

THE MASS MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

MEMBER OF THE ENGLISH CABINET ON INCONSISTENCY OF CHURCH OF ENGLAND AS REGARDS THE HOLY SACRIFICE.

Nearly a dozen years ago the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P., present Chief Secretary of Ireland, wrote in the Nineteenth Century the following article, which is doubly interesting in view of recent happenings.

"The English Church, before the Reformation, celebrated the Mass after the same fashion, as it has to-day been celebrated in Notre Dame de Paris. It was the English Church, as a Church, after the Reformation, continued to celebrate the Mass after the same fashion, and with the same intention, as she did before? If yes, to the ordinary British layman the quarrel with the Pope, even the ban of the Pope and the foreign Cardinals, will seem to be one of those matters to which it is so easy to give the slip. Our quarrel with the Pope is a respectable antiquity—France, too, had hers. But if not, the same ordinary layman will be puzzled, and, if he has a leaning to sacraments and the sacramental theory of religion and nature, will be drawn and, it may be, distracted. Nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks reverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be, indeed, the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all, long ago, in a chill historic past. How ever much there may be that is repulsive to many minds in ecclesiastical millinery and matters—and it is only the merit of persons that is often found mighty offensive—it is doubtful whether any poor sinful child of Adam (not being a paid agent of the Protestant Alliance) ever witnessed, however ignorantly, and it may be with only the languid curiosity of a traveller, the Communion service, according to the Catholic ritual, without emotion."

"It is the Mass that matters; it is the Mass that makes the difference, so hard to define, subtle as it is, yet so perceptible, between a Catholic country and a Protestant one, between Dublin and Edinburgh, between Havre and Cromer. Here, I believe, is one of the battlefields of the future. How long can any church allow its fathers and its faithful laity to be at large on such a subject? Already the rift is great as to present to the observer some of the ordinary indications of sectarianism. Some church folk of one way of thinking cannot bring themselves to attend the churches devoted to the other way. In the selection of summer quarters it has long become important to ascertain beforehand the doctrines espoused and, as a consequence of such doctrinal differences, the local ritual maintained by the local clergy. This is not a matter of mere preference, as a Catholic may prefer the Oratorians to the Jesuits—it is, if traced to its source, traceable to the altar. In some churches of the English obedience there purports to be the visible sacrifice; in other churches of the same ostensible communion no such profession of mystery or miracle is made. It is impossible to believe that a mystery so tremendous, so profoundly attractive, so intimately associated with the keystone of the Christian faith, so vouched for by the testimony of another hundred years an open question in a Church which still asserts herself to be the guardian of the faith. If the inquiry, what happened at the Reformation? were to establish the belief that the English Church did then, in mind and will, cut herself off from further participation in the Mass as a sacrifice, it will be difficult for most people to resist the conclusion that a change so great broke the continuity of English Church history, effected a transfer of church property from one body to another and that from thenceforth the new Church in England has been exposed to influences and has been required to submit to conditions of existence totally incompatible with any working definition of either Church authority or Church discipline."

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

EXCHANGED SHADOW FOR SUBSTANCE.

FORMER SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER WHO BECOMES PRIEST VOICES HIS GRATITUDE TO GOD.

Rev. John M. Charleson, formerly Presbyterian parish minister of Thorsliebank, has just been appointed by the Archbishop of Glasgow to the pastorate of Croft, an important and populous parish in the archdiocese. Father Charleson was converted to the faith about six years ago, and has published an extremely interesting account of the steps which led to this happy event. After his reception into the Church he went to Rome, and for several years studied at the Scots College. He received the priesthood in the Church of St. John Lateran at the hands of Cardinal Respighi, Vicar of Rome, on Ember Saturday of Advent, 1904; and said his first Mass in St. Andrea delle Fratte—the Scottish Church of medieval Rome—at the altar of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, which was made famous sixty-five years ago by the sudden conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne, a bigoted Jew, through an apparition of the Immaculate Mother beside this altar. In Father Charleson's first sermon to his new parishioners he described the circumstances that led to his conversion. His closing words of thankfulness are worthy to be spread far and wide: "In exchange for the shadow He hath given me the substance; instead of the merely human notions of Protestantism He has given me divine faith; instead of the old doubt He has given me Catholic certainty."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE COMING CRISIS IN ITALY.

