

SEPTEMBER 4, 1907.

Cures Talk

"Cures talk" in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as for no other medicine. Its great cures recorded in truthful, convincing language of grateful men and women, constitute its most effective advertising.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills take easy, to operate, and cure liver, bile, etc.

SCHOOLS

During the coming School Term of 1907-8 we respectfully solicit the favor of your orders for the supplying of Catholic Educational and other text books, in English and French; also, school stationary and school requisites.

SADLER'S DOMINION SERIES

Sadler's Dominion Series Reading Charts, 25 Reading Charts and one Chart of colors, mounted on 14 boards, size 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 inches. Sadler's Dominion Series, complete. Sadler's Dominion First Reader, Part I. Sadler's Dominion Second Reader, Part II. Sadler's Dominion Third Reader. Sadler's Dominion Fourth Reader. Sadler's Outlines of Canadian History. Sadler's Grandes Lignes de l'Histoire du Canada. Sadler's Outlines of English History. Sadler's School History of England, with 5 colored maps. Sadler's Ancient and Modern History, with illustrations and 23 colored maps. Sadler's Edition of Butler's Catechism. Sadler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History. Old Testament. Part I. Sadler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History. New Testament. Part II. Sadler's Catechism of Sacred History, large edition. Sadler's Bible History (Schuster) Illustrated. Sadler's Elementary Grammar, Blackboard Exercises. Sadler's Edition of Grammaire Elementaire par E. Robert. Sadler's Edition of Nugent's French and English, English and French Dictionary with pronunciation. Sadler's (P. D. & S.) Copy Books, A. and B., with tracing.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.

CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS. 123 Church St., 1609 Notre Dame St., TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR

372 Richmond Street. Good Business Suits from \$15 upwards. The best goods and careful workmanship.

CONCORDIA VINEYARD SANDWICH, ONT.

ERNEST GIRADOT & CO.

Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Clergy will compare favorably with the best Imported Bordeaux.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

The Catholic Record for One Year for \$4.00.

By special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to obtain a number of copies of each of our subscribers.

Father Damen, S.J.

One of the most instructive and useful pamphlets extant is the lectures of Father Damen. They comprise four of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father.

French Bordeaux Claret

Which will be sold at the lowest price JAMES WILSON 388 Richmond St., London. Phone 655.

PLUMBING WORK

in operation, can be seen at our warehouse Opp. Masonic Temple.

SMITH BROS.

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers London, Ont., Telephone 522. Sole Agents for Peoria Water Heaters

would be as strong as a horse, but he maltreats himself as if he were a dog."

"I should not have thought you capable of maltreating a dog," Narika said, remembering Marguerite's abuse of the vivisector.

She gave her hand again to Ivan, and bowing coldly to Schenk, went out.

FIRST FRIDAY.

The Monthly Communion of Reparation to the Sacred Heart.

In the second of the great revelations made to Blessed Margaret Mary, the well beloved disciple of His Sacred Heart, our Lord taught her a practice of devotion which she undertook and performed during the rest of her life. This was the First Friday Communion of Reparation. In the story of her life, written by herself at the command of her confessor, she tells us of the revelation:

"Once when the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, my soul being absorbed in extraordinary recollection, Jesus Christ, my sweet Master, presented Himself to me. He unfolded to me the inexplicable marvels of His pure love and the extreme to which He had carried it in loving men, from whom He received only ingratitude. 'This,' He said, 'I feel more keenly than all that I suffered in My Passion, the more so that if they but made Me some return of love I would esteem as little all that I have done for them and I would wish, if it were possible, to do even more; but they show Me only coldness and scornful indifference in return for all My eagerness to do them good.'

"Do thou, at least, give Me pleasure by supplying, as far as thou art able, thy strength of fear not, but to what I am attentive to My voice and to what I ask of thee to prepare thee for the accomplishment of My designs. First, thou shalt receive Me in the Blessed Sacrament as often as obedience will permit thee in spite of the mortification and humiliation that may come to thee on this account; these thou must receive as pledges of My love. Moreover, thou shalt go to Holy Communion on every first Friday of the month."

