

The QUIET HOUR

WHEN THE MASTER COMES. The New World.)

Did I dream at the Mass as the bell was hushed, That the angels passed, and their white wings brushed, Down the praying aisles, that close by one stood, And he leaned down low, and he whispered me—

"The Master is come and He calls for thee," (O my soul! my soul! how we understand!)

He had called for Mary, He had called for the sinner whose sins were washed at His feet, The passionate heart that He drew and broke; He had called, and she rose in her trembling love, And the angels saw and were gladdened above, As she went in haste when the Master spoke.

I had envied Mary, and the lame, and blind, And the woman to whom He had been so kind, When He waited weary by Jacob's Well; I had envied the lepers who cried for grace, From whose tortured bodies at sight of His face, The white scales crumbled, and cleared, and fell.

I had envied the women who wept for Him, And on whom He looked when His eyes were dim, With pain on the blood-stained road to death, I had envied the beggars of Salem town, Who showed Him their sores as His steps went down, And where He healed and saved 'neath His pitying breath.

He was still the same as He used to be, When He wept over Salem, or calmed the sea, Or walked through the fields in the sweet years 'tween, And was fond of Peter, and James, and John, Or sighed when the crowd to their homes had gone, And He stood homeless and all alone.

He was still the same, but alas! for me, I had fled from my Shepherd over land and sea, While through brake and flood He had followed in quest, And had brought me home, and had watched me long, Oh! He carried me safe on His shoulders strong, And to-day He was coming 'as he my guest.

He came, and He made of my heart His throne, And He spoke to me—do myself alone— And He married with compassion my soul's sad death, And He pitied the tale of my sin and pain, And He comes to-morrow, and again and again, So I never need envy a being on earth. —Alice Esmonde.

SUNDAY IN OLDEN TIMES. (Ave Maria.)

The learned Abbot Gasquet, in his charming "Parish Life in Mediaeval England," gives a good deal of interesting information as to how the English in pre-Reformation days spent their Sundays. It was customary in those old times for a very great number of the people to assist at daily Mass on the week-days, and in various old records it is noted that the priests of the parishes said Mass at an early hour. This early morning Mass is often referred to as "Morning Mass" or "Jesus Mass"; and it would seem that the women attending generally carried long rosaries, while those who could read recited the Office of Our Lady. On Sundays, however, everyone, excepting those prevented by age or infirmity, attended the parochial Mass, and not only Mass but Matins.

Matins were recited at a very early hour by the priests; or, in cases where only one priest was available, by the priest and clerk. This was done so that the people might have an opportunity of returning to their homes to breakfast in the interval between Matins and Mass. "Sir Thomas More writes: 'Some of us laymen think it a pain once in a week to rise so soon from sleep and tarry fasting... to hear out Matins.'"

Advertisement for St. George's Baking Powder, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing its benefits for biscuits and cakes.

TALE OF A MISSIONARY

Some of the Trials of the Oblate Missionaries among Indians of the Great North-west.

(Continued.)

We were welcomed by all the evidences of hearty affection and gladness by the family of Mr. Gaudet, who was in charge of the trading post of Good Hope, and whose residence was built at a distance of a half mile from the Mission.

Mr. Gaudet is a French-Canadian, and one of the first intrepid explorers of the Mackenzie river. Engaged while very young in the employ of the Hudson Bay Co. service for the fur trade, he has also taken root himself on Good Hope's hill and although very old and broken down with the infirmities of old age, he still remains close to his old church of Our Lady and will not desert it until the day of his departure from this world.

We have always found in him a devoted friend, as well as in his pious wife, a Canadian half-breed, whom he married in the Northwest, they are among the most generous and faithful who have helped our missionaries in their work of preaching the Gospel to Indian tribes.

Mrs. Gaudet certainly deserves a special mention in our annals. At Good Hope, in particular, not only has she proved herself in many instances the very Providence of missionaries, in their personal wants, but she has also admirably supported them in their apostleship by her zeal and good example.

As with most of the wives of the Hudson Bay Co.'s traders, she had a great influence over the poor Indians who daily brought their furs to the trading post. Being able to converse with them in their own dialect, she urged them most persuasively to call on the Fathers and to learn from them the Divine Truth.

Owing to such blessed endeavors on the part of a sincere Catholic woman, the newly established mission of Good Hope soon had a number of neophytes, and the Fathers, seeing the Indians so well disposed towards our Holy Religion set out to visit their camps, which were scattered along the banks of the rivers and lakes at a distance of from 30 to 100 miles from the Mission.

