

The True Witness
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Let us, then, celebrate the Feast
of the Heart of Jesus to-morrow, as
well as we possibly can. God will
bless us in return for the effort and
endeavor.

THE MONTH OF THE SACRED
HEART.

June is the month of the Most Sac-
red Heart of Jesus, and is, there-
fore, in at least one sense, the
greatest month of the Christian
year. How do we intend to use its
days of cheer and blessing? Having
well spent our love and devotion
during the month of Mary, at her
shrines and under the smiling looks
with which she blessed us, we must
be prepared to do our most solemn
homage to Jesus her Child and the
Eternal Son of the Living God.

We are on our way to the august
seat of God's abiding mercy and
justice. It is still our lot and share
to weigh our shoulders down with
the sheaves of the harvest. "Death
comes honorably to one who ex-
changes a life of voluntary sacrifice
for a crown of glory," says Charles
Warren Stoddard; while, in the
words of Cardinal Newman, "the end
is the trial; the world passes; it is
but the pageant and a scene; the
lofty palace crumbles; the busy city
is mute; the ships of Tarshish have
sped away. On the heart and flesh
death comes; the veil is breaking."
And to quote England's greatest
Cardinal again: "Times come and
go, and men will not believe that
that is to be which is not yet, or
that what is now only continues for
a season, and is not eternity."

We are striving, lingering after
Heaven. Our weary souls shall not
be satisfied until whelmed over in
the fulness of God's mercy and good-
ness. What we are now doing
should be done in view of the crown
beyond, and each succeeding month
should find us better men and wo-
men. Therefore, the present month
of June should be the best month
of our lives, inasmuch as our days
are hitherto spent.

In all our churches and chapels
special prayers and devotions are
set apart for the days now upon us;
let us then help our souls along the
way to the Palace of our great
King; let us assist at Holy Mass
each day, if possible, and close our
evenings with the good and generous
souls that gather under the shadow
of the altar to be filled with the
mercies from above. May June go
before us to God laden with the
spoils of holy warfare and burdened
with the fulness of our fullest en-
deavors.

MARY.

Under the meaning caption of
"Mary," our esteemed friend, the
Daily Witness, gave us quite an
agreeable surprise the other day. We
knew all along that the editor of
the Daily Witness, though in charge
of a loaded journalistic atmosphere,
was a man of no ordinary culture
and training, and now we are glad
to see him write or tolerate such
things as the editorial on the sweet
name of Mary.

True, our esteemed friend takes a
thrust at "Bloody Mary," first nam-
ed so by people ignorant of history;
true, he fails to know Mary Stuart
as true story tells of her life and
deeds; but it is, likewise, true that
the Anglicans will not thank him
for the respect he pays their patron
saint, Henry VIII, and true, as well,
that he can speak very kindly words
about "Mary of the Incarnation."
We wish fully to share his tribute to
the good Queen who now presides
with King George over the British
Empire.

Our last word is one of meant
thanks. We are glad from the bot-
tom of our hearts to see the editor
of a staunch Protestant paper speak
as respectfully of God's holy Mother
as our friend of the Daily Witness
does. We hope Mary will, under
God, bless him for that tribute of
respect.

We were going to say a little word
about the editor's allusion to "the
Church's tradition," but a truce is
declared for the present issue.

Following is the editorial from
our contemporary:

"Mary, the name of our new
Queen, is that of the Mother of Je-
sus, and the most honored and be-
loved on earth. Except when asso-
ciated with Mary I, popularly
known as the Bloody Mary, the
sound of the name in English ears
has always been grateful and sweet.
It is associated in the English mind
from nursery days with rustic sim-
plicity, a gentle gravity and innocent
sweetness; with hedges of fragrant
white hawthorn and yellow-golden
honeysuckle, meadows pied with
pink-tipped daisies and varnished
buttermilk banks scented with prim-
roses and violets; and with the gam-
bolings of dainty, curly lambs. It
is indeed strikingly pastoral in the
images it calls up. Shakespeare
sings of Mary buds which begin to
open their golden eyes what time
the lark sings at heaven's gate.
Even 'Mary, Mary,' quite contrary,
of the children's game, is asked,
'How does your garden grow?' and

