

stories. If I were a daily communicant, I should have to be continually on my guard not to encourage them or to fall into the same thing myself. Of go out with a girl. I'd have to be always looking out not to be too free with her in any way. Why, even I'd have to watch my step at a dance or a show or simply in regard to what I look at in walking down the street."

"You mean, if you were a daily communicant, you would have to exercise continual restraint in order not to commit mortal sin or to put yourself in the proximate danger of committing mortal sin?"

"Exactly."

"My boy, you have to exercise that much restraint over yourself, even though you are only a yearly communicant. You can never make a good Confession unless you are resolved, with a genuine man's resolution, always to exercise that much restraint over yourself. Isn't that true?"

"Well, yes, Father, when we come down to brass tacks, what you say is true. We are in this world for only one thing—to serve God. Mortal sin is a deadly outrage against God. The least we can do is to be always on our guard not to outrage Him by mortal sin."

"I know," said Father Casey gently, "that you boys are trying to do this now. But you find it hard. That is because you have the wrong adjustment. You are making the salvation of your soul your secondary instead of your principal business. It won't work. The world today is such that you can't live like a man of the world without being a traitor to God. You have attempted to make a compromise with sin. It can't be done. Begin daily Communion, and you will have the occasion and the strength to cast this ignoble compromise to the winds. You dread Confession now because you must examine back over a month or more and try to see how often you came out on top and how often you went under in this compromise business. The result is always difficult and always unsatisfactory. Can't you see that, instead of making the struggle harder, you would make it much easier by being a daily communicant? Communion gives strength. To some it gives a feeling of piety; to some it doesn't. Feeling has absolutely nothing to do with the matter. Communion gives strength—this is certain—it is a dogma of faith. Strength is what you want. You want it every day. Go to Communion every day, and you will get it. Confession will be easier because you will confess oftener and you will keep a closer check on yourself."

"But suppose a fellow should make a slip."

"If it is clearly a mortal sin, go to Confession that night or the next morning, before Mass. But don't miss one Communion on account of it. The very fact that you slip shows how much you need the constant help of Communion. Go to Confession. That is not too much to do if you are facing the problem of your eternal destiny like a man and not like a baby. If the slip is a venial sin or a doubtful mortal sin, make a good act of contrition, and go to Communion without any fear."

"I suppose there would be all kinds of talk if three young fellows like us were to begin daily Communion," mused Dave.

"For two or three mornings," replied the priest, "the neighbors would say, 'Look who's here. After that, they would take it as a matter of course.'"

"I guess that is about right," assented Barney. "Other people bother their heads about us far less than we imagine."

"Quite true, Barney, quite true—of all but one. There is one true friend who thinks of you always. He longs for your company and is lonely when you keep away from Him. It is His cause I am pleading," said Father Casey.—Rev. C. D. McEniry in Liguorian.

POPE RECEIVES AN UNUSUAL GIFT

An unusual gift has been presented to the Holy Father by Mr. Mutel, Vicar Apostolic of Seoul. It is the original manuscript of a letter, painted on silk, which was written on October 29, 1801, by one Alexander Hoang, to the Bishop of Pekin, Alexander de Gouvea, informing him of the persecution in Korea and of the plans which he suggested in order to save the Church in that province.

The letter is a marvel of calligraphy, containing 121 lines of 101 characters, that is a total of 12,000 characters. It never reached its destination, however, for it was discovered and seized by the police and the writer, Alexander Hoang, as well as the bearer, Thomas Hoang, were arrested and beheaded. The missionaries recovered the precious document about thirty years ago when the police archives were dispersed.

Together with the original manuscript Mr. Mutel presented to Pius XI. a plaque containing an exact facsimile and a French translation of the contents covering 51 pages.

Pope Pius also has received from Mr. de Guebriant, Superior General of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, a volume edited by Mr. Neze, entitled "Documents Relating to the Clergy of Tonkin in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," describing the work of the

Society of Foreign Missions in training a native clergy. The volume was presented in the course of the audience granted to Mr. de Guebriant on the occasion of the beatification of the Korean martyrs.

FOUR LECTURES ON MCGEE

By Rev. John J. O'Gorman, D. C. L.
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LECTURE I.—MCGEE THE IRISHMAN (CONTINUED)

FUNERAL SERMON

As a fitting conclusion to this brief study of McGee, the Irish patriot, I here append the Funeral Sermon which Father O'Farrell, later Bishop of Trenton, preached in St. Patrick's church, Montreal, April 18th, 1868.

"How is the mighty man fallen that saved the people of Israel." (I Maccabees 9, 21.)

