

The True Witness

Is published every Thursday by
The True Witness P. & P. Co.
312 Lagacetherie St. West, Montreal
P. O. BOX 1138

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
Canada (City Excepted) and New-
foundland \$1.00
City, United States and Foreign... \$1.50
Terms: Payable in Advance.

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give missions, found schools—
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be destroyed if you are not able to
wield the defensive and offensive
weapon of a loyal and sincere Cath-
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—Pope Pius X.

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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, AUGUST 20, 1908.

A TRIBUTE TO MARY.

To the Christian heart touched by sweetest memories of the Nativity, and wounded deeply by sad recollection of the crucifixion, there is, perhaps, no more fitting memorial erected in our hearts than the example left us by our heavenly Mother.

Extolled by both Catholic and Protestant writers, and honored by all Christendom as the only type of perfect womanhood, a few words appertaining to her who participated in both the Crucifixion and glorious resurrection of our Saviour indeed seem apropos.

"Thou art of charity and love, and as the noon-day torch and art a living spring of hope to mortal man. So mighty and great art thou, O Lady, that he who desires grace and comes not to thee for assistance fain would have the desire to fly without wings."

These few words just prefaced and so pregnant with thought from the pen of the Divine Poet convey but an inadequate description of her "whoso foundations are in the holy mountains."

The grace of the Virgin, says the learned Suarez, from the first moment of her conception was more intense than the last moment in which men and angels are consumed.

Formed by the power of God she was by exaltation and acquirement not unworthy to be the mother of God; but the moment that event took place, when she gave to poor fallen and degraded man his Liberator and Redeemer, imagination loses itself in the endeavor to follow the greatness not only of her dignity, but even of the increased immensity of her merit.

With the formation of the humanity of Christ within her commenced her crucifixion, and a crucifixion so severe and continued, that it needed all her powers to bear it. Consider her sufferings on the weary way to Bethlehem, where Christ was to be born.

Consider that crushing blow which fell upon that purest heart when Simon gave his prophecy. It was in truth a sword of sorrow and a dagger of poignant grief that would accompany her through life, and whose bitter cut would never heal until she closed her mortal eyes in death and the curtain of life be drawn forever.

She had to taste the cut of woe reserved for the widow without means for her orphan.

She had to bear the grief of a mother whose only child is consigned to a public death of shame and torment by public authority.

In fine, there is no want, no agony, no grief, no disgrace, incidentally to human misery, which the singularly holy and most elevated of all creatures had not to endure, and in a manner so intense that it surpassed

in an eminent degree the accumulation of all human woe.

If, then, it surpasses our powers of calculation to reach the extent of merit obtained by Mary in a single year before she became the Mother of God, when she was only the "vessel of election," destined for so great a dignity, what can we say of a single day's merit after she became God's mother? What can we even imagine of such a merit elevated by intense human suffering and endured without a shadow of imperfection for the sake of God alone! Every moment extended that merit far beyond human conception.

Every dignity sinks into insignificance in comparison with Mary's. Every created being must bow in humble recognition to her elevated supremacy.

And the daughter of fallen Eve, of the sinner David, of the sinner Ruth, of the sinner Thamar, of sinners in every generation rises before us, pure and immaculate, queen of all angels and archangels, superior to principalities and powers, above the cherubim and seraphim, our model of humility, our example of charity, our Mother of the great and living God.

Her love for her Son, her deep interest in all that concerned Him, none can call into doubt.

And since her Son so loved man that He laid down His life for him, can we hesitate for a moment to believe or suppose Mary indifferent to this work of salvation? An ordinary good Christian or a saint, say, is never found without charity for his fellow man.

The very word saint or holy implies charity, and it would be a contradiction to suppose a saint without this principal virtue.

To be a saint, then, we must love our fellow man next to God, and as that love for our Supreme Master increases, so also increases our love for all mankind, until, like a Vincent de Paul or a St. John of Matha, a St. Francis Xavier or a St. John of the Cross, we would kneel and lick the putrid sores of the ailing to lighten their passing sorrows, for in these countenances is seen the image of Him who created us all to His own likeness.

Jesus Christ, witness of her laborious habits, sometimes alludes to them in His parables, and these simple occupations of Mary are preserved in Gospel narrative like a seaweed in amber. We see, in fact, the industrious woman putting leaven into three measures of meal, carefully sweeping the floor to recover something lost, and economically mending an old garment.

And when Jesus seeks a companion to recommend the purity of the heart, he draws it from the remembrance of her who cleans "both the inside and outside of the cup." And we suspect that this thought is of Mary when He praises the offering of the widow "who gives not of her abundance, but of her indignity."

