Which is the Happier?

Of two young men, one of whom be-longs to a Catholic society and goes to the sacraments once a month, the other of whom has no use for church; drinks,

of whom has no use for church; drinks, frequents low theatres, and goes with vicious company, which is the happier? Certainly the former.

The young man who practices religion has peace of mind, and an easy conscience, and self-respect, and the esteem of his associates, and the hopeful feeling that, comes from the possess. ful feeling that comes from the possesof strength.

sion of strength.

But the young fellow that lives in sin, and is a slave to his stomach, and yields to his passion, has a soul dark the state of th within him, and is without respect among decent folk, and feels gay only under stimulants. His mirth is forced. under stimulants. His mirch is forced. His laugh is bitter. His heart is heavy. The blackness of a miserable eternity casts its shadow on his life. How can he be happy?

Let us be up and Doing. For Catholic manhood, for us who know the truth, the conditions were never more propitions to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. On every side we find fevered, unsettled minds blindly seeking for truth. Creeds and Isms trying to satisfy this disquietude have changed and are changing their of worship and the fundamental principles of their belief, but all in vain. New creeds and new teachers Gain-followers prosper, decline and are forgotten. The Church, Roman Catholic Church, alone star firm, the Rock of Peter. And shall we, her favored children, enjoying the her favored children, ng of her benedictions, with calloused hearts stand idly by and fail to lend a helping hand to assist the wan derer praying for divine guidance? No, let us, by our good, Christian example, our honesty, our truthfulness, our sobriety, our kind words, show them the way. Let us, when occasion requires, boldy profess our belief and as boldly champion it. Truth needs more courage to maintain than words to defend. Let us, Christian-like, battle with error, and remove false impressions regarding our Holy Faith or its practices wherever found. It is for the priest to teach, to encourage; for the layman to profess. That we may not grow weary, that we may regain courage and give courage and example to others, let us gain membership in our respective parish organizations and other Catholic societies, having the glory of God and the welfare of humanity as their guiding precepts.—From address of Joseph P. Hartnell at Christian Brothers Alumni Banquet,

St. Louis, Mo., May 22. A Good Stimulant.

Instead of wearing out their strength in contortion machines, relief-seekers should flee to the woods and the mountains, should pitch their tents in some neighboring wooded highlands and share the fun of hoeing out a trail to the next spring; should gather raspberries in the deep clefts, and climb trees in quest of squirrels' nests; should fetch their own fuel from the pine-knot bot-toms, and arrange expeditions to the st peaks of the neighborhood.

In that manner, a two-weeks' camp Elysium will suffice to lay in reserve store of health for several months of town life; and, besides, experience will prove that work with a practical purpose and the stimulus of visible results enables an invalid to beguile himself into an amount of exe cise unattainable by the manual of the horizontal bar.

In stress of circumstances, city dwellers may try the compromise of an amateur carpenter shop, or, like Elihu Burritt, get an anvil to hammer out biliousness and blue devils.

Turner-halls, though, are encourag signs of the times, and the healing art ald enter a new era of success if the patrons of the nostrum-monger could persuaded to try Dr. Boerhaave's plan and "counteract the disorders of the human organism mechanically, instead of chemically, by chopping down a bitterwood tree, instead of swallowing a decoction of its nauseous leaves."

The moral healing art, too, is important; it is equally important; for self-reliance has no more insidious foe than the despondency that so often follows the abuse of drugs, and yields permanently only to the magic of out-door exercise.

Movement-cure associations are the

harbingers of that reform, and the time may be near when invalids who insist taking something" will be advised take a whack at the woodpile," or to "take a whack at a walk in the park .- Success. A Successful Life

When a youth passes the boundary of boyhood and enters upon the career of man, he should take a survey of the world and adopt some guide-post prin-ciples that will direct him to make the st of himself and reach an honorable

Among the first questions that he must settle is this one: What is a suc-

cessful life?

When he has that problem solved correctly, he has the right goal in view and can choose the straight road to reach it. But if, at the start, he fixes a wrong end for his journey or takes a false direction, he is pretty certain to follow a devious course and to wind up in the morass of failure.

