

BOOK NOTES

In common with the mistaken idea that the Church is essentially an enemy to Science, there has existed the belief among non-thinkers that Rationalism is equally heretic. We have at hand an excellent pamphlet written by Rev. M. Power, S.J., "The True Rationalism," in which there are some very pertinent paragraphs. The True Rationalism, more than 2,200 years old, is that of Aristotle and St. Thomas. The False—that of the Rationalist Press Association and kindred societies.

We are all Rationalists—or fools. In human nature the only light is reason, and as we allow ourselves to be guided by it or not, so we are rational or irrational. To be non-rational is to be a fool; to be anti-rational is to be a false rationalist, of the type to be found in the Rationalist Press Association.

Proceeding with the definition of rationalism, Father Power goes on to establish the Scholastic teaching in regard to the innateness of the senses, and to show the materialistic basis of rationalistic ideology. "The triumph of the idea over the matter (i.e. mental leap from the individual to generalization about the individual) from which an expert in the old Rationalism will undertake to prove to you that you are possessed of a faculty for transcending sense, a faculty non-material and spiritual, and therefore indivisible and indestructible; in a word that you have a soul, and an immortal one too."

Scholasticism is well defended in a chapter on the "innateness of the reason." "Reason, as such, is always inerrant." "The rational man, needless to say, can go wrong both in his judgment and in his ratiocination," but then, "something that is more like unreason than reason has insinuated itself into his physical states, and without any conscious co-operation on his part, has fallen foul of his reason, warped it, distorted it, stifled or ejected it, with the result that the rational processes he was engaged on, are dislocated, enfeebled or destroyed. It is not his reason that has failed; it is the factor of ignorance or inattention or self-confidence or prejudice or passion that has brought about the wreck of what was intended to be a highly rational work."

In all departments of life, in abstract thought, in concrete action, reason must have the headship. Suspense! "She (Reason) points upwards, and though men cannot mistake the gesture, they prefer not to follow it and their cruel eyes go down again." Suspense! "La connaissance de Dieu est la plus certaine de toutes celles que nous avons par le raisonnement." (Bossuet.)

Father Power's little book is thoughtful and suggestive, written in a happy vein and easy to follow. Catholics, by whom Rationalism was thought perhaps to have been one of the many heretical "isms," will be reassured to find it our greatest friend, and in perusing "The True Rationalism" will find much to amuse and much on which they will think deeply.

"The Life of Madame Flore, Second Superior-General of the 'Ladies of Mary,'" translated and abridged by Frances Jackson, is one of those biographies which serve to show that even in these days saints tread the earth. The Institute of the Ladies of Mary was founded by Canon Van Crombrughe, and it was designed expressly to promote the holiness of its members and the Christian education of children. Madame Flore Delhaye was born in 1816, and at the age of sixteen joined the Institute at Mouscron, in which her elder sister, Bathilde, was already passing her novitiate. Her early life was characterized by great zeal in her vocation and steadfastness in the practice of virtue. She was professed in 1834, and at once made headmistress of a new school at Allout.

She made a practical teacher and realized the importance of moral as much as of intellectual training. She was five years at Allout, and as her sterling merit was soon recognized, she was called to higher duties and in 1839 became Prioress at Mouscron. There she had much trial and trouble to contend with, but her great humility and sound common-sense served her in good stead. In this higher position she (unfortunately in a way for the Economy), found means of practising another virtue, that of alms-giving. She was prudent, however, and never much involved in financial difficulties. Her correspondence at the time of the French Revolution in 1818, in which she has fears for Mouscron, is extremely interesting.

In 1819 Madame Flore was appointed Mistress General at Coloma, much to the grief of her old pupils at Mouscron. She held this office till 1858, when she was elected Superior-General. The chief events which took place under her regime were the consent and approbation of Pius IX. to the Institute's Rules, and the spreading of the Order to England, where two handsome schools were opened, one at Croydon, the other at Scarborough. She continued as Superior till 1886, when after an illness of several months' duration, she died on February 9th.

One would not call her life very eventful, but it certainly was characterized by great holiness, and in this book from her correspondence and from the stories told about her, one gets a better and more interesting knowledge of her than would be conveyed by a mere string of facts. Mrs. Jackson has written a most pleasant and entertaining biography.

"The Canticle of Canticles and the Depositions of St. Jane F. de Chantal," forms a double witness of the life of St. Francis de Sales. "The Mystical Explanation of the Canticles" was discovered after the Saint's death and, though it is not likely to appeal to all kinds of readers, is valuable as showing the great spiritual-mindedness and insight of the holy Bishop of Geneva. The Depositions of St. Jane Frances de Chantal have a more lively interest as they bring us within personal touch, as it were, with the saint, and we see him

which he founded. Knowing the Saint so intimately, her testimony of St. Francis and member of the Order of the Visitation of Holy Mary, in his ordinary daily life, moving among men. St. Jane was a friend before the Court assembly by order of the Sacred Congregation of Rites to examine into the life of the Saint, is naturally of supreme interest and importance. She tells her story frankly and illustrates her narrative with many personal reminiscences. There is a fitting preface to the volume by His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster.

