

## The True Witness

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**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.

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If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province considered their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in the country.

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL,

Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1909.

### ALL SOULS.

"Along the aisle where prayer was made,  
A woman, all in black arrayed,  
Close-veiled, between the kneeling host,  
With gliding motion of a ghost,  
Passed to the desk, and laid thereon  
A scroll which bore these words alone,  
Pray for me!

"Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads  
Our want perchance hath greater needs?  
Yet they who make their loss the gain  
Of others shall not seek in vain,  
And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer  
Of love from lips of self-despair:  
Pray for us!"

Whittier was not a Catholic, yet what pathos in his poem "The Prayer-seeker." Does it not bear witness to the innate conviction that there is, after all, a soothing Communion of the Saints? What led Lord Ripon to the Church, if not the consoling doctrine of the dead and the blessed which our Church teaches.

Hardly does the thrilling vesper song of All Saints grow faint in the hallowed aisle, but, in the opening verse of the Office of the Dead, the Church prays the Lord to place the earthly dead and the blessed suffering ones in the land of the eternally living. What grandeur, what sublimity, what breath of the divine, in the Church's teaching and ritual!

"Pray for me!" Yes, we can help them! We can shorten the exile of a mother's or father's soul away from the all-shining throne of the Most High. Ours the balm and privilege to hasten those near and dear of all degrees, loved brothers and tender sisters, friends of childhood and cheerers in manhood and in olden hour in the Way toward the Palace of the Great Ruler. Oh! may we avail ourselves of the God-given opportunity.

"They die—the dead return not. Misery

Sits near an open grave and calls them over,  
A youth with hoary hair and haggard eye,  
They are the names of kindred, friend and lover,  
Which he so feebly calls. They all are gone,  
Fond wretch, all dead! Those vacant names alone,  
This most familiar scene, my pain, These tombs, alone remain."

Thus Shelley. Oh! the cruelty of the creed that tears one from his

dead! But, oh! the love and kindness of Mother Church who teaches us that we may help those who suffer in the flames that cleanse! All very well the sentiment, but better the proof on our part! Better the daily Mass heard, the frequent communion, the Way of the Cross, the Rosary—November sanctified!

May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Jesus, Lord!  
Requiescant in pace!

### THE FRENCH-CANADIANS.

We notice that it is the custom with two-penny American and Upper Canadian magazine contributors to spend sympathy upon the French-Canadians, just as if they were dealing with people inferior. Now, in what are the French-Canadians inferior to Americans or Upper Canadians, pray? In virtue? Why the French-Canadians could spare Ontario piles of that towards the relief of necessity. Or is it in health and endurance? French-Canadian morality is the best answer to that difficulty. Maybe, perhaps, Quebec is behind in education? If Ontario says that then we shall pardon its inhabitants, for that is the old cry of jealousy, with facts and figures to answer the lie. But what of Quebec's clergy and professional men? Can Protestant Ontario show anything, not better, but as good? Are we going to be told to go to Ottawa for the answer? Surely not: Ontario is too practical to commit suicide, even on paper. In what, then, is Quebec deficient? In divorce? Yes. In lack of irreligion? Yes. In boastfulness? Decidedly. In bigotry? Easily, oh, very, very easily! In family murders of an especially shocking kind? So say the daily newspapers, at least. Thus Quebec needs no cheap sympathy or foolish commiseration on the part of American or Upper Canadian magazine prophets. The "habitants" have been a long time in Canada, and, as Lord Elgin believed, their sons will be the last to leave the battlefield, when England will want them to defend her rights, with their archbishops, bishops, and priests to counsel and advise, as in the past, when England found them her mainstay and her best citizens in Canada.

### THE CHURCH AND THE WORKINGMAN.

It is fast becoming a trade with some leprous offshoots of Europe, here in Montreal, to get up in meeting and criticize the priests and the Church, and to depict them as enemies of the workingman; while, of course, there are always a few sympathizers to listen and approve.

