

heaven. Nothing that we do for His sake is lost in His sight.

Twelve months passed away, Nora was still at her post, a little saddened by her experience, of the previous year. On leaving the house one morning setting out for the factory, her handmaid handed her a letter just delivered. Nora looked at it in surprise. The ill-formed writing was unknown to her. She opened it, and with feelings difficult to describe read the illegible scrawl:

"This ain't no trick. I'm dying, an' before I go I want to see you. You told me God loved even the likes of me. For His sake come to me, for I'm afraid, oh, afraid, an' I've no one to turn to. E. W.

In a tumult of conflicting emotions Nora spent the hours of that day's work. Yet not for one moment did her resolution of attending to the pious plea she had received waiver. Before even coming to the concluding initials of the note, she knew instinctively from whom it came. She recognized in the few, halting words the cry of a despairing soul. Unconsciously the humble factory girl was putting into practice the sublime of the great apostle: "Charity is patient, is kind, believeth all things, hopeth all things."

The moment she was at liberty she started to discover the address given in Emma Willis' note. It was in a part of Manchester quite unknown to Nora. Indeed it was the quarter in which she found herself, that she was glad to see a policeman on his beat near at hand. She groped her way up an ill-lighted stairs, following the directions of an unkempt, ragged woman whom she questioned, and opening a door that hung half off its hinges, stooped into a dreary garret. There on a miserable pallet, lay a wasted form, the wreck of the girl she had last seen in robust health. She turned her head at the sound of the opening door and stared wildly at Nora.

"Ah! You've come," she cried in a hollow voice. "I wanted to beg your pardon for that trick I played on you. For 'twas all a trick to get money out of you, that talk about the river. But now, oh now, 'tis a river of fire I see creepin' up about me, an' I must go down into it. Oh, how can I die? How can I go before the Judge?"

Shudderingly she clutched Nora's arm and continued to pour forth a flood of wild words, which made her hearer realize the abyss into which the poor creature had fallen. Alas! She was now tasting the bitter wages of sin. It seemed as if the demons, secure of their prey, were already wreaking their cruelty on her, and were giving her a foretaste of eternal doom.

But all the demons of hell are powerless before the might of the Precious Blood which was shed for all poor sinners. After a long struggle Nora succeeded in persuading the poor erring girl to see a priest.

There was no time to lose. The sands of life were fast running out. And this was a case far beyond Nora's power to contend with. She hastened to seek a saintly old priest, one who had rescued many a strayed sheep. With tender charity he immediately devoted himself to the work of mercy. Who shall describe the depths of ignorance, prejudice, and now black despair in which he found this unhappy soul? For hours there was a struggle, all but visible, of the powers of darkness to keep it in their grip. But grace triumphed. Poor Emma Willis turned to God with all her heart, begged to be received into the holy Catholic Church, and, having been conditionally baptized and purified by the holy sacrament of penance, received in her poor failing heart the God Who had come to call, not the just, but the sinners to repentance.

From that moment, until she breathed her last, her peace was undisturbed. The divine Shepherd had gathered the wanderer to the shelter of the true fold. He would no longer suffer her to be molested. In sentiments of heartfelt sorrow and humble trust her last hours were passed. A little before the end she said to Nora:

"When I am gone I will do my best to prove my gratitude for all you've done for me."

To that speedy realization of her cherished hopes while she also understood that in reward of her act of charity, God had granted her the salvation of an immortal soul.—Capel I. Lande, in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

A STORY OF ST. FRANCIS

St. Francis of Assisi once stepped down into the cloister of his monastery and, laying his hand on the shoulder of a young monk, said: "Brother, let us go down into the town and preach."

So they went forth, the venerable father and the young man, conversing as they went.

They wound their way down the principal streets, round the lowly alleys and lanes, and even to the outskirts of the town, and to the village beyond, till they found themselves back at the monastery again.

Then said the young monk: "Father, when shall we begin to preach?"

And the father looked kindly down upon his son, and said: "My child, we have been preaching. We were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen, looked at, our behaviour has been remarked, and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah! my son, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach, unless we preach as we walk."