Now, what is a successful life? Is it the course in the successful life?

the accumulation of riches, or the attainment of a conspicuous position, or the possession of power, or the accomplishment of some triumphant achievement certain to bring renown?

"My success in life," so a millionaire

is reported to have said the other day, " is due to a resolute will and to per sistent work. First, I firmly determine to win; next, I labored indefatigably to

carry that resolution into effect."

Poor man that he is, he imagine that he is successful, but there are few who have made such a miserable failure of life as he has, for he has grown gray without friendship, without cultivation of the intellect, and without development of the sentiments of the soul! has lived to make money; and to that passion of avarice he has sacrificed his being, his opportunities and his hopes. His heart has grown hard. His pride is in the number of his dollars; his useless dollars, useless because superfluous and unused to any beneficial purpose; worse than nseless, many of them, cruel and extortionate and blood stained, because drawn from the distress of his neighbors and utilized still further to despoil them. His life has been transmitted into riches. When they fall away from it, it will be left indigent

A successful life, therefore, does not depend on the getting of wealth. If it did, every gambler, every speculator, every miser, every thief, every panderer to base appetites, who became opulent, would have to be crowned with the laurel of success; while most of the heroes and benefactors of humanity would have to be classed as failures. No, success is not spelled "r-i-c-h-e-s. If it were, the vast majority of persons would never attain it. For, however the man of millions may attribute his opulence to will and to work, there are legions of human beings who might pur-pose and strive with all their might to prosper, yet who, for lack of favoring circumstances would resolve and labor vain. Now, for justice sake, the highest ideal of a successful life must be within the reach of all.

within the reach of all.

Judged by that criterion, immense riches, high rank, great power, eminent place, and multiplied opportunities to good, cannot be the measure of life's uccess, for these are attainable only by the few, wheress no one may properly be foredoomed to failure. These things are extraneous, accidental and messential. A life's success must vital to it, inherent in it, and indispensable to its completion.

What, then, is a successful life? It

one that is lived in the sphere allotted to it, from a sense of duty, and with the abiding motive of aiming at its own perfection. It results in the perfect man.
It seeks as its highest welfare the best that he can be rather than the most that he can have.

The Christian would express this same definition in these words: A suc-cessful life is one that is lived in accordance with the will of God for it.

Judged by that rule, the poor man, the laborer, the uneducated, and the employe can be as successful as the capitalist, the aristocrat, the refined, and the captain of industry. Position matters not, nor outside possessions, nor even the training of the mind in book learning. The man's the thing, and his glorious motive is the alchemy

that turns his life into perfection.

That success is open to all. It is possible. It is permanent. It permeates the very essence of one's existence. Robbers cannot take It away, nor age wither it, nor the whirligig of time turn it down into disaster.

A life lived with that purpose cannot be thus noble without the performance of noble actions. Truth, temperance, of noble actions. Truth, temperance, honesty, purity, gentleness, contentment, industry, and all other other virtues will inevitably shed their radiance upon it. It will put a guard upon every thought, word and deed, and will suffer none of them to be accepted by its will that are not to be accepted by its will that are not

Similarly, a noble life, uplifted by the will to compass perfection in character, will manifest itself in actions of beneficence toward the neighbor. It cannot hide itself. It must do good,

The success of a life, therefore, depends on the perfection of the man's character—the nobility of his principles, the merit of his motive, and the fidelity of his practice to his plan. L. W. R.

The Term "Mother of God."

The following communication from the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Fond du Lac, Right Rev. Charles C. Grafton, D. D., will no doubt prove interesting:
"To the Editor of the 'Living

Church: I do not wish to enter length into the controversy about the title Mother of God. In the production of every human child there is a human and a divine factor. We take flesh of our parents, but God gives the life or Though the mother does no soul. generate the soul, yet she is called the generate the soul, yet saie is called the mother of that plural unit she brings forth. The Blessed Virgin is admitted by some of your objectors to be the Mother of the human Body and Soul of

the Incarnate Son.'
"This admission settles the question. For if her child's having a soul and human personality, of which she is not the creator, does not forbid to any common parent the title of mother, neither does the soul of Jesus and its divine union and personality, which Mary did

not create, forbid it to her. "In each case the parent is the Mother of that she brings forth, and in the case of the Blessed Virgin it was as the case of the Biessed Virgin It was as Scripture states, 'the Son of God.' Consequently her proper title is 'Mother of God.' "C. C. FOND DU LAC."