This revelation Blessed Margaret Mary made known to her superior, and asked her permission to do as our Lord wished. The superior demanded some sign of approval on the part of our Lord in order that she might act with due prudence. The sign demanded was the complete restoration of Blessed Margaret Mary's health, which was then so poor that the community at Paray thought that she was at the point of death. The favor was asked and obtained immediately, and thus was begun the First Friday Communion of Reparation.

This practice of devotion was interrupted for a time by command of a succeeding superior, who wished to prevent what seemed to some a singularity. The prohibition was displeasing to our Lord, and the blessed nun was thus admonished: "Tell thy superior that she has displeased Me greatly in this, that she has not permitted Me to cause some pleasure to her by prohibiting the Communion which I had ordered thee to receive on every First Friday of each month to satisfy the Divine Justice, by offering Me to My Eternal Father through the merits of My Sacred Heart, for the faults committed against charity." Hearing this message the superior withdrew the prohibition.

On the first Friday of the month signal favors were always given to Blessed Margaret Mary. One of these, which was repeated every first Friday, is thus told us in her own words: "This Sacred Heart was represented to me as a sun shining with brilliant light and its burning rays fell straight upon my heart which then felt itself consumed by such a burning fire that it seemed to be on the point of reducing me to ashes. It was especially at that time that my Divine Master taught me what He wished of me and disclosed to me the secrets of His amiable Heart."

In letters that have been preserved to us among the most precious treasures of the Visitation Order we find Blessed Margaret Mary again and again urging the performance of special practices of devotion on the first Friday of the month. The following extracts are given in her own words.

Writing to Mother de Saumaise, who had been her superior, she says: "It seems to me that you would do a thing very pleasing to God if you would consecrate and sacrifice yourself to the Sacred Heart, if you have not already done so. You should go to Holy Communion on the first Friday of the month and after Communion make the sacrifice of yourself to It, consecrating your entire being to It, service and adoration. It will all the glory, love and praise in your power. I think, dear Mother, that the Divine Heart asks this of you to perfect and consummate the work of your sanctification."

To Mother Soudeilles of Moulins she wrote: "If you desire to be numbered among the friends of the Sacred Heart, you must offer It the sacrifice of yourself on the first Friday of the month, after holy Communion which you will receive for this intention. Consecrate yourself entirely to It, to give and to procure It all the love, honor and glory in your power."

In another letter she relates that while praying for a person for whom her prayers had been asked she heard these words: "Let him devote himself to giving special homage to My Heart by the virtue of patience and of charity, and on every first Friday of the month let him have Mass said or let him hear Mass so that he may place

himself and all that belongs to him under Its protection; let him make the little act of consecration every day."

The practice of the First Friday Communion made such great progress among the faithful during the few years that intervened between the date of revelation and the closing days of blessed Margaret Mary's life that she was able to write as follows of one city in France:

"The twenty seven religious houses of Marseilles have taken up this devotion with such ardor that some have erected altars and others built chapels in honor of the Sacred Heart. The people have besought the preachers to explain it fully to them and in less than two weeks it was so widespread that an incredible number of devout persons received Holy Communion every first Friday. We are told, too, that the devotion is to be established in all the houses of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers and that the First Friday has been made a Communion day for the scholars."

Before this time she had written that those "who desire to honor the Sacred Heart choose the First Friday as the day upon which they are to pay It special honor."

One of the greatest pleasures given her toward the close of her life was the homage paid the Sacred Heart by her brothers, one of whom was parish priest and the other mayor of Bois Sainte Marie. Of this she wrote as follows:

"My brother the layman has built a chapel in honor of the Sacred Heart, and my brother the priest has provided for foundation for a Mass which is to be said, every Friday forever. This Mass is to be sung with solemnity on the first Friday of each month."