THE PEACE OF GOD

Rev. Thos. N. Burke, O. P.

"Now, when it was late that same day, being the first day of the week, and the doors were shut, where the disciples were gathered together, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came, and stood in the midst, and said to them, 'Peace be to you.' . . . The disciples, therefore, were glad when they saw the Lord, and He said to them again, 'Peace be to you.' . . . Now, Thomas, the son of Didymus, was not with them. . . . Jesus came and stood in the midst of them, and said: 'Peace be to you.'" (John x. 19 to 21.)

This mode of salutation was adopted by Our Divine Lord after His resurrection, and not before. Invariably, for the forty days that He remained with His own, after He had risen unto His glory, He saluted them with the words, "Peace be to you," as He had said elsewhere, "My peace I leave unto you; My peace I give unto you." After His resurrection, I say. He said these words. Before His passion He could scarcely say them with truth; for up to the moment that He sent forth His last cry upon the cross, saying, "There was war between God and man; and how could the Son of God say, 'Peace be to you?'" But now, when He has reconciled all to Himself—omnia reconciliavit et in semet ipso pacem faciens—creating peace—that which He Himself produced, He gave to His Apostles in the words which I have just read for you.

And now, my dear friends, let us consider what is that peace of which Our Saviour speaks—what is that peace which He descended to bestow upon the elect? The great legacy that He left to the world—the peace of God that surpasseth all understanding. In what does it consist? Do we know the meaning the very definition of it? It is a simple word, and familiar to us, is this word peace; but I venture to say that it is one of those simple words that men do not take the trouble to seek to interpret or to understand. In order, then, that we may understand what is this "peace of God which surpasseth all understanding," and in order that, in our understanding of it, by the light of faith, we may discover our own mission as Christian men, I ask you to consider what the mission of the Divine Son of God was, when He came and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, and was made man. What did He come for? What work did He have to do? I answer in the language of Scripture: "He came to effect many works of peace and reconciliation." In the day that man sinned and rebelled against God, he declared war against the Almighty, and God took up the challenge and declared war against sinners. This war involved separation between God and man; and in this state of warfare did Christ Our Lord find the world. He found the world separated from God, first of all by error and ignorance. "There is no truth and there is no knowledge of God in the land," was the complaint of the Prophet Isaiah. "Truth is diminished amongst the children of men," exclaimed, with sorrow, the royal Psalmist. "Nowhere is God known."

Before the Son of God came upon the earth, the nations had wandered away into a thousand forms of idolatry and of error. Every man called his own form of error by the name of "religion." Some were "Epicureans," sensualists, beasts were made gods by them. They canonized the principle of impurity, and they called it by the name of a goddess; and they declared that this was their religion! Others there were, brutalized in mind, who worshipped their own passions of strife; and they canonized the principle of revenge, and of bloodshed, and they worshipped it under the name of Mars. This thing went so far that even thieves, robbers, the dishonest, had their own god; and the principle of dishonesty and of thievery was canonized, or rather, deified, and called religion, and embodied under the name of the god Mercury! It is a trick of the devil, and it is a trick of the world, to take up some form of error, some form of unbelief, and to call that "religion." When He came that was the way, the truth, and the life, there was darkness over the whole earth. The world was in a state of confusion. It was the "Austrian Era," which has given a name to the very highest civilization amongst the nations, from that day to this. But what was the awful want of their civilization? They ignored God; they took no account of God in their knowledge; they thought they could be wise without God. God nullified their wisdom, and abandoned them to a reprobate sense! Thus did mankind declare war against the God of truth and wisdom. What followed from this? Another kind of war, more terrible, if you will, the effect, the natural and necessary effect, of that separation of the human intellect from God. What was this? Every form of sin, nay, the vilest, the filthiest, the most abominable sin, was found amongst men. Not as an exception; not as a thing to be hidden, but as a thing to be acknowledged, as a matter of course. The husband was not faithful to the wife, nor the wife to the husband. Juvenal tells us, that in that flourishing society of Paganism, as a man saw his wife growing old, and accordingly as the bloom of her youth passed away from her, he began to despise her, until, in the words of the satirist, the day came when she saw a fair, blooming maiden come into the house, and herself, the mother of children, summoned to go out; because her eyes had lost their lustre, and her features the roses and the lilies of beauty; and a stranger was there to take her place. There was no principle of fidelity. There was no principle of honesty. No man