(This concise and admirable statement from the Bishop of Fond du Lac was received too late for insertion in the last issue, in which the discussion was declared closed, and therefore appears this week, but without a wish that the subject should be reopened.—Editor Living Church.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do to fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicale.

HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE |CONSTIPATION.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

How Billy Walker Joined the Circus. "Bang—bang!" Billy Walker was delighted. It was he sound of the big drum in the circus

"Toot—toot!"
This was a blast on the trumpets Then Billy saw a scarlet wagon filled with red-faced performers, their cheeks uffed out into small pumpkins. After this came a miscellaneous array of "knights," "ladies," a perspiring goddess of liberty, who bobbed up and down lowed a variety show of small lions, a bear, a mob of monkeys in cages. The last vehicle was a wagon all clo and labeled "Whale." No suc No such fish could be seen, of course, but then no-body could deny but that it might be inside. Billy was in eestacy. He fo lowed the procession as long as possible, and went home in delight because a clown on horseback, a clown whose face was streaked with vermillion, nodded to him and gave him a grin that seemed

to split the clown's face from ear to ear.
"Grandmother," said Billy that evening, when packed away in his rocking that diligent relative mixing bread for the morrow, "I think I would like to be a circus man."

sciousies of a collision he awoke.
"Why, Billy, what is the matter?" said grandmother. "You have been asleep, and I just spoke to you and you

I regret to let it go on record that Billy was one of those boys who think that everyday life is dull, that home is a sort of stupid place, that grandmothers are prosy beings (Billy's parents being dead, he lived with Grandwick). mother Walker.) The excitement of a eircus, a life with that distinguished man, "the clown," with the goddess of "It rains." liberty and other prominent characters, strongly attracted Billy. He had now declared his wish to be in the show busi-

"What, William?" said his grandmother, looking stern. He saw at once that he had made a mistake.

"Like to be a circus-man!" said his

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

"Like to be a circus-man." Said his relative, giving her mass of dough a furious dig with an iron spoon. "Instead of sitting there talking about being a circus-man, William, I can tell you something more useful; go and bring your grandmother an armful of

Billy did not stir. It was more pleasant to sit in a chair and muse about a circus like than to go after wood for grandmother's fire.

"If you are going after that wood," said his grandmother continuing her allusions to a very disagreeable subject, "you had better go now. It is going to rain, and the winds blows, and it will be rather unpleasant going after the wood out in the shed. You see, Wilout in the shed. liam, there is a kind of attractivenes about many things, a kind of noise and bluster and going round that pleases some folks; but you be contented with what comes every day, and you do your duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call you. Now you grow up that way, trying to be con-tented, and do your duty every day, and don't chase circuses or anything else that sort of tempts you because it makes a great hurrah in the world."

Billy did not reply outwardly, but in his thoughts he said:
"Guess I know a thing or two as well
as grandmother, and I mean to do as I

"I am going up stairs now," remarked

his relative, "but I will come down in a little while." Billy was dumb to this remark also. He had his thoughts, however. As soon as his grandmother had left the room he said to himself, "Good! She is gone!" In a little while he softly stole out of

doors, having seized his cap, and scampered towards the circus tent. The and was playing. "Lovely music!" exclaimed Billy.

Yes, at the side entrance was his forer acquaintance, the clown.
"Here I am!" said Billy. "Don't you know me? You smiled at me in the

"Eh?" replied the clown. "I smiled at a thousand folks; and were you one Billy was disappointed to find he was

not known, but he hid his chagrin and said, "I am going to join you."
"You? What can you do?"

This was very modifying to Billy.
"Can you ride a horse?" continued the clown.

Billy dared not reply, fearful lest a negative might loose him all opportun-

ity for employment.
"You can, can you? All right, young man. We will have a rehearsal before the evening show, and we will see how well you can do." Somehow the clown was not so funny and smiling as in the procession, but very soberly he led Billy within the

"Might bring that pony here," said the clown to an attendant. "We will

try this boy." "What?" said the groom. "He can't ride "He didn't say he couldn't, and we

will try him, anyway," said the clown, coolly. "He will find out what he has got to do."
"I shall tumble off," Billy wanted to say, but dared not, for fear he might lose every chance for circus glory. "You had better look out for him,"

"Oh. I'll fix that, I can glue him on," remarked the clown. "There! He is on now, and will stay on. All right.

