JUNE 26, 1909.

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Morrow, Bracebridge, Ont.,

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have never read reliable books to dissi-pate their ignorance. They never peruse a Catholic book, whether hisperuse a Catholic book, whether history or catechism, doctrinal or devotional. They have never spoken to a Catholic priest, entered a Catholic chapel, seen a Catholic service, read a Catholic newspaper. Of the beauties and glories of Catholicism in foreign lands they know as little as the unique stage know as little as the unique stage know as fittle as the unique stage know of the discoveries tutored savage knows of the discoveries of science or the triumphs of civiliza-

SIMPLY IGNORANCE.

Now, you will see what I am trying to insist upon—that the people who believe such terrible things about monks and nuns do so because they do not know any better; they are in ignorance (I do not say culpably,) which no reading or travel or inquiry or stody or personal acquaintance with things Catholic has ever done anything to remove or liminish. They hear of a runaway nunread of an escaped monk; are of a fallen or apostate priest; ps they have listened to the prurient, filthy ravings of some of these unhappy mortals or read their impure cons, and that is the extent of their al familiarity with monks and ons and priests, with the convents and monasteries of the Roman Church, I am not (let me repeat again) blaming

You may say if you like that it is a strange thing, a remarkable and inexplicable thing: in fact, a perfect study, a puzzle in human character, to see a puzzle in human character, to see people—Godly, respectable people, whose own reputation, of course is like that of "Caesar's wife, above suspicion" —taking pleasure in hearing and believing and reading about the gross sins and filthy lives of their fellow-Christians onks and nuns they do not deny for monks and nuns they do not deny are, or at least profess to be, Christians —strange to see them positively gloat-ing and growing frantic with delight over the revelation of supposed crimes and bestiality of men and women living in community. You may say it is strange and call it a puzzle in Christian character and conscience, but it is the fact, all the same. No proof is required. You may think it strange: I coned. You may think it strange: I confess I do not. It is only what one must expect from the way they have been brought up. They cannot help it; they are in ignorance. You cannot blame

Those who have always been Catholies, I know, find it very difficult to understand their ignorance or credit their good faith, but I must frankly admit that I have no difficulty about it whatever. I know how I was brought up myself. Thank God, in a quiet home with great charity and liberal views, our little heads were not crammed with any hatred to any other body of Christians, but I know for all that, what it is that good Protestants in this country are generally taught to believe and what they cannot help believing, any more than a Catholic can help believing the doctrines that are drilled into him (God be thanked) from his tenderest years. And if a man reared like that from infancy, and compelled to look from infancy, and compelled to look upon Rome as the mother of harlots and the beast spoken of by St. John in the Bible, if he does not resolutely shake himself free from this prejudice and hatred and study independently by himself and really despite fear and favor, look into the matter, determined to know the truth from the proper sources, come what will—I say if he does not this—and very, very few take the trouble to do any such thing—nothing this—and very, very few take the trouble to do any such thing — nothing can possibly save him from staying in the darkness of ignorance in which he is assiduously kept by those who do not know any better than himself. "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

And so I, at all events, as a "brand plucked from the burning" myself, can sympathize with them and com_assionate them and excuse them on the ground of ignorance and credulity. They know nothing else, and wish to know nothing else, and wish to know nothing else, and wish to know nothing else, and ere "doing God's service" in their attitude to convents and monasteries, and "to their own Master," as says the apostle, "they stand or fall." asteries, and "to their own Master," as says the apostle, "they stand or fall." God will give them "the due reward of their deeds"—God who judgeth every man according to his works. To God, then, let us leave them and "judge them not."

HIS OWN EXPERIENCE. My dear non-Catholic friends, I am speaking to-night not to those who are unwilling to believe and are incapable of believing the Catholic truth about these matters—who have so steeled and hardened their hearts that not the tongue of an apostle himself would convince them—but I speak to those better disposed and charitable persons who are at least agreeable to listen and give a patient and honest consideration to a trustworthy account of the life and work of monks and nuns. I shall only work of monks and nuns. I shall only tell you what I know and have seen and can vouch for myself. I can assure you that I was reared in total ignorance of the character and work of these persons, because I never had the smallest opportunity of learning or seeing anything of them at all; and when I began to inquire and study for myself, and searched here and there and everywhere, at home and abroad, and found one old fiction

ous houses at last as one of the faithful, and know and see things really from the DRESSY, SERVICEABLE and know and see things really from the inside, it was such a revelation of supernatural and heroic living as I did not imagine existed in any Church on earth; and I could only cry out in the words of the Queen of Sheba when seeing the glory of Solomon: "I believed not till I came of Solomon: "I believed not till I came and mine eyes had seen it, and behold the half was not told me!" I shall tell you then, my dear friends, what I know is true, and leave lies to those who love them; and I am sure I am speaking to persons whose very presence here is an indication that they are not prepared to hand. brand all monks and nuns offhand as brand all monks and nuns offinand as monsters of depravity, but are ready to believe that at the very least some good there must be in institutions that have ever produced and possessed the holiest, most learned, most self-denying, most pure and perfect of the sons and daughters of men.