replies, unless memory fails us,
'With silver bells, and cockle shells,
and pretty maids all in a row.'
Scotland, too, loves the name, un-
der the enchantment of Burns's pen.
Mary, however, is of high lineage,
the Virgin Mary being of the seed
of David, while her cousin, Elizabeth
—another name now accounted pecu-
liarly English—was the mother of
John the Baptist. The Elbbe, too,
tells of several other Marys: one,
Mary of Bethany, of the imperish-
able name, who was the ready dis-
ciple and tender worshipper of Jesus
and to whom he vouchsafed his pec-
uliar friendship; Mary of Magdala,
or Mary Magdalen, symbol, in the
Church's tradition, of the saved sin-
ner. The second Mary who reigned
in England was the daughter of
James the Second, and wife of Wil-
liam of Orange, and history speaks
well of her prudence and ability.
'Mary of the Incarnation' is a state-
ly and an interesting figure in early
French-Canadian history. She was
Superior of the Ursuline Convent of
Quebec in 1639, or two hundred and
seventy-one years ago, and a strong
and beautiful personality is revealed
in her autobiography and in many
independent descriptions of her life
and times. With poor Mary Stuart
and her tragic life and fate litera-
ture and history abound—she whose
ungoverned behavior did something
to promote the Protestant revolt in
Scotland. She was done to death
at last by Elizabeth, perhaps in
self-defence, and posterity has not
ceased to shed a sympathetic tear
over her heedless course. Even for
Bloody Mary, excuses have been
found of late years, some of which
are plausible. In that time of reli-
gious and intellectual revolution
she, the wife of a Spanish reaction-
ary, had naturally to cope with
much disloyalty and a lot of bud-
ding rebellions—and so perhaps the
daughter of Bluebeard Henry the
Eighth and wronged Catherine of
Aragon was not as sanguinary as
the writers of her sister Elizabeth
painted her. Of our present Queen
Mary all the associations are those
which are most attractive in En-
glish life, and although Queen Mary
is Queen Consort only, and not joint
possessor of the throne, as was
Mary the Second with William, her
influence upon society and events
will be none the less, and from all
we know of her we may expect that
influence to be wise and salutary.
And so we say long live Queen Mary
and may her years be full of peace."

CANON O'MEARA HONORED.
We are glad to know that Canon
O'Meara, Pastor of St. Gabriel's, is
now chairman of the Catholic School
Commissioners. He takes the place
of a very good man and effective
worker, Canon Dauth, to whom
Catholic education here in Montreal
owes a debt that could never be paid
in the money of man.
But the zealous, fearless, and indef-
atigable Canon O'Meara, too, will
take the chair with the full intent
and capacity of making a success of
his work. Just at present, little
agencies of devilry are busy with
plans, schemes, and methods intend-
ed and calculated to counteract au-
thority. A puny school of upstarts
wants to control our school "et
nous émanciper," but they might as
well convince themselves of the fact
that they have less power to-day
than they ever had before.
Canon O'Meara will keep up the
noble traditions of his predecessors
in office, and the foes of God and
religion who wear little aprons in
the dark chamber of "les émancipés"
now run the risk of being converted
to better ideas and sentiments, to
say the very least. Not that the
Canon means to wage unnecessary
warfare, but simply to do his duty
as he has always done it, fully and
faithfully.
We, therefore, of the True Witness,
in the name of all our readers, felicitate
the Pastor of St. Gabriel's,
while we wish him further useful
honors, trusting that he may long
be spared to lead the Irish Catholic
forces to duty and obedient success,
keeping us in close work and union
with the whole Catholic army. Ad
multos atque secundissimos annos!

BETTER BOYS AND GIRLS.