There, git up!"

He cracked a long whip so violently that its snap was like the explosion of a pistol, and away went the pony and Billy. Such a pony! With black, vic-ious eyes, with thick, long mane, with strong swift legs. Round and round he went, faster, faster.
"Git up, there!" shouted the clown,

cracking that long, loud whip.

Away went the pony, tossing up his head, throwing himself forward with a

more and more intense energy.

"Oh, I shall tumble!" screamed Billy.

The clown did not seem to hear, but cracked his whip anew and shouted

glueing process was, he stuck to the pony like a barnacle to the hull of an old whaler.

old whaler.

And now another thought startled Billy: "What if the pony never, never, stopped?" There the pony was, going round and round, and there was the clown cracking his whip. Now the people began to come in, and they peopled the come in, and they are the complete the comp aughed to see Billy clinging as the pony hobbed up and down, Billy's eyes rolling, his hair streaming. It was very mortifying. He would have jumped off the pony if he had not been glued on. He must ride whether he

ished or not.
"Dear me!" thought Billy. "What would grandmother say if she could see

me?"
Hark! He heard a voice.
"Billy! Billy!"
It was grandmother calling. He lifted his head and fancied he saw her before him. Was she coming to rescue him? He felt that she would be a match for the wicked clown, who still cracked his whip and screamed. even to despair. The pony seemed to be charging directly upon grandmother, rushing straight at her, and in the con-

dived into me."
"T'was the pony, grandmother.

Where is he?" "Oh, you've been dreaming. Folks that think so much of circuses think of them when asleep. You had better go to bed." No, grandmother, I'll get that wood

"Oh, I don't care. I had rather get in the wood than ride any more pon-

Grandmother kindly held a lamp at window while Billy ran out to the

If Australia were Governed like Ireland she Would not Stand it Twenty-four

Writing from Kilkenny a corrrespon ent says that Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, was accorded a magnificent reception on the occasion of his visit to that town, and in reply to ad-dresses from various civic and religious hodies, made the following remarks "In Australia we enjoy the fullest freedom that citizens can enjoy. We

are a true republic in the genuine sense of the word. We make our own laws, and our citizens legislate for their country and the welfare of our citizens. Even the very name which has been given to United Australia—the Australian Commonwealth—shows that, in the fullest and most vigorous sense, it is a genuine republic. The king is our president, not an elected president, but a perpetual president, and his representative, the governor of the commonwealth of Australia, resides in this Australian republic. But we make our own laws, and I am sure there is no one amongst us in the empire possessing any measure of common sense, who will hesitate for a moment to say that our Australian colonies justly rank amongst the most loyal and most devoted colonies of the empire-of any colonies in the world. Our people are loyal because they refree. And precisely it is because they enjoy that freedom that they repudiate the imperialism that home statesmen would seek to fix upon them. Were Australia to be governed as Ireland is
—that is, according to the whims of the en who rule at Westminster-I tell you that Australia would not be united with the empire for twenty-four hours. And this it is, precisely, which makes our people truly loyal—because we are free and quite independent the whims of the statesmen who rule for the passing hour. A stranger coming from a free land to Ireland asks himself how it is, in the dictates of common sense, the same measure of freedom given to the colonies is not given to this fair land? There is no citizen of Australia would seek break the bonds which unite that colony to the home country; no one would like to break up the empire that holds such sway at the pre-ent time. But we in Australia are con-vinced that the extension of the fullest easure of freedom to Ireland would measure of freedom to Freiam wound not only not disrupt the empire, but would rather cement the various scat-tered parts of the empire and bring forth that loyalty at home, so charac-teristic of the children of the empire abroad. In Australia we are famed for our determination to uphold the empire with genuine loyalty. But I

ENCOURAGING HERESY.

assert that, in the very same measure, we are determined that, in the fullest measure, Ireland shall be partaker of

Scandal Some Catholics Give-A Warn ing.