could trust his fellow-man. No man knew who was to be trusted. Even the ancient, rugged virtues that the early republics of Greece and Rome produced, had passed away. The world was over civilized for them. They were the rough forms, with some semblance of that virtue upon them that the ragged, half-civilized man possessed, and were utterly laughed at, and scorned, and scoffed at by the civilized Pagan, who was the very embodiment of sensuality and impurity!

Thus did the world declare war against God, and for sensuality. The God of purity, they knew Him not, and therefore they could not believe in Him. "There is no truth, and there is no knowledge of God in the land," says the prophet. Then, he immediately adds: "Cursing, lying, theft, and adultery have overthrown and blotted out much love, because My people, saith the Lord, have no grace."

The second kind of war which Our Lord found upon the earth, was the war between men; for they who had ceased to know God, had ceased to love or respect one another. Split up into a multitude of sects, nations against nations, province against province, the very history of our race was nothing but a history of war, and strife, and bloodshed. Then came the Son of God incarnate, with healing hand and powerful touch, to restore the world, and to renew the face of our earth. How did He do this? It could only be done by Him; and by Him could it be only done by His instituting, and leaving, and declaring the truth of God Himself—and leaving it in the midst of men; the unchangeable truth, the eternal truth, the pure, unmixed, bright light of truth, as it beamed forth from the eternal wisdom of God. It was only thus, that He could restore mankind to peace with the God of eternal truth. Then it was necessary, that having thus established the truth, He should wipe out the sin, by the shedding of His own blood, as a victim, and that He should leave behind Him, for ever, in the world, the running stream of that sanctifying blood unto the cleansing of the sinner and the unclean, unto the strengthening of the weak, unto the encouraging of the strong, unto the revivifying of the dead. Did Christ do this? Yes. He lifted up His voice and spoke, and the voice of the Saviour was the voice of the Eternal God. And mark, that, before He saved the world by the shedding of His blood, before He redeemed the sin, for three long years, night and day, in season and out of season, He was preaching and teaching; dispelling error, letting in the light; for mankind would not be prepared for redemption except through the light and through the truth of God. Wherefore we find Him now on the mountain-side, now on the lake; now among the Pharisees, now in the temple of Jerusalem, now in the by ways of Judea;—but everywhere—"quotidie docens" teaching every day; for three years preparing the world for its redemption; reconciling the human intelligence with the light of God's truth; opening up the mind, and letting the stream of pure light from God into the intellect. Then, when the three years' preparation were over; then, when men began to understand what the truth was; then, when He had formed His disciples, and established His apostolic college; then did the Eternal Victim go upon the cross and pour out His blood; and the shedding of that blood washed away the sin of the world, and left open these streams from His sacred wounds that were to flow through the sacramental channels, and that were to find every human soul, with all its spiritual wants here, there, and everywhere until the end of time; according to that promise relating to the Church of the Lord, "You shall draw waters of the fountains of the Spirit!" He purified the world by the shedding of His blood. But well did He know our nature: "Et naturam nostram ipse cognovit." He made us, and He knew us. Well did He know that the stream that He poured forth from His wounds on Calvary should flow forever, because the sins which that blood alone could wipe away, would be renewed, and renewed again, as long as mankind should be upon this earth. "For," and He said it with sorrowing voice, "it needs must be that scandal cometh."