Picture her again ministering to the wants of St. Joseph, and behold that grave and simple man with his heavenly countenance, upon which every passion was silent; recognizing in her the woman, purest of all women, the queen whose crown was humility, whose sceptre was love, whose heart was charity, the lily without a stain, the one woman that sin had never sullied and "our own tainted nature's solitary boast."

Let imagination again take us to the beautiful town of Nazareth, and as we watch the sun declining toward the lofty promontory of Carmel, soon to set in the horizon of the sea of Syria, mark if in our hearts is not heard that message that was to be our "good tidings of great joy."

Yes, Gabriel has appeared to Mary while making her evening prayer to the God of Jacob, and that salutation which meant so much for us is pronounced by the celestial envoy: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women."

Mary no doubt felt an involuntary trembling at this marvelous apparition, her humility was disconcerted by the magnificent eulogy of the angel, but, being reconciled to this wonderful prediction by God's messenger, she believed and left all to Him who is and was and shall be.

Do we realize the inheritance left us by a crucified God? The bounty that we have reaped from a Cavalry and the eternal glory that awaits the faithful servant? These two thoughts so diametrically opposed and yet so characteristic of humanity, are subjects for our life's meditation.

Adam sinned, and by that sin lost heaven. Christ died and by that death re-opened the gates of Paradise.

The loss of the human race was begun in Eve and consummated in Adam.

In Mary commenced our deliverance and in Jesus was it completed.

There is also a new tree, which is

the Cross, and the fruit of that tree is your crucified God.

The first tree caused death, the last tree life eternal. All the evil was washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and all our hopes must be centered on that dear Saviour for salvation.

The sorrows of Jesus were in truth the sorrows of Mary, and so heartrending was the scene of that terrible crucifixion that the daughters of Jerusalem compassionately called her "poor mother."

Indeed, may we compare her to the fountain of Arethusa in the old Grecian fable that mingled its waters with the sea, and contracted naught of its bitterness. So Mary associated herself with all the Jewish maidens, remained ever the spotless lily of Jesse's vine and the immaculate rose of Sharon.

What lesson shall we take from the life of this fair Queen,—the King's daughter, clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet, and her head encircled with a diadem of stars?

Love, charity, humility and obedience, which were centralized in Mary beyond degree of comparison. Love for one another, that we may fulfil God's precept and that all may know we are His children.

Charity to all, for 'tis the greatest of virtues.

Humility, the opposite of pride, that we may not become self-conscious, but may always consider what we are and how much we are indebted to our merciful Father.

Obedience, ready, ever ready to follow God's commands and see His authority in His lawful representatives, willing if necessary, to die for a true God and a true faith.

Let us, then, henceforward pray to Mary, that her intercession may be acceptable in the sight of God, her Son, and may this vale of darkness be illuminated by the powerful rays of God's holy light.

Lead, kindly light, the night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on."

Yes, dear Lord, dispel the shadows and show us "the way, the truth and the light," that one day we may reap the harvest of a well-spent life abiding forever with Mary and Joseph in the kingdom of her crucified Son, one God, one law, and one element.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY BOY?

As the month of August draws to a close and September begins to loom dimly ahead, a great many anxious parents must be asking themselves what they ought to do with their boys; whether they should continue to send them to school, or whether they should rather put them in a good business house, and so prepare them betimes to carve out a future for themselves.

The subject will, of course, bear discussion, and there are undoubtedly cases—for instance, where it is impossible to make ends meet otherwise—where there is no other course open to parents but to send their sons to work early. But failing this if our opinion is asked, we would most emphatically say: "Give the boy more education." Educated Catholics are very badly needed. Whatever the causes may have been in the past, it is a regrettable fact that there are comparatively few men of Irish descent in this country who are fitted to take the places to which their talents and business abilities would otherwise entitle them, and the reason is, lack of education and culture. Have we not seen Irishmen in the Dominion Parliament, men of undoubted ability and judgment, who had achieved success in various walks of life, but who could not be admitted to Cabinet rank, or at least could not be entrusted with portfolios, simply because they lacked the necessary education? Again, how often have we not heard bright, clever young men bemoan the fact that they had not had the advantages of a liberal training, either because their parents were too poor, or else because they thought in a vague way that their sons had enough learning; or as they are fond of expressing it, that they had much more than their fathers had ever had before them. Now this is very regrettable. In a young, rapidly growing and democratic country like ours, there is absolutely no position in any walk of life to which a young man may not aspire, if only he have ability, integrity, and education.

Napoleon used to say that every conscript carried a field marshal's baton in his knapsack. We might perhaps vary the phrase and adapt it to our purpose by saying that every Canadian boy carries a Cabinet minister's portfolio in his schoolbag.

