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## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

When A Man Lives.

We may be alive and yet not live. Our physical functions may perform their duty as perfectly as the various parts of a finely constructed machine, and the real man who is behind the machine may be either undeveloped or only partially developed. The body is the man's house, but it is not the man. The body cannot exist unless the man is in it, but the man can exist quite independently of his material body.

Here are two entities, and their separateness must be kept constantly in mind. Of these two entities, the body may be awake and the man himself be asleep. In that case he does not have "life more abundantly," for he hardly has any life at all. His soul may be the soul of an ignorant child playing with toys, and satisfied with pleasures which are quite unworthy of him, and at the same time his body may have reached its full stature. A physical giant may have an undeveloped or deformed spiritual nature.

If one is entirely satisfied with this lower life and the other life is beyond the reach of his vision, then he is thoroughly alive only on the lower side of his nature, and is possibly dead, or at least dormant, in the upper side. He is not wholly alive, for there is a wide realm of thought, of incentive, of action, into which he has not entered.

He is not a well-rounded man, with aspirations which reach beyond the stars, but a man with a narrow and imperfect view of his duties and responsibilities. A flower bush in the dark may do the best it can under the circumstances, but it will never achieve its mission as it would if it were in the full blaze of sunshine. It has life, but not the best kind of life—not an abundant life, for it would have so much more life in a more favorable environment.

The difference between the flower and the man is that the bush cannot pull itself up and plant itself in a sunny spot, and so have every incentive to produce a perfect flower, while the man if he is dissatisfied with himself, can search for a larger faith until he finds it. If he will seriously come to the conclusion that he must have more than this world can afford, that he deserves something better than his seventy years can furnish, and so command the universe to give it to him, he will climb through his foggy doubts and reach the upland of a larger faith.

When the soul becomes conscious of its own dignity and worth it will grow to be disgusted with the husks which the swine do eat and travel toward the Father's house, to rest at last in the Father's embrace. Our minds are bound to find what our souls insist on having, and if the soul cries out for God the mind will clear the way that God and the soul may come together.—George H. Heyworth.

When a man stands on success, he is in a masterly discourse Bishop Spaulding laid down the laws of success. He told his audience that success lies in working at the thing in which you wish to succeed. It lies in never tiring of doing, in repeating and in never ceasing to repeat; in tolling, in waiting, in bearing, and in observing; in watching and experimenting; in falling back on oneself by reflection, turning the thought over and over, round and about, the mind and vision setting again and again upon it—this is the law of growth. The secret is to do, to do now; not to look away at all. This is the great illusion and delusion: that we look away to what will be for us in ten years and in twenty years we look to other surroundings. The surroundings are nothing, the environment is nothing. Or, in other words, it is not possible to work except in the actual environment. If you do not work where you are, where will you work? If you do not work now, when will you work? There is nothing for us but here and now.

There is but one real success for any human being born in this world from the beginning until now, or that shall be born until the end, and that is success in making himself a man, in making himself Godlike, in making himself honest, sincere, truthful, just, benevolent, kind, polite, human. There are no compensations for whoever fails in this. A man may have millions of money and if he has failed in making himself a man, he has failed hopelessly. But he who has built up his character is kingly, is akin to his Master and his Saviour.

What is it that you want to succeed in doing? You all want to make money or get an office; that is the American ideal of success. It is to make money or get an office. We will outgrow that some day. Money is good; is the greatest of material powers in the world to-day. It is a mighty power. How are you going to make money? Just as I told you that you were to learn language—by working, working. I am talking of the law. There may be an exception, sometimes an accident may happen, so that a man gets rich without labor; but right here is one of the great causes of failure: that each man looks upon himself as an exception. I tell you that this is the law; that you have got to labor if you want to get money, if you want to succeed.

Said by a Priest Editor.

"Unless the clergy had the science of angels and the voice of the last trumpet, they could not overtake the harm that is done in homes by the exclusive pursuit of secular aims and by the false conceptions regarding Catholic faith and practice that from time to time are printed—not necessarily with any intent to mislead—in their columns. The Catholic paper is the priest in the household. And we trust that the day is near at hand when it will be as intimately and as formally a part of the Church's many-sided activities as her churches, schools and institutes of charity. Meantime, the true Catholic paper is doing a duty towards the Catholic public as real as any of these, though of a different kind. The Catholic public, too, have a duty towards the Catholic paper. The nature of this duty is sufficiently obvious. That is a case in which, to the wisest, a word is sufficient."—New Zealand Tablet.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE DYING SOLDIER

It was in the war of 1866. A great battle had just been fought; fainter and fainter came the echo of the heavy field pieces, till it gradually died, in the distance. But the sun had not gone down, before the scene of battle was peopled again—this time not by heroes, with weapon in hand, but by visitors, with self denial, self abnegation, and Christian charity in their hearts.