Thus in the Divine truth and the sacramental grace which He gave, did He reconcile mankind to His Heavenly Father, and restore peace between them. Then, touching the other great warfare, He proclaimed the principle of universal charity, declared that no injuries, no insult, must obstruct, or break, or destroy it, declared that we must do good for evil, declared that we must live for man, take an interest in all men, try to gain the souls of all men; and that this love, this fraternity; this charity, must reign in our hearts at the very same time that we are upholding, with every power of our mind, and, if necessary, of our body, the sacred principles of Divine truth, and of Divine grace.

Behold, then, my dear friends, the peace that passeth all understanding; the peace that He came to leave and to give. Peace means union. When there is war at war, they are separated from each other into two hostile camps, and they look upon each other with scowling eyes of hatred and anger; and when the war is over, they come forth, they meet, and they join hands in peace. So, the meeting of the intellect of man with the truth of God, the admission of that Divine truth into the mind, the open-

ing of the heart to the admission of the grace of God, and of Our Lord Himself, by the sacraments, establishes the meeting of peace between God and man. The charity of which I have spoken, the nobleness of Christian forgiveness, which is the complement of Christian humility, the grandeur of Christian patience and forbearance, establishes peace amongst all mankind. It was the peace of Christ that that eternal design of which I speak should also be represented by unity, that all men should be one by the unity of thought in one common faith, by the unity of heart in one common charity. And it is worthy of remark that just as Our Lord saluted His Apostles with the words: "My peace be to you," after His resurrection, so, before His passion, on the night before He suffered, He put up His prayer to God, and, over and over again to the Father in Heaven, that all men might be one, even as He and the Father were one. "Father," He says, "keep them one, even as Thou and I are one." That is to say: a union of faith, a recognition of one undivided and unchanging truth, a bowing down of all before one idea, and then a union of hearts springing from that union of faith. This was the design of Christ, and for this He labored. And this the Church has labored to effect. For this she has labored two thousand years. She has succeeded, in a great measure, in doing it, but the work has been upset and destroyed in many lands by the hands of those who were enemies of God, in spoiling and breaking up the fair design of our Lord and Saviour.

Now, in this eternal and immutable truth, preached to all men recognized by all men, gathering in every intelligence, respecting all honest deviations, yet uniting all in faith, in this truth and in this sanctifying peace which is in the Catholic Church, lies the salvation of the world, the salvation of society, the salvation of every principle which forms this highly-commended and often-praised civilization of ours. The moment we step one inch out of the Catholic Church and look around us, what do we find? Is there any agency on earth, even though it may call itself a religion, that will answer the purposes of society? Is there any of these sects, or religions (as they call themselves) that can make a man pure? No. They are unable to probe and sound the depths of the human heart. They do not pretend to legislate for purity of thought. Practically, they reduce the idea of purity to a mere saving of appearances before the world, to a mere external respect and decorum. Are they able to shake a man out of his sins? No; there is no reality about them. They have no tribunal of conscience, even, to which they oblige a man to come, after careful self-examination. They have no standard of judgment to put before him. They have no agency, divinely appointed to crush a man, to humble a man, to break the pride in him, to make him confess and avow his sin, and then, lifting the sacramental hand over him, by reason of his humility, his sorrow, and his confession, to send him forth renewed and converted by the grace of God. There is no such thing.

There is nothing so calculated to enable a man to keep his word faithfully, No. The first principle of fidelity, lying at the root of all society, the great fundamental principle of fidelity, is the sacrament which makes the sanctity of marriage, by which those whom it unites are sealed with the seal of God and sanctified with the truth of God's Church. The man is saved from the treachery of his own passions. The woman is saved from the inconstancy of the heart of man. The family is saved in the assertion of the mother's rights, in the placing on her head a crown that no hand on earth can touch or take away. The future of the world is saved by ennobling the Christian woman and wife and mother, with something of the purity of the Virgin Mother of God! Do they do this? Oh, I feel the heart within me indignant, the blood all most boiling in my veins when I think of it, when I see under the shadow of the Crucifix, nineteen hundred years after He had sanctified the world, when I see men deified, rooted up by the very foundations of society, loosening the keystone in the arch, and pulling it down, in the day when they went back to their paganism, in the day when they threatened that the bond that God had tied should be unloosed by the hands of men, in the day when they gave the lie to the Lord Himself, who declared: "What God hath joined let no man separate," in the day when man is so flung out into his own temptations; and the woman, no matter who she may be, crowned queen or lowly peasant; the first or the last in the land, is waiting in trepidation, not knowing the hour when, upon some infamous accusation, the writ of divorce may be put into her hand, and the mother of children be ordered to go forth, that her place may be given to another!