The whole Catholic world was profoundly stirred by the persecutions of the Church in France, and one of the few consoling results of the war on religion in that country has been the awakening of the spirit of solidarity between the children of the Catholic Church in all countries. The time is at hand when that same spirit must make itself felt again in a far more striking and effective manner. Unless the signs of the times are all wrong we are only at the beginning of a bitter war on religion in Italy—and an anti-religious conflict in Italy is of infinitely more consequence to the Catholics of the whole world than any persecution of the Church in France because it concerns intimately not only the liberty, independence, dignity, but even the personal safety of the Holy Father himself. It is as well to look facts squarely in the face from the very beginning. Here in the very heart of United Italy stands the Vatican. Only its four walls separate the Head of the Catholic world from the rising tide of anti-clericalism and what Italian anti-clericalism means we all know by this time.

We have just witnessed a phenomenal series of "clerical" scandals in Italy at Milan, Varese, Ravenna, Trent, Rome and the end of them is not yet in sight. Remember that the same phenomenon took place in France a few years ago when the anti-clericals there determined on their final assault on the religious orders and the Church. The attack on the Salesians of Varazze was surpassed in diabolical malice by the attack on the Christian Schools of Lille, for at Lille a boy attending the Christian Schools was first barbarously outraged and then murdered, and the crime fastened on a brother who was for months subjected to a moral torture and held up before the whole world as a type of the morality of French religionists—only to be acquitted at last, while no search was ever made for the author of the crime. In those days the French newspapers were full of "clerical" scandals and stories of how the nuns used to sweat and ill-treat the children under their care, and for every paragraph setting forth those charges there was hardly a line to tell how they had been subsequently proved to be false.

In this way was France prepared for the iniquitous law against the religious congregations, and in this way too Italy is being prepared for a similar law. Even already Italian d-puities and Italian newspapers are constantly proclaiming that the religious congregations are suppressed in Italy, and clamor for the enforcement of the enactments against them.

The fact is that according to Italian law the religious congregations are no longer recognized in Italy, but men and women continue to have a legal right to wear the religious habit, to choose their rules of life, to acquire and possess property in common, and in a word, to enjoy the rights possessed by all other Italian citizens. The immediate scope of the recent scandals has been to create a popular feeling against them, and especially against such of them as are engaged in caring for the material and moral welfare of the young.

In France the attack on the religious congregations was but the preliminary to a general attack on the Catholic Church, and the same will be found to be true of Italy. But in France the work of anti-clericalism was complete when the Church had been robbed of her property, and the Bishops deprived of their jurisdiction, so that French law could deprive them of it. In Italy the case is very different. Briand and Clemenceau had to content themselves with proclaiming the Pope a mere foreigner, but what will the Italian Briands and Clemenceaus do the day the Pope is handed over to them? That is a question the Catholic world must begin to ask itself now—it may be too late after ward.

Reflect on what has happened already—every week the Sovereign Pontiff is being grossly insulted in the lurid cartoons of one of the chief anti-clerical organs of Italy, within the last few days some of his cardinals have been the victims of anticlerical rowdiness in the streets of Rome, one of the chief officers of his household has been twice insulted with impunity almost within a stone's throw of the Vatican, he has been obliged to suspend the arrival of pilgrims from France and Germany and various parts of Italy. And remember we are only at the beginning of the campaign. Where it will end—and what do the Catholics of the English-speaking world think about the situation that is being created for the Father of the Faithful?—Rome.

THEY DO THIS THING BETTER IN MEXICO.

It is not customary for a few superior persons hereabouts to sneer at our neighbors in Mexico, calling them a benighted, priest-ridden lot. To be sure, it is true that the Catholic Mexicans in some respects are not as far advanced as certain residents of this country. For one thing, they are so much behind the age that they actually still believe in the sanctity of marriage. The Mexicans abhor divorce. On this point a correspondent in Mexico writes in the New York Sun:

"The divorce laws now in force in the United States have been severely and repeatedly criticized, in private, by both men and women of the higher class in this country on the ground that man and woman, once united in matrimony ought never to separate. The theory is too deeply rooted in their minds to permit a man or a woman to resort to the court of divorce in Mexico, but it is never adhered to as a principle; it is simply a question of self-respect. The separation of husband and wife excludes both from high society, and even their sons and daughters are made to feel the effects of public scorn; some times it bars the sons and daughters from matrimony, while social intercourse becomes impossible for the divorced husband and wife."

If such a code existed in this country the divorce problem would be solved speedily.—From the Catholic News.

RESPECT IS DUE THE HOUSE OF GOD.

"Put off the shoes from thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."—(Exod. iii. 3.)