Five months before her death Blessed Margaret Mary wrote: "We receive Communion twice a week, on Sunday and Tuesday, and I have been permitted, in addition to these days, to receive on the first Friday of the month."

Having thus studied the origin and history of the first Friday as a day of special devotion and reparation to the Sacred Heart, we will be prepared to appreciate the promise, which is given word for word from a letter written in May, 1688, by Blessed Margaret Mary to Mother Saumaise, of whom mention has been made above. (Our Friday during Holy Communion He (our Lord) spoke these words to His unworthy slave, if she does not deceive herself (his last phrase she used by command of her superior)—I promise thee in the excessive mercy of My Heart that My all powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the first Friday in nine consecutive months, the graces of final penitence; they shall not die in My disgrace nor without receiving the sacrament; My Divine Heart shall be their safe refuge in this last moment."—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

It is not without a profound mystery, writes a chronicler, that Mary appeared on earth at the time of year when the grapes begin to ripen and when the grateful laborer sees his hopes at last realized: the vine whose sweet fruits are gathered in autumn—is it not Mary herself, the sweet vintage, giving joy to the world—expected by the patriarchs, announced by the prophets. On the anniversary of a loved mother, children who love and respect their parents offer her the double tribute of their gratitude and affection.—Rev. A. J. Ryan: The Nativity.

Death of the Blessed Virgin.

A great writer says: "Nothing is too high for her to whom God owes His human life; no exuberance of grace, no excess of glory; but is becoming; but is to be expected; there where God has lodged Himself, and those who realize, however faintly, the perfection of her earthly life will feel that something different from the grave should await the stainless body of the 'Lily among thorns.' As she was obedient in life to all the laws of Church and State; obedient in the enrollment that the prophecies might be fulfilled; obedient in her purification, though well she knew herself to be spotless; obedient to the laws of love in her home at Nazareth, so too in her death she was obedient to the laws of nature."

But surely the perfect body which had never sinned should not endure the corruption of the death of the wicked, and our Lord could not be happy in Heaven without His Mother! "Nor Bethlehem nor Nazareth Apart from Mary's care; Nor heaven itself a home for Him Were not His mother there."

Tradition tells us that she died at Jerusalem surrounded by a little company of faithful ones, the apostles, and those gentle women who were "last at the cross, first at the tomb."

They buried her in a stately tomb under a wide spreading Eastern cypress tree, but when they came on the third day, lo! the tomb was empty. Lilies grew in fragrant loveliness about the spot, strange perfumes lingered in the soft Judean air, and far in the distance floated wondrous sounds of angelic choirs.—Mary F. Nixon, in Donaboe's.

Surprised His Doctor. "A little over a year ago I was laid up with bronchitis," says Stanley C. Bright, clerk, of Kingston. "My doctor's bill came to \$42, and altogether my illness cost me \$25. This fall I had another attack. I came across the advertisement in a newspaper for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for throat troubles. I thought I would risk a quarter and try it. It cured me. After this I intend to treat my own ills."

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail. Boils, pimples and eruptions, scrofula, salt rheum and all other manifestations of impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE TRUE CROSS.

New York Possesses a Bit of Calvary's Original Instrument of Torture.

Although the fact is known to but few, there is in New York to day a piece of the true cross upon which Christ was crucified.

It seems almost beyond belief that this piece of wood should have survived down through the ages of nearly nine hundred years, but it is a positive fact, authenticated by the highest known authorities. It has been handed down from generation to generation, each succeeding custodian receiving a document bearing the seals of Emperors and Popes testifying to its authenticity. There is absolutely no question of doubt as to its genuineness. Its record has been clearly traced from the time of the crucifixion down to the present day and is now without a break.