Is there any agency to make men honest? No; they cannot do it. A man plunders to-day; steals with privy hand; enriches himself unlawfully, unjustly, shamefully, and tomorrow he goes to some revival, or some camp-meeting, and there he blesses the Lord in a loud voice, proclaiming to his admiring friends that "he has found the Lord!" But is there any agency to stop him, and say: "Hold, my friend, wait for a moment! Have you made restitution to the last farthing for what you unjustly acquired? Have you shaken out that Judas purse of yours, until the last dime, the very last piece of

silver for which you sold your soul to hell, has gone back again to those from whom it was taken? If not, speak not of finding Christ! Speak not of leaning upon the Lord! Blaspheme not the God of Justice!" Is there any agency outside of the Catholic Church to sift a man like this? Is there any such agency at all? No; we live in an age of shams, of pretences, and the worst shams of all, the vilest, the foulest pretences of all, are those we find in the so-called "religious world." Take up your religious newspaper, take up your religious publications outside of the Catholic Church! I protest it is more than common sense or human patience can! If the great Church of the living God were not in the midst of you, unchanging in truth, ever faithful in every commission, clothed in the freshness of her first sanctity, and sanctifying all who come within her sacramental influence, if she were not here as the city of God, this so-called "religious world" would bring down the wrath of God, calculated, as its antics are, to bring the Lord, Himself, into contempt, exciting the pity of angels, the anger of heaven, and the joy of hell.

A recent writer who has devoted some attention to the consideration of the question of religious indifference asks, "Why are the churches empty? How is it that the intellectual men of the day don't like to listen to sermons? How is it that they take no interest in the things of the Church? How is that they have no belief?" And a wise voice, a pious voice, answers: "Because, my friend, you do not know how to preach to them. If you want to captivate the intellect of the men of our day, if you want to warp them, if you want to convince them, don't be clinging to antiquated traditions; don't rest upon these so-called doctrines of a by-gone time. Read scientific books. Find there the problems that are bursting up continually from modern science, and try to reconcile your ideas of religion with those, and then preach to them! Then will you show yourself a man of the age, a man of progress?" And so, henceforth, the subject matter of our sermons is to be electric telegraphs, submarines, cables, and flying ships. "If you want to learn how most effectively to preach, add this wise and able voice, read the latest novels, and try to learn from them all the by-ways and highways of the human heart." See how delicately they follow all the chit-chat of society, all the little gossipings and love-makings, and the thousand-and-one influences that act upon the adulterous and depraved heart of man, the wicked passions of man. This is the text from which the preacher of to-day is to preach if he wishes to attract the intellect of the world. And all this, in the very sight, and under the shadow of the Cross of Christ, who died for man! Was ever blasphemy so terrible? And this is what is called "religion," by the world. Not a word about divine truth, not a word about divine grace! In one of the leading journals of New York, an able paper, a well-written paper, in a leading article of that paper, this very morning I read a long dissertation on this very question of preaching; and the word "truth" appeared only once in that article, and then it came in under the title of "scientific truth." The word "grace" did not occur even once. But never, even once, did simple "truth" occur, or even "religious truth," flash across the mind of the able, temperate-minded, judicious man that wrote it! And I do not blame him, for he was writing for the age! He was giving a very fair idea of what the world is, and what the world is sure to come to, if the Almighty God, in His mercy, does not touch the hearts of men, and give them enough of sense to turn to the Catholic Church and hear the voice of God, the divine spouse of Christ, in her teachings. Without this voice they cannot hear the voice of God. Dried-up heart of man will never grow into purity or love.