In the course of these excursions all the babies were baptized; to many dying Indians were opened the gates of the eternal Kingdom, and a general meeting was appointed to convene to follow the regular exercises of a Mission lasting a couple of weeks.

But the devil would not, without strife, allow these poor Indians to throw off the oppressive yoke which he had ruled them from time immemorial, therefore he raised before the campaign of the missionaries, his most powerful batteries; heresies, and terrible threats of the medicine men, demanding passions, etc.

Not a stone was left by him unturned by which he could oppose and check the progress of Catholic Faith. Heresy came first. It was impersonated in a bigoted Protestant minister, whom the Bishop's Societies of London had sent, for a short period, to Mackenzie River District, inducing him with a large salary and securing for him the protection of the Hudson Bay Co.

Many times during my long Missionary course, I have met with English ministers, whose courtesy and plain dealing I am glad to commend here; but this minister was of a much different character and the whole effort of his proselytism and his chief aim was to pour out calumnies and absurdities upon whatever concerned the Catholic priesthood and the Catholic worship.

We encountered him several times in our various trips. The last time I met him was at Fort Yukon (Alaska Territory). On that evening there was a large assembly gathered in the waiting-room of the Hudson Bay Post; officers of the San Francisco Fur Trading Co., Indians, the above named minister, Bishop Clut, and myself.

I begged permission of His Lordship, the Bishop, to hold a public conference to refute the calumnies spread everywhere by this minister against Catholic worship and against ourselves.

"It will be of no avail, Father," said Bishop Clut, "because the only course adopted by that man of bad faith is to deny, protest and shut his eyes against the most splendid evidences of truth."

"But truth, Bishop," I objected, "shall find its way anyhow, through prejudiced but accessible minds, and blame with shame shall be heaped upon the wilful forger of such wicked nonsense."

A conference was therefore held that evening. For an hour I hunted our adversary through all the fallacies in which he had indulged from wanton wickedness. Hardly could he interject his futile words, though he persisted in accusing us of idolatry on the argument that by kneeling before the image of the Mother of Jesus we paid Her a tribute of adoration.

That was his last supreme blow against our holy Faith. A thousand times, already, that stupid objection has easily been reduced to annihilation, but I was glad, before closing, to force him from his stronghold and oblige him, "Willy-nilly" to surrender, not by a regular theological assault, but with a joking point of epigram.

"Well, sir," said I, "about idolatry's sins, I prefer mine to yours, and I claim to be pardoned easier for bending my knee before the Queen of Angels than you can be for doing the same before the Queen of England." He did not say a word, but quickly took to the door, amidst a burst of laughter from all present.

However, a few months later, he made a new attempt to recover his credit, and changing totally his tottering batteries, he tried to convince the Indians that there was not any difference between his religion and that of the Catholic priests.

"Yes, indeed," retorted an old chief of the Hare-skin Indians, "Our Fathers' worship and thine are similar in several points, yet there is a great chasm between the two; one which shall always keep us back from thee. There is no Mother in thy religion. Thy countrymen are a people of orphans. The Catholic religion shows to us a good Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary. She loves us, in spite of our wickedness. She is the Mother of our Redeemer and the Treasurer of His merits."

"Mary!" That is the very name which illustrates the promptness and gladness with which all our Indians of the Northwest have welcomed our holy faith. No doubt, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the poverty and disinterestedness of the missionary Oblates, have won, from the very first, their whole confidence. How could they refuse credit to those messengers of God, who loke their souls at the price of all sacrifices? How could they do otherwise than surrender to the love of a crucified God, Whose Image the missionary bore on his breast as his sole treasure? But the sweet features of God's Mother, beaming like a heavenly smile on the background of merciful redemption, have moved the hearts of Indians to their inmost fibres.

Even in the midst of his dark infidelity, even with his name loudly sometimes, the Northwest Indian, as far as I have seen him and know him, has always kept alive in the depths of his heart, a respectful love for his own mother. In a very short time the amulets of the superstitious past disappeared and for them we substituted on the breasts of our dear Indians, now converted, a cross, a medal of the Blessed Virgin, a scapular or a rosary. Every lodge would have its pious image; and the sick people were forbidden to have recourse to the fallacious dealings of the "medicine men."