The relic is most carefully sealed in an airtight crystal casket, which is in turn set in the centre of a heavily jeweled cross. Were this casket for a moment opened the piece of wood which has been so carefully preserved for so many centuries would at once crumble away, leaving only a tradition of its existence. It is at present in the treasury vaults of the Cathedral, where it is most jealously guarded.

It is not possible to determine accurately what nature of wood the relic is, as it is so blackened with age that all traces of the grain and fibre are obliterated. It is impervious even to the most microscopic examinations.

The finding of the portion of the cross from which the relic was cut occurred under the most extraordinary circumstances. After the crucifixion the cross disappeared, and for three centuries its whereabouts was unknown.

CONSTANTINE'S ORDER.

In the meantime, the Emperor Constantine had come into power and by the strength of his victories had embellished his Empire with many structures of mammoth size. He erected magnificent temples and churches, in which he brought the richest treasures of the land. To further add to their splendor, he conceived the idea of enriching them with the real instrument of the crucifixion. To this end he charged his mother, St. Helena, with the commission of finding and procuring them, without regard to cost. She was at this time seventy-nine years old, but she began preparations for the search without hesitating. She became convinced that her only possible chance of success was to journey to Jerusalem, and, by identifying the spots connected with the life of Christ, gradually trace up the circumstances of the crucifixion and thus ultimately arrive at a locality where excavations should be commenced.

There is no doubt in the minds of historians that the events surrounding the crucifixion were at that time still fresh in the traditions of the people of Jerusalem, who had already begun to realize the importance of the mighty historical event that had taken place.

They were of great help to St. Helena, who at once set about identifying the holy places. Step by step she traced Christ's pilgrimages, following along in His footsteps until she arrived at the place of execution, where all further trace was lost. St. Helena made many unsuccessful attempts to discover the burial place, and in despair sought the aid of the most learned men of Jerusalem, who then for the first time began in earnest the search for the sacred tomb.

All traditions existing among the people of Jerusalem were greedily gathered up, and by dint of persistent questioning a certain spot was marked out where the Saviour was supposed to have been buried. It proved a waste, but the evidence that had been obtained proved conclusively that they were in the right locality, and by continued excavations the holy tomb was at last discovered. But it did not contain the cross or any relic of the execution.

The search was renewed, and all the ground surrounding the tomb was carefully explored, but without result. Near the tomb stood the Temple of Venus, erected many years after Christ's death by the Emperor Hadrian. From evidence obtained by St. Helena, it was considered possible that this temple marked the site where the cross was buried. The edifice was demolished and under the ruins three crosses were unearthed. The true cross had at last been found! After years of patient search, years of toil and uncertainty, it lay there, once more restored to the world, the most precious of all relics. The title board, which was found close by, served to identify it.

This tablet was a thin board, three and a half feet long by a foot wide. The inscription on it was composed by Pilate himself and proclaimed the kingship of Christ. The letters were cut into the board with a sharp instrument and then colored red. It was carried in the procession conducting Christ to the place of execution, and there fastened with nails to the cross over His head. About one-third of this tablet still exists. It is preserved in the Church of Santa Croce, Rome, and is in a good state of preservation, the letters being still plainly discernible.

On it can be read the word "Nazarenus" in Latin. Then the words "Apenne" in Greek, and lower down on the tablet can be seen a few strokes of Hebrew characters. The letters are written from right to left, after the Hebrew fashion. It is thought likely by scholars that the Roman soldier prepared the title under Pilate's direction, knowing only Latin, wrote the three inscriptions in Latin

with Hebrew, Greek and Roman letters.

Taking the cross and the title board with her St. Helena journeyed with them to Rome, where they were delivered to Emperor Constantine. So impressed was he with the recovery of the sacred relic that he at once began the building of the Church of Santa Croce, at Rome, for the express purpose of providing a safe and suitable abiding place for the long lost treasures. As a further safeguard it was decided to cut the cross into several pieces and secrete the pieces in different places, so that in event of one being stolen there would be other portions of it still existing.

