China-Lac

l the informagotiations, is a this day; but clieve it to have table dispensa-

LY 9, 1910

f the land, carns. We built
mand prepared
I was in those
about my work;
discounted the ts that now and the title to our

oud fell upon

uritwo lawyers—

and bitter. Th

and bitter. The uble, misery and staring us in the my husband and a expended in the ents for farming, as they had made element. How I toman Catholic!

coman Catholic 16, or bishop, was e soul with anger.

Instances my first lit that a new ree to my husband that poverty was sweet joy that ith my baby was sion.

husband, my symblee, was the great l, and he felt and ion.

magine how we felt inces? Could you I everything Catholic and in the county of the county

friend," I replied,

ine a position more wonder that you

ght," she rejoined, makes my convery dear husband so tell you how it all ou will praise the derstand my desire world the wonders behalf. I used to so in little errands, lonely I took my for a little walk in although my heart 's had to pass the I did so with my I glanced at it with or there was no one tared inquisitively ound it to discover. But, instead I

ound it to discover.
But, instead I imble beauty about ted to acknowledge. unlocked, as I found tiously tried it, and see nothing: it was fled. But I thought y—at home, at my ke at night, someafore I could not nought of that hated ch. In vain I tried ring myself it was and and his family

and and his family ht, even a curious blace of worship— which was bring-ble upon our young

leess. When my hus-would go to work, I aby asleep with its ickly down the lane hurch. I would look it, meeting no one; dly opened the door

hilled the place. I bright red star half at the upper end of was anot a sound. I Near a portion that w one or two Indian in their heels, their eyes fixed on a little hite table hung with never heeded me.

never heeded me-their heads.

ace came over my overpowering sense God like the touch of ting hand. Father, I the Lord was there.

prejudices of years
All my life's tradi-

e Blessed Sacrament d heart to His divine

as a Catholic—a be ed Eucharist.

sed Eucharist.

that I could linger inking in the comfort I was longing for ches, poverty, the my husband's anger.

—all—everything was e torrent of sweetness ence poured into my mp shed its crimson conless women, on the y bowed head. I fell my heart cried out, 'God!" the tears had gathered by own heart had riser my throat. Oh! the

interested, and dering what was sed her story. nushed rosy, "1 tow, but in those in fury and inthe United States of on us that we Catholic Church. Supe-Hidalgo, by War was ended, a property. Beproperty. Be-church land (a e unaware) our inch were church of that Roman ed all. We were

set of the shelf of the first o

date the holiest union which ever took place on earth. Centuries before the Second Person assumed unto Himself our humanity, this union was prefigured by that contract which when once entered into no man may violate, for "what God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

When the time of figure had passed away and the type had disappeared before the reality, then by the grace of the New Law this contract was raised to the dignity of a sacrament. By the shedding of the Precious Blood a new power was added to the contract of the old dispensation. To those who now him themselves by this consecrated, and sanctified bond are given special assistance and particular graces to enable them to fulfill and carry out the duties incumbent upon them in this new and holy state.

In the present dispensation, Christian marriage is the symbol of the union of Christs and His Church, and in Christian marriage it the traite which characterize the union of the Man-God with His Spouse, ought, as far as possible, be reproduced. When we reflect upon the relations which exist between the Divine Master and His Church, we recognize at one the qualities which should be found whenever the holy contract has been made.

Jesus Christ loves the Church and gave up His life's blood for her sanctification. The warmth, the depth and the fulness of that love no tongue can tell. It is a love that never wanes or conditions of the welfare of His Spouse. Numerous as wifehood and motherhood.

produces, the pearaing love of our dear learning to the continued:

Father, downword that I said inothing. She continued:

Father, downword that I said inothing. She continued:

Father, downword the said in the continued in the The Period section of the section of



DOCTORS



All Priests Observe This Indianapolis Catholic Register

One strange fact stands out in the experience of all priests. The grace of a holy and happy death seems reserved for those who have served God faithfully during life. A sudden death seems to be the retributive punishment meted out to those who have lived in a chronic state of enmity with God. This is particularly true of open or public sinners. They are called out of the world suldenly or something happens to prevent their receiving the last sacraments; and this is also true to a large extent of those whose vicious habits are known only to themselves and God. They have had their chance and failed to take advantage of it. They have spurned God's grace during the years allotted to them and their terror-stricken efforts to turn to Him when death is near, bear all the outward appearances of failure. Whilst no man can presume to sit in judgment upon another's life and the old Church like a true and tender mother gives her erring childen the old Church like a true and tender mother gives her erring childen the old Church like a true and tender mother gives her erring childen the old Church like a true and tender mother gives her erring childen the benefit of every doubt, yet her teaching on this matter is all summed up in the terrible words: "As a man lives, so shall he die." From the standpoint of human reason, the logical ending of a sinful life is final impenitence and eternal separation from God.