Religious orders of men and women, with one another, in giving all possible assistance to the wounded and dying. The battle field was carefully gone over and all the soldiers in whom signs of life still lingered, were carried by tender hands to the field hospital, where every possible care was bestowed on them.

A most touching sight met the gaze of two Sisters of Charity, in this search for the wounded. They were examining a wheat field where the battle had raged most fiercely, and amongst several already dead, they found a young defender of the Fatherland, who had apparently just passed his twentieth year. He lay there bathed in his own blood, his breast pierced by two bullets, while his rigid hand still grasped a rosary. The Sisters bending over him, were soon convinced, that life had not yet departed. They went for assistance and speedily the young soldier was lying on a cot, in the field hospital.

"He cannot be saved," declared the surgeon, "the balls have entered vital parts. Consciousness may return, but he cannot live twenty-four hours."

"But this is, at all events, a great blessing," replied one of the Sisters "the man may be able to make his peace with God." She took up her place beside him for the night, sending silent and incessant prayers to heaven, in his behalf.

Hospital Sisters soon learn to know the conditions of the sick, and our nurse, convinced herself by observation, that her charge might live at least five or six hours.

Midnight had passed, when the wounded youth began to move. He opened his eyes wide and evidently did not recognize his surroundings.

"Water!" he spoke in a feeble voice and the refreshing drink was forthwith brought. The soldier took a long draught; it seemed to revive him. Anxiously he glanced around.

"My rosary?"

The sister had taken good care of the treasure, and now handed it reverently to its owner. A sweet consolation for the last hour," she said in a gentle voice "a key which can open for us all, the gates of heaven."

Over the countenance of the young soldier a sad smile played. "If I had only time to make a good confession" he faltered.

"God has given you time for that," replied the Sister nurse, "the priest will be here soon."

Her patient evidently understood. "Sister," he commenced after a short pause, "that I am yet among the living I owe to the Mother of God, and to her and her rosary I owe too, that I am not damned, and cast off by the Lord. Yes; Sister; it is indeed so! Last evening we had a chance to go to confession and this morning we were all to receive Holy Communion. I was in the confessional, but for months I have been tormented with the knowledge that I had committed a most grievous sin, which has kept me from confession. So last night the devil again filled me with false shame, so that I confessed it still, and committed a sacrilege, by making a bad confession. Praise be to the Lord, that I did not have a chance to receive Holy Communion, in this state; for the signal for battle was given earlier than we had expected, as the enemy was approaching. At noon I was wounded. Sister; I cannot describe to you my feelings. More than ever before I suffered from the knowledge of my sin and bad confession: the pain caused by my wounds seemed as nothing to this mental anguish. Then it was that I asked Mary, the Mother of God, to help me and not suffer me to die without the priest! And as long as I was able I recited the rosary."

The young man sank back exhausted and the ministering Sister strove to console him.

"Take courage," she said sympathetically, "you see the Mother of God has heard your prayer and has protected you. The priest will soon be here and you will be able to make your peace with God and enter the next world without fear."

Then she knelt down at the bedside of the poor sufferer and prayed earnestly. He too prayed and slowly the beads glided through the trembling fingers, and the heart uttered what the lips could not repeat.

Before twenty minutes had elapsed, a priest was beside him and heard his last confession, anointed him and gave him the Blessed Viaticum.

The countenance of the youth, which showed unmistakable signs of approaching death, lit up with the happy knowledge of having been forgiven, and in a weak voice he whispered over and over: "God be praised; now I can die in peace."

One hour later he was, after a short agony, called before his Maker. He died with the rosary grasped tightly in his cold hands: His last words were: "O Mother Mary, thou hast saved me: in the other world I shall thank thee forever and ever!" Harry T. Comrade in The Christian Family.

