immaculate Conception was duly celebrated; while, in its roots, we may trace it back as far as the fifth century in the East and the seventh in the West. In the oldest liturgies, such as those of Saints James, Mark, and Basil, Mary is called the "immaculate," the "undefiled"; and in the old Greek hymnology (V. Cent.), her title to spotlessness is unmistakably admitted and taught St. Ephrem (Or. ad SS. Dei Genitricem), St. Maximus of Tours (Hom. 5 ante Nat. Dom.), St. Augustine (de Nat. et Gr. c. 36), Modestus of Jerusalem, Hidelphus, Peter the Venerable, John Damascene, Cyril of Alexandria, Joseph the Confessor, Sophronius of Jerusalem, etc., etc., are unimpeachable witnesses. Even Anglicans, in their calendar appended to the Book of Common Prayer, ascribe the eighth day of December to the celebration of the feast of the Lady's Conception. And, indeed, Mary's relations to the August Trinity, the consideration of a full and perfect Redemption on the part of Christ, with the fact that Mary was called upon to undo the work of Eve, taken together with the common consensus of the faithful, easily force the conviction upon us. And, then, did not the Most Blessed Virgin herself, in her own words, in 1858, at the Holy Shrine of Lourdes, tell Bernadette Soubirous, and through Bernadette, the whole world, that she is, in very truth, the Immaculate Conception. This we all believe, and shall always believe, in spite of a thousand schisms and heresies, and all the powers of Hell. We could not close our little tribute to Our Lady better than by adding Father Arthur Barry O'Neill's poem "To the Immaculate": Star of the morning, whose splendor illumined Shadows that dark o'er the primal would lay, Still doth thy glory redeem the sad story, Angels record of mankind day by day; Still art thou shining bright, Piercing the mists of night, Steadfastly gleaming o'er life's troubled sea; Gladly we hail thy ray, Hopeful the while we pray, 'Virgin Immaculate, guide us to Thee." Lily of Israel, Nature's Ideal, Type the most perfect of woman most fair, Poets have hymned thee and painters have limned thee, Art knows no beauty with thine to compare; Lily all free from stain, Soul in whom Grace's reign N'er was disturbed by the shadow of sin; Virgin Immaculate Teach us like thee to hate Aught save the glory that lies all within.

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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. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1909.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Yesterday (Wednesday, Dec. 8) Holy Mother Church bade us breathe our prayers to, and spend our love for, our Immaculate Mother in Heaven, the glory of Jerusalem the Golden, the Queen of Israel the Elect. From the rising of the sun to its setting, and from its setting until it rose again, while the Unspotted Lamb was offered in adorable sacrifice on the altars of ten hundred thousand Houses of the Lord, hymns of praise for Our Lady were wafted from myriad voices upon the wings of countless angels and borne to the throne of her whom Heaven claims its Queen. Father Faber, it was, who said, "We cannot do much to honor Mary; our most must be sorrowfully too little." And Brother Azarias, "All nations, all tribes, all peoples have called Mary blessed." The Church in her earliest liturgies took up the key-note, and continued to hymn her praises; to that praise all peoples, with heart and soul, have unceasingly echoed back a grand chorus of Amen. Even non-Catholics are growing to love her in thrilling way and number. Thus Alfred Noyes, one of the few poets living worthy of that name. In paying a generous and beautiful tribute to the memory of Francis Thompson, Mr. Noyes, in his new book of poems, recognises the "child-heart" of the dead genius, as follows:— Adventuring unafraid Into that last deep shrine, —Must not the child-heart see Its deepest symbol shine, —The world's Birth-mystery, Thero to the suns are shade? —So, the white breast divine— The holy Mother-Maid!