LIFE IN THE CONVENT.

Among no class of persons are the eminent good works mentioned by our Blessed Lord—prayer, fasting and almsgiving—more abundantly or more perfectly practiced. "I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger and you took Me in; naked and you clothed Me; sick and you visited Me; I was in prison and you came to Me." These are corporal works of mercy. To monasteries of the Roman Church. I convert the sinner, to instruct the am not (let me repeat again) blaming them; I am merely pointing out the fact and explaining the cause of their ignorance. You may say to me: "Well, but they should not be ignorant; they should read and inquire and find out for themselves from the proper source."

Morbo, But that is a moral and control of the state of the s convert the sinner, to instruct the ignorant, to counsel the doubtful, to should read and inquire and find out for themselves from the proper source. Maybe. But that is a moral and conscientious question with which I am not at present concerned. If they do not think so, there's an end of the matter. They do not think they are ignorant. You may lament their blindness if you like. Nevertheless, the blindness is a fact, and it is the only thing that I want to trouble about for the present.

A PCZZIE IN HUMAN CHARACIER.
You may say if you like that it is a strange thing, a remarkable and inextrange thing, a remarkable and inextrange thing, a remarkable and inextrange thing. been sacrificed, and at the call of God and of Jesus Christ, their Heavenly Spouse, cheerfully abandoned forever Away riches, servants, carriages, marriage, luxuries by night and day! poverty, come hardship, come obedience and prayer and fasting and chastity, a rough bed and mortification, "He that andeth his life shall lose it, and he that shall lose his life for Me shall find it." And so, stripping themselves of all that And so, stripping themselves of all that they possess, renouncing, it may be, even the rights and privileges of birth and family, tearing themselves up by the very roots and dedicating themselves hencefor h to work only for God's Church and His poor, they join together and take a coarse habit and subject themselves individually and in common to a voluntary obedience, and day by to a voluntary obedience, and day by day offer themselves a sacrifice to the Divine love, and know no will of their own, but the will of their superior, which they acknowledge as the will of God for them and find in their cold, narrow, cheerless cell a happiness such as is unknown or even unimagined by those that sleep upon a bed of feathers.

> You may have heard that, broadly speaking, there are two kinds of orders of nuns, the contemplative and the active, (1) Suppose then, they are contemplative, enclosed, cloistered. What is their occupation but prayer alone? To pray always is the work that Almighty God has called them to—to be "instant in prayer," "to pray without ceasing." And this they do by night and day. To rise in the cold winter's morning, whilst the world is yet asleep, and descend to the chapel where asleep, and descend to the chapel where Jesus Christ, their Spouse, is waiting to receive them. To chant His praises in -they have chosen the best part, which can never be taken away from them.
>
> Certainly, if you do not believe in prayer, and the efficacy of prayer, both for yourself and for others—then, of

THE CONTEMPLATIVE ORDERS.

You may have heard that, broadly

for yourself and for others—then, of course, you will not only not understand, but you will be bound to condemn as superstitious, useless and absurd the lives of thousands of these consecrated virgins; their life would indeed be wasted and their labors without result. wasted and their labors without result. But I am supposing you believe in the reasonableness, the power, nay, the necessity of prayer; and I say that, once admit that our Father in heaven wishes our prayers and our adoration—that it is pleasing to Our Lord Jesus Christ to be constantly loved and served and adored and spoken to and waited upon the large property of the property of by His loving children upon earth— once admit that prayer is the golden chain that binds us to the feet of God, and that it is the means appointed by Him for drawing down untold blessings upon the children of men and for saving a reprobate world from utter destruction—then you will be forced to agree with me that the lives of these holy women—spent without intermission in the Divine Presence-praying for thos disappear after another, and delusion after delusion melt away like snow before the rising sun. I began to wonder whether anything that had ever been said against monks and nuns had ever been true at all. And when by the grace of God I entered the fold of the Good Shepherd, and could visit religi-

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lamp before the Blessed Sacramentlives that are being consumed and used up and dying away as it were through the sheer exhaustion of love lavished upon Jesus—these lives, I say, must be reckoned the most beautiful conceivable ; for they most resemble the lives of the blessed in heaven. They will have the highest places at God's right hand and pleasures for evermore; for they alone can " sing the new song which none others can sing, and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and in their mouth is found no guile, for they are without spot before the throne of

But again, take the nuns and Sisters who belong to the active orders, who, though living in community under obedience as the others, yet go out into the

world to exercise their ministry of mercy to the poor and unfortunate. Here again we behold Christlike lives, lives lived solely for others, lives like that of their Divine Master, Who "went about doing good," and Who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

It may be educating the young, the children of parents, whether rich or poor, who wish their young ones instructed, not only how to use this world, but also how to gain the next. And they really do educate them in the best and only true sense of the term—fashion-ing their characters aright—laying a olid foundation of virtue, training them in refinement and culture, in gentleness and modesty, and above all in every good habit of religion, all which is ofter sadly lacking in those outside the influence of these holy Sisters.

Or it may be taking charge of poor orphans and teaching them trades and fitting them for service in life. Visit the Sisters of Nazareth, for example, and see how in these noble women "God gives again a mother to the orphan and protector to the desolate.'

Or, again, go to the homes of the nuns of the Good Shepherd—that beautiful, Christlike order—who have dedicated themselves to reclaim from sin and shame and misery those poor, forlorn outcasts of society, the sad victims of man's beastly passion, from whom a hard, cruel and unmerciful world turns with contempt and scorn—the Magdalens of the Church. Ah, who can tell the more than sisterly, more than motherly care and tenderness with which these Good Shepherd nuns bind up the broken hearts of these unfortunates—with how gentle a voice they speak of hope to those who were without hope-with what skill and patience, sympathy and perseverance they win them back to virtue and make them strong again to face the world and all its perils! The woman whose past all its perils! The woman whose past is a record of shame, whose heart is corrupt, whose breath is polluted, the sight of whose very face is sin—she and such as she have new hope inspired in their hearts, new life, new courage by the appearance and loving ministrations and sweet consoling words of God's devoted servants, who noiselessly, modestly approach them, their calm, pure faces radiant with the love of Jesus, and gently apply the healing remedies to both the body and the soul. It is as though Blessed Mary, the sinless, took Mary Magdalen, the sinful, by the hand, and led her from the grip of satan to the very feet of Christ, from ravenous wolves

back to the Good Shepherd. Or again, go to the homes of the Little Sisters of the Poor, whose figures are familiar to us here and elsewhere, as they go from door to door begging for their poor old men and women. Yes, they beg, because they have taken a vow of absolute poverty and live from

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the poor, in hospitals and infirmaries, institutes for deaf and dumb, in fuges for the destitute, in the asyims, jails, convict prisons or poor ouses, or assisting the wounded and the dying upon the field of battle—lookg for no reward but ministering out of g for no reward but ministering out of ve, enduring every fatigue, facing very danger—you see them literally sending their lives for others, with a enderness and sweetness of manner, ith heroic courage and self-sacrific-ing devotion which extorts admiration d applause even from those who are ost unwilling to give it! How many brave soldier to-day in many a land wes his life to the tender and timely inistration of some Catholic Sister.

Or lastly-for I could speak for hours d write volumes on their noble work go to that Home for Incurables and note the passing to and fro of the Sisters among the beds of those who are smitten anto death. See how to those who toss there in pain the gentle foot-fall or the rustle of the sombre habit seems as the sound of an angel's wing. See how the pain-drawn face lights up at the cheery word, and the sufferer is left wondering whether it was an echo of his mother's voice breathed in the days of his child-hood, or whether it be a sweet strain of heavenly music escaping through the golden gate." Ah, my dear friends, whatever others may say, those at least who know the Sisters and nuns of the Catholic Church, and see their work and labor of love, can tell that if ever there were angels in human shape, they are certainly these.

THE PUREST AND BEST OF GOD'S DAUGH-

These and a hundred other orders and communities of Catholic Sisterboods, instituted to alleviate every form of human misery, spiritual and bodily, to console the afflicted, to bind up the their poor old men and women. Yes, they beg, because they have taken a vow of absolute poverty and live from hand to mouth with no fixed incomeniated, with such aversion to any assured sopport that they will not even accept the old age pensions for their poor old charges. They are like those other nums of whom I happen to know, that sometimes are so hard up for a bite to eat, sometimes are so hard up for a bite to ring the convent bell to let the neighbors know that they are starving, and ask them, for the love of God, to fling them a crust, as though to a dog beneath the rich man's table. That is the vow of poverty in its perfection. Well, I say, go to the homes of the Little Sisters and see how these dear old men and women, of whatever creed or of no creed, wounds of the breaking heart and to lift up the weary and the drooping head

and no matter how they may have come beauty of nature and of grace beaming of their state of destitution—see how they are attended and served in the vening of their days by loving hearts and hands, perhaps by those who were themselves once great and rich and oble. See how happy and contented, ow tidy and comfortable they are, and ow their last few years on this troubled age than their pure countenances—who, with the prospects and pleasures of the world glittering before them, deliberately renounced all for Christ's sake—it is these ladies who do their Christ-like services without sounding a trumpet, but silently and humbly, and whose hearts are pure as the driven snow, and who would shrink back from the least but silently and humbly, and whose hearth and their passage to eternity are hade sweet and easy, and they pass hence, calmly and joyously, to the better and, calling down the blessing of God upon their benefactors.