Let parents, therefore, think twice before taking their boys from school. Even if they should be obliged to make sacrifices in order to keep them there, even if they should have to

pinch themselves a little, to do without some of the comforts to which they are entitled, let them do all this generously, and comfort themselves with the thought that they are perhaps assuring to their sons a useful and honorable career, and to themselves a happy and respected old age.

Irish Editor's Dark Picture.

At present there is a strong agitation being carried on in Ireland to check emigration to America. As a part of the efforts in this direction, the Irish papers are publishing stories of conditions in the United States tending to discourage intending emigrants.

These stories give an idea of how Irish editors view life in America. We append an excerpt from the pen of James McGuigan, special correspondent of the Dundalk Democrat, and what he thinks of New York flat life:

THE CIVILIZING FLATS.

Just as we were about to take our leave there was a loud ringing at the telephone in the parlor, succeeded by a wild whistle in the "kitchen" which would awaken the dead. One of the "young ladies" languidly arose, still clutching her beloved French novel, to answer the telephone while her mother attended to the "whistle." The daughter, after saying "hello" about ten times, listened attentively about two minutes, and then announced that her father intended bringing a friend home to supper about seven o'clock—a proceeding which the fair one did not relish on the part of her paternal relative.

The mother, on learning of this, made some purchases of the grocer's boy, who was responsible for the unearthly whistle. These she hauled up a "dumb waiter" from the street below, after she had first paid for them by sending the cash enclosed in paper down the "flue"—a proceeding which no one residing in an American flat resents, as many tradesmen have been "nipped" by unscrupulous persons giving them orders from the fourth or fifth or tenth story of a tenement, and when they, after considerable trouble, succeeded in gaining an entrance to the floor from which they received the order. They found the flat untenanted. So the rule is "cash first, then the goods will be forwarded," or "to trust is to bust; to bust is hell."

HITS THE GIRLS HARD.

And here were the characteristics of Ireland and America displayed, when the mother announced that she was glad her husband would spend the evening with them, and the girls almost shouted they guessed "Pap's friend was some old frump of a politician or ballot-box stuffer." And, when the mother significantly added, "Or he might be a nice young gentleman," the opposition of both collapsed, and there was a rush for the pencils and paints, powders and pomades, manicuring apparatus, beauty helps, and the 500 or more titivating auxiliaries which only the American girl knows how to use to such advantage in pursuit of her "man hunt"—a mad race which begins at sixteen and ends only with death—many of them, alas! not content with capturing a husband, but must then pursue an affinity! Such is the fruit of reading yellow-back novels turned out by the thousands weekly in New York or Paris, and bringing untold evils in their train.

Again the father "phoned to ask O'Connor and me to stay until he arrived; but to confess the truth, the atmosphere was so vitiated, or rather the want of air was so oppressive—the place reminded me of a living tomb—the indolence and vanities of the girls, so sickening, that I longed to breathe the fresh air once more as soon as possible, and so tendered my regrets.

THE AMERICAN FLAT.

Before I left I inquired how the flat was ventilated. My query was regarded by all present except O'Connor as if it were absolutely silly or unnecessary. The parlor faced the street on the north side, the kitchen or scullery the south; the intervening rooms, of course, were devoid of windows. Even in summer owing to the restricted area of the yard on the south side, not to mention the great height of the buildings surrounding the flat, air and light were at a discount, while the cold air was so piercing from the north as to preclude the possibility of ventilation from that quarter. So that while progress in hygiene has been most marked during the last fifty years, the modern American flat owing to the ineptitude of the tenants, the cupidity of the landlord, or the culpable and criminal negligence of the board of health, is still the pathogenic home of tuberculosis, typhoid, scrofula and other loathsome and preventable diseases, is still on a par with the coffin-ships of the '30's and '40's of the last century—ships which were so justly dreaded by the emigrants of those days, and from which the bodies of so many of our country people were thrown overboard.

When we reached the streets I took several long breaths of air, and thanked God I was done with the flat forever.

"Why," said my companion, "you think that a purgatory—don't you?" I heartily replied in the affirmative.

And there are people in Ireland to-day saving up money to come over to New York to live in these flats," said I.

"May God help their ignorance," replied O'Connor.

"Well, some of them will not come over in ignorance," said I, "for I shall have the facts published."

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Catholic Summer School.