The Holy Mother-maid, and Queen conceived without the stain of sin original! It is of her the Proto-evangel (Gen. III, 15) speaks, when it gives God's promise to our first parents after their fall: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." And in Isaiah (XL, 1): "And there shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise out of his root." Mary and Jesus; Mother and Child. Then there is the winning testimony of the Gospel (St. Luke I., 28) the words of our oft-repeated prayer to Our Lady, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women." According to the Fathers, this undying salutation contains three great teachings which Heaven dispensed to earth through the annunciation of Gabriel. Mary is hailed as (a) plainly full of the treasures of grace, (b) as most strongly

AT CHINIQUY'S CHURCH. A two-by-four professor lately lectured on the Reformation at Chiquiquy's meeting-house on St. Catherine street. Some Catholics were present, we are told, but we just know what that means. Now, Chiquiquy's church is such a thriving affair that it took the congregation ten years to try to pay off a debt of a thousand dollars. Nor is it surprising that other French congregations attended the lecture. They are so few, when all told, that they could be huddled together, and with ease, in a room 30 by 15. The French Methodists were pleased, for their church is now the city morgue. Then, possibly, some of the Quebec brethren were present, as Chiquiquy's church in that city has lately been called the Olympia Theatre. We respect our decent Protestant brethren of all the religious sects, but we have no use for the outcasts who thrive upon their money after the fashion of cunning parasites. One of the minor proofs that Protestantism is altogether at sea, lies in the fact that Chiquiquy followers are deemed acceptable. Let the few perverts enjoy their supper and the professor's eloquence, but French Canada is Catholic by the triple virtue of her history, her spirit of devotedness, and the lustre of her ge-

OUR CANADIAN COINS. It is a crying shame to see how many of our Canadian coins are mutilated. Thousands of them are remarkable for holes through them, while even very late half-dollars are submitted to a picking process. Sharp little instruments are used, and the country laughed unto scorn. Evidently the fine flower of our immigration is at work. Would our case, however, The three-fourths our damaged money pieces are in the Maritime Province? Such is the case, however. The three-fourths and much more. Why, the provinces by the sea seem to have a sought-for monopoly in the business of taking and giving them. One-third of the money pieces in New Brunswick are mutilated; but the vast majority of

mitlators are elsewhere. When does the Government intend to take action? It is of no use to laugh at the work the usurers and other educated thieves are doing. READERS, BEWARE! Just at present the people are being "taken in" by canvassers from the "Catholic Art and Publication Office," of Chicago. The books, we are told, are almost useless, and yet young people will not hesitate at all at giving their notes in payment. As Father Phelan says, "they need not pay for these books. The notes cannot be collected. The whole thing is a fraud; like the books and engravings of our Presidents sent to parties all over the county. When they buy a thing and give their note in advance, they need not pay until the article bargained for is delivered." Now we are willing to believe that our Chief of Police is a hard-working man, but we kindly request him to give the swindlers a taste of Canadian executive power. Again, dear readers, there are those peddlers from no one knows where, who thrive on the sale of so-called religious articles. The pictures of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, that they sell, are simply disgusting, and are calculated to bring ridicule on the Church. They sell us crucifixes, make a usurer's fortune at the work, and then enjoy a hearty joke at our expense. It is pretty near time we should all be up and doing. Rest assured that if we wanted to sell Old Testament reminders to our friends the Jews we should find the attempt a poor business venture. We, on our part, can do without their zeal.

THE NEED OF A CATHOLIC PRESS. "If it were not for our Catholic papers, no one would know you were on the face of the earth," declared Rev. Dr. Roche, of Register-Extension, in a recent sermon at Toronto. Yet there are some very intelligent (?) Catholics who fail to see why our papers should defend the truth. They claim the whole system is wrong; in other words, that all the bishops, the thousands of priests, and the myriads of laymen and women interested in our publications are all at sea, and that they alone—our very intelligent Catholics (save the mark!)—are right. They are not afraid of mixed marriages, have no dread of the public school, find Communion once every two years sufficient, are as sincere as the prayerful Pharisee of the Gospel, and as proud of their handiwork as he; but fail to understand that they will prove the fathers, or, at least, the grandfathers of a legion of "ought-to-be" Catholics later on. Good old Irish names will thus, in all safety, find their way to the non-Catholic register, and their owners be known as Baptists or Methodists. The "very intelligent" ones declare that example alone suffices. We know that their own example