

Calendar for August, 1907.

MOON'S PHASES. New Moon 91. 2h. 36m. a. m. First Quarter 164. 55. 6m. p. m. Full moon 231. 8h. 15m. a. m. Last Quarter 304. 1h. 28m. p. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun, Moon, High Water, Low Water. Rows for days of the month from 1st to 31st.

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—so ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bumps in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, weakens the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

century) which has had an ornamentation in any telling parts trusted to the invention of the workmen; the result is highly satisfactory. It has fearlessly put to new trial this old faith in Nature, and in the genius of the workman who gathered out of Nature the materials he needed.

Again, in the village of Clipping Campden, not very far from Oxford, there is a guild of workmen—carvers, and examiners and printers, and workers in silver and other metals—and their work is very beautiful. It is quite unlike the ordinary piece of work and machine work of commerce. The men sell their wares in a shop in London, but they do not work principally for money. They try to be like the old workmen of the Middle Ages. They have revived the old Catholic guild with its rules and sports and mutual help and brotherly feeling.

Their lives are very full and happy. They would be fuller, happier still were these good men Catholics—though, indeed, their spirit is very Catholic, and they have drawn their inspiration from Catholic sources.

They have the right notion of labor. Labor to them is something high and noble; it is not mere drudgery from which they wish to escape as soon as possible. It is something to take a pride in.

This was the teaching of the old Church. I hope it will never be forgotten. We look forward to a time when the working man will be properly fed and clothed, and will have something to feed his mind and soul as well as his body. But I hope the time will never come when he will cease to resemble the members of Holy Family who worked with their hands to earn their daily bread.

The Catholic is the Church of the working man. She has done more for him than any institution in the world. She regards him as a man, and not as a machine. She brings out in him all that is best. But she does not want to stop working. Rather she would have him love his work.

One more example of good work, this time from Ireland. The Irish Art Companions, of Clare St., Dublin, are doing their best to bring out the artistic capacities which dwell so unmistakably in the Irish people. They have turned out some very beautiful work, some of which I can show you presently. Using native gypsum, they model statues for churches—statues so fine that it will be necessary in the future for the Catholics of Ireland to send thousands of pounds annually out of the country for the purchase of German productions. Other work they do, and it is hoped the Catholics in this country will remember the excellence of the Irish Art Companions when furnishing their churches or private oratories.

But the Catholics which I am going to show you were not only built by the people. They were built for the people. They were democratic institutions. All might enter as they chose. The best work was put into them. The carvings and the statues and the pictures and the stained glass were for everybody to look at; and not merely to look at, but to learn from. They had a message of hope, a lesson, for everyone. They were not our schools of art and taste; they were places where men learned the brotherhood of men. They were a sign of the social nature of religion. There were no distinctions made between rich and poor, master and man, when it was a question of receiving the Sacraments or hearing Mass. And there, as now, the highest positions in the Church might be held by the sons of working men. Our one English Pope, Nicholas Breakspere, was sprung, like our present Pontiff, from the people.

Then again, when you look presently at these beautiful buildings, I want you to remember that they were the places where our good Catholic ancestors spent their happiest hours. Life was rough in those days; houses were squalid, food was coarse, work was hard. But when Sundays and festivals came round, the people

would leave their rough, coarse, surroundings, forget their anxieties and sorrows, and flock into those splendid buildings there to lift up their hearts amid the solemn and brilliant ceremonial which reminded them that their life here was but a pilgrimage, and that Our Lord and His Mother were waiting for them in Heaven.

That is always the way with the Church. She tries to lift men out of their sordid surroundings, and to give them something to live for. She gives them a background to life. She helps the needy and the fallen, and consoles the sick, and represses the proud. She is a good mother and a wise one. She does not like to see him living in degrading poverty, and she will help him to rise out of it if she can. She knows that if a man is treated like a dog, starved and ground down, ill-treated and made a victim of other men's greed—that if this is done to him, he cannot easily live a Christian life, and lift up his face to his Father in Heaven. So she is concerned to better his lot, and make his life full and happy. She encourages the art and sciences and all that tends to promote the general welfare. Look, for instance, at the work of the missionaries of old in South America. They went out to the poor Indians, lived among them, taught them agriculture and handicrafts and music and letters; built them churches; protected them against commercial speculators and land grabbers, and showed them how to live full and happy human lives. They formed one of the most contented communities that have ever lived on this earth. Theirs was the truest and best socialism.