Such, dearly beloved, was the cry of sorrow that burst from the hearts of the Jewish people that stretched along the plains and amongst the hills of Judea, when the doleful news was brought that Judas Maccabeus, their skilful captain, their heroic leader, had fallen at last upon the field of battle, fighting in the cause of his country's freedom, and all the people of Israel beavalled with great lamentation, and they mourned for him many days, and said how is the mighty man fallen that saved the people of Israel. May not, ought we not, to give utterance to a similar outburst of grief on this most lamentable occasion, which has united us all here today and in the presence of these poor relics of mortality which remind us so powerfully of one who by his brilliant genius, his soul-stirring eloquence, his far-seeing wisdom, contributed so much to the safety and the renown of this country. Shall we not say, as did the Jews of old, "How is the mighty man fallen that saved the people?" He did not, it is true, perish on the field of battle amidst the clang of arms and tumult of the conflict; but he died in as noble a field, although struck down by the foulest murder, that ever darkened our annals; he died as certainly for the land of his adoption; and with a soul as unflinching, and a heart as brave as ever beat in a soldier's breast, and therefore the people of this land have bewailed him with great lamentations, and they sorrow for him, and shall not cease to mourn him for many days. When the illustrious French soldier, Latour d'Auvergne, the first Grenadier of France, as he was simply yet honourably styled, died in the service of his country, his name was still retained on the muster roll of his regiment, and when called out by the commanding officer, on service days, as if he were still present, the oldest soldier would step out of the ranks, and amid the solemn silence of his comrades reply in these touching words, "Died on the field of honor," and so, my brethren, when the muster roll of the great of Canada shall be read out in future generations, to the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee shall be added, as his best and most suitable epitaph, that he "died on the field of honor." In the midst of the general grief, I have been requested to give utterance before this magnificent assembly of the deceased, the scholar whose mind was stored and enriched with the most varied information; the patriot who loved his country, his native as well as his adopted one, with the deepest and truest affection; the statesman whose mighty intellect soared above all merely local interests, and comprehended in his far-reaching glance the necessities and advantages of the nation; but more than all, as a minister of God, I loved and admired the humble Christian who devoted his talents to the noblest causes, whose faith in the doctrines of the Catholic Church shone out all the brighter and purer after the storms by which it had been tested, and towards the close of his life he especially showed the finest hope and the most touching confidence in the merit and mercy of his crucified Master. To dilate on these different phases of his character at any great length would detain us beyond reasonable limits. I shall, therefore, refer to each of them in a brief, simple manner. Others with more eloquent voices but not with a more loving heart shall develop them elsewhere. No one amongst you is ignorant of the extraordinary talents and wonderful abilities that distinguished the deceased. His mind was one of the richest and most deeply stored with the wisdom of past ages that I have ever been acquainted with, not in the mere knowledge of dates and facts and all the dry bones of history, but with the living spirit which enabled him to penetrate into the causes and calculate the consequences of the mighty revolutions of the past and weigh them with the precision of a master. And when his graceful imagination turned to the cultivation of the

muses, a perennial well-spring of the sweetest poetry bubbled up from his heart. But what shall I say of that marvellous gift of eloquence which used to entrance thousands that so often assembled to drink limpid streams that flowed so deliciously, so enchantingly from his lips. Our ears are yet ravished with the silvery tones of the magnificent voice that stirred every fibre of our hearts, like the rising and the swelling of the eolian harp. Alas that voice is now stilled forever, those sweet accents shall never more charm our souls, the skilful performer who once played upon our very heart strings and drew from them such delicious feelings has been stricken down in the prime of his manhood, by a most dastardly blow. And as when a strain of glorious music has suddenly ceased, our souls feel an aching void, a painful longing to catch once more those harmonious sounds.