Professor William A. McKeever has
sent us his "Home Training Bulletin
No. 5," in which he handles the
question of "A Better Crop of Boys
and Girls."
Mr. McKeever is the Professor of
Philosophy in the Kansas State Agri-
cultural College, and, as such, he
wants to reform the human race
along purely scientific methods. He
shall never succeed.
It is plain, throughout his bulle-
tin, that Mr. McKeever is in every
sense of the word a man of high
ideals and of well-governed life; and
yet even he must remember that if
there is so much to be deplored in
the matter of marriage and the pro-
creation of children, lack of religion
is what is foremost to blame. If
young men and others prove phys-
ically unfit candidates for the sacred
bonds of matrimony, it is because
they do not pray, are not taught to
pray, never prayed, and never in-
tend to pray. In our big cities of
both hemispheres a thousand tempta-
tions are placed before boyhood
and girlhood; the law-makers do
not care; state universities are de-
stroying Christianity. True, good

men like Professor McKeever are pro-
testing in the name of decency, but
not until the Church with her Sa-
craments and the Confessional, is
given the place they should occupy
in the minds and hearts of men will
decent marriage laws prevail, and
will young people be thoroughly
helped to prepare for the married
state.

The Church welcomes the efforts of
such honest men as Professor Mc-
Keever; but, in spite of all their ef-
forts, young men and others will
refuse salutary advice as long as
they are taught and helped to get
along without religion. No won-
der, then, that men in state univer-
sities are growing alarmed. They
have the awful spectacle of degraded
youth under their eyes daily and
hourly. Hundreds of young wass-
trels go to state universities or
others—are sent—simply to paddle
their own canoe, spend as much mo-
ney as they can, and carry on like
barbarians. Hundreds, on the other
hand, are good and mean well, but
they are good in spite of the rules
—or lack of rule—under which they
live, and in spite of a million oc-
casions and influences.

State university professors—honest
minded men among them like Pro-
fessor McKeever—see for themselves
what intellectualism (of a kind)
without religion has been doing for
the student youth of America.
Thousands have been spoiled, eter-
nally spoiled and ruined, and empty-
brained professors taught them to
laugh at revealed religion and ridi-
cule the Decalogue. Not till reli-
gion wins back her place in edu-
cation will the evils of to-day either
disappear or decrease.

THAT CHURCH UNION SCHEME.

We notice that several of the more
distinguished Protestant clergymen
are opposed to the scheme of Church
union that is now keeping some, and
many, of the second-rate preachers
feverishly bothered. The former gen-
tlemen can see no issue of any ac-
count, but many others can. If even
numbers of the Methodists, Presby-
terians, and Congregationalists
agree to unite, the best result will
be another vast sect and that is all
—nothing more beyond five hundred
thousand fights over church prop-
erty. Of course, lawyers are plen-
tiful among the men contending for
the Union. How can you blame
them in a worldly sense? They have
an eye to business.

Another result will be to give
small villages a sixth or seventh
Protestant church, each and all half
empty the two-thirds of the time.
The Baptists are decided to keep out
of the union, and we felicitate them
for having shown sense once, at
least, in the short life, it is true,
of their mild sect. The Anglicans
would have to get rid of their "his-
toric episcopate," whatever that
means.

There can be no church union ex-
cept along lines of doctrinal author-
ity, and neither the Presbyterians,
the Methodists, nor the Congrega-
tionalists want anything of that
kind. So if the Church Union
scheme is not a huge farce, it is
simply a good subject of debate
and discussion, and we like it some-
what on that account.

Even if numbers will unite, let
us say again, another upshot of it
all will be an admirable display of
rivalry and warfare among the
preachers, each backed by his own
supporters, for the best plums on
the tree. Former Methodists will
grow disgusted with former Presby-
terian preachers, and Presbyterians
with Methodist fishermen; so with
the Congregationalists—oh! it would
be a glorious time, even better than
a thousand fairs with reminiscences
from, and of, Donnybrook the Gold-
en!

In the "Comedy of Convocation,"
from Marshall's pen, we are brought
face to face with the good Anglican
bishops, canons, rectors, deans, and,
of course, archdeacons, vicars and
curates, all harmoniously agreeing
to disagree! Now, in very likeli-
hood, we shall not be asked to
spend our wisdom at the Presby-
terian Assembly that is to meet pos-
terior to the Methodist Conference
in British Columbia, and, notwith-
standing the exclusion we shall suf-
fer, we invite the Presbyterians to
offer terms of union to all the other
Protestant bodies, the Holy Rollers
included, along lines of agreement
similar to those adopted at Convo-
cation. It would be safer, kinder,
truer, better and more successful
than to work, as all are now doing,
towards gathering the brethren for
a fight. But don't forget the Ag-
nostics!