Is the Church the workingman's friend? Are our bishops and priests and religious? Or is it necessary to answer at all? Are brick and stone not there to speak? Have not the efforts of our Church and clergy in behalf of the poor and suffering been crystallized into enduring monuments? Are not schools and colleges and homes and asylums and orphanages not there to speak for the zealous priests and of the self-sacrificing men and women who are working with them? Does not many a shaft stand over the graves of those who worked and fell martyrs in the cause of their fellow-men; and have not the names of myriads of priests and bishops and nuns and monks been emblazoned upon the honor-standards of a hundred countries? Faithful to her Divine Founder, Who had not a stone whereupon to lay His head, the Son of a poor Maiden, the purest of Virgins and the foster-child of Joseph the carpenter, the Church of the living God is mindful of Bethlehem, in Galilee, and across the Sea of Genesareth. Faithful, again to her Master Jesus, she is not afraid to choose her apostles of today from among the lowly of earth, as did Jesus. She is the last institution on earth to measure men by money. She is willing to forego the pleasures of Nero's palace, as once she did, and go down, with the poor, into the Catacombs; nor is she afraid or ashamed to send her priests and nuns into the poverty-stricken districts of great cities, into the thickest surroundings of sin, to draw souls from within almost the very jaws of Hell. Is she the Church to be despised by the toiler? Is it come to pass that hobbler will be heard and believed, when they denounce the Church that civilized Europe, that rescued whole lands from ruin and desolation,

that abolished slavery, that gave freedom back to womanhood, that taught and trained the bloodthirsty savage in the manners of the free man; whose missionaries died in a thousand perils, whose fair, holy women stood by the soldier throughout the long years on a thousand battlefields, and under a hundred different standards? Have the self-sacrificing nuns and brothers in a hundred thousand classrooms become the enemy of the man who toils? And has the Church that has built thousands of schools and hospitals and orphanages grown to deserve the disgust of anarchists and their fellow-scorpions, the vile Socialists of deep hue? Can Catholics look on and approve? Must shysters continue to multiply? Must honest men no longer bear in mind the name and calling of those who die for us and our children?

What law of the Church makes her the enemy of labor? What hindrance within her could prevent her efforts for the general weal and the emancipation of the under-trodden? Have not her Popes protected the people throughout the centuries, from the greed of bloody tyrants and the lust of infernal potentates? Did she not elevate the people and quell the uprisings of misrule?

Did not Pope Leo XIII., in our own day, come out clearly in defence of Labor and its rights? Have the Socialists no memory, or must they inevitably listen to the promptings of Hell and Beelzebub? Do not the sects on all sides admit that our Church is the favorite church of the toiler? Are there rights for the rich amongst us which even the orphan may not enjoy? Is there a cleavage amongst us, on the grounds of money, sanctioned by any canon of our code? Who is Pius X., our Pope? Is he not the son of poor toilers? Was the fact found a barrier in the way toward his election? May not the poorest boy with the necessary equipment, occupy the highest position in our God-given democracy? True to Jesus and His doctrine are not the poor with us always? Is the Church ashamed of them?

Down, then, with the vile rags of Socialism! Let us bury, in the mud of a hundred rains, such organs of anarchy as the foul Chicago Appeal to (T) Reason! The shambles for preachers of anarchy! Let us get more of the Old Church, a stronger draught from her well-springs! Let us be loyal to that Church that is loyal to us all!

### THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving Day is now long past with its cheery hours and mirthmaking; but did we turn to God and thank Him for the blessings of the year? Did our hymn-voicings ascend in grateful accents for the general prosperity that is ours? Did we thank God for the peace that is smiling over the land, and were we mindful of the fact that, during the past year, no disaster, no upheaval, no calamity was our share? And yet, if Thanksgiving Day means anything, the first sentiment it ought to suggest is gratitude to Him from Whom all blessings flow. Of course, in our thoughtless day of materialistic ideals, men are rather prone to make all of the gift and nothing of the bounteous Giver. We look upon our prosperity as the creature of our own talent and industry; and it is only in moments of woe and death and anguish and destruction, that we are forcibly reminded of our nothingness and of our utter dependence upon Him Who rules both the land and the sea. If our Thanksgiving Day is simply a rest from labor and struggle and an occasion of convivial rejoicing, our thankfulness is no better than that of the prosperous adorer of the sun and the elements. Canadians, Montrealers, may well afford to spend their thanks to God, however. We are Christians, dwellers in a happy land and citizens of a great metropolis. Thanksgiving, then to God for His mercies; thanksgiving for our health and our wealth; thanksgiving for the light that has guided us in our paths of plenty, and for the Hand that has kept us free from turmoil and trouble, thanksgiving for the little trials that have chastened us into a fuller belief and a better subjection; thanksgiving for all the gifts that have come down to us from Our Father in Heaven!