The following communication was addressed to the Sacred Heart Review, and the obvious lesson given in the reply will probably be a warning to many:

"I have, with many others, several times attended the meetings of the Salvation Army, merely out of curiosity. At a recent meeting we were a od deal surprised to see a young Cathulic girl of a neighboring parish come on the stage and, in regular Prostant fashion, proclaim that she had found Jesus," and denounce the errors of Popery." The leaders paraded this girl's conversion, and even our attendance, as 'signs of the approaching doom of Rome and of approaching doom of Perhaps our Popish superstitions. Perhaps our attendance, though only in fun, may have been more serious than we im-"Mary."

agined. "MARY."
We can assure our correspondent that her conduct and the conduct of all other Catholics who, under the circumstances described, attend these meetings, is sinful. Such attendance may amount to a denial of faith, as it does in this case, when the leaders see in your attendance "Git up!"

To his surprise Billy found that he was not tumbling off. Whatever the does not excuse you; for the sin con-



sists in appearing to countenance or approve those who are separated from the Church in their false position; and this is true, even though everything they do or say may be good in itself. This is what theologians call "outward denial of the faith" and what our Divine Saviour forbids when He says, Matt. 10:33: "Whosoever shall deny Me before men," i. e., outwardly in appearance, whosever shan men," i. e., outwardly in appearance, in the eyes of the world, "I also will deny him before My Father Who is in heaven." Your attendance is sinful, because it is a scandal, that is, the occasion of sin to others: to Catholics when he wour example, may attend and who, by your example, may attend and lose their faith; to Protestants who take your attendance as an approval of their heretical worship, and thus are

onfirmed in their errors.

You will make no such mistake if a keep the Gospel law as proclaimed St. Paul, Titus 3:10, before your es: "A man that is a heretic avoid, knowing that he that is such a one is subverted and sinneth, being ondemned by his own judgment. Very often these misguided heretics in their meetings say nothing but whis true and good, and all this in honey words well calculated to deceive; but our blessed Lord bids us, (Matt. 7:15: "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in the clothing of sheep."

And again, (Matt. 24:4:) " Take heed that no man seduce you; for many will come in My name, and they will seduce many." Those who attend these meetings may see no danger, but the warning of Christ, "Take head," points to a great and imminent danger which is, in some respects, hidden and therefore the more dangerous. St. Paul, seeing the great danger to souls from this source, gives in his epistle to the Romans, 16, 17, certain marks by which we may know the heretic: "Now," says he, "I beseech you, brethren, to mark them who cause discounted to the same than the same ensions and offences contrary to the loctrine which you have learned, and to avoid them; for they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ

and by pleasing speeches, and good words seduce the hearts of the innocent. You need no further proof that countenancing heresy in any way, even for fun is, according to the Gospel, a most detestable sin. Hence, in the very first ages, we find the Apostolic Canons legislating as follows: "If any clergyman or laic shall go into the synagogue of · If any clergyman the Jews or the meeting of heretics, let him be suspended." Can. 63; and the him be suspended. Can. 63, and the Council of Carthage, 4:72 and 73, held A. D. 398, and at which the great St. Augustine was present, declares that "none must either pray or sing with heretics; and whosoever shall communicate with those who are cut off from the communion of the Church, whether clergyman or laic, let him be excom-

Do not make the mistake of confoundng heresy and heretics. For heretics, we are true followers of Christ, we will always have true love; mingling with them in business affairs as our fellow-citizens, exhibiting toward them every mark of respect and esteem ; but if we are Christians, we will look upon the error of heresy with abhorrence, as being a great crime against God. Our love for the heretic will forbid us to do anything likely to confirm him in his error—our love for and loyalty to the truth and to "The pillar and ground of truth, the Church of the living God.'
(1 Tim. 3.) It will be patterned on the love Christ, whe "so loved the Church that He delivered Himself up for it." (Eph. 5:25).

Me love naturally all that comes from the heart, all that is great, all that dazzles, and even all that is strange. A heroic act or simple act of generosity moves them infallibly and provokes their enthusiasm. They se acts; they do not see the justice in the heart of the just.—Jules

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