A MEMORABLE ANNIVERSARY.

The Feast of the Sacred Heart of
Jesus this year recalls a meaning-
ful anniversary for the gentle Sisters
of the Congregation of Notre Dame.
In 1892—eighteen years ago—the

great Convent of Villa Maria was
entirely destroyed by fire. (The
writer well recalls the sad fact,
having been one of the first on the
scene, and having done his best to
render assistance.)

It was a sad sight for us to wit-
ness on a most beautiful day, and
a thousand times sadder sight for
the good Sisters. We can plainly
recall the fact, however, that, in-
stead of idly gazing upon the doom-
ed convent, the nuns and novices
worked with a heroism of which
only womanhood in its fairest con-
ception is capable. Men could not
have struggled and endeavored with
the heroism that marked the work
of the Sisters on that day.

But great as that convent was, a
still greater one has now arisen in
its place. Untold was the loss, and
still untold the deeds of sacrifice
and of courage that have made a
second Villa Maria, not only a possi-
bility, but the grand structure it
is to-day. It is there one of Amer-
ica's monuments to the work of
education, endowed, not with per-
ishable gold, but with the lifeblood
and martyr-work of self-sacrificing
women consecrated to God.

To borrow the words and the idea
of an illustrious educator, who a
hundred times crossed the seas, let
us say, that if Canada only knew
what was given her as hers, when
she was given the Sisters of Notre
Dame, she would mark the gift
and the day in letters of gold.

The Christian educator to whom
we refer spoke on a memorable oc-
casion, when, as another Thundering
Legion, America was welcoming a
small army of young men about to
consecrate their young lives to God
in the field of education, and as a
further offering from Europe to the
welfare of the young in a newer and
better land.

The Sisters of Notre Dame were
founded here in Montreal, Mary's
own city. Faithfully have they
worked, and earnestly have they
striven. Their work is now wide-
spread and is second to not even
the best either in success or profici-
ency. The Venerable Marguerite
Bourgeois worked for God and with
God.

That the new convent of Villa
Maria may withstand the length of
more than a century of years and
the test of storm and trial is the
earnest prayer we and our readers
offer to God to-day. Every suc-
cess of the Congregation should be a
heartfelt success for every earnest
Canadian.

LONG SCHOOL HOURS.

Our schools will soon close. The
teachers will not be sorry when
they do, and we do not blame
them. The pupils, we are told, are
not going to protest either, strange
to say. But other reflections are
in order as well.
We often wonder—people do—why
many children grow to love school
as much as they do the rawhide;
very many reasons are adduced in
explanation of the selfsame phenom-
enon; fathers say the children are not
talented, and mothers lay the full
blame on the teacher's poor, worn-
out shoulders. The disgusted pupil
has as many reasons to offer as
there are days in a Chinese year; but
some of the main causes are lost
sight of entirely.

Those who have spent long, dreary
sickening hours in the schoolroom,
imparting knowledge along all lines
of method and suggestion,—methods
with names varying according to
whim, and suggestions from Alum
to Yeast—know that, at the bot-
tom of the disgust of both teachers
and pupils, lies the fact that,
through the long, dreary hours im-
posed by meaningless programmes,
school becomes a veritable Devil's
Island, or, at least, a Siberia.

There are all kinds of pupils (and
all kinds of teachers); some have a
natural hatred for study; others a
crusader's dislike for their teachers.
They are exceptions.
Goodness only knows what hard
work is that of the teacher. There
is no money in his or her work;
merely a pittance at its best. There
is nothing to encourage them along
the lines of natural consolation; but
the long, dreary, sickening hours are
there to discourage them, and drive
them from the profession. Our se-
cular teachers must be good men
and women, indeed; happily they
are helped out through the spiritual
motives that underlie their labors
and endeavors. Our priestly and
religious teachers would make first-
class martyrs.