In reading the sacred scriptures we cannot but be struck by the greatness and majesty of God. Here we behold His immensity, there His omnipotence; on this side His awful justice, on that, His continual goodness; while the whole narration forms such a universality of perfections that we fail to comprehend His glory, or still less compare His power. Justly, then, does God require veneration in His presence and respect for the places in which He appears; hence His command to Moses from the flaming bush at Horeb; hence His coming in thunder and lightning at Sinai; and hence, more than all, the respect He requires from us now, in His earthly home, the temples of the Catholic Church.

Yes, respect is due the house of God, and to be convinced of this truth, let us give it a brief consideration. All reasonable men respect that which is holy and venerable. But whether we consider, firstly, their figure under the old law, or secondly, its reality under the new, we must admit that to our churches is due our most profound respect; and so, finally, that defects against this are to be avoided and condemned.

Having been forgotten by man, who had yielded to adoring false gods, the eternal Father determined to regain His lost right. Accordingly He set aside for Himself the children of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and in conformity with His promise He made them His chosen people, Moses, He selected for His servant, Aaron for His priest; and through them He made known the laws He wished obeyed and the sacrifices He wished to be offered. To His pattern was built the tabernacle, and the ark placed within it. The table of propitiation and the golden candlestick, and the altar of incense were all prescribed by God. Precious woods, too, and wrought brass, and silver and gold were united to beautify the holy place. Vests of richest materials and exquisite workmanship were hung on all sides to prevent the gaze of the curious, while one whole tribe was deputed to minister on behalf of the people. The sons of Levi, with Aaron at their head were at once guardians and the custodians about the sacred place, and they were required to keep themselves most pure in the sight of God and man, and to attend to the various functions of their office with strict punctuality. Thus God instituted a religion for His honor, and the people zealously commenced to adore Him, hence the various oblations and holocausts; hence the deep veneration they had for His Majesty; hence the untiring toils with which they scrupled His mercy. The Israelites were filled with a deep sense of God's greatness and power, and excepting some short periods of idolatry, they ever stood before Him in fear and trembling. Later on when a temple was built to the glory of God, and all that genius could devise, power accomplish, money and enterprise procure, holy ambition at once was combined to form an edifice whose like was never seen before, or since, and likely never shall be again. All Israel assembled at its opening and amidst the greatest solemnity, the ark was placed in triumph in the holy of holies under the wings of the cherubim. Voice and harp and psalter, cymbal and trumpet blended in sweetest harmony, and when the priests chanted forth the psalm, "Give glory to the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever," the whole audience fell on their faces, for the house was filled with the cloud of God's Majesty, and fire shot down from the heavens and consumed the welcome holocausts.

Respect was required for God's house and he who failed to bestow it met with most terrible punishment. Thus Oza, though of kingly rank, was covered with leprosy for daring to touch the ark, and Aaron was burnt alive for having used unallowed fire. The Philistines were scourged with dreadful plagues for placing the ark, which they captured in battle, in one of their ungodly temples, while Oza, one of Jada's princes, was struck with instant death for touching the ark with his hand. Yes, all was inviolable about the ark, and he who dared to touch it was to be treated as a heathen, and this to such a degree that even the mighty Alexander, conqueror of the world though he was and pagan, carried away by the sight, bent the knee in adoration before the greatness of the Lord.

And, yet, with all this respect and devotion what were the ark and the temple but shadows of what was to come? What these sacrifices in comparison to that of the Christ has come and by a life of sufferings, by a death ignominious has wrought a mighty, an infinite change, has supplanted the figure by the reality, has brought in His sacred person the God from the heavens to reign with us on our altars to the end of time.

No barriers impede us from entering His holy house; no Levite bands prevent our appearing face to face before our Lord, and He, mighty Son of Jehovah, both priest and victim on the altar and king in the tabernacle, daily renews the sacrifice of Calvary, a most fitting propitiation to His heavenly Father, in infinite atonement for the sins of men. Here, then, more surely is respect required; here reflection and adoration.

Everything about us suggests reflection and meditation on it, the divine presence in the tabernacle, the solemnity of the services at the various functions and the solemn silence that falls upon all at their close—all conspire to fill the soul with religious fervor and call for protestations of love for God, sorrow for any offences committed against Him and sincerest gratitude.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Unity and Times.

The true criticism is to know what to admire.—Sainte Beuve.



The skin rids the system of more urea than the kidneys?

Nearly one fifth of the waste products of the body is eliminated by the skin. Suppose there is some unsuspected, unseen skin trouble—the pores are closed—the skin is unable to rid the system of its share of the waste.

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AWED THE REPORTER.

James O'Donnell Bennett, a well-known Chicago newspaper man who is writing foreign letters for the Chicago Record Herald, confesses that he was profoundly impressed in London by the preaching of Father Bernard Vaughan.