Archbishop Ireland, in an address Monday night at the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence union of the archdiocese of St. Paul, said that drinking among women is on the increase.

In speaking of the efforts of the brewers to make the retail saloon respectable, he said:

"Unless the decent saloon come quickly, prohibition will come."

As for the decent saloon, he doubted if there were such and said that a St. Paul man who had tried to run a decent saloon was compelled to close in two weeks.

## CHRISTIAN JEW CRIES OUT.

UNCHRISTIAN CHRISTIANITY CAUSES POLISHED RABBI TO DESERT EPISCOPAL PULPIT AND MAKE STRONG DECLARATION.

The Rev. Samuel Freuder, formerly a Jewish Rabbi of Chicago, but for the past seventeen years a clergyman of the Episcopal communion, created a great sensation at the Hebrew-Mosaic Conference in Park Street Church, Boston, on June 3, by this impassioned and unexpected utterance:

"I have never baptized a Jew. From this day forth I will never baptize a Jew or anybody else."

"If I ever preach in a Christian pulpit again, may my right hand forget its cunning, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

He followed it with a statement of the terrible cost at which a Jew accepts Christianity in any form; the disruption of home ties and the loss of friends and means. He also reminded his hearers of the bitterness with which the Jews cherish the memory of persecution and proscription from Christians.

Without entering on any judgment of Mr. Freuder, who has given food for thought to all who claim the Christian name, but especially to Catholics, says the Monitor (Catholic weekly) of New York. He is perfectly right in his description of the sacrifices at which the Jew gives up his ancestral faith for that which in the form of Catholicism is its logical completion. Yet during the nineteenth century full quarter of a million Jews became Christians, most of them Catholics. Among these latter are the great names of the Ratisbon brothers and Father Herman the Carmelite.

Christians, even Catholics, have much to reproach themselves for in their treatment of the Jews. Few of them have remembered the example of the great Pope St. Gregory, who compelled restitution to the expelled Jews of Ferracina, and that Pope Sixtus who bade Christians remember it was of the Jewish family that Christ came. To-day, a subtle but still odious antagonism is manifested by unrepentant Christians to the Jews. What wonder that the latter reproach us with our unlikeliness to Christ!

## A SPICY LETTER.

The new marriage regulations have shown a new crop of gossip for a certain class of light and stupid Catholics to split hairs over; and for the time being at least have turned their attention away from their own parish priest and church, to things in general.

"Isn't it perfectly silly," said one the other day, "about getting engaged in writing? The whole thing to be signed, sealed and delivered?" "I'd like to know," said another, "why I can't go where I like and have anybody I like to perform the ceremony when I am married."

In one family, the members, who had all listened to the same explanation of the new regulations the Sunday before, could not agree at all: each one held out for what he or she thought was said, and drew many wonderful conclusions; but all agreed that the thing "is a nuisance."

There is a spirit of critical levity about some Catholics nowadays in matters ecclesiastical that calls for a serious word of correction. It is unbecoming; it is unworthy of a good Catholic; it is an abuse; it is sometimes a scandal.

Every Sunday brings its special quota of able and able sermons, the ceremonies, the choir, the people are discussed, sometimes before the young people; bringing ridicule upon the Church, its regulations, and its teachings.

Even the young folks have a say; and they can be disagreeable and slangy even when speaking of sacred persons and things. All this is perfectly natural; quite the mode of the times in which we live. Wealth, position have not brought with them respect. Education is not engendering reverence.

And these people wonder why the priest is not more sociable; why he does not call; he has been asked to dinner many times, but he always has some excuse. They cannot understand that the whole atmosphere in which they live is oppressive to a priest. Stop talk is all they think he cares to hear; "the Bishop," "pew rent," "the finances," "the school," and they are ready with all sorts of advice; after all the priest is not a financier; that is not his training; why doesn't he do this and that, I don't think that taking door money looks badly?

And so it goes. Is it any wonder most priests prefer to stay at home or to seek the company of their own kind as a recreation from the routine and the drudgery? They go out socially among lay people as little as possible. In their own parish particularly, they rarely if ever pay a social call, prefering to let the people should know them only over the sanctuary railing. Once a year they call on all the people. There is no jealousy; the people soon understand and appreciate. Their priest is the father, the friend of all alike in his parish.

Change, movement, drift; we must go with the times, Catholics and all alike. Progress is called, shaking off the shackles.

