

SIXTH MONTH
30 DAYS

June

THE
SACRED HEART

1903

DAY OF
MONTHDAY OF
WEEKCOLOR OF
VESTMENTS

1 M. r.

2 T. r.

3 W. r.

4 T. r.

5 F. r.

6 S. r.

7 Su. w.

8 M. w.

9 T. w.

10 W. w.

11 T. w.

12 F. w.

13 S. w.

14 Su. w.

15 M. w.

16 T. w.

17 W. w.

18 T. w.

19 F. w.

20 S. r.

21 Su. w.

22 M. w.

23 T. w.

24 W. w.

25 T. r.

26 F. r.

27 S. w.

28 Su. w.

29 M. r.

30 T. r.

OF THE OCTAVE.

OF THE OCTAVE.

Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave.

Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave.

Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave.

Trinity Sunday.

Vesper Hymn: "Jam Sol Recedit."

S. Ferdinand.

Patronage of S. Joseph.

S. Margaret of Scotland.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

S. Leo III.

S. Anthony of Padua.

Second Sunday after Pentecost

S. Basil the Great. Solemnity of Corpus Christi at Principal Mass and Vespers. Vesper Hymn: "Pange Lingua."

S. John of S. Facundus.

S. John Francis Regis.

Venerable Bede.

Octave of Corpus Christi.

SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

S. Silverius.

Third Sunday after Pentecost

S. Aloysius Gonzaga. Vesper Hymn: "Iste Confessor."

Blessed Innocent V.

S. Barnabas.

NATIVITY OF S. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

S. Gallicanus.

SS. John and Paul.

S. William Abbot.

Fourth Sunday after Pentecost

S. Leo II. Solemnity of St. John Baptist at Principal Mass and Vespers. Vesper Hymn: "Ut Queant Laxis."

SS. PETER AND PAUL. Apostles.

Commemoration of S. Paul the Apostle.

"Head over Heels."
Not a tumble, but
your head is always
where it should be
with

Dunlop Creeper Heels

Children's
Corner

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

"I've never had anything like that in all my life. Whatever is given me is something to use about the house," said Mrs. Winship, as she hurried to the kitchen, where a kettle of vegetables was boiling over. "Sometimes it's a set of knives and forks, then again some table linen. I've had a gasoline stove, a dozen dining-room chairs, some window shades for the parlor, and my last birthday gift was a churn."

"I don't suppose they think," she added, "that something like what father and the boys gave Millie would please me."

She held up her hand, rough hands, and tried to imagine how the ring Millie had just received as a birthday gift would look. She changed the position, as though for a better light. "You would look rather out of place, perhaps, a little bit ashamed, with a ring on. I reckon you wouldn't know how to act, but perhaps you'd get used to it."

"Isn't it a beauty, mother? Father and the boys are just splendid to give me such a darling little ring! They're so good to me! I wish your birthday came the same time as mine, instead of three weeks later. See it sparkle!"

Millie, who had just entered the kitchen, held the ring so the sun, shining through the window, scattered little flashes of color about.

"It is a beauty, dear!" There was yet just the faintest trace of longing in the mother's gentle tone.

"What do you suppose they're going to give you? Of course, I'm going to put my money with theirs," and Millie looked up expectantly into Mrs. Winship's face. "Don't know? I knew you couldn't guess, but it's something nice!"

"Father asked me only yesterday what you needed, and I mentioned so many things! There's a new parlor lamp—we can hardly go any longer without one. Then the front stairs carpet is almost threadbare! I also suggested how often you had hinted for a new pump; how the old one is so hard to bring water with. Then, while I was about it, I suggested a clotheshorse. The one we have is such a rickety affair it hardly stood up while I was hanging the last ironing on it. Don't you wish you knew which you'd get?"

"They're all very useful," replied Mrs. Winship. "I don't know as there's any choice."