FOUR PIECES. Accordingly the cross was divided into four pieces, the largest being deposited in a specially prepared vault in the Church of Santa Croce. Another portion was conveyed by Helena to Constantinople, which city had been named after her son, and there placed in a secret vault. Then returning to Jerusalem she built a church over the spot where the cross had been found. Within it she deposited the third portion of the relic. The remaining part was kept by Constantine himself, who had it cut up and a portion set in the altars of several of the great churches he had founded. Not satisfied with this, he caused an immense statue of himself to be erected, and in the head he inserted a piece of the wood, that it might last forever. He also had another piece set in the front of his helmet. All this occurred in the year 326, and within a short time after the finding of the relic.

In order to more safely preserve the title tablet it was likewise cut up into three pieces. The central portion, being considered the most important, was taken to the Church of Santa Croce and deposited in a leaden chest in little niche in the vaulted dome which had been prepared for it. The niche was then bricked up, a small tile being cemented over the centre to mark its location.

So secretly was this done that with the death of Constantine all trace of it was lost, and it lay hidden from the sight of man for over a hundred years. Placidius Valentinian, wholly ignorant of the hiding place of the dome, began the ornamentation of the dome. He overlaid it with costly mosaics, which completely blotted from sight the tile that Constantine had placed to identify the spot. For ten centuries more the relic lay securely hidden.

In 1492 Conspavil de Mendoza ordered the church repaired and the dome whitened. While doing this one of the workmen touched the tile and it gave forth a hollow sound. It was immediately removed, and under it was discovered the leaden box and the relic, in almost as perfect condition as when placed there. It was removed and placed in a final resting place in a vault under the altar of the church, where it now is.

A LECTURER AMONG THE PHARISEES.

That witty Frenchman of Irish descent, M. Paul Blouet, better known under his pen-name of "Max O'Rell," is a very acute observer of men and things. He is not of those who travel about the world with their mental eyes shut. His sense of the ridiculous is probably inherited from his O'Reilly grandmother. We give a few characteristic excerpts from his entertaining book "John Bull & Co."

"One cannot but be struck," says the author, "by the progress made and the importance acquired by the Catholic religion in the English colonies. This importance had also struck me in Canada, the United States and the Pacific Islands. And yet there is nothing astonishing about it when one thinks how easy it must have been for those charitable and devoted priests who consecrate soul and body to the service of the poor and unhappy and to the education and placing out of their children to win converts among the struggling colonists, hungry for sympathy and always ready to open their hearts to those who lead, like themselves, lives of privations and sacrifices. The life of these priests is so exemplary that Australians of all creeds speak of them with the greatest respect, and when they indulge in criticisms or jokes on the clergy, it is never at the expense of a Catholic priest."

"We arrived at the Samokn Cathedral, a very primitive stone structure, just in time to see the procession enter, and it was a curious sight, that little bit of Rome lost in the Pacific! The Bishop officiated; there were the acolytes in scarlet and lace trimmed linen, the candles, the incense—nothing was wanting, and the scene was most impressive. The edifice was crowded with natives in their most gorgeous-colored raiment, and all with faces full of awe and respect. Some knelt; the greater number crouched, but all the faces had a religious gravity imprinted on them."

"We went on our way. A few yards further and we came upon an English missionary singing hymns under a shed. Half a dozen Samoans were joining in, with their cracked, nasal-sounding voices. I do not doubt that the good missionary does his best and that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts believes that he is making converts by the thousand. The contrast appeared to me as ridiculous as one which vexes, yet amuses, any artistic visitor to Ronen, where, almost under the shadow of the Cathedral, a masterpiece of stone carving, stands a little square shaft in brick, with the inscription, 'Wesleyan Church.' How

many Englishmen with a little artistic feeling have told me the pleasure it would give them to kick it over and hide it under the earth!