"He makes you quail," he writes; "he sends you away tremulous, with a hundred emotions, hopes, anxieties, regrets, resolutions, aspirations. He grips you, buffets you, rails at you, then seems to throw his great arms around you and drag you onward with him to the heights. For prodigious effort produced by simple and at times unthought means, he surpasses any preacher I ever heard and I have reported over a hundred and written analyses as thoroughly as I could compass them all. He uses no notes, he begins falteringly, speaking very slowly and with labored clearness. "What is he? A well-rounded, red-faced, gray-haired man who is profoundly moved about something and whom a rush of blood to the head may lay low the next instant."

"Yes, he is that; a simple Catholic priest, ruddy, old-fashioned, antiquated if you will, as the world goes, and behind the times. But peers of England are sitting rigid under the spell of the man, the priest, and the duchesses are nervously biting their lips and wiping their eyes. He is preaching 'Christ and Him Crucified,' chastity, death and the judgment to come. A few Sundays ago unfolding the text, 'What Think Ye of Christ?' Whose Son is He? he leaned over the pulpit rail and put the question to the people. Then pausing he asked, 'What did Peter, James and John think of Him?' It's far more important for me, for you to know what they thought than what Professor Pfeiderer thinks, or what Mr. Campbell and other higher critics think. The Disciples knew Him; they loved Him; they served Him; they died for Him."—True Voice.

VERY LIBERAL.

The recent pilgrimage of Catholics of London to Canterbury Cathedral to honor the memory of the martyred Thomas a Becket, famous in English history, recalls the visit of Daniel O'Connell to the Cathedral in 1834 and his account of what he saw and felt in a letter to a friend. "At Canterbury," he wrote, "the Cathedral excited all my attention. They are restoring its ancient architectural beauty, but thereby showing more distinctly the nakedness of Protestant worship. But it is a splendid building. I kissed the stone stained with the blood of the holy martyr of religion and liberty, the illustrious St. Thomas a Becket, one of the most valuable of the patriots of England. What a gorgeous temple it must have been when the principal altar glistened with gold and jewels in the light of six hundred wax candles. But I should let my prose run mad if I were to indulge my heart and head with the vision of glory of seeing that Church again devoted to its original purposes and heard the voice of the choir echoed through its aisles and transepts."

Further describing in another letter his pilgrimage to the holy shrine the illustrious Irish Catholic leader and emancipator interestingly wrote: "I did not know the exact spot where the saint fell martyred, but the verger showed it to me. I knelt down and

kissed the stone seat that had received his life-blood. The verger in a hush told me that he would be dismissed if he dared to say that he allowed any "Popish" work there. I, to console him, asked him his fee, and he told me it was a shilling. I gave him half a crown, saying that the additional one and sixpence was for his fright. He thanked me, and having carefully looked out into the grounds, he said: "He's not there, sir. You may kiss it again for nothing. When a real gentleman comes I let him do as he likes, for I am very liberal."

INTEMPERANCE.

The many and great evils which flow from the vice of intemperance are known to every one. More than any other, this vice disrupts families, makes orphans, digs untimely graves, breaks mothers' hearts, takes bread from hungry mouths, fills prisons, and d-lives its unhappy victims along the highway which leads to crime, despair, and the loss of heaven. It is hard to understand how any one can love the Church and not be zealous against the evils which flow from intoxicating drink. There may be evils more grievous but there is none which brings so much obloquy upon our holy faith or which so much retards its progress in this country.

Fathers and mothers, as you love God, as you are grateful to Christ your Redeemer, as you hope for salvation, teach your children from their tenderest years to shun this foe of human happiness, this nurse of crime and misery, this source of broken hearts and ruined homes. Tell your growing boys and girls that you would far rather see them cold in death at your feet and the grave open to receive their youthful bodies, than to know that they would ever become victims of intoxicating drink. Tell them the tales of unutterable woes; the sad stories of blighted lives, of thwarted hopes, of bright talents dimmed, of innocence sullied, of homes wrecked and ruined, of immortal souls lost through the vice of intemperance, and bid them shun the danger, as they would a pestilence or a plague.—Monitor.

Wouldst thou know something that will give thee peace? Love to be unknown and esteemed as nothing. When the void about us is filled by the more sensible presence of God, how fully this poor heart is compensated!

When God has the goodness to send us a cross, if we understand as He does all the good that it will effect in us and the evil from which it preserves us if patiently accepted, we will open our arms and our heart to receive it and rapturously thank Him.—Golden Sands.

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