Years after they had been scattered by "the advance of civilization," their priests banished, their churches wrecked, their lands stolen, years afterwards Robert Louis Stevenson came on some of them gathered together one Sunday morning in the ruins of their old church, attending at Mass which was said for them by a priest who visited them once a year! Hear what he says of them:—

An Indian, stone-blind and about eighty years of age, conducts the singing; the other Indians compose the choir; yet they have the Gregorian music at their fingers' ends and pronounce the Latin so correctly that I could follow the meaning as they sang. . . . I have never seen faces more vividly lit up with joy than the faces of these Indian singers. It was to them not only the worship of God but an act by which they recalled and commemorated better days, but was besides an exercise of culture, where all they knew of art and letters was voiced and expressed. And it made a man's heart sore for the good fathers of yore, who had taught them to dig and to rip, to read and to sing, who had given them European Mass books which they still preserve and study in their cottages, and had now passed away from all authority and influence in that land—to be succeeded by greedy land thieves and sacrilegious pistol-shots. So ugly a thing may our Anglo-Saxon Protestantism appear beside those of the Society of Jesus."

But that happened a long time ago. Is the Church doing such things still? Yes, she is. I could multiply instances. Take as one example the work of the Trappists in South Africa. Where so many others have gone out there to get what they can out of the country, these men have taken all they had and put it, disinterestedly, at the service of the natives. They have taught them to lead full, happy, settled lives. They have taught them, not the vices of civilization, but its virtues—Catholic Weekly.

On Reading Forbidden Books.

We sometimes hear people say: "It is no harm for me to read a book that is on the Index," their reason being that the Church censures books to protect only the weak minded from the contagion of error, whereas "intellectual" people are able to take care of themselves. Moreover, they say, some fine books have been placed on the Index which it were a loss to the progress of knowledge to miss. A brilliant writer, Charles Devas, quoted in the last Dublin Review, with fine irony pleads that such self-complacent people have patience for the sake of their weaker brethren.

"Those strong and superior beings," he says, "who are immune from common ignorance and corruption, for whom the exhibition of vice is no allurements, for whom the dissection of putridity is in no danger, who can read anything and bear anything without harm, whose imagination never overpowers their reason, whose judgment is never awayed by prejudice, still less distorted by passion, these winged and

chosen mortals must perforce be tolerant with the parasites and balustrades and fences and walls and sign-posts and danger-posts that compassionate authority has set up for us, the unwinged, ill-equipped and stumbling multitude."

There are persons whose professional duties require that they should read what to others is forbidden. Their special knowledge is their shield of protection against harm; they are conscious of their own power and they have no need to justify themselves to others. These who do feel called upon to protest loudly that the law does not apply to them are quite likely to be the very ones who will take up with erroneous and pernicious ideas and will defend them with the same self-conceit with which they formerly claimed immunity from their influence. Life, eternal life, is more important than truth for the time being; for the truth will keep, but life once lost is lost forever.—New World.

A great deal of mawkish sympathy for "Ouida" is finding its way into the papers. If she is really in want of provision should be made for her, just as it should be made for any other old woman who has no means of support. But there was no more reason for giving her a government pension than there would be for giving it to the many broken-down courtesans who, after having exhausted their ill-gotten gains in riotous living, have fallen upon evil days. If "Ouida" was not a courtesan in her life, she certainly was one in her writings, and should be treated as such.—Casket.

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Eva—And why not? Katherine—Because if he is going to croak he must be a frog.—Chicago News.

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Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

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I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30. Cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00. MOISE DEROSIER, Hotel Keeper, St. Phillippe, Que.

Reform is a good thing, but it seems to each of us that the other fellow is its natural meat.

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A king can't look at a cat without raising its price.

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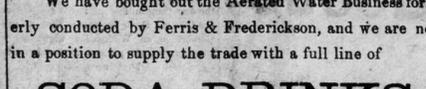
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