A GUILD OF CATHOLIC

TO DEMONSTRATE CHRISTIAN ETHICS AS AGAINST PAGAN-ISM OF PSEUDO-SCIENCE

than a brute.

"The very horror of this view has driven some people to the other extreme, that of pure and simple idealism, of which Mrs. Eddy is the high priestess.

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SEEN AT LAST

Cepied from Book for Boys, St. Albans, Hertz, Eng.
The vesper hymn had died away
The benison had been said
But one recasined in the church to pray
With a low and reverend head.
He could not frame in words the prayer
Which reached the throne of Grace
But the love and pity present there,
Saw the pleading of his face.

In many curls, hung his hair of gold
Round a brow of pearly white
His face was cast in a graceful mould
And his eyes were strangely bright,
Gentle his white hand's touch—his smile
Was tender and sweet and sad;
Nought knew the heart of fraud and
guile

guile Of poor Dick, the idiot lad.

I ask them nothing but this: Have you seen it out there on the ocean wide

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orty-first year begins September 7th, 1910. REV. V. J. MURPHY, C. S. B.,



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Rock Cockerels in Canada. Holders of two
championship cips. Von cannot improve your
stock with the one and two dollar kind. Twenty-five
dollars on deposit with the Record to guarantee
satisfaction to all customers. Jno. Pringle, London,
fight, 47

Where the sky and the waters kiss?
But they smile, and "Poor Dick" I
hear them say
And they answer me always, "ino,"
So I think it must be still further away
Than ever the fishing boats go."

That night when the simple fisher folk

slept when the sample issue ross slept from the dreams of the mighty free Down to the beach the Idiot crept And launched on the summer sea. And the boat sped on, and on, and on From the ever-receding shore And brighter and brighter the moonbeams shone

beams shone Which for him were to shine no more.

Far out at sea his boat was found And the tide which bore to land The village fleet from the fishing ground Laid softly upon the sand.

The white wet face of the idiot boy Not yearning and wistful now For perfect peace and rest and joy Were written upon his brow.

In the poor lad's eyes seemed still the glow
Of a new and wondrous light
And down on the beach the women

knelt low While they gazed on the holy sight. As the fishermen walked to the smiling

Softly their rough feet trod And bared was each head, as one slowly said,
"He has looked on the face of God."

THE VETERANS

Every year they're marching slower,
Every year they're stooping lower,
Every year the lilting music stirs the
hearts of older men,
Every year the flag above them
Seems to bend and bless and love them,
As if grieving for the future when they'll
page march grain.

never march again.

Every year that day draws nearer, Every year this truth is clearer:
That the men who saved the nation from the severing southern sword Soon must pass away forever From the seene of their endeavor, Soon must answer to the roll-call of the Angel of the Lord.

Every year with dwindling number,
Faithful still to those that slumber,
Forth they march to where so many have
found rest and peace at last,
And they place the fairest blossoms
O'er the silent mouldering bosoms
Of the valiant friends and comrades of
the battles of the past.

Every year grow dimmer, duller,
Tattered flag and faded color,
Every year the hands that bear them
find a harder task to do,
And the eyes that only brightened
When the blaze of battle lightened,
Like the tattered flags they follow are
grown dim and faded too.

Every year we see them massing, Every year we watch them passing, Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain; But the tattered flags above them Seem to bend and bless and love them, And through all the lilting music sounds an under-tone of pain!

Don't "harp" on disagreeable truths; forget them.



The female house fly lays from 120 to 150 eggs at a time, and these mature in two weeks. Under favorable conditions the descendants of a single pair will number millions in three months. Therefore all housekeepers should commence using

## **WILSON'S** FLY PADS