But why dwell longer on what all of you know even better than I do, for you have been oftener witnesses to the wonderful versatility of his mind which could pass with such ease from grave to gay, and from the abstrusest problems of social science to the highest scenes of poetical fancy? And after all, if Mr. McGee were only a man of talent, if his abilities had been of no use to his country, if he were not a patriot as well as a scholar, I should not stand here today to praise his memory, even though his genius had been a hundredfold greater than it was. Love of country, my brethren, is no selfish feeling, no narrow confining of the affections of the heart. It is a feeling implanted by God himself in the hearts of even the most untutored that makes us love the land which gave us birth, no matter how poor or how oppressed, better than the proudest and most glorious of the nations of the earth. It was this feeling which animated the royal prophet when he exclaimed, "If I forget thee O Jerusalem may my right hand be forgotten; may my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee, if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my journey." It was this feeling which made our blessed Lord shed tears of sorrow over his ungrateful Jerusalem, and so well was his love of country known to the Jews that when they wished to obtain from him a miracle in favour of the century, they considered that no argument would be more efficacious than to remind the Saviour that this stranger loved their nation. If then Mr. McGee had proven recreant to his native land, no words of mine should ever sound in his praise, and I should allow him to remain as a great writer said of him whose soul was dead to this generous feeling "unwept, unhonoured and unused." Never was a fouler calumny uttered than that the deceased was a traitor to Ireland. There was scarcely a pulse of his heart that did not beat for her; scarcely a poem or a song or more extensive work from his pen that had not Ireland for its theme. There was scarcely a legend of the old land unknown to him; scarcely a monument or a ruin in it which was not celebrated by him either in verse or prose; not an association formed for the cultivation of her literature in which he had not some share; not a national movement for her prosperity which was not encouraged by him. I never knew a man who thought more constantly or more affectionately of Ireland. She was the inspirer of his verses, the theme of his prose. He loved her with a passionate ardour, like that of a lover for his mistress. He loved every short-comings of her people. From his early boyhood his pen was devoted to her service; his warm imagination and passionate heart took fire at what he deemed unbearable wrongs, and he threw himself into a movement which we all knew as foolish and most ill-timed. He loved Ireland then not wisely but too well, and when in after years he condemned his youthful impetuosity, did he then cease to love his country? Read over the passionate outpourings of his heart in verse; read over the list of his larger writings and you will find that he has scarcely another theme. Look at his "Irish Settlers in America," the "Attempt to establish the Reformation in Ireland," the "Life of Dr. Maginn," and greatest of all, his "History of Ireland," which is confessed to be the best that has been yet written, and more wonderful, has been written upon a foreign soil with such scanty material as he could here procure. How then could some of our people come to be convinced that he had renounced and vilified his native land? Ah, my brethren, the power of calumny is fearful! For a time every stray word, every unguarded expression that fell from his lips was taken hold of by his enemies and paraded and repeated again and again, until it sank into many person's hearts, and became so deeply rooted there that nothing could eradicate it. Advantage, too, was taken of the honest outspoken indignation with which he reprobated the notorious attempts of a miserable, disgraceful conspiracy to enter into this peaceable land, and to avenge the wrongs of Ireland upon Canada, the happy homes of your children. Yes, if he was guilty of a crime against Ireland he was guilty of denouncing the abominable plots of men who only bring shame and disgrace upon her, then I, too, am guilty of the same crime, for I denounce today,

as vehemently as he could do, such vile, unprincipled means; and if he proved that his death was the result of his enmity to those secret hostilities, then I call upon every honest man to stamp out with horror every vestige of them from amongst us. There must be no sympathy for such a dastardly crime. The man or woman who could feel any joy at such a diabolical deed would be as horrible to my soul as the assassin himself. Mr. McGee, then, was not false to his own land, although he tried to serve to the utmost of his power his adopted one. I shall quote for you a sentence from his own speech on last St. Patrick's day in Ottawa, when alluding to this charge against him:—"If I have avoided for two or three years much speaking in public on the subject of Ireland, even in a literary or historical sense, I do not admit that I can be fairly charged in consequence with being either a sordid or a cold-hearted Irishman. I utterly deny because I could not stand still and see our peaceful, unoffending Canada invaded and deluged in blood, in the abused and unauthorised name of Ireland, that therefore I was a bad Irishman. I utterly deny the aducious charge and I say that my mental labours will Ireland as well as I love her as dearly as those who in ignorance of my Canadian position, in ignorance of my obligations to my adopted country, not to speak of my solemn oath of office, have made this cruelly false charge against me." After which, he alluded "to the fact that he had brought the wrongs of Ireland before the chief authorities in England, and he adds that he believed he was doing Ireland a good turn in the proper quarter. I deem it unnecessary to dwell longer upon a point which to my mind is of the clearest evidence, nor should I have treated it at all at such length if all the hatred which has been excited against the deceased, and which, I fear, has culminated in his death, so awful and shocking, had not sprung from such ungrounded, such base, calumnious charges which were blindly believed in by some of my countrymen. But it is true that the heart of the deceased was large enough to admit of other affections. Besides the love of Ireland, there grew up in it another love almost as strong and enduring, the love of Canada; and under the influence of this new feeling, his mind took a wider compass, his views became more enlarged and liberal, his glance became more far-reaching, and he rose from being the patriot of one country to be the statesman that embraced the entire empire in his views. Others shall tell you what he did to build up a public spirit in this country, what labours he underwent to infuse a great national feeling into all its inhabitants, now he strove earnestly to unite all nationalities and creeds together, and to diffuse a common spirit of charity, good feeling, and brotherly love among all the children of the soil. (From here to the end of the sermon, this newspaper account, taken from the Toronto Globe of April 14, 1868, is incomplete. The complete sermon was published in the Canadian Freeman. The portion of the sermon omitted by the Globe deals with McGee the Canadian and McGee the Catholic, which are two aspects of his life which are the subject of our two following lectures.) Yet, my brethren, why should I, a minister of God, dwell upon such merely human qualities here in the presence of the Most High, and with that poor corpse lying cold and motionless before us? Must we not be inevitably reminded of the vanity of all earthly greatness, and the words of Jesus Christ, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the world and lose his own soul, and what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" Thomas D'Arcy McGee is now before a tribunal where earthly renown is counted very little and where the Judge will not inquire whether he was a good poet, or an eloquent orator, or a clever statesman; but whether he was a sincere and humble Christian, and employed well the gifts which he had received from above. As far as human knowledge can go, I believe the deceased did earnestly strive to prepare himself for the great account which we must all one day render to Him who is the Judge of the living and the dead. I cannot conclude better than by quoting some of those lines which he composed as a song of requiem to a departed friend, as the portrait which he painted of his friend will now serve to describe himself:

"His faith was as the tested gold;
His hope assured, not over-bold;
His charities past count, untold!
Miserere Domine!

"Well may they grieve who laid him there!
Where shall they find his equal, where?
Naught can avail him now but prayer!
Miserere Domine!"

With this mournful dirge I commend his memory to your care. May his lessons never be lost upon us. May his death on behalf of his country serve to give strength to our hearts to do or die if necessary in her cause; and, as we are all united here today, around the body of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, may we become more and more united in brotherly feeling and holy charity,

all animated with his spirit, all labouring for the same great ends; and then, from these ashes, in this holy Easter time, a new country shall spring, and with his blood shall be watered and fostered the young tree of our national greatness, and when we shall have thus served our country here below, may we all pass to the better country above to bless and praise our God forever. Amen.

TO BE CONTINUED

STOCKHOLM RELIGIOUS CONGRESS

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN'S VIEW

Berlin, Oct. 5. — Maximilian Harden, the famous Jew journalist, writing for the Liberal Dutch paper Telegraaf makes the following comment on the Stockholm Congress of Christian Religions:

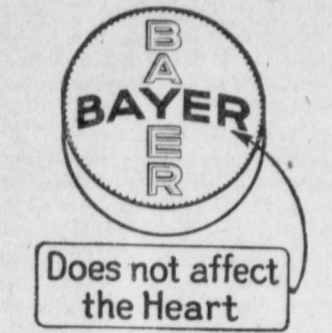
"The Stockholm Council at which the four quarters of the globe, a very large number of countries and forty leading Christian churches were represented, was truly entitled to call itself ecumenical. Still, one of the earth's mightiest organizations had no seat in it: no delegate not even one to follow the proceedings as interested listener, had been sent to the land of Gustavus Adolphus from Rome. It was to be expected. The Roman Catholic Church, which thrives upon the Rock of Christ embodied in the Apostle Peter and the Pope, which shelters under her roof the only true Faith and feels herself to be ecumenical, would have felt humiliated by entering into public conference, upon a footing of equality, with Christian denominations that broke loose from her.

"A Pope who would have entered into friendly discussions with the followers of Wicliff, Luther, Calvin, Huss, and Zwingle would have de-throned himself and in the eyes of many would have lowered himself from Vice-Gerent of Christ to the level of a General Superintendent of a Christian concern. From the refusal of Rome to attend, the Council received its plainest and most feeling lesson. The proud decision to stand alone by herself, none but this one church could afford to take with impunity. She of all churches is an international world power. Has she not made her influence to be felt in the newly arisen strife against the rights of ownership, from Archbishop Kettler to Leo XIII., by the questions she propounded and the answer she gave to them?

"During the horrors of the late War she alone could more than once bring the scales of fate to oscillate. The Pope's action in favour of peace was strongly felt, while the influence of all other Christian bodies was null from the very start. Unless they succeed at this time, to bring the gulf streams together, those Christian denominations are doomed, every one of them, to sink into powerlessness. Only through the concentration of all living forces, through cooperation towards the same goal, will the churches bound tight to the wings of heresy be able to unite into one structure and to occupy a place alongside of the Catholic Church, a bulwark of faith through the three-fold consecration of age, legend and tradition."

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