Millie turned and glanced suspiciously at her mother. The way in which she spoke didn't seem quite natural, or was it because she was tired?

"Mother does have too much to do," thought Millie. "I believe we'd better get the pump, for it would so lighten her work! That's what we'll decide on; father'd as soon get that as one of the others, I am sure!"

Hiram Winship had been an unusually prosperous farmer. His acres had increased as the years came and went, until the original farm "was almost squeezed to death, situated in the middle of so many additions," as he facetiously expressed it. Sarah Hobart's dowry had gone to stock the

place and buy improved farm machinery.

"I'll get a ring soon's we're on our feet—your engagement ring," Hiram had declared once, but the slender fingers had grown red and big-jointed, and the ring had not been bought. Hiram had forgotten all about it and his promise long ago.

The afternoon following, Millie drew the strings of her sun hat about her neck and started for the meadow with a berry basket. She stopped before she reached the gate.

"I mustn't wear you; you might get lost," she said to the birthday ring, and slipping it off, she ran back up the stairs to her room, laid the opal on the velvet pin cushion and hurried back to her basket.

Some time later Mrs. Winship stood before the bureau in her daughter's room, holding the ring in her hands. "It's rather too small for me. I imagine it's just about the size I could have worn when I was married."

She didn't hear Millie's step on the stair, nor did she notice her daughter's form in the door.

"Even though I'm growing old, I like pretty things! I haven't had a very large share; perhaps that is why I wish they knew, and would give me just one little thing for my very own. Not something for the house."

Millie heard no more. She crept softly away and down the narrow stairs.

"Pump—clotheshorse! Mother mine, we never thought, else we'd never been so cruel! We've just given you the things we needed ourselves and called them presents. Mother, why didn't you tell us how selfish we were? You've never even whispered a protest!"

"Have you decided, daughter, which we'd better get—the pump, or one of the other things?" asked Mr. Winship.

It was after the supper dishes had been put away, and Millie had found her father on the cool veranda. She could see her mother in the warm kitchen, sprinkling the clothes for the morrow's ironing.

"Yes, father, the other things," and while she spoke it low, that her mother might not hear, there was an anxious determination in her voice that caused her father to look up with questioning surprise.

"Not all—clotheshorse, lamp and carpet?" he asked, with a smile on his sunburnt face.

"No, father; let me whisper."

When the conference was over, there was a look of regret and resolve in Mr. Winship's eyes.

"We'll get the rest, too; the pump and the other things!" he declared.

"They seem to have a good deal of mystery over getting my birthday present," thought Mrs. Winship, a fortnight later. "It may be over the make of the pump or the color of the lampshade. But there, I must be grateful; a spirit like this isn't becoming in a woman of my age!"

The Tuesday before her birthday, the hardware man from the village drove into the Winship yard.

"It's a pump!" exclaimed Mrs. Winship, and though she had half expected it, there was a trace of disappointment in her voice.

"Shut your eyes and come with us," and Millie took her mother's hand, after breakfast, the morning of Mrs. Winship's birthday, and started toward the stairs.

"But the present isn't up there!"

remonstrated the little woman, positively.

"Who said so?"

"It couldn't be—a pump; besides, I've seen it."

"The pump! Sarah, don't!" and over the face of her husband passed an expression of shame.

"You'll have to guess again, mother," and Charles and Harold gently lifted Mrs. Winship and carried her to the stairway.

There on the bed was a beautiful copy of Raphael's Madonna, from Charles; a work basket fitted with sewing implements of steel and silver, from Millie; a set of the works of her favorite author, from Harold; creamy lace and a dress pattern, from Hiram.

"And here, Sally," said her husband, calling her by an almost forgotten name, "here is your engagement ring," and he forced it over the enlarged finger joints.