Now these men, seeing their fascination and profit disappearing, got into a fury and tried by all means, with magic spells and threatening words, to frighten their tribesmen and to recover possession of their power and fortune. Generally, the Indian medicine-man is a kind of an awkward fellow, unable to get his own living from hunting and fishing and trapping, so he looks for an easier trade and some fine morning he awakes with the claim of being possessed with "Illuminism's Spirit." Credulity and dread, these two chief stamps of the infidel mind, greatly help him on the way.

He is now on the way to prosperity. Choice portions of venison, the best of furs, etc., become the usual wages earned by his grins and humbug. Therefore, it is not at all surprising, that we had to face those medicine men as our most bitter enemies and that they were the last to surrender themselves to the Catholic Faith.

Nevertheless, surrender they did; the all-powerful grace of our Divine Saviour, has proved victorious on that score as well as on other occasions. That debasing evil of "Shamanism" is eradicated, nowadays, from all our Catholic Indians of the far Northwest. I had the happiness of baptizing the last medicine-man of the Slave Indians' tribe, but I confess that he got Baptism from me by surprise. That poor Indian was very old. Many times he had entreated us to favor him with the same grace which adorned all his tribesmen, that of belonging to the Catholic Church. Each time he backed his request with serious promises of forever renouncing his sinful, conjuring practices. But he failed to keep his word and fell again and again into his evil ways, therefore his Baptism was deferred. When in summer time the Indians gathered in their lodges around the church to attend the public exercises of a mission, he was most exact in joining the throng to take part in the religious exercises.

The Catechism, prayers and Canticles of our Indian manual were familiar to him. But as soon as he resumed his life in the woods he seemed to forget his good resolutions, and he gave himself up again to his usual ridiculous insanities.

Towards sunset on a summer day, three young Slave Indians arrived at the Mission in a birch canoe and informed me that they were sent by old Solomon (the name chosen by himself). The poor old fellow, they said, was very sick and was probably dying. I started with them at once, beseeching our Divine Lord, to keep him alive and to allow me to regenerate that soul which seemed to have proved more foolish than obstinate.

After two days of paddling down the Mackenzie river I reached the Indian camp and was ushered into a miserable hut wherein the old man was lying with a few branches of spruce under him and scraps of an old blanket over him.

From those withered features of an old-skin Indian which death itself alters very little, I could not judge the degree of his illness, but it seemed to me that he was indeed very ill, and I prepared him to be baptized. But a few questions about the principal truths of Faith, which he answered very well, a new promise of giving up all medicine dealings and a sincere act of contrition for his sinful past, and then his soul was purified by holy Baptism.

As soon as the ceremonies were over Old Solomon (he still kept that name) threw away his rubbish of blankets, sat up in his bed of spruce, and with a joyful countenance said: "Father, I am so glad to be a true child of God. Forgive me my well-prepared trick and be sure this time, Father, that the medicine-man is dead. As a Catholic I can keep my word. Now, Father, make a good meal before you go back. Here is a good piece of deer, shot yesterday by our hunters."

For a little time I felt perplexed, but casting aside the strange part of the human side of the case, I could not but see in such an occurrence the merciful hand of our Lord. The event soon afterward gave evidence that I was justified. Yes, very soon afterward, for old Solomon, the last of the medicine-men on Mackenzie river, died the ninth day after his Baptism, the Hall Mary on his lips and the Rosary in his hands and without the least incantation of the past.

(To be Continued.)

Note—A material aid to the missionary in the form of any alms, offerings for Masses, etc., will help him in his work among the Indians. The giver will certainly be rewarded by God. Clothing (new or old) can be sent by freight. Address: REV. FR. A. LECORRE, O.M.I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

The Holy Father to Abbot Gasquet. The Holy Father has addressed to Abbot Gasquet, president of the English Benedictine congregation, and also president of the Commission for the Preparatory Work of Revision of the Text of the Vulgate, a congratulatory letter in Latin, of which the following is a translation: POPE PIUS X.

To Our Beloved Son, Aidan Gasquet, Abbot President of the Anglo-Benedictine Congregation. Beloved son, health and the Apostolic Benediction. We consider the task entrusted to the Benedictine Community of making the preparatory researches and studies upon which a new edition of the Latin translation of the Scriptures called the Vulgate may be based so noble that we must most earnestly congratulate you and your colleagues, especially those who are to be co-operators in this admirable work. You have before you a work onerous and difficult, to which, within the memory of our fathers, men distinguished for learning and some of them even from the rank of the Pontiffs, applied themselves manifestly without success. Devoting your minds to this important undertaking, there is no room to doubt that you will bring to its termination the duty assigned to you, which termination consists in the restitution of the primitive text of Jerome's translation of the Bible, much corrupted in the course of the succeeding ages.

Sure paleographic and historical science, in which the Benedictines are so proficient, and their well-accustomed perseverance in research justify our conviction that you will, in a perfect investigation, examine every old codices containing a Latin version of the Scriptures that are known to be preserved up to the present in the libraries of Europe; and further, that you will take care to bring to light manuscripts that have so far remained undiscovered. It is very desirable that each of you should be able to make these investigations with the least possible difficulty; and therefore we strongly commend your labors to archivists and librarians, feeling sure that their regard for the sacred teachings of the Scriptures will induce them to show you every favor. The special assistance of the undertaking, the tet of the Church has in you, which, as you, too, of the present age, which must be accorded praise for carrying out researches of this kind in a manner altogether free from blame—all these considerations are of a character which makes it clear that this work should be performed and brought to perfection and that it should be conducted in accordance with the rules that are most highly esteemed in studies of this kind. We know, of course, that you need

not but see in such an occurrence the merciful hand of our Lord. The event soon afterward gave evidence that I was justified. Yes, very soon afterward, for old Solomon, the last of the medicine-men on Mackenzie river, died the ninth day after his Baptism, the Hall Mary on his lips and the Rosary in his hands and without the least incantation of the past.

(To be Continued.)

Note—A material aid to the missionary in the form of any alms, offerings for Masses, etc., will help him in his work among the Indians. The giver will certainly be rewarded by God. Clothing (new or old) can be sent by freight. Address: REV. FR. A. LECORRE, O.M.I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

The Holy Father to Abbot Gasquet. The Holy Father has addressed to Abbot Gasquet, president of the English Benedictine congregation, and also president of the Commission for the Preparatory Work of Revision of the Text of the Vulgate, a congratulatory letter in Latin, of which the following is a translation: POPE PIUS X.

To Our Beloved Son, Aidan Gasquet, Abbot President of the Anglo-Benedictine Congregation. Beloved son, health and the Apostolic Benediction. We consider the task entrusted to the Benedictine Community of making the preparatory researches and studies upon which a new edition of the Latin translation of the Scriptures called the Vulgate may be based so noble that we must most earnestly congratulate you and your colleagues, especially those who are to be co-operators in this admirable work. You have before you a work onerous and difficult, to which, within the memory of our fathers, men distinguished for learning and some of them even from the rank of the Pontiffs, applied themselves manifestly without success. Devoting your minds to this important undertaking, there is no room to doubt that you will bring to its termination the duty assigned to you, which termination consists in the restitution of the primitive text of Jerome's translation of the Bible, much corrupted in the course of the succeeding ages.

Sure paleographic and historical science, in which the Benedictines are so proficient, and their well-accustomed perseverance in research justify our conviction that you will, in a perfect investigation, examine every old codices containing a Latin version of the Scriptures that are known to be preserved up to the present in the libraries of Europe; and further, that you will take care to bring to light manuscripts that have so far remained undiscovered. It is very desirable that each of you should be able to make these investigations with the least possible difficulty; and therefore we strongly commend your labors to archivists and librarians, feeling sure that their regard for the sacred teachings of the Scriptures will induce them to show you every favor. The special assistance of the undertaking, the tet of the Church has in you, which, as you, too, of the present age, which must be accorded praise for carrying out researches of this kind in a manner altogether free from blame—all these considerations are of a character which makes it clear that this work should be performed and brought to perfection and that it should be conducted in accordance with the rules that are most highly esteemed in studies of this kind. We know, of course, that you need

not but see in such an occurrence the merciful hand of our Lord. The event soon afterward gave evidence that I was justified. Yes, very soon afterward, for old Solomon, the last of the medicine-men on Mackenzie river, died the ninth day after his Baptism, the Hall Mary on his lips and the Rosary in his hands and without the least incantation of the past.

(To be Continued.)

Note—A material aid to the missionary in the form of any alms, offerings for Masses, etc., will help him in his work among the Indians. The giver will certainly be rewarded by God. Clothing (new or old) can be sent by freight. Address: REV. FR. A. LECORRE, O.M.I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

The Holy Father to Abbot Gasquet. The Holy Father has addressed to Abbot Gasquet, president of the English Benedictine congregation, and also president of the Commission for the Preparatory Work of Revision of the Text of the Vulgate, a congratulatory letter in Latin, of which the following is a translation: POPE PIUS X.