Father de Zulueta, S.J., has done much in trying to bring home to the faithful the significance of the recent Papal Decrees on Frequent Communion and it is with pleasure that we refer to his work. Scrupulous minds may have found difficulty in following the Holy Father's advice, and, exaggerating their own unworthiness, have approached the Sacrament only once a month or even after longer intervals. Now it is the Holy Father's wish that we, adults and children, should communicate daily. But then we say, perhaps,—"Domine, non sum dignus"—"O Lord, I am not worthy," and in answer to that we are instructed that in our Lord's intention Communion is "not a reward of virtue," but "the Divine Remedy (dibinum pharmacum) for all our irregular passions." "Freedom from clear and unconfessed mortal sin and a right motive are the two, and only two, necessary conditions for daily Communion in the case of all and every one of the faithful."

Referring in particular to Father Zulueta's two latest works on this subject of vital importance, "The Spouse of Christ and Daily Communion" is written for religious, and its remarks chiefly concern men and women in that state of life. There is a good appendix, however, suggesting practical methods of promoting Daily Communion in Schools and Institutions.

"Parents and Frequent Communion of Children" should be widely read. The Rev. Father deprecates the interference of parents with the Communion of children and insists that the young should be guided in this matter solely by their confessors. On this point the Roman Decree says: "It is most necessary that children should be imbued with Christ before the passions get the start of them and so be enabled the more vigorously to repel the assaults of the devil, the world and the flesh, and other interior and exterior foes." "In this way at any rate will that word of the Lord be fulfilled: 'Suffer the little children to come to Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'" Parents and guardians of children will do well to study this pamphlet and to act upon it.

I have heard it said by the daughter of a President of one of the South American States, that it was ever her prayer that her father might not be murdered. In such jeopardy are the lives of the rulers of these loyal Catholic States placed by the hatred of Godless fanatics. On August 6th, 1871, Gabriel Garcia Moreno, the Maker of Ecuador, was cruelly assassinated by accomplices of the Freemasons, and the life of a marvellous man was brought to a close.

Happy are the states that have no history; Ecuador did not belong to this category and when Garcia Moreno first appears she is divided into opposing factions. As much with his pen as with his sword he opposed the party who were fighting against the Jesuits and Catholicism, and after the progress of a few eventful years, his fellowmen are so confident in him that they choose him as their leader. Only a man gifted with his great abilities could have coped with the difficulties that beset him on all sides; only a man of such faith and confidence in God could have overcome them with equal success. To every department were his energies directed—religion, education, legislation, judicature, industrial development, building, road-making and everything that might promote the social advancement of his country. But progress and religion were to go hand in hand; education must be based on faith and morals (this the Freemasons could not stand; vide France at the present day), and the whole state must show itself loyal to the principles of its faith.

On April 22nd, 1863, the great Concordat was signed in the Cathedral of Quito, and Ecuador professed its "inalienable devotion to the Holy See." "This occasion," writes his biographer, "may be regarded as the happiest in Moreno's chequered career. He saw, realized at last, the great and noble wish of his life."

Meanwhile Ecuador was growing prosperous and the state was developing; but troubles never allowed a protracted peace, for Moreno's old enemies were ever plotting and planning his displacement and destruction, and their efforts were to culminate in the dastardly crime we have mentioned. His inner life was that of a saint; he lived "wearing the white flower of a stainless life," exercising charity everywhere, fearing nothing save his own unworthiness, ever ready to console, unwilling to receive consolation himself. When constantly warned of the proposed attempts on his life, he would reply: "The enemies of God and the Church may kill me. God does not die," and "The only precaution I can take is to keep myself prepared to appear before God."

At his death the whole country was overcome with sorrow and mourning for their great hero. "We have lost our father; he has shed his blood for us"; and they erected a statue close to the scene of his death: "To Garcia Moreno, the noblest of the sons of Ecuador, dying for his Religion and his Country, a grateful Republic."

The story of this great and noble life is told by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott in the St. Nicholas Series. May we all prosper by Moreno's exemplary virtue, remembering that though it is not in our power to influence states, we may, however, influence our neighbor. The life of this saintly layman should be known to all.

Readers will be glad to learn that yet another book—"The Conventionalist"—comes from the fluent pen of Father R. H. Benson. It has already been well spoken of in London, and

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the Standard thinks it will certainly be a novel of the year.

Books of Catholic interest:
The True Rationalism, by R. M. Power, S.J. Sands & Co., London.
The Life of Madame Flore, by Frances Jackson. Sands & Co.
Canticle of Canticles and Depositions of St. Jane Frances de Chantal. Burns and Oates.
Spouse of Christ and Daily Communion, by F. M. de Zulueta, S.J.
Parents and Frequent Communion of Children, by F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. Sands & Co.
The Conventionalists, by R. H. Benson. Hutchinson, London.

All the above may be had at W. J. Blake & Son's, 123 Church street, Toronto.