THE BIBLE AND THE SECTS

Concluding his long series of letters in The Catholic Times concerning the Holy Bible, Mr. Canon Vaughan writes on the attitude of the sects towards the Sacred Scriptures. He says:

Mr. W. H. Mallock is not a Catholic, but he is a shrewd observer, and often expresses Catholic doctrines, not only accurately, but in a manner to arrest attention, and almost to command assent. In 1900 he published an exceedingly interesting book entitled "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption," in which he contrasts the perfectly logical position of the Catholic Church with the hopelessly illogical position of the various sects, especially the Anglican. His testimony, as coming from an outsider, is so valuable that I propose, in this chapter, to speak rather by his lips than by my own. All Protestants, of course,

BELIEVE IN THE BIBLE,

but, as Mr. Mallock very emphatically insists, "until they can tell us definitely, coherently, and fully, on what foundations their belief and their interpretation of the Bible rests, all the emphasis they expend in asserting their rival doctrines is as meaningless as the crowing of cocks in a farm-yard" (p. 76). If we inquire what these foundations are, we shall find that "some will declare that their faith rests on (1) the unanimous consent of the Church during all periods of its existence; others, that it rests on (2) the doctrines and practices of the Church during the earlier periods of its existence; others, that it rests on (3) the individual study of the Bible as the only inspired book; and (4) others that it depends upon the individual study of the Bible as the best of inspired books" (p. 77). These are the answers of the various sects as described by Mr. Mallock. He then goes on to observe that "there is yet another answer, which all these four answers absolutely agree in repudiating, and this is the answer given by the Church of Rome."

"The Church of Rome, when asked on what grounds we are to believe in the Bible, and by what means, believing in it, we are to discriminate its true meaning, answers us that these grounds and means are the Roman Church itself, which is an EVER-LIVING AND EVER-INFAL-

LIBLE TEACHER, the same Church to-day as it was on the day of Pentecost; and which, though it speaks officially at distant intervals only, so speaks, when it does speak, in a manner which all can recognize, thus progressively defining the Faith, as successive definitions become necessary. This claim to a living infallibility, with a definite organ of utterance, which is made by the Church of Rome, is denied by all Anglicans equally." In fact, as Mr. Mallock goes on to point out: "The denial of it is almost the only point, except the existence of God, with regard to which all Anglicans remain really unanimous; and here their unanimity is more than real—it is passionate. It is a point of brotherly and intimate spiritual agreement between Lord Halifax and the gentleman whom he calls a blasphemous brawler, Mr. Kensit" (p. 78). It is, of course, a well-known historical fact, that all the sects, at the time of the "Reformation," made the Bible the sole supreme spiritual authority in the world; and they did this because, being unable to look into the distant future, and to see upon what a treacherous and giddy bank they were building, and how soon it was destined to crumble away. But to resume our quotation: "Slowly, and yet inevitably, the centuries have wrought their changes. That old foundation, the Bible, has ceased, in itself, to be a foundation any longer. It moves, it shifts, it totters. It will support no structure, unless something outside itself shall be found which will support it. That something the Roman Church supplied; and now reformed Christendom is beginning at last to find that, for that something which it rejected and still rejects, it is necessary to find a substitute" (p. 79).

Mr. Mallock then goes on to examine and to test the various human substitutes, such as the intuitional theory; the theory of the primitive Church; and of the consensus of all ages, and so forth. He shows quite plainly that they are not merely wholly inadequate, but that

THEY CONTRADICT EACH OTHER.

The intuitional is rendered impossible by the conflicting character of its conclusions, which land us in a fog. The theory of the consensus of all the so-called Churches fails, because there is no consensus among the Churches that can ratify it. For instance, "it starts with asserting that the English Church is a body forming an integral part of an undivided whole, of which the Church of Rome is another part, and that they share the guidance of some mystical consensus between them. Now it is plain, for its own terms, that if this theory is to have any weight at all, this theory must itself be ratified by a consensus of the mass of those who are referred to in it. But is such the case? On the contrary, by an overwhelming majority of them, it is absolutely denied and repudiated. It is absolutely denied and repudiated by the whole of the Church of Rome, which is twice as numerous as all the Protestant communions in the world; and this is not all, for, what is still more striking, it is similarly denied and repudiated by the majority of Protestants themselves" (p. 90). How utterly useless, then, it must be to point to such a theory at all.