To Our Beloved Son, Aidan Gasquet, Abbot President of the Anglo-Benedictine Congregation. Beloved son, health and the Apostolic Benediction. We consider the task entrusted to the Benedictine Community of making the preparatory researches and studies upon which a new edition of the Latin translation of the Scriptures called the Vulgate may be based so noble that we must most earnestly congratulate you and your colleagues, especially those who are to be co-operators in this admirable work. You have before you a work onerous and difficult, to which, within the memory of our fathers, men distinguished for learning and some of them even from the rank of the Pontiffs, applied themselves manifestly without success. Devoting your minds to this important undertaking, there is no room to doubt that you will bring to its termination the duty assigned to you, which termination consists in the restitution of the primitive text of Jerome's translation of the Bible, much corrupted in the course of the succeeding ages.

Sure paleographic and historical science, in which the Benedictines are so proficient, and their well-accustomed perseverance in research justify our conviction that you will, in a perfect investigation, examine every old codices containing a Latin version of the Scriptures that are known to be preserved up to the present in the libraries of Europe; and further, that you will take care to bring to light manuscripts that have so far remained undiscovered. It is very desirable that each of you should be able to make these investigations with the least possible difficulty; and therefore we strongly commend your labors to archivists and librarians, feeling sure that their regard for the sacred teachings of the Scriptures will induce them to show you every favor. The special assistance of the undertaking, the tet of the Church has in you, which, as you, too, of the present age, which must be accorded praise for carrying out researches of this kind in a manner altogether free from blame—all these considerations are of a character which makes it clear that this work should be performed and brought to perfection and that it should be conducted in accordance with the rules that are most highly esteemed in studies of this kind. We know, of course, that you need

not but see in such an occurrence the merciful hand of our Lord. The event soon afterward gave evidence that I was justified. Yes, very soon afterward, for old Solomon, the last of the medicine-men on Mackenzie river, died the ninth day after his Baptism, the Hall Mary on his lips and the Rosary in his hands and without the least incantation of the past.

(To be Continued.)

Note—A material aid to the missionary in the form of any alms, offerings for Masses, etc., will help him in his work among the Indians. The giver will certainly be rewarded by God. Clothing (new or old) can be sent by freight. Address: REV. FR. A. LECORRE, O.M.I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

Advertisement for 'OSHAWA' GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES, featuring an illustration of a house and text describing the product's benefits.

There is one roof that saves money because it will last 20 years. Guaranteed in writing for 25 years. "OSHAWA" GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES. This roof saves you work because it is so easy to put on (do it yourself with a hammer and nails), and save you worry because they fireproof, windproof and weatherproof the building they cover. Write us about it and hear all about ROOFING RIGHT. Address: The PEDLAR People (Incl. Post).

Given at St. Peter's Basilica, Rome, on the 3rd December, 1907, the fifth year of our Pontificate. PIUS X., POPE.

McShane's Bells. McShane Bells are known from one end of the country to the other. They are a purity, richness and sweetness of tone that appeals to everyone. With the accumulated knowledge of fifty years' experience and trial, the McShane Bell Foundry Company, of Baltimore, Md., can justly lay claim to making bells that are equal to the best ever produced anywhere. In this country McShane's Bells are recognized as embodying the best in material and workmanship. Time and again, at the various exhibitions the manufacturers have been awarded medals and prizes by competent judges after a careful comparison has been made of their bells with the makes of other foundries.

In the making of McShane Bells all the casts are of new ingot copper and imported block tin, carefully proportioned and carefully melted to secure tonal and lasting qualities. They are mounted very carefully and solidly for ease of ringing and neatness of design. Everything that conduces toward satisfaction is part of the McShane endeavor.

The manufacturers will send a copy of their catalogue of bells for churches, schools, colleges, court-houses, fire-alarms, factories, plantations, farms, etc., free to those intending to purchase.

All fitting boots and shoes caused corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Advertisement for 'THE SAFFORD' Hot Water Heater, 1907 MODEL. Features an illustration of the heater and text describing its perfect circulation, economy of fuel, simplicity, durability, and ease of operation.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue The Dominion Radiator Co. Limited TORONTO WINNIPEG MONTREAL ST. JOHN, N.S.