Outside of all sentimentality,
however, there are the demands and
requirements of pedagogy, and more
especially of methodology. In spite
of all the old systems, both on the
earth and on Mars, there is no
strict sense in keeping children lock-
ed up for seven or eight hours at a
time. We may be wrong, but we
spent many a long day in the class-

room, a quarter of a century and
over, as pupil first and then as a
teacher. We are rejoiced to think
we worked hard, but are glad we
are up from the slavery and drudge-
ry that took our health from us.
We want long hours again, an eter-
nity of them, but only when in
heaven. Still we are willing to
work, and, thank God, have a lot
to do.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

One can hardly believe that Arch-
bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minne-
sota, has now reached beyond the
age of three score and ten, and yet
so it is; nor is he willing to lay
down his arms even now, for, in
very truth, he has maintained near-
ly all the great vigor of his earlier
days, and is still the chief figure
of the American Northwest. May
God bless him!

Just the other day, he consecrated
six suffragan bishops in the course
of one and the same ceremony, one
of whom, an illustrious priest of
German blood, has become first
bishop of the newly-created dio-
cese of Bismarck. We have waited
until now to pay our tribute of
praise, for we were afraid, had we
spoken before, to see our voice
drowned in the grand concert of ac-
clamation, from the highest North
to the deepest South, and as wide
as the very continent itself, with
abundant districts yet to be heard
from all over the earth.

Archbishop Ireland is a good man,
a great man, a fearless and irre-
proachable man, a whole man, and
nothing short of it, a true priest,
and an extraordinarily successful
bishop. This is praise abundant,
and yet we could pay His Grace of
St. Paul a still heartier tribute
truthfully and without exaggeration.

True it is that all men did not
share his views at times; but it is,
likewise, true that all men are not
of his calibre. Whatever the meth-
ods Archbishop Ireland adopted,—
methods ever honest and always
soul-meant,—the result of his work,
the outcome of his ideas in action,
is there in living achievement of
compelling significance to bear wit-
ness to the fact that His Grace of
St. Paul is no dreamer of dreams,
but a man of his day, wearing all
the armor of the latest hour, a
friend to every man and a foe but
to sin, bad citizenship, and heart-
less apathy.

The Northwestern States must
have deserved well of God that He
sent them such a pastor; or, at
least, God must have great things
in store for the Church and people
so favored. He made enemies for
himself, but Archbishop Ireland's en-
emies even were few. The best of
them—that is, the least worthless of
them—have lived long enough to eat
their bread in tears. Those who
fought his ideas some years ago
are now using most of them for the
purposes he had foreseen. The great
churchmen who differed with him
at times, however, were never his
foes; they were of another class al-
together, strong and good men, too.
That God may spare the American
Church such a great and useful shep-
herd as is the thrillingly illustrious
John Ireland, and that, in His mer-
cy, He may spare him for another
score of years, is the earnest prayer
of every bosom within which
there beats an honest heart, here,
at least, in America.

"Liberty," says Bishop O'Farrell,
"can never be solid except based
upon the altars where the mysteries
of our faith are consummated."

If that Tory tale about Queen
Alexandra's impassioned words to
John Burns and Mr. Asquith be
true, it is a remarkable fact that
she did not include John Redmond.
At any rate, the Queen Mother and
the late King were always on the
side of Home Rule for Ireland. It
was long felt, by them that the Irish
people could have proved England's
most valuable asset. Given their
natures, motives, and intelligence,
they could readily understand Eng-
land's meaningless warfare on the
old land of our Irish fathers and
mothers. They never had any love
for Cromwell, and Cromwellian
ideals are what explain Ireland's
thralldom. The proof that the Irish
people would prove good subjects
under Home Rule is made plain in
the changed attitude of our people
toward the British Crown, in re-
turn for the generosity of even one
King's short reign of nine years.
Perhaps, after all, the Tory press
is reckoning with Redmond, and
that is why it omits his name in
connection with the alleged words
of the Queen. Again in view of
Anderson's "Parnellism and Crime,"
Balfour is willing to be cautious.
Were he half a man he would at
least resign.

Echoes
Abbé Caspary
The flowers
grow on a...

The Chr...
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Rev. Mr. C...
of Orange...
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Blake think...
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The great...
Alexandra, th...
bishop of Car...
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late King. A...
men are pray...
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Catholic pray...
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Farrer saw it...
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Smyth, of Mo...

Bishop Dunn...
diocese for...
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of New York...
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our thrilling...
and as some...
to Montreal t...
pray, good Ch...
inspiration in...
Byrnes.