The concluding days of the seventh week of the Catholic Summer School so full of interest, were most significant. Honored in the past by friendly visits from men distinguished to similarity of style of Capital letters. Clear description of the formation of the Church, this feast of Our Blessed Virgin Mary is nowhere in America celebrated with more loveliness than at Cliff Haven. Inaugurated only a few years ago by Rev. J. F. Mullany, LL.D., of Syracuse, each year has witnessed a splendid growth in interest and the beauty of the ceremonies. As a fitting prelude, so to speak, the preparation of the celebration of the feast was begun on Wednesday evening with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and a sermon, the same service being held also on Thursday and Friday evenings. The evening sermons were delivered by Rev. D. J. Hickey, of Brooklyn, and were instructive and fruitful, for more than eight hundred of the faithful received Holy Communion at the different Masses on the Feast of our Blessed Mother. The procession, always one of the pretty features of the celebration, was the most beautiful this year in the history of the school. Led by the Plattsburg band, the procession marched to the shrine of Our Lady of Victory, which stands on a knoll overlooking the historic lake which bears the name of Samuel Champlain, its discoverer. Directly following the band came the clergy, led by Rev. John Talbot Smith and Rev. John F. Mullany, then the guard of honor, then the beautiful banner of Our Blessed Lady, following which came the little army of girls and boys, Children of Mary. Then came more than two hundred laymen, and last the ladies, dressed in white and blue, the colors of the Blessed Virgin. More than eight hundred strong it was a most inspiring and impressive procession. After a brief stop at the shrine of Our Lady of Victory, the procession proceeded to the plaza north of the chapel, where a lovely shrine of the Mother of God had been erected. The altar, a most artistic creation of white and blue, with clusters of golden rods, had as a background a crescent of beautiful cedar. At each side of the altar were the two large letters "A.M." (Ave Maria) wrought in golden rod, while above the tabernacle and statue of the Blessed Virgin towered the crosses of yellow and green. On the arrival of the procession at the altar, Dr. Mullany mounted the column flanked steps and spoke most interestingly of the significance of the Champlain region to Catholics and the importance of the day celebrated. Directly following his short talk, Father Mullany consecrated the assembly to the Blessed Virgin, after which Benediction was given.

A splendid audience greeted Mr. Frank Keenan, the great actor, who concluded the seventh week's festivities with a most artistic presentation of Seamus McManus' pathetic tale of Irish life—Orange and Green. Given for the benefit of the Chapel of Our Lady of the Lake, for the second time, Mr. Keenan kindly gave his valuable services for the noble cause. It was the first performance of the play in America, and a powerful character delineation of Neil O'Donnell, with the beautiful climax of the Irish peasant bowed in prayer, deserves to rank well with Mr. Keenan's other powerful character creations.

The lectures of the week were given by Prof. Aldee Fortier, of Tulane University, New Orleans, who gave five learned studies in Louisiana history, customs and folk lore. The evening talks were given by Prof. J. C. Monaghan, formerly of the Department of Commerce, on "Forces and Factors in American Commerce."

Under the direction of Rev. John F. Mullany, the annual pilgrimage to the Isle la Motte will be held on Sunday, August 23.

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Irish A

All decorative to the study of historic forms, the acanthus, the Greek key, fret, and many other ornaments have less designs; so we than that Irish for inspiration, we own ancestors, we outcome of the s and derived from ings? Ireland, it taken the lead in has only rarely of the field of sculpture as we have seen, tive art, great de duced out their con wood, leather or s succeeding genera with our supposed failed entirely to Nowdays in Ir town and village class, turning ou and more or less the score. Unfor signing classes a hands of Ecclis of sympathy or else ignorant o so the class is ke of historic orna Greece, Egypt, Ro aspiration and th most untouched u get the idea of Celtic," it genera terminable interla of the floral or a varied the anar pre-eminentl change are negliged, wh the divergent s unknown. Of co outcome, the pu people declare the tic art," while a have practically n the art students taken the lead in study the history taking the exampl at hand. analyz characteristics, fin the leading ide beauty and the their own work, i unsuspected openi inexhaustible mine one letter, an "X MacLurman. I h five or six design different processes leather-work, jewe

However, some have opened up a proved very success technique goes, t of art crafts sho we not lost its o Metal-work, repou re, wrought iron, licate work of lev ing, woodwork, inlaying, pyrogra work; clay modell o, stained-glass; plates, hand print embossed, stampe tufted carpet-mak ing, lace-curtain m embroidery in got we silk, or "sprin work, Carickmacr chet and cushion and doll and imaginable art cra now in Ireland.

In Killybegs, in Scotch firm, Morto factory in 1898 fo hand-tufted carpe from wool dyed in are and wonderfu durable. At first twenty-eight girls designs were Orie made for the in the increased tra for something dist made a change. T largely derived fr ric art, and facto ed by the same f Rosses and the G over five hundre The Franciscan Glynn, County I teach hand-tufted as yet their ind reached any large are mostly Belgia short time in the ly their ignorance and language ha beautiful work. Th try, in Dundrum, makes perhaps the have certainly the the most Irish in price has prevente really popular.

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The Loretto Con ty Dublin, Dun Schools of Art, N and Belfast, and tute, Cork, all goid and colors. T work is exception