

Life (Three Prize Sonnets)

What he has seen; I saw his shadow fall, / If shadows fall, it is not brightness that / Adorn the tangled path, where lightly / The footstep of the angel treads...

THE NEWSBOY'S PROTEGE. A gentleman relates in the Chicago Herald the following incident, which happened only one evening or two ago on the corner of Clark and Monroe streets...

INTERESTING MISCELLANY. I never saw a garment too fine for a man or a maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper...

WHY IS IT? Why is it that the name Catholic applied in our modern time and our modern land to a book, a picture, a poem, causes those who in their hearts love that name to shrug their shoulders and turn away...

THE FOOL'S WIF. And a grander man of finer preacher there's not in all Ireland. Not a one could come up to him at all. His reverence was prechin' and he took for his sermon our Lord's miracle of the loaves and fishes...

A VOICE FROM THE ALMSHOUSE. More than half of the Catholics who, during the last four years, died in the almshouse in Buffalo, were killed by the direct or indirect effects of alcoholic excess...

HOME LOVE. Home love is the best love. The love that you were born to is the sweetest you will ever have on earth. You who are so anxious to escape from the home nest, pause a moment and remember this is so...

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THE PRODUCT OF ORANGE-ISM.

THE CROP RAISED BY CLARK WALLACE, TYREWHIT, FITZGERALD, ETC. Hamilton Herald.

Yesterday was a hard day for Hamilton. The citizens had to put up with the hoodlum conduct of a horde of Toronto toughs who invaded the city in the early morning...

AT DUNDURN PARK. Early in the afternoon the Toronto crowd went to Dundurn Park where for several hours they marred the usual quiet and beauty of the place with obscene and ruffianly conduct...

Such was the tough section of the Toronto crowd. Chief McKinnon anticipated trouble when he saw the crowd get off the train in the morning, and early in the afternoon he stationed a squad of twenty-five men in Dundurn Park...

WHAT A SEARCH EXPEDITION IN AUSTRALIA BROUGHT TO LIGHT. To discover some trace of the lost explorer, Dr. Ludwig Leichardt, has been for forty years the dream of the Australian bushman and letter-day path finder...

WHAT THE POLICE HAD TO SUBMIT TO. The policemen had to stand a good deal of it. It was freely intimated by the toughs that they had come to Hamilton to "do up" the police...

DISORGANIZED GAMES. A disorganized programme of games was carried out on the ball diamond, a wear orchestra dined on dancing music, and realing couples swung around on the platform...

ONE MINUTE CURE FOR TOOTHACHE. Toothache, the most common and one of the most painful affections, is instantly cured by the application of Pol's Toothache Remedy...

A DAUGHTER'S INFLUENCE. I had a very severe attack of bloody diarrhoea and was persuaded by my daughter to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which I did with great success...

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY. Finest Grade of Bells. Cast Iron and Steel for Churches, Colleges, Towns, etc. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Write for catalogue and prices.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Colleges, etc. Fully warranted. Write for catalogue and prices.

WENLEY & COMPANY. WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS. Famous known to the public since 1824. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Castles and Peals.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

There is no lesson that produces a better moral impression upon a person than the good example of another. There is nothing so admirable in the character of a man than his unwavering fidelity to those principles which he believes to be just and true...

NO ONE presents a more edifying example before his fellowmen than the Catholic who conforms strictly to the rules and practices of his religion. The religious discipline, the self-sacrificing devotion, the charity and piety inculcated by the Church cannot fail to produce a favorable impression when exemplified in the lives of her children...

IN PROPERTY and adversity alike we should ever remember the purpose for which we were created, and the way and means to reach our destiny. Our Divine Saviour became man to show us the way to heaven, and if we expect to enter His Kingdom we must take up our cross and follow Him...

EVERY great pang she endures, Every increased good bestows; Every shock that malice offers, Only rocks her to repose.

AN IMPUDENT FALSEHOOD IN A RAILWAY JOURNAL. A friend sends us a copy of the Railway Age, directing our attention to the following statement in one of its editorial articles: "The Roman Catholic Church denounced the lightning rod as an invention of the enemy of mankind..."

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NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY.

Under the patronage of the Rev. Father Labelle, Established in 1834, under the Act of Quebec, 22 Vict., Chap. 96, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D. The 38th Monthly Drawing will take place WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1920. At 2 o'clock p. m.

PRIZES VALUE \$50,000. CAPITAL PRIZES: \$50,000. One Real Estate worth \$5,000.

LIST OF PRIZES. 1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00. 1000.00. 1000.00. 1000.00. 1000.00. 1000.00. 1000.00. 1000.00. 1000.00. 1000.00.