Now we come to the mission that you and I have. Grand as is the vision that rises before our eyes when we contemplate the heavenly beauty and graces of our great and mighty mother, the Church, who has never told a lie, nor ever compromised or kept back the least portion of the eternal and saving truth which mankind should know, and who has never tolerated the slightest sin, but to king and peasant has said alike, "Be pure, be faithful, or I will cut you off as a rotten branch and cast you into hell," grand, I say, as is the spectacle of this glorious Church; wonderful and convincing as are her claims to every man's faith and every one's obedience, if the advocacy of their claims were left to me, and to such as I am, and to the fathers, the world would scarcely ever be converted. You have your mission, my dear young friends, children of the Church of God; you have your mission, not as preachers, indeed; yet far more eloquent than the voice of any preacher, in the silent force of example, the example that you must give to those around you, forcing the most unwilling and reluctant to look upon you and to see in you shining forth the glories of your divine religion. *Sit lux lucet omni mundo.* He did not say to all, "Go and preach," only to the twelve. But to all of them He said, "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your work; and that they may give glory to God Who is in heaven." And so I say to you, let your light shine calmly, but brightly; that all men may see you, and thus give glory to your mother, the Church, triumphant in heaven, and militant for you

on earth. It is your mission to avow bravely, manfully, however temperately, yet firm as the adamantine rock, every sacred principle of Catholicity, and every iota of the teaching of that Church, when she teaches a law; because her destiny is to be the embodiment of truth in this world. "With the heart we believe unto justice." But that is not enough; with the mouth we must make loud confession unto salvation, loud confession! Why? Because the devil is making a loud act of his faith, filling the world with it, bringing it out everywhere, in books, in newspapers, in speeches, in associations, in schools, in the public academies, in the universities, in the halls of medicine and of law; in the courts, in the senate; it is the one cry, the harsh grating cry by which the devil makes his act of detestable faith in himself, and denial of God, an act of faith, an act of diabolical faith that meets us at every turn, strikes and offends every sense of ours with its terrible language. We cannot take up a book that, if we do not find a satyr peering out from its pages, it is the bald, straggling of some fool, who flings his smut or his infidelity into the sight of God. We cannot turn to a public journal that is not a record of plundering, of villainy, of robbery, and murders, and thefts and defalcations. Why, what would a dictionary of this day of ours look like, if it would be filled with modern names, page after page, for these modern sins of which our honest forefathers scarcely knew anything, these sins, the embodiment of the practical immorality of the apostate monk of Wurtenburg. We must oppose this terrible exhibition of evil which the devil makes in our public streets, and throughout every organ that comes before us; not only by the strong assertion of our holy faith, but by the silent and eloquent example of our purity of life, our uprightiness and cleanliness of heart. And therefore, it is that in truth, never perhaps, before, was the word of the Lord so well fulfilled in the children of the Catholic Church as to-day, when he said, "You are the salt of the earth." And so they are the salt of the earth throughout the world. How much more in this great country, where we are, as it were, in the spring-time, only breaking up the ground and throwing in the seed, from which, one hundred fold, the fruit will come when we are lying in our cold, forgotten graves. The seedlings that we sow to-day, of Catholic faith, of Catholic purity, of Catholic truth, will grow up into a fruit, and an abundance so grand, so magnificent, that, perhaps, it is given to us that the ultimate glory of the Church of God shall be the work of our hands, and of our lives to-day. It is a great thing to live in the spring-time of a nation; it is a great thing to find oneself at the fountain-head of a stream of mighty national existence that will swell with every age, gaining momentum as it rolls on with the flood of time. It is a great thing to lie at the fountain-head of that stream. It is said, with truth

"The pebble on the streamlet's brink Has changed the course of many a river;

The dew-drop on the acorn-leaf May raver the giant oak forever."