Mr. Mallock, through some forty pages, goes on to show that none of the sects have an inch of solid ground to stand on. Even though we should admit the theory of "the general consensus of the Churches" as affording ground solid enough, it would not really help us, for there is no general consensus that such a principle is true. It may, in fact, be said to be a principle peculiar to the Ritualists.

"The Ritualists, however, even according to the most sanguine computation, cannot possibly comprise more than ten million persons; whilst the Roman Church comprises more than two hundred millions. If then a consensus of more than two hundred million Catholics has not of itself sufficient authority to establish a theory (i.e., the Catholic theory), which is absolutely clear and logical, and has all tradition at the back of it, how can a consensus of ten millions be sufficient to establish another, which all Christians of all other kinds repudiate, which tradition fails to support, and logic to state intelligibly? By no possible gerrymandering of the spiritual constituencies of Christendom can the Ritualists' theory put itself on any plausible basis; and even if, ingenuously, we devise a plausible basis to support it, we should find that there was nothing definite, nothing intelligible, for it to support" (p. 133). Thus, Mr. Mallock makes short work of the whole Protestant position, and shows how senseless it is.

Further, if we compare the three great Protestant criteria of religious truth, we shall find that they actually contradict each other. "If (a) the primitive Church is really our sole authority, the (b) interior witness and the (c) consensus are not authorities at all; and if the (c) consensus of all the churches is the sole authority that is sufficient, the (a) primitive Church is an imperfect authority, and (b) the interior witness an untrustworthy one" (p. 141). However, "utterly inefficient as these Anglican theories are, hopelessly inconsistent as they are, alike with themselves and with one another, we have only to supplement them with the assumption of one principle more and we shall find that suddenly their whole character changes. They cease to be inefficient, they cease to be contradictory. They become consistent with themselves; they coalesce with, and support, each other; and they form together a logical and luminous whole. . . . The additional principle, by the assumption of which this remarkable change will be accomplished, is the principle which is logically the basis of the Roman system of theology, and to understand it.

WE MUST GO TO THE ROMAN CHURCH" (p. 142).

"This principle is the assumption on the part of the teaching body, that, as a teaching body—as a corporation that never dies—it always has been, is, and always will be, infallible. Now the first fact which we shall realize, when we consider how this principle is applied, is that it gives us what is practically the Anglican theory of the consensus, changed only by being rendered logical, effective, and complete. The Anglican theory, by the addition to it of this principle, is affected precisely as a wheel without an axis is affected by having an axis supplied to it; or, as a bridge with an arch wanting, is, for practical purposes, affected by having the missing arch built. The Anglican theory makes the consensus useless, because it is obliged to deny it, or at all events is unable to endow it with the three primary things essential to its practical utility—namely, an endorsement by itself of the claim the theory makes for it; some means of stating and recording the decisions at which it arrives; and an undisturbed continuity of authority from the earliest times till now. All these three wants, the Roman principle supplies. In the Councils it provides the consensus with a definite organ of utterance; by limiting the consensus to the Roman Church itself it secures for it its own evidence in favor of its own authority and the unbroken continuity of the authority it vindicates by the same means. Thus metamorphosed and vitalized by the logical completion of itself the theory of the consensus, so useless in Anglican hands, becomes everything that Anglicans in vain try to make it. But the effect of the Roman principle does not end here. Besides completing and vitalizing the Anglican theory of the consensus, it

completes, vitalizes and united with this same theory those two other Anglican theories which, taken by themselves, are so inconsistent with it—the theory of the authority of the primitive Church, and the theory of the interior witness" (pp. 143-4).

