, 1905.

from them his

in heaven. STAND WAS OLD FAITH

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erlooks the hud-he writer, "was vice, the first d VI., read to a n on a fair Whit-9. On the next their priest and Mass as of old. old and ancient ers before them of revolt, once Catholic insurg-inguage of their ald not 'abide to ion than the one at was their only r keisar, pass dship, regarded monwealth, but ion of the rebels

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far off time when e armed might of r spiritual heritdevoutly believe, he English people

days will again England.—Sacred

rocer for Salt Table Salt.

THE FRUITS OF THE REFORMATION.
By a Convert.

Long ago in boyhood, while sitting on the Calton Hill and gazing on the rains of Holyrood Abbey, St. Anthony's of Holyrood Abbey, St. Anthony's Chapel, and thinking of these of Melrose, Dryburgh, and Jedburgh, and of rose, Dryburgh, and Jedburgh, and of that unused little chapel on the Castle that unused little say were the Sister. "God, Who takes care of human sparrows," won't say no to little birds; and away they go to that happiest of homes, where Christ and Christ's love is taught both by word and deed. If Scotland were Castle olic, should we need the workhouse? We did not need it before the Reformation, and if men had really Ohristian hearts would we need it now?

We now turn to watch the little ones as they wend their way to school, and, in imi and maidens, young men and children, met there to worship Him, the weary to met there to worship inthe, the weary to find rest, the sinful to find forgiveness. Now the bats and owls lodge in those niches bereit of saints, and the dank, niches bereft of saints, and the dank, dark weeds cover the graves of the Christian souls who sleep beneath. Often, pondering these things, I wandered through the streets of Edinburgh, Old and New, and wondered where such a place of rest could now be found. Few and far between they were; all church gates were securely locked from Sunday to Sunday, eloquently proclaiming in silent language that the Pectest Sunday to Sunday, eloquently proclaiming in silent language that the Protest ant religion was limited to one day in the week, and so only in the Catholic church I could find what I sought, and there I used to rest and pray.

These churches had a strange fascintian for me, even in those far-off

These churches had a strange fascination for me, even in those far-off Protestant days; there was the same light burning before the altar, telling us Jesus was there; there were the same statues—Jesus pointing to His Sacred Heart, telling the weary where each to rest, and I was often weary to seek for rest, and I was often weary in those olden days; there was Mary, always with the same glad look of welcome, and sometimes with the Child Jesus, holding out His little hands to boys like Himself and bidding them take heart again. But these churches were far apart, and for the most part hidden away, and I used to wonder.
Will those old ruins ever be built up again, and will the poor living round about them learn to go there again and about them learn to go there again and find in them rest for their weary souls?" A Protestant lady, a minister's wife, once said to me, "When we are worried or sad we go into a Catholic church and pray." "Why?" I aked, half wondering at learning from another that I was not sincular in my asked, half wondering at learning from another that I was not singular in my practice, and adding, "Have you not your husband's church; why don't you go there and pray?" "Oh it is not the same," was the answer; "besides, all the week it is locked up, and somehow in Catholic churches there seems something we have not got."

When a traveller toes from Newhaven to Dieppe he notices on enteriog

haven to Dieppe he notices on entering the harbor of the latter place, high up above him on the cliff, a representation of Calvary. There is Our Lord on the Cross, there is Mary and John on either Cross, there is Mary and John Cross, there is Mary and John had, and no matter who he is or what his religion may be, the wayfarer feels at once a call to religious thought, and that he has come to a land professing that he has come to a land profession. belief in God and calling him to prayer. Again, as he wanders through a foreign town and passes a wayside shrine a little peasant boy is also passing with his basket on his arm; putting it down beside him on the ground, he kneels down and says his prayers, and when he rises the look on his terminal when he rises the look on his face is a sign, as of old, that God has spoken to the child. Did Scotland ever witness scenes like these? Yes, once she did!

On the Road to Queensferry, if you Climb the Bank on the Left opposite the furthest lodge of Dalmeny, you will find a wayside cross, another ruin, but a witness of the ancient Faith. Thither formerly came many a pilgrim on their way to Dunfermline to pray for a safe passage across the stormy Firth. They were going to worship at the shrine of St. Margaret, and here the sarine of St. Margaret, and here they got their first glimpse of those glorious abbey towers under which rested the body of the saint. Here her rested the body of the saint. Here her saintly body rested on its last journey, and here her son, St. David, also knelt and prayed. No wonder if these ruins make one's heart bleed and we feel sad, but they not also speak of a faded faith, of a shrine that once was there, of a presence there no longer? If Scotland were Catholia, would she give us educated children such as these we might ask, what has she or any other Protestant land gives us in place of these, but we forbear, contenting ourselves only in saying, in religious times and aided by religion these mighty deeds were done, and that education without religion will never, we Do they not also speak of a faded faith, of a shrine that once was there, of a presence there no longer? If Scotland were Catholic, would they once more speak of Christ and His love as does the Calvary on the cliffs above Dieppe?

Calvary on the chins above Dieppe r Not far outside Edinburgh stands a substantial, not altogether ugly build-ing, the poorhouse of Craiglockhart. It is only one of many in our land, intended by the charitable as the poor man's home, where in the winter of his life he and his family may spend their declining years. Now picture to your-self a scene, once witnessed by the writer, in the town of Portsmouth. writer, in the town of Forsmouth Here in a miserable room, in a dark and dirty street, an old man, long bedridden, has nearly come to the list days of life; his poor old wife, half paralysed, is no longer able to keep herself and him. The landlord wants the rent, unpaid for many weeks, and he says that as he has many such cases he can wait, and will wait, no longer. For days the poor old couple have lived For days the poor old couple have lived on bread and water, tearing the evil day which now, alas! has come. The relieving officer is there, but he can only say, "Come into the House." The old woman tries to beg a favor first. "Can I take our feather bed, for Leapnet part with it? for I cannot part with it? MOTHER DIED ON IT, AND WE WANT TO

DIE ON IT, TOO.

"No, no, we can't allow that; it is against the regulations," is the reply. "It won't be for long, sir," pleaded the old woman: "John and I haven't far to go, and we have lived hard and to go, and we have lived hard and honest lives, but it do seem hard to leave our bed and to die in the work-house." We could do nothing; Pro-testantism provides for no trouble such as this, but wait, can Catholics do anything? Off we go to Nazareth House, and before long the good nuns have carried off the dear old couple, bed and all, and when I visited them a few and all, and when I visited them a few days later, I saw smiling faces, and the old lady whispered in my ear: "Sister, she do be a kind lady; do you know, she actually kissed me, and I hadn't been kissed since mother died." One other case. A little bey and girl were suddenly left orphans by the deaths of father and mother in the same week. Remembering John and his wife, I

IF SUOTLAND WERE CATHOLIC? tried again at the same kind place, and

We now turn to watch the little ones as they wend their way to school, and, in imitation of St. Philip Neri, let us stop a little scholar and ask him a few simple questions: "Why do you go to school?" we ask, and the answer comes, "In order to become a clever man and grow rich." We muse again. Is this the reason why we hulld those spacious the reason why we build those spacious educational palaces, replete with every thing to make learning easy and pleas ant; who is it they produce; what have they produced? Where are their giants of learning, where are their geniuses, where their artists, musicians, oets, architects, which surely, with all these aids, should come forth in thousands? And yet, we bethink ourselves, were not all our great men self-taught, were they not all poor, was not povertyhard, grinding poverty—their teacher, and were not their very difficulties in and were not their very dilicalties in getting learning the secret of their suc-cess, and did not religion also bear its part? I shall tell you a tale to itlus trate to you more clearly what I mean. In the old town of Antwerp there lived a little boy, and he often knelt at prayer in that high Cathedral Church, and Sunday after Sunday be gazed upo and Sunday after Sinday be gazed upon the great west window, for their the sweet face of Mary the Mother of God seemed to smile back on him; the face of Christ was awful in its agony, but that face was so sweet; how he would like to draw and paint faces like that; if only he could learn, if only he could draw, then all his life would b song, and Mary, she should be the theme. But he was poor, he had no teachers, he could never learn. A thought flashes through his mind - When the moonlight streams through that west window, will not the face and form be outlined on the Cathedral floor, and the moon and stars around that and the moon and stars around that form become realities? If only he could get in then unseen he could copy them as they are imprinted there, and the Virgin herself would lead her aid, and he would learn to draw from her herself and she should be his only teacher and his model. He bought a few cheap crayons, secreted himself behind the piles of church chairs, and after Benediction was locked up for the night in that vast, dark church. fear entered his brave little heart as, stretched on the cold pavement, he waited for the moon to rise. At last waited for the moon to rise. At last she rose, and yes, oh, yes, there on the payement is cutlined, dimly, it is true, the sweet face of the Mother of God. He draws and colors till he is weary, and then tired out and a little disheartened, he falls asleep. The priest coming in to say his early Mass finds coming in to say his early Mass finds

coming in to say his early Mass ands the child, and on gently waking him hears his sad tale. Touched to the heart, the good man has him taught to draw; and now as Catholics we kneel before his mighty pictures, and see his statue in the market place, we realise the advection of the education of PAUL RUBENS, THE KING Of ARTISTS. Look at the pictures he paints of Mary; Look at the pictures he paints of Mary; was ever face so lovely as he gives to her, his first, his greatest, model, who truly taught her son to draw? Look at our noble line of artists—the monks who built our Cathedrals, the artists who painted our pictures, the poets who wrote our hymns, the musicians who made our music; as long as the world shall last it will ring with their fame. shall last it will ring with their fame.
If Scotland were Catholic, would she

are sure, produce such works again. We turn, then, to the contemplation of holy lives, and as we think our eyes are resting on a church's spire, and names of old come quick into our mind. The High Kirk of St. Giles, the Churches of St. Columbia, St. Ninian and many more. One will suffice to iland many more. One will saince to tri-lustrate my meaning, so let us take that bright saint who, leaving his much-loved land and home, came to rugged Scotland, as Augustine did to England, Scotland, as Angustine that only he could give not fearing death, if only he could give to us that parent faith, the broken remnants of which Scotland has to-day, Watch them as they wend their way, that little band of faithful men. Never, that little band of faithful men. Never, surely, was such a hopeless task begun since the time that the twelve brave apostolic men went out to win the world for Christ. And Scotland got the Faith, and Scotland kept it many years, but now, alas! Iona is a desert place; and those who, Sunday after Sunday, worship 'neath Columbia's name, pray in the place of those who desecrated Columbia's slie, and smashed to ruins St. Columbia's shrine. Have we not somewhere read such words as to ruins St. Columbia's shrine. Have we not somewhere read such words as these?—"Ye build the prophets' tombs, and your fathers killed them." If Scotland were Catholic, should we still say this? A naval officer, lately returned from the Benin River, tells me that "The only missionaries who are respected out there and loved by the natives are the Jesuit Fathers."

respected out there and loved by the natives are the Jesuit Fathers."

I asked him why. "All others," he says, "are more or less traders; they cheat the natives, drive hard bargains. are lazy, and in some cases immoral.
These are the words, not of a Catholic,
but a Presbyterian, navy doctor, and we know from long experience how much missionaries of the usual Protest-

ant type are disliked by service men.
We now see Scotland reaping the
fruits of the Reformation. If Scotland

again for those ruined lives and soulsin short, when she resounds again with the authens of the free—the Te Deum and the Creed of the Catholic Church. Then Our Blessed Lord and His Mother will smile upon our land, and Scotland, whom we love so well, will have her saints as in days of yore.—London, England, Catholic News.

been opened by Father Hays, 'the English Father Mathew,'' writes a Melbourne correspondent. 'Two thousand two hundred pladges were taken in one day at the alter steps of

St. Patrick's Cathedral. From an issue of the Melbourne Advocate, published prior to Father Hays' arrival in Australia, we take the

ollowing interesting sketch: Very Rev. Francis C. Havs was born in Liverpool on May 21, 1865, his lather being an Englishman and his mother an frish woman. The father was by pro-Irish woman. The tather was by pro-fession an accountant, and by religion an Angitean. His mother, who died last March, was a Catholio, the sister of the Right Rev. Mgr. Nugent. Father Hays was destined at first for the legal profession, for which he mani-fested an inclination; but on seeing the squalid misery and degradation of the London slums, he resolved to consecrate his life to God in the ranks of the priesthood, and to the special service priesthood, and to the special service of the poor, the fallen and the outcast. This resolution was formed on the advice of Cardinal Manning, who unfortunately died whilst his you hful disciple was died whilst his you hful disciple was prosecuting the long and arduous studies necessary for the priesthood. At length Father Hays was ordained priest in St. Barnabas' Cathedral, Nottingham, on October 28, 1894, by his life-long friend, Bishop Bagshawe; so that he has only been ten years a priest. Yet what a marvelous record of work in a while working space! It was while working the ritle of iast. serves and others in virtue has for its that has only been ten years a priest. Yet was white working among the poor in the slums of great cities that a strong conviction came to him that intemperance was the root of nearly all the misery and sin of the poor; and he felt the call of God in his soul to fight the giant evil of our day. In 1896 Father Hays established his special society, the Catholic Temperance which has been blossed and encouraged by Leo XIII. and Pins X.—under the patronage of the Cardinat Archbishops of Westminster ani Armagh. During these eight years success has everywhere followed his work, and immense good has been accomplished all over Great Britain and Ireland. The homes of the people testified to the electrical energy at work, and Father Hays has been universally halled "The Father Mathew of England."

From the many accounts of his work which we have seen, it is evident that

From the many accounts of his work which we have seen, it is evident that he is a great speaker, a man of transparent sincerity and deep humility, and possessed of that magnetic power which can hold enthralled vast audiences of

can hold enthralled vast audiences of people of every class. If Father Mathew was the Elijab, Father Hays is certainly the Elisha of temperance.

Space forbids us to give more than a single specimen of his eloquence, but it will suffice to give some idea of his power. At the close of his last visit to be after frequent scenes all over power. At the close of his last visit to Ireland—after frequent scenes all over the country which bring back recollections of Father Mathew's extraordinary career—he is administering the pledge to the last group of 620 persons, amidst thousands of onlookers, on the quays of Dublin. His concluding words were there:

"As I lift up my eyes in the face of gracious heaven, I thank the great God, Who has made me in some degree the humble itstrument of this wonderful gathering of all creeds and of all classes in my fellow men; that mine is not a heart to soften beneath the warmth of kindness, to vibrate in response to the touch of friendship, yet I am only one simple worker, doing the duty that presses upon every man who is true to the high vocation of Christianity, true

the high vocation of Christianity, true to the loftiest aspirations of patriotism and the best interests of loyal citizenship. * * * The drink plague is the greatest enemy to God and to immortal souls redeemed by the blood of Christ; it has no respect for persons. The marble palace of the rich, the cottage of the poor, open alike to it their doors. Prince and peasant, business man and laborer, in turn are stricken down. It breaks up homes and brings with it poverty, ruin and distress. It fills workhouses, prisons and asylums. Oh! when I think of this, when I see the tears of the widows this, when I see the tears of the widows and orphans, when I see thousands swept away and ruined body and soul, swear by the living God that I will strive by word and example to save our people. In this I know no distinction of creed; we are all brothers and sisters. For me humanity is the mark of man's brotherhood; to me religion embraces the whole man and the whole world. To spend myself and be spent for men without distinction of creed or race to the fullest outpit of my soul's energies is all my desire."

Five thousand persons listened spell

bound to these words. At Cork he had addressed one of the most thoroughly representative audiences ever seen in that city. The newspapers of all shades of politics attached so much importance to it that not a line of copy was cut. The Methodist Journal comments

"His speech made a profound in pression. Its chaste language, high Christian tone and pathetic eloquence held the attention of the audience for nearly an hour."

The Pope is studying French under the direction of his Secretary, Cardinal Merry del Val. He has made such rapid progress that he expects to address the next French pilgrimage in the native tongue of its members.

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ject of scientific and chemical research.

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hey shall see God.
In the seventh beautitude, Blessed are the peace makers; for they shall be called the children of God, we have an called the children of God, we have an admonition which ought to arrest the attention of society. Many people seem to delight in fomenting strife and discord. They are constantly sowing dissension, provoking quarrels and igniting the angry passions of their neighbors. Is this not the province of satan? How like then are they to his children? We should, therefore, be the children of God, be at peace with Him, with ourselves and with the world, and seek to promote the same wherever

and seek to primote the same wherever quarrels and discords arise. quarrels and discords are so.

Finally, we are told, Blessed are they
that suffer per-ecution for justice sake:
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

in a holy and blessed cause. Not to appreciate the value of this manifestation, not to experience from it a thrill of joyous gratitude, would argue that mine is not a mind to apprehead nobility and generosity of thought and action in my fellow men; that mine is not a heart, to see the sum of the series of the tian should hail with delight, since it merits the kingdom of heaven.—Church Progress.

Hope and Prayer.

What a beautiful thing is hope! Some one has called it "the leading string of youth," and it seems particustring of youth, and it seems per larly associated with the young. Perhaps this is because there is long life ahead of the youthful. But it is also the comfort of maturity and the proof of the aged. We cannot liv, in the past. Memories dear and precious gradually fade away. The present may offer little, but there is always hope for the future. When hope is lost, truly all is lost. It is loss of hope that leads to grievous offences against God; and our only recourse in hopeless hours is prayer—prayer, earnest and sincere, even if in so praying we find ourselves cold. Relief will come if we persevere in prayer, giving us back the hope of happier larly associated with the young. Per giving us back the hope of happier

ACUTE INDIGESTION.

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"I suffered so much with acute in digestion that I frequently would walk the floor through the long nights," said Mrs. Thomas Vincent, residing at 98 St. Peter street, Quebec. "I had been afflicted with the trouble," she continued, "for upwards of twenty that the past the past of the past. years, but it was only during the past years, but it was only during the past year that it assumed an acute form. There were times when I was almost distracted; everything I ate disagreed with me and the pains in the region of the stomach were almost unbearable. When the attacks were at their worst When the attacks were at their worse
my head would grow dizzy and would
throb violently, and sometimes I
would experience severe attacks of
nausea. As time went on I was almost
worn out either through abstinence
from food or the havoc it wrought when
I like the it. Living many much lauded I did take it. I tried many much lauded dyspepsia cures, but they did me no good. In fact I got nothing that helped me until my penher used me to take me until my nephew urged me to take

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To merit such a reward is to enjoy the Boatific Vision. But only those who are free from sin can have such expectation, for nothing defiled can enter heaven. Therefore, we must keep our souls untarnised by the stain of sin. Then the reward promised in the sixth beatitude shall be ours, namely, Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God.

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