"No clerical interference," a young man said the other day, when the priest advised the association not to hold an evening affair in a particularly common if not disreputable place.

Catholics are not priest-ridden. They wear no shackles. To shake off the authority and guidance of the priest, even in our clubs and associations, is to deprive ourselves of the one sure centre of unity and harmony in our center of unity, in some way or another eventually to run counter to the Church's ideas of right and wrong in our conduct, is to do something foolish, or worse! Every child that has ever disobeyed his mother, has learned to regret his mistake.

We are not so bad, I know; only naughty and rebellious at times, and

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just like children, we want our way; we want to throw off paternal authority, and be free to think and act for our selves; as if it were not a thousand times wiser and better to have a firm counsellor and guide to lean upon and to direct us. We do obey the Church and respect our priests. Yes, but who knows? If we go on progressing and being independent, if we bring our free and easy talk and our light and flippant ways into Church with us, who knows where it will end?

Let us become attentive listeners, truly in earnest and eager to learn. Let us acquire a little first class information, directly and from the proper source. Let us be loyal and less critical. Let us in a word become more Catholic and less Protestant.—Newark Monitor.

## SMASHING THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Socialists of the United States have declared war on the Catholic Church. Because Catholic priests and editors have opposed Socialism, the Socialists have taken umbrage and have set out to do what the devil has failed to do, although he has been trying this nineteen hundred years, namely to smash the Catholic Church. A letter received by us asserts that for years the Socialists of this country have maintained a dignified silence in the face of attacks from Catholic priests, but that now silence will give place to action, or noise, as the case may be. "D God! d silence is good. We have not noticed either the silence or the dignity. However, the war is now on so the Socialists say. Forbearance, they declare has ceased to be a virtue, and from this forward, it is war to the knife.

The first step taken by the Socialists in the work of crushing the Catholic Church is to resurrect some stale old stories which were set afloat about the Spanish friars by sore-headed Ilatipuno Filipinos, some seven or eight years ago, but instead of injuring the Catholic Church, instead of inducing any Catholics to leave the Church and become Socialists, this piece of dirty work on the part of the American Socialists will result only in driving out of the Catholic ranks many who mistakenly believe that Socialism is an economic question simply—having nothing whatever to do with a man's religious affiliations. We prophesy that the filthy weapon of the Socialists will prove itself a boom-erang, and will injure them and their cause more than the Catholic Church against which it is flung.—Sacred Heart Review.

## HOLY WATER.

A FOUNTAIN OF RELIEF FOR THE POOR SOULS.

Holy water, used with faith and confidence, has always great effect for the good of soul and body, and affords marvellous assistance to the souls in purgatory.

The priest blesses water in the name of the Church, whose prayer our Divine Saviour always receives willingly and always answers at once—no matter for whom Holy Church prays.

Therefore when we take holy water and sprinkle it on ourselves or on others, present or absent, the prayer of the Church uttered by the priest in the blessing of holy water, ascends anew to heaven, drawing thereby the graces and blessings for body and soul implied by the Church in that blessing. For instance, such sprinkling dispels the power of evil spirits.

But what is the explanation of this power which we claim of sprinkling (so to speak) even distant persons and the poor souls, to their advantage?

The explanation is contained in what has just been said. The prayer of the Church fastened, so to say, to the holy water, ascends to the Divine Heart placing under its protection the bodies and souls of those for whom the Church has prayed in her blessing of the holy water. The same thing takes place when one uses holy water for the Poor Souls. How much refreshment therefore can a suffering soul receive through but one drop of holy water, sprinkled for its sake by a member of the Church! Such a drop of holy water may have, and mostly has, much more efficacy than a long private prayer.

For the Church does not assume our private prayers as her own; moreover they are often tepid and distracted. But with the prayer of the Church linked on to the holy water the case is different. This prayer is pleasing to our Divine Lord at all times, and in all places, whenever and wherever, and from whomsoever it may be offered to Him, for it always rises in the name of His spotless Bride, the Church.

On this account the Poor Souls long most intensely for holy water, and if we could see how they thirst for it, and the relief which it brings from the Church militant to them as the Church suffering, we should endeavor to give them this alleviation at least each morning and each night.

The Poor Souls are not ungrateful. In the same moment that we sprinkle for them the water blessed by the

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