"It is impossible to travel on an English boat without having the bore who seeks to convert you, and that bore trying to find out whether his victim will not happen to be as good a Christian as he."

"Ah," said an Australian, "once guided, to me one day, with a deep sigh, 'you French do not pass the Sunday in prayer as we do.'"

"No," I replied; "in France we have not to pass every seventh day in repenting of what we have done during the other six. Take that!"

"Let us take a taste of Presbyterianism in a New Zealand town. I had just returned to the hotel after having given a lecture on the Scotch at the Town Hall. I was half undressed when there came a knock at my bedroom door. It was a waiter bearing a card; the Presbyterian minister of the town wished to see me at once on a very urgent matter. I bade the waiter show the reverend gentleman up. A man of about fifty, in the usual black ecclesiastical coat and white cravat and holding a soft felt hat, appeared in the doorway, wearing a sad face. I recognized him at once as one of my audience that evening. For a whole hour and a half I had vainly tried to make him smile. He was on the first row. Those wet blankets always are."

"Excuse my costume," I began; "but you wished to speak to me on urgent business, and I thought best not to make you wait."

"There is nothing the matter with your dress," he broke in; "this is not an affair of the body, but of the soul. I have come to pray for you; allow me to kneel."

"I was taken a little by surprise and felt a trifle disconcerted, but I quickly regained composure. 'Why, certainly,' I said, 'with the greatest pleasure, if it makes you happy.'"

"He knelt, put his elbows on the bed, buried his head in his hands and began: 'Lord, this man whom Thou seest near me is not a sinful man; he is suffering from the evil of the century; he has not been touched by Thy grace; he is a stranger, come from a country where religion is turned to ridicule. Grant that his travels through our godly lands may bring him into the narrow way that leads to everlasting life.'"

"The prayer, most of which I spare you, lasted at least ten minutes. 'When he had finished my visitor rose and held out his hand. 'I shook it. 'And now,' said I, 'allow me to pray for you in my turn.'"

"He signified consent by a movement of the hand. 'I did not go on my knees, but with all the fervor that is in me I cried: 'Lord, this man whom Thou seest beside me is not a sinful man. Have mercy upon him, for he is a Pharisee, who doubts not for one moment, and that without knowing me, that he is better than I. Thou who hast sent in vain Thy Son on earth to cast out the Pharisees, let Thy grace descend upon this one; teach him that the foremost Christian virtue is charity, and that the greatest charity is that which teaches us that we are no better than our brethren. This man is blinded by pride; convince him, open his eyes, pity him and forgive him, even as I also forgive him. Amen.'"

"I looked at my good Presbyterian. He was rooted to the floor, amazement written on his face. 'I once more took his hand and shook it. 'And now,' said I, 'we are quits. Good night.'"

"He went away somewhat abashed, pocketing the mild reproof as modestly as he could."

The following incident happened in the interesting little town of X—: 'A few days before my arrival my manager's secretary had come to X— to see the posters put up and make the necessary preparations for our arrival. He went to the bill poster and gave him the order. 'Before accepting the work,' said the man, 'I must know whether this Frenchman's lectures are moral and whether there is to be any music. Music, sir, is, like the theatre, one of Satan's snares.'"

"Our agent assured him that there would be no music and that he could stick the bills in all security. 'On the day of the lecture my manager, whom the incident had greatly amused, offered the man a ticket to go and hear me. 'I should like very much to go,' said he, 'but I could not get foot inside the hall before knowing whether my master could go with me.'"

"Oh, that is all right," said my manager. 'I will give you another ticket for your master. What is he called?'"

"His name is Jesus Christ, sir," replied the bill-poster, drawing himself up. 'You may imagine the look of his interlocutor. 'This is the Anglo-Saxon notion that one is obliged to swallow in every quarter of the globe, and these are the people who reproach the French with their gaiety—I had almost said their happiness—and who in the way of distractions have only two things, vice and religion.'"

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times went out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmentier's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."