



Canadian

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Number 1.

Feast of the Sacred Heart.

Two lights on a lowly altar;
Two snowy cloths for a feast;
Two vases of dying roses.
The morning comes from the east,
With a gleam from the folds of the vestments
And a grace for the face of the priest.
The sound of a low, sweet whisper
Floats over a little bread,
And trembles around a chalice.
And the priest bows down his head!
O'er a sign of white on the altar—
In the cup—o'er a sign of red.
As red as the red of roses,
As white as the white of snows:
But the red is a red of a surface
Beneath which a God's blood flows;
And the white is the white of a sunlight
Within which a God's flesh glows.

Ah! words of the olden Thursday!
Ye come from the far away!
Ye bring us the Friday's Victim
In His own love's olden way.
In the hand of the priest at the altar
His Heart finds a home each day.
The sight of a Host uplifted
The silver sound of a bell:
The gleam of a golden chalice.
Be glad, sad heart! 'tis well:
He made, and He keeps love's promise,
With thee, all days to dwell.
From his hands to his lips that tremble,
From his lips to his heart a thrill,
Goes the little Host on its love path
Still doing the Father's will:
And over the rim of the chalice
The blood flows forth to fill.

The heart of the man anointed
With the waves of a wondrous grace:
A silence falls on the altar—
An awe on each headed face—
For this heart that bled on Calvary
Still beats in the holy place.
The priest comes down to the railing
Where brows are bowed in prayer:
In the tender clasp of his fingers
A Host lies pure and fair.
And the hearts of Christ and the Christian
Meet there—and only there!
Oh! love that is deep and deathless!
Oh! faith that is strong and grand!
Oh! hope that will shine forever,
O'er the wastes of a weary land!
Christ's Heart finds an earthly heaven
In the palm of the priest's pure hand.
—By Father Ryan.

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The Shortness of Time.

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—Seneca.

True Family Life.

The only way to keep family life pure and sweet is to let the light of common sense and real religious unselfishness into it; to encourage the children to have everyone his or her own friends and plans, while bringing up all in such a sense of mutual affection and justice that the friends of one will be welcome to all, and the interests of one will appeal to the best help of all.—Katharine E. Conway.

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Our Honor Roll.

We need scarcely say here there is no element of our membership that gives us greater joy than our long roll of distinguished Prelates and Clergy. They have watched our career, it has pleased them, and to mark their approval they have joined our Association. No words of theirs could speak higher praise than these, their actions, and this is the proudest chapter in our history.

From all these circumstances with what confidence can the C. M. B. A. appeal for support. Firmness, Honor, lightousness, Charity, Justice—these are our watchwords, and by these signs shall we conquer.

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Keep Posted, Brothers.

How many members of a branch are familiar with their own by-laws, much less the general laws of the association. Not one out of ten we can safely assert. We sometimes witness the discussion of an important matter, and the laws of the association are hauled out and hunted through in real school-boy style, for some solution of the problem under consideration. This ignorance is not confined to those who seldom attend meetings, but some of the most active members of the association are frequently the least informed on the laws governing the same. A member, to be useful, should use some of his activity in posting himself on the laws, especially his own by-laws, and those who have not thus familiarized themselves should not enter into a too free discussion of matters, of which they have but slight acquaintance.

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Join the C. M. B. A.

Every young man who is contemplating matrimony should have his life insured. The late Bishop O'Farral is reported to have said:

"I cannot imagine any more unfair or meaner thing than for a man to get his sins pardoned at the last minute, and then go to heaven and live in a mansion, and go riding about in a golden chariot over the golden streets, while his wife and children, whom he might have provided for, are begging for cold victuals at the basement door of an earthly city.

"It seems to me there ought to be a poor-house somewhere on the outskirts of heaven, where those guilty of such in-providence

should be kept on thin soup and gristle, instead of sitting down at the King's banquet."

Many a man who believed that he had a long life before him, has been carried off in the flash of his strong manhood, and on his dying bed has regretted that he had no provision made for the support of his wife and children.

Don't have death bed regrets—insure your life now.

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Isn't it Funny?

An Exchange says:
An enthusiastic member of a kindred order, who possesses a reserve fund, pursed up his mouth, emitted a spurt of tobacco juice, closed up one eye and ejaculated the old chestnut. "Keep the reserve in your own pocket."

This has a catchy sound, which has availed in alluring new members into his order, which is trying the old trick of selling life insurance at bargain prices. But isn't it about time for their members to feel in their pockets and see if the reserve is there?

A deacon of a church down in Lyons Ia., who has been unsuccessful in business and in somewhat straightened circumstances admonished a friend against using tobacco, and remarked: "If you would estimate the amount you have expended for cigars you will find that you could have built a marble front house with it." His friend "winked the other eye," and remarked: "Well deacon, you have never used tobacco or liquors, where is your marble front?"

This is the rub of the whole matter. When the reserve in the pockets of the members is needed to honor the claims of the widows and fatherless it is not forthcoming from thousands of members. Instead of pulling out that pocket contingent they drop the order and join some new scheme which promises even greater inducements than were originally held out to them, and being new and untried by even the minimum mortality demands, is "cheap and nasty."

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Things Hard to Explain.

Why some men who are willing to toil and strive and save that their families may be comfortable while they are alive are not willing to pay a few dollars a year that their families may be kept from want after they are dead.

Why some men are so prudent they will not trust the welfare of their loved ones to the care of the strongest fraternal association of the land, but are, nevertheless, willing to trust it to the most uncertain of human chances the contingency of their living long enough and being fortunate enough to earn and save a competency.

Why, on the other hand, some men who are so unsuspecting that they will trust an acquaintance who has not a dollar in the world to almost any extent, will, nevertheless

hesitate to trust a fraternal association that guarantees its promises.

Why the men who refuse to rest a moment at their houses or stores or factories were not insured never think of the importance of insuring their lives, while on the other hand these houses and stores and factories were insured.

Why the man who refuses to join the C. M. B. A. because he can take better care of his money generally leaves it to the man who is not able to take care of it at all.

Why some men who say that their whole lives are devoted to laying up a competency for their families when they are gone never seem to think of the quickest and easiest method of accomplishing that object, viz., by joining the C. M. B. A.

Why it is generally necessary to carry the blessings of our Association to a man's home and thrust them upon him, while he is frequently ready and anxious to spend his money for things that are not blessings.

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What is Said of the C. M. B. A.

There are other sections who bear the name of Catholic, and I think the best, to my mind, is the C. M. B. A. It has an entirely un-English bias. The benefit to be derived from membership would be conferred only after the member had himself gone to his reward. —*Dr. Dalton, Ontario*

I have been associated with a Branch of the Association for years, and in leaving my parish one of the cords hardest to sever was that which bound me to the C. M. B. A. I admire the Association, I bless the Association. Its methods have the sanction of the Church, and therefore must be right and good. Distress half and relief through the C. M. B. A. and charity had been distributed by it. By the payment of small rates the father, brother or a sick man became a member and when the bread earner was laid away and the widowed wife and orphan children were left to themselves the society stepped in and cared for them and protected them. What a truly noble institution. Furthermore, I look upon the C. M. B. A. as an auxiliary of the Church. Every branch formed in a parish is a great help to the clergy. I would hate to see the society as the association is called and if this becomes an instrument in the hands of the Church, —*Dr. Dalton, Ontario*

I have a great interest in the C. M. B. A. I have been a member for a great many years and have watched it very closely. I wanted to see the working of the Association before I joined it, and, after observing its development and worth had become a member. I advise all who can possibly do so to join the C. M. B. A. at once. It will become more thoroughly established and will attract more support by becoming a member. We are influenced by our own nature and moral advice and assistance obtained by the C. M. B. A. I wish that C. M. B. A. would succeed. —*Dr. Dalton, Ontario*