The river of America's nationality and existence is only beginning to flow to-day, and we should endeavor to direct it into the current of Catholicity. The young oak which is planted to-day, and which will, in all probability, overshadow and overspread the whole earth, was but lately hidden in the acorn-cup. Ah, let us remember that even a pebble in the hand of the youth, David, hurled against Goliath, struck down the giant. Let us be the pebble in the hand of God that shall strike down this demon, this proud, presumptuous demon of infidelity that has entered into the land, and taking "seizing" of the whole continent of America, says, "This soil must be mine." Let us be as the pebble in the mountain brook, which turns the stream, that will one day be a mighty river, into the great bed of Catholic truth and Catholic purity that alone can save this land. Let us be as the dew-drop on the acorn-leaf, the dew-drop of Catholic faith, of Catholic intelligence, and Catholic morality; the tear, as it were, flowing from the pitying eye of the Saviour, upon the young, sprouting oak of human existence, training it toward heaven, sending it to heaven in the national aspiration, in the national aspiration, and not permitting it to be dragged and warped, in this way and that, until it lies a stunted and misbegotten plant, clinging to the earth, into which it will fling its leaves, its trunk stunted and withered, conveying no sap but the sap of religious bigotry and intolerance, and the bitterest juices of foolish sectarianism, of absurd, blind folly, exciting the laughter of all sensible men upon the earth, the indignation of God, and the joy of hell. This is our mission. Say, will you fulfill it? Say, O Catholic young men, will you fulfill it? You cannot fulfill it without being thorough-going Catholics; you cannot fulfill it without being joined heart and soul with the Church, through the Church's head, through the immutable rock, the supreme governor, the infallible teacher of God's infallible Church; you cannot

fulfill this mission until you join with that rivalry of Christian self-denial the rivalry of Christian purity, and a holy horror of everything hollow and pretentious, a holy horror of shams. There are no shams in the Catholic Church; there is nothing but shams, religious shams, outside of her. You cannot fulfill this mission unless you seek to sanctify your hearts and your lives, and to sweeten those lives by prayer, by confession, and Communion; and I congratulate you, that in facing this mission, which lies before every Catholic man, you do it, not as individuals, but as a body, as an organization. We live in an age of organizations. There is nothing everywhere but organizations, for this thing or for that; and nearly all of them belong to the devil. It is fitting that the Christ our Lord should have His; it is fitting that the Church should have hers. You are banded together in the name of our Lord and Saviour. You remember that in the Gospel of last Sunday the Evangelists tell us, "These things are written that all men may believe that the Lord Jesus is Christ, the Son of God, and that, believing, they may have life in His Name." In His Name you are assembled together, bound by common hopes, by a common purpose, which, without interfering at all with your daily duties or your individual liberty, still binds you together in a unity of thought, of opinion, and of purpose, to act on the great mass of society, in which our mission lies, yours and mine, mine in the Word, mine in labor, mine in undivided thought, for that and nothing but that, or else I also would be a sham; yours in the manner of which I have spoken to you. And you are banded together under the guidance of these religious men whom the Church honors by permitting them to take the glorious Name of Jesus as their own; of these men who, for three hundred years, have led the van of the Holy Catholic Church in that mighty warfare that is going on, which makes the Church a militant Church; of these men whose fathers before them, the saints, received first every blow that was intended to strike at the heart of the Church; of these men who are known amongst the religious orders of the Church, and represent the Saviour in His risen glory; for they rose again at the command of the Sovereign Pontiff; of these men whose name is known in every land, loved with the ardor of Catholic love; hated and detested with the first and most intense hatred of every man that hates the glorious and immaculate Church of Christ; of these men who, for three hundred years, have trained and led the young intellect of Christendom, have stamped upon every young heart that ever came under their hands, the sacred Name and the sacred love which is their own title and their most glorious crown. And, therefore, I congratulate you with hope, and a high and well-assured hope, that all that God intends, all that the Church expects at your hands, in this glorious missionary society, that, all that, you will give to God and to His Church, so as to enable Him to repay you, ten thousand fold, in glory, in the kingdom of His everlasting joy!

To be simple is the best thing in world; to be modest is the next best thing.—Chesterton.

There is no teacher like necessity; it has been the making of man; it wakes up his dormant faculties and stimulates to action his latent talents.

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