"Rome," continues Mr. Mallock, and it is pleasant to be able to quote so impartial an observer, "is the only Church representing itself as an ever-living and articulate individual, which at no period of its existence has lost any one of its faculties, but is able every day to reaffirm, with a living voice, every doctrine which it has ever authoritatively enunciated in the past—to reaffirm it now in virtue of the same supernatural knowledge; and to reaffirm it, moreover,

WITH AN EVER-DEEPENING MEANING.

"Finally let us note that the Roman theory of infallibility—of the Divinely-guided teaching power of the consensus of the entire (Catholic) Church—is the only theory of a consensus which starts with the advantage of being confirmed, instead of contradicted, by the very authority which it itself invokes" (p. 158). Two pages further on, follows a statement, of unquestionable truth, yet very remarkable as coming from a non-Catholic. "When we examine Rome's claim to be that one Catholic Church to which Christ promised the infallible and unending guidance of the Spirit, and when we analyze the assumptions and principles of which this claim is composed, we shall find that these assumptions and principles are precisely those which are logically required in order to enable a Church to sustain this unique character; and that all the other Churches, which have either lost or rejected them are logically unable to make the least pretence to it. Rome in fact, in its capacity of the one infallible teacher, resembles a sailor in a shipwreck, who alone of all his companions has retained the swimming apparatus with which all were originally provided, and who, when derided by his companions for boasting that he alone can swim, answers them by continuing on the surface, whilst they, one and all, go under it" (p. 160).

No one who realizes and heartily accepts the unique position of the Catholic Church, founded on the Rock, Peter; no one who bears in mind the promise made by the Divine and veracious lips of God Incarnate that the gates of hell should never prevail against it, can have any misgiving as to the sufficiency of her authority in all that concerns the composition, integrity, inspiration, interpretation, authenticity, and trustworthiness, etc., of the Holy Bible, of which she has ever been the zealous and devoted custodian and the infallible expositor.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

The doctor looked serious.

"You should be very careful for at least a month," he said.

"Is it as bad as all that?" asked the patient, anxiously.

"If the result is to be as satisfactory as I would like to have it, you cannot follow the rules that I lay down too carefully."

"I will do exactly as you say," said the now thoroughly alarmed patient. "A—am I eating too heartily?"

"Much too heartily. You should eat simpler food and not too much of it. If you follow my advice you'll cut your butcher's and grocer's bills just about in half."

"I'll do it, doctor."

"You ought to take more exercise, too," continued the physician. "How do you go to your office now?"

"By bus."

"Stop it at once. You must walk to and from your office every day, rain or shine. Do you ever go to the theatre?"

"Quite often."

"You mustn't do it while you're under my care. How about smoking?"

"I smoke, of course, but only in moderation."

"Don't smoke at all," instructed the physician. "Throw away all your cigars, and don't buy another for 30 days at least, or I'll give you the case."

"I'll do it, doctor; but—but—"

"Do you drink?"

"Occasionally, but I—"

"Stop it entirely."

"A little claret on the table now and then ought not to—"

"Not a drop at any time."

"All right, doctor. What next?"

"Nothing. Follow these instructions closely for 30 days, and by that time—"

"Yes?" said the patient, eagerly.

"By that time what?"

"You ought to have saved enough to pay me the balance due on that little bill you have owed me for a matter of about 18 months. Good day!"—TIT-BITS.

A BENEFACTION TO ALL. — The soldier, the sailor, the fisherman, the miner, the farmer, the mechanic, and all who live lives of toil and spend their existence in the dull routine of tedious tasks and who are exposed to injuries and ailments that those who toil do not know, will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil an excellent friend and benefactor in every time of need.

A beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth and spreading fertility; it is, therefore, more delightful and more honorable to give than to receive.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning
It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

188 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism, I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted many might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 1, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City:

DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal.

Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGAN.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 13, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont.:

DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from Lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:

DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully,