











THE SACRED SCRIPTURE.

Should be Perused for Light and Consolation It Imparts.

The Word of God is an inexhaustible treasury of heavenly science. It is the only oracle that discloses to us the origin and sublime destiny of man and the means of attaining it.

Viewed as an historical chronicle, the Word of God is the most ancient, the most authentic and the most instructive and interesting record ever presented to mankind. It contains the only reliable history of the human race before the Deluge, embracing a period of more than 1500 years from the creation of Adam to the time of Noah.

Plutarch informs us that it was the habit of Alexander the Great to sleep at night with a copy of Homer and a dagger under his pillow. You who are soldiers of Christ should certainly have as much attachment for the Book of Books, as Alexander had for the Greek poet.

THE WHISPERER AND THE DOUBLE-TONGUED.

(From the Sacred Heart Review.) The tattling gossip is a fruitful source of trouble in any community. Almost every parish is afflicted with a gossip, and she is generally a woman who spends much time in (apparent) devotion.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

In the current number of Donahoe's Magazine there are sixteen beautiful pictures printed in sepia, reproductions of famous paintings of the Madonna. This issue is also the Easter number, and many features pay tribute to the season.

P. G. Smyth gives much information on the methods of "The World's Food Exchange," and tells of the varying fortunes of men who have been active in stock transactions.

There are many other features to attract readers, and the illustrations are particularly fine. There are more than sixty plates, including twenty-four page plates.

The Rev. M. Sheedy on Christian Marriage.

The Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy spoke recently in St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa., on "Christian Marriage," making some strong and well called for reflections on the evils which assail it in our time.

Since marriage is the foundation of the family, human society rests upon it. We cannot undermine its foundation without endangering the whole fabric of society. Now, the dangers that seriously threaten at any time human society, or what we call civilization, may be traced to the family.

Now, it would be folly to assert that in our country to-day the domestic life of a large and growing number of the population is not endangered. There is the rising tide of divorce which is making fearful inroads upon the family; there is Mormonism, a disgraceful blot upon the fair name of the country; there is race-suicide which has called forth the stern condemnation of the president; there is the discussion of the most delicate subjects, such as "Why I have no family," by a childless wife, carried on in the public press; there is marriage treated as a jest on the stage and in a low class of cheap, vulgar novels, that are widely read by our young people.

Religion blushing veils her sacred fires And unawares morality expires. We cry out in indignation against Mormonism. The press and pulpit denounce it as a national disgrace and demand its suppression. But is Christian polygamy less reprehensible than Mormon polygamy? Is simultaneous polygamy worse than successive polygamy? Why, then, is the one tolerated and the other denounced? It is because we have set aside the original idea of marriage; we have lost the sacramental view of marriage and have framed new doctrines of marriage and divorce.

Father Sheedy next took up and dwelt upon Christ's teaching on marriage. Christ came not only to redeem man but to sanctify society. Before His coming human society was sick unto death. It had departed from its primeval type; in order to its restoration, it must return to its primitive and divine constitution. Polygamy and divorce obtained in all nations, even among the chosen people; conjugal infidelity and unnatural crimes added to the mass of social cancers which were eating out the very life of the body politic beneath the fairest forms of the ancient civilization.

Rev. John Talbot writes of "Novelties in Drama," "Memorial Day," by Catherine Frances Cavanagh, reviews the growth of the custom of honoring the dead by special observance on this day; "The Church Opposite," by Lelia Hardin Bugg; "Education in Bonanza Camp," by Rev. J. T. Roche; and "The Woman Who Could Not Forget," by Jerome Harte, are short stories of unusual interest. The serial, "Not a Judgment," reaches in this instalment the point where Mollie Farrell appears in the new life she had marked out for herself at the time of her brother's disgrace.

There never was a quicker way to kill courage in a feller than to fight his fights for 'im.—"The Substitute."



It is a curious and interesting fact that many of the world's greatest men have been as sparing of words as they have been prodigal of deeds. It is doubtful if there ever lived a more taciturn man than Wallenstein, the famous commander of the Austrian army during the thirty years' war.

TONGUE TIED CELEBRITIES.

Men of Few Words Have been Great Men.