But while we offer our prayer of gratitude to the Most High, let us not forget our failings during the past year—our lack of piety, our cowardice in the face of opposition, the many times when we proved, through our little revolts against grace, that we were not always in earnest bent upon the conquest of Heaven, and when in our intercourse with men we lacked much of the fidelity to Catholic principles

that ought to be ours at all times. Let us be mindful of the waywardness that drew us from God, and of the forgetfulness that kept us estranged from the true spirit of His mandates. These things let us deplore, using our frailties, however, as stepping-stones across the torrent, thanking God the while for the rain and the hail, for the sun and the light, for the visit of sorrow and the smile of the harvest. To some God may have given more; to others less. The mansion may be the home of many; the poor dwelling where others live their days in penury. Yet thanksgiving is necessarily a universal prayer. It may not be amiss to quote here the words of a letter Lacordaire wrote, on March 15, 1833, to a young man who were poor. That is where every one fails to-day; people no longer know how to live on little. It is true that, used as I have been to live poor from my birth, I may be unable to see the difficulties in the way of those whose habits are not like my own. But retrenchment of the useless, the absence of what is even relatively necessary, is the high road to Christian detachment, as well as to the strength of character of the ancients. . . . Whoever has attained to moral beauty of life, not only in God's sight, but in men's, cannot be knocked over by any outward rebuff without showing that his greatness of soul was illusory, his eminence mere good fortune. The greatest need of our age is a man who, with everything within his grasp, is yet content with little. For my part, humanly speaking, I long for nothing greater. A great heart within a little house is what has ever touched me most here below. The Abbé de la Mennais dying poor and faithful at La Chesnaie would have been the hero of this age, in which the fortunes of every man is greater than his deserts."

**BROTHER BURKE AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.**  
Our readers are well aware of the noble work done by the Brothers of the Christian Schools—our own brothers—in our midst; but there is in Ireland, and in some places abroad, another noble band of Brothers, founded by Edmund Ignatius Rice, and distinctly known as the Irish Christian Brothers. They teach in schools of all grades, their own, whose programme of studies ranges from the giant letters of the alphabet to the most captivating pages of Greek and Latin lore, coupled with incursions in the domain of the deepest industrial problems of applied science. Among their very brilliant men in later years was one Brother Burke, now dead; and the Rosary Magazine for September last tells us interestingly of him, under the pen of one of his brethren in religion, especially as to the influence he brought to bear on industrial education. It appears that "before 1870, Brother Burke, while laboring among the working people of Ireland, saw that the existing school system was not meeting the educational needs of the great mass of the people, he saw that, as a result of the many industrial changes, the apprenticeship was dying and that some remedy should promptly be applied." Brother Burke was practical in his methods. He began a humble course at first, in science, physics and chemistry, his teaching being meant to bring out in relief the industrial application of principles dealt with in handling questions pertaining to sound, color, light, mechanics, and electricity.

Such was the success of his efforts, day by day, that he was soon forced to give his lectures in the Opera House; while, as early as 1878, he had explained the mechanism of the phonograph and introduced it into Ireland for the first time. In the same year, he was appointed Superior of Our Lady's Mount (a famous school of the Irish Christian Brothers); and, in the new capacity, "he availed himself to the full of the wider scope that was now offered him for the exercise of his educational activities." Two years before, he had made a beginning of the Industrial and Art Museum that now extends through the numerous class halls "of the institution he was appointed to direct." With zeal and struggle did he work, until in no other educational establishment in the world is there so valuable and so instructive a collection of industrial and art specimens to be found as that brought together in this school by Brother Burke. He understood, what legends do not, that a museum is an absolute necessity for any school; because, especially in the case of the young, the eye is the window of the mind. "In the class-room, it was a source of real enjoyment to witness the skill with which the great educator

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elicited the ideas of the children, the pleasure with which they received his interesting lessons on the objects in the museum, and the unforgotten delight which the ready and unstrained answers of the innocent children afforded him."