It is offered to redeem a prize in cash, less a commission of 10 p. cent. Winners names not published unless specially authorized by the Society.

Drawings on the Third Wednesday of every month. A. A. AUDET, Secretary. Offices: 19 St. James Street, Montreal, Can.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC REVIEW. TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. "What must I do to possess eternal life?"

Our Lord made the one who asked this question give the answer himself. He knew the correct answer, and he gave it. So, too, my brethren, it is in the power of each of us to give not only the correct general answer, but, if we sincerely love God and our neighbor, but, if we sincerely love God and our neighbor, but, if we sincerely love God and our neighbor...

He is good and merciful, and as He put them in life and made them Catholics so He would bring them through. This is in truth rank presumption and a mockery of God.

It is to live in disobedience and neglect of duty for nothing for eternal life, but many things again, and then argue on the subject of God. It is going to save them from themselves. They ignore and practically deny the need of co-operating with God for their salvation, whereas the fact is we should work for it as though it depended solely upon ourselves and pray as though it wholly depended upon God.

Now they will do nothing—their works would be acceptable and meritorious; but they refer their conversion to God and say when it is necessary or easier to change, when I get old, when I am going to die, then I will turn to God; I will redeem the past, I will die in the grace of God. So life passes, they have done nothing; but sin has done its work, and they are not aware of it; they have made the difference between right and wrong less clear than it was before, they begin to palliate, then to excuse, then to justify what they once feared and abhorred. Paralysis and decay have come upon their souls, so that at last they have neither the wish nor the power to possess eternal life; their damnation is upon them, eternal life? "What shall I do to possess eternal life?" It is asked by many. They, too, are Catholics, they attend to the externals of religion, they go to Mass and confession, they attend to the duties of their state in life, to the demands of charity. But they fall occasionally, perhaps frequently, into mortal sin, some terrible chain seems to bind them to mortal sin, some strong passion has become their habit, they are conscious of their sin, but circumstances, begun by curiosity, meaning no great harm, intending to stop short of grievous transgression they again and again fall. What must they do for eternal life? They must fight against themselves, they must renounce the occasion utterly, they must be content to be reproached, to be ridiculed, or, if need be, excommunicated, sooner than offend God. Oh, with all earnestness I would say to such, obey the law of God, listen to the warnings of conscience, get advice by going frequently to confession, make use of the sacraments, and, above all, pray; put God and His benefits, put our Lord Jesus Christ and His love, put heaven and its unending glory before you by frequent meditation and ask yourself, shall I forego all these for that paltry gain, that miserable gratification, that specious but evil companionship, shall I again drive God from my heart to make it the devil's abode, shall I again exchange joy and peace and the hope of heaven, for anguish and remorse and the haunting fear of God's anger and judgment? This then is what they must do, not simply desire, or intend, but carry out.

What must I do for eternal life, asks the man who for the first time is brought by God's grace and the instrumentality of study or observation or companionship or the needs of heart and mind, face to face with divine truth, with the Catholic Church? Must I then throw myself out of the place in which Providence has placed me, must I renounce the belief of my fathers and so, at least, implicitly condemn them; must I forego an honorable, an assured position, the friendships of a life-time, the claims of those who have a right to counsel; must I subject myself to reproach and hostility, and endure the charge of infidelity, treachery, base desertion? Such is the alternative put before many a convert, such was it with crushing force when presented to that illustrious churchman for whom to-day, we add the Christian world mourn. What an example for those who are wavering outside the Church, for us too, in the paltry sacrifice that conscience demands of us. How nobly and generously did Cardinal Newman answer the demand of God; how humbly and thankfully did he receive the gift of faith, and with fear and trembling use it for God's honor, for the salvation of his own and innumerable other souls.

A Yellow Butterfly.

BY SARA THAYER SMITH. What do you think I saw to-day, / When the rain was falling swift and grey? / A poor little butterfly, yellow as gold, / Fluttering by in the wet and cold. / His wings were sticky, his little legs / Hung straighter and stiffer than wooden pegs; / He wavered and wavered, weak and slow, / And the raindrops gave him many a blow. / The great red roses shivered down a slash, / The tall white lilies shook in his path. / The green vines reached with hundred arms, / The lily buds flung at their charms; / But he never stopped for a moment's rest, / Not a single petal his tired feet pressed. / I watched him struggling on and on, / Until clouds had vanished and rain was gone. / Who would have thought so small a thing / Could mount and mount on a fainting wing? / Who would have thought a buttercup so low / Had strength and courage to do or die? / When tasks seem heavy and effort vain, / Just think of that butterfly out in the rain.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES. BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth Avenue, New York City.

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