The Ordinary Woman

(By Elizabeth M. Gilmer.)

I wish I had the distribution of some of Andrew Carnegie's medals for heroes. I would give one to just the Ordinary Woman. It is true that she never manned a lifeboat in a stormy sea, or plunged into a river to save a drowning person. It is true that she never stopped a runaway horse, or dashed into a burning building, or gave any other spectacular exhibition of courage.

She has only stood at her post thirty, or forty, or fifty years, fighting sickness and poverty and loneliness and disappointment so quietly, with such a Spartan fortitude that the world has never even noticed her achievements, and yet, in the presence of the Ordinary Woman, the battle-scarred veteran, with his breast covered with medals signifying valor, may well stand uncovered, for one braver than he is passing by.

There is nothing high and heroic in her appearance. She is just a commonplace woman, plainly dressed, with a tired face and work-worn hands—the kind of woman that you meet a hundred times a day upon the street without ever giving her a second glance, still less saluting her as a heroine. Nevertheless, as much as the bravest soldier, she is entitled to the cross of the Legion of Honor for distinguished gallantry on the Battlefield of Life.

Years and years ago, when she was fresh and young and gay and light-hearted, she was married. Her head, as is the case with most girls, was full of dreams. Her husband was to be a Prince Charming, always tender and considerate and loving, shielding her from every care and worry. Life itself was to be a fairy tale.

One by one the dreams fell away. The husband was a good man, but he grew indifferent to her before long. He ceased to notice when she put on a fresh ribbon. He never paid her the little compliments for which a woman's soul hungers. He never gave her a kiss or a caress, and their married life sank into deadly monotony that had no romance to brighten it, no joy or love to lighten it.

Day after day she sewed and cooked and cleaned and mended to make a comfortable home for a man who did not ever give her the poor pay of a few words of appreciation. At his worst he was cross and querulous. At his best he was silent, and would gobble his food like a hungry animal and subdue into his paper, leaving her to spend a dull and monotonous evening after a dull and monotonous day.

The husband was not one of the fortunate few who have the gift of making money. He worked hard, but opportunity does not smile on every man, and the wolf was never very far away from their door.

Women know the worst of poverty. It is the wife who has the spending of the insufficient family income, who

learns all the bitter ways of scrimping and paring and saving. The husband must present a decent appearance, for policy's sake, when he goes to business; certain things are necessary for the children; and so the heaviest privations fall upon the woman who stays at home and strives to make one dollar do the work of five.

This is the way of the Ordinary Woman; and what sacrifices she makes, what tastes she crucifies, what longings for pretty things and dainty things she smothered, not even her own family guess. They think it is an eccentricity that makes her choose the neck of the chicken and the hard end of the loaf and to stay at home from any little outing. Ah, if they only knew!

For each of her children she trod the Gethsemane of woman. For years she never knew what it was to have a single night's unbroken sleep. The small hours of the morning found her walking the colic, or nursing the croup, or covering restless little sleepers, or putting water to thirsty little lips.

There was no rest for her, day or night. There was always a child in her arms or clinging to her skirts. Oftener than not she was sick and nerve-worn and weary almost to death, but she never failed to rally to the call of "Mother!" as a good soldier always rallies to his battle-cry.

Nobody calls her brave, and yet, when one of the children came down with malignant diphtheria, she braved death a hundred times, in bending over the little sufferer, without one thought of danger. And when the little one was laid away under the sod, she who had loved most was the first to gather herself together and take up the burden of life for the others.

The supreme moment of the Ordinary Woman's life, however, came when she educated her children above herself and lifted them out of her sphere. She did this with deliberation. She knew that in sending her bright boy and talented girl off to College she was opening up to them paths in which she could not follow; she knew that the time would come when they would look upon her with pitying tolerance or contempt, or perhaps—God help her!—be ashamed of her.

But she did not falter in her self-sacrifice. She worked a little harder, she denied herself a little more, to give them the advantage she never had. In this she was only like millions of other Ordinary Women who are toiling over cooking stoves, slaving at sewing machines, pinching and economizing to educate and cultivate their children—digging with their own hands the chasm that will separate them almost as much as death.

Wherefore I say the Ordinary Woman is the real heroine of life.

The day on which we have learned nothing is lost. Think and speak of what thou lovest, and dwell little on what is distasteful, to thee.—Bishop Spalding.

If we only set as high a value on the favors we receive as we do on those we bestow, the bond of Christian charity would be firmly knit together, and peace would reign where there is now nothing but jarring discord.—Father Hayes.

"I feel uneasy about my money."
"Why, I didn't know you had any."
"I haven't. That's the reason I feel uneasy."

"So you once lived in Africa, Sam?"
"Yes, sah." "Ever do any missionary work out there, Sam?"
"Oh yes, sah; I was cook for a cannibal chief, sah!"

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST
Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency, on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother.)

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

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For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room.

Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have No Diocesan Grant, No Endowment (except Hope)

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say:—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

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F. W. KILTING,
Bishop of Northampton.

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