It is a curious and interesting fact that many of the world's greatest men have been as sparing of words as they have been prodigal of deeds. It is doubtful if there ever lived a more taciturn man than Wallenstein, the famous commander of the Austrian army during the thirty years' war.

But silence is a characteristic of many of the world's most famous soldiers. Napoleon boasted that in his dealings with men he never wasted a word and made monosyllables answer most purposes. But nothing escaped his eyes, and he could compress more within a sentence than most men could convey in a quarter of an hour.

Von Moltke almost rivalled Wallenstein in taciturnity. He never opened his mouth if a gesture would suffice; and when the news was brought to him that the French had declared war, he simply said to the aide de camp, "Second pigeon hole on the right, first tier," and turned round to sleep again.

The worst thing his enemies could say of President Grant was, "He won't talk because he has too much to conceal"; and yet it was precisely in this silence that Grant's real strength lay. His orders and dispatches were the briefest ever penned; and when once a charming young lady playfully asked him why he would not talk to her, he answered, "My dear, don't you know that silence is one of the greatest arts of conversation?"

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Galloway, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustin street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m.

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR CATHOLIC MUTUAL Benefit Association GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC.

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THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1905. "Miss Collier! If it is Collier?" The girl started and turned. The voice was familiar. She was surprised to find she should have sounded familiar to her, when she heard it thumping at the corner of Bond street and Bond street she heard it for three years. "Mr. Barlow!" she exclaimed, "I did not know you were back in England." For three years they had seen each other nor exchanged letters. But they met now and then. "I have been back in England," Barlow said, as he stepped out of the car. "But I have been with my mother in Devonshire, and came up to town yesterday good a May morning in Boston after three years of absence." But for Ethel Collier there was no such thing as a coincidence. Her enthusiasm was impossible. She Barlow's gaze towards the grave eyes. It was evident she would not have felt any if she had been told that they lay before her for the last time. "Familiarity breeds contempt," said, with a little mordan smile, "But why did you ask if I was Miss Collier?" "I met a man in Colombia," knew Lewis Calkin. You remember I know him slightly. long to the same club. You Calkin were engaged, he told me. "That was a year ago," she explained. "Broken off," she explained. Barlow was not deaf enough to avoid a moment's pause, and asked as if that pause contained some question. "It's best to admit a mistake before it becomes irretrievable," added. "Of course," said Barlow, wondering how the mistake had been discovered. They turned and walked up Grafton street. Both had minutes to spare, Barlow went to keep an appointment. Strand, Ethel before she was her tea room. She did not get her pleasure at meeting Barlow as a string of questions was honestly anxious to know whether his work in Ceylon had been successful, and she was also to turn the conversation from her. She was conscious that he was long to read in her face what had been her happiness for her, and she talked and gaily, guarding them from discovery. But as they walked slowly up Bond street he read something in her face that told him that those three years had not been a waste of time. He saw that care had eaten her beauty. Her throat had a trifle, her eyes were less bright, her lips were a little compressed at the corners of her mouth. Lines were beginning to gather about her eyes. He remembered Barlow knew that. Youth does not pass at twenty-five. But he did betray that he read beneath the face. When they reached the corner of Bond street again and stood moment outside the stream of passers by parting both were elated of pleasure. They were that, after a space of years, they had met again. As Barlow walked south to Piccadilly he was thinking of the spiciness which Ethel had shown in the first few moments of their meeting. He remembered her light-hearted girl. Being a hearty and clean-minded man, he told him. To what did it owe its birth? As Ethel Collier walked north up Bond street she was recalling the past. She was unfeignedly glad to meet again a man whom she had never known she could trust. Three years had left their mark on her life, twisting and torturing her trust and belief in what is good of what the same three years had done for Barlow she did not know. Neither the steadiness of his eyes nor the grip of his hand had altered. The story of Ethel Collier's life to the day on which she met Barlow again, after an interval of three years, was one which, unfortunately, is not uncommon. A daughter of an army officer who lost his life in Egypt, she had spent most of the time when she was a child at school at Bath. With the usual folly of which so many parents are capable, she had been educated at the daughters of the rich are educated, without the possibility of having to earn a living being.