Brother Burke founded the museum primarily for the benefit of the boys of the schools, but he had also in view the instruction of the artisans and mechanics of the city. He realized the great truth that the system that developed the intellectual productiveness and moral side of the boy in the highest sense was the best system of education. He knew that the educational system at that time in vogue had made ample provision for the boy who desired to be a professional man, yet nothing had been done for the great mass of boys—sons of artisans who must be educated by means of manual work. In the largest and most successful industrial exhibition held in Ireland, which was organized in Cork, in 1883, Brother Burke took charge of the educational side and made his department of the exhibition as popular as it was instructive. "He established advanced classes at the Lady's Mount School and Christian Brothers' College, Cork, and these were the only organized science schools in Ireland, when the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, in 1900, assumed the direction of scientific teaching in the country." The establishment itself was due to the far-sighted, energetic Brother Burke.

In a word, good Brother Burke was a benefactor of Ireland, and of mankind in general. Like many another good religious he worked and toiled for men, and looked for his remuneration beyond. And, since we are dealing with the issue, how is it some of our honest working-men will listen to leprous preachers of the worst Socialism, take what they say at par value, as offered, and set in to criticize, or chase around for tombstones over and upon which to shed foolish tears. The Church, the priests, the brothers and the nuns are ever and always trying to improve the conditions of labor; they endow the work with their very flesh and blood. What thanks do some give or offer, at least? The same thanks as the viper, thawed out through the kindness of the husbandman, in his home and by his fireside; of the viper which, when well, sought to bite its benefactor. We have many men like Brother Burke, so let us have more gratitude.

### THE SISTERS OF MERCY IN THE CRIMEA.

We are sorry to be obliged to confess that, even in a very lately published book dealing with the infamous war of the Crimea, the author is either too ignorant or too prejudiced to pay a deserving tribute to the noble band of Sisters of Mercy, both from England and from Ireland, who did heroic hospital work throughout the dread campaigns, at Scutari, Koulali, and Balaklava. We know that at the time of the war, jealous preachers and secular nurses wrote lies home to the War Office against the Sisters, in which those pure angels of mercy were accused of interfering with the consciences of non-Catholics, even if we do know, too, that a few Anglican ministers, thorough gentlemen, stood by the nuns through thick and thin. Nor is the witness of correspondence wanting to substantiate the statement that Miss Florence Nightingale found the selfsame Sisters her good and true mainstay. In fact, while Miss Nightingale was still at Balaklava, she wrote the Reverend Mother in charge at Scutari, asking her to get more nuns from England, if the thing were at all possible, concluding her letter as follows: "I cannot express to you, dear Rev. Mother, the gratitude which I and

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MONTREAL

the whole country feel to you for your goodness. You have been one of our chief mainstays, and without you, I do not know what would have become of the work." Again, when at last, in April, 1856, a peace was concluded, the Sisters even then continued their stay in the East, as the work among the wounded did not cease simultaneously with the cessation of the war. True, thanks to her shattered health and because duties called her home, the Superior returned to England. But "work away merrily," were her parting words to those whom she left behind at Balaklava and Scutari. Furthermore, in a farewell letter addressed to her by Florence Nightingale, the latter says: "You know that I shall do everything I can for the Sisters whom you have left me. I will care for them as if they were my own children. But it will not be like you. I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Rev. Mother, because it would look as though I thought you had done this work, not unto God, but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency in worldly talent of administration, and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a Superior; my being placed over you was my misfortune, not my fault, etc." Let anybody gainsay the authenticity of the letters here spoken of, and we shall give him further surprise.

It is generally forgotten, moreover, that Miss Stanley, sister of Dean Stanley, who was placed in charge of the Sisters and a band of secular nurses, became a Catholic, while still in the East, as did later a Miss Taylor, also a High Church Anglican; while Miss Hutton, a "Low Church" lady, ever remained a firm friend. Some of the Protestant nurses, however, as we said before, together with a few harmless preachers, found more time to pry and write falsehoods than to pray and otherwise do their duty. We must not refuse His Sublime Majesty, the Sultan of the hour, the tribute of saying that, through the two hundred pounds sterling he sent the Sisters, he did more to recognize their services, than many of the official gentlemen at home, two hundred pounds more than the author of the miserable book we referred to at the beginning, which miserable book we refuse to name, lest any one, reading, should be helped to squander a dollar or more on trash and trickery.

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