Or, once more, follow the Sisters of Charity or the Sisters of Mercy—where will you not find them? In the houses of the poor, in hospitals and infirmaries, in institutes for deaf and dumb, in the arms of the strength of the form the least sin as you would from a venomous serpent. I say these are the women held up to you as monsters of depravity—cruel, heartless, lazy, self-indulgent, filthy, immoral—as not fit to live, but deserving to be swept off the face of the earth as plagues and nuisances as pestilential and corrupting, as a shame and disgrace to womanhood. O ye paid hirelings! paid to calumniate and vilify the purest and best of God's daughters, perhaps the day may come when you yourselves will have need to be ministered to by these very angels whose characters you are blackening to-day

But yet, can we wonder? People saw the life and work of Jesus Christ, and they said "He hath a devil," "He is a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber," "the friend of publicans and sinners," Now, the disciple is not above his Master. "If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of His household." and "If they have persecuted Me," said our Divine Redeemer, "they will also proceed the property and "Yes people speak". persecute you." Yes people speak against them and condemn them and harass them, but their true Spouse, Jesus Christ loves them and upholds them, I have told you something about their life and work to-night. You may believe what I have said, or disbelieve it, as you please, but it is the truth, and the truth is great and will prevail. And whatever others may say, Jesus Christ at least—and this is all they care about—will say to them at the last: "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you. Inas much as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Irish servant who has broken a valuable tea set replies to her mistress' exclamations of distress, "Don't be onaisy, ma'am; the Lord be praised. I didn't hurt myself in the laste.

An Irish peasant was asked whether An Irish peasant was asked whether he knew what an "Irish bull" was. "To be sure I do. If you was goin' along a high road and you seen three cows lyin' in a field and wan of thim's

Educational.

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RIGHT.

Old Gent-Have you any brothers? Old Gent—Inveyou any brothers? Young Kid—Yessir. One an' a halt. Old Gent—Why, that isn't possible. Young Kid—Gee! Ain't you studied no arithmetic? I got three half-brothers.—Cleveland Leader.

John Bright used to tell how a barber who was cutting his hair once said to him: "You ave a large ead, sir; it is a good thing to 'ave a large 'ead, for a large 'ead, means a large brain, and a large brain is the most useful thing a man can 'ave, as it nourishes the roots of the 'air.'

TOO, TOO MUCH.

"Thank you, son," said old Tightfist to the boy who had run several blocks on an errand for him: "here's a penny fur ye."

"Don't tempt me, Guy'nor," said the bright boy. "If I was ter take all dat money I might buy a auto wid it an git

THE BISHOP SPOKE LAST.

Usually it is the churchman who gets the last word. One night a loud person who sat at a dinner with the Bishop of who sat at a differ with the bishop of — kept making stupid jokes and at each one laughed uproariously. Entirely unacquainted with the churchman, he finally said: "I have three sons—fine lads—all in business. I always said if I had a stupid son I'd make a parson out of him.

When he had finished his discordant laugh, the Bishop said, with a quiet smile: "Your father thought different-ly from you."

EX-PRESIDENT MAY VISIT NUN.

OTHER MARY PAUL WAITING TO GREET MR. ROOSEVELT AT AFRICAN MISSION.

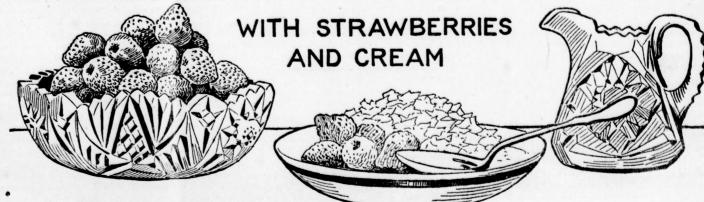
Theodore Roosevelt has promised Rev. John J. Dunn, New York diocesan director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, that he will pay a visit to Mother Mary Paul, in Nsambya, in the Province of Uganda, British East Africa, provided his travels bring him in that eighborhood. Father Dunn wrote some time ago in-

rather bunn wrote some time ago in-viting the former President to call on Mother Mary, and he replied that he would be pleased to visit this Sister and see the work she is doing among the natives.

natives.

The convent of which Mother Mary is in charge has been a resting place for numerous other distinguished visitors to Africa. A missionary near there recently wrote that within one month he killed a lion, a rhinoceros and three antelopes, all of which he encountered casualty in his trips.





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