CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

The star that shone so brightly on Bethlehem's plain on that glad morning when shepherds heralded the advent of Jesus has not lost its lustre. Nay, it grows more luminous and beautiful as the days go by, and mankind in greatly increasing numbers is guided by it from the sorrows of earth to the joys of

what a wonderful impetus it gives for better living! What aspirations it entindies! What resurrection of buried hopes, what struggles are renewed for better living and for better things! Ghrist cheers the sorrowing with jabilant hopes, and bids them cast their shadows upon Him who careth for them with more than a mother's tenderest love.

He speaks peace to their troubled consciousness, giving them forgiveness, sympathy and strength, and points them to that haven of rest where no storms ever sweep across their souls, filled with eternal blessedness. Christ brings good

CREATIVE ENERGY

Anything which destroys mental vigor also destroys creative energy, without which adequate success is impossible. The man who aquanders his vitality, whether it be by physical or mental dissipation, overwork, or indolence, loses his eriginality; and, when he ceases to be original, he ceases to achieve. It may seem a little thing to a youth to ascrifice a portion of his sleep, night after night, for the sake of some form of entertainment, but he buys some form of entertainment, but he buys the indulgence which he calls pleasure at the cost of a certain amount of form-

tive power.

The man who drinks does not realize The man who drinks does not realize that he purchases the temporary gratification of his appetite at a price which, if seen objectively, would stagger him. If he could see, before he becomes its victim, the devitalizing forces which the drink habit sets in motion; if he could look into his brain and note the growth of the first him seeds of does. growth of the first tiny seeds of decay sown there; if it were possible for him to view through a microscope the cor-rosive action going on in his veins and arteries, sapping his blood, and stealing the electicity from his muscles; in short gradually from a vigorous human being to the physical and mental level of a

the sight.

The vacillator, the man who swings back and forth like a pendulum, never taking a firm, independent stand on any question, not even on those which affect him most deeply, by his vacillation depletes his mensal force to such an extension of the procession of the processi ent that he becomes incapable of acting on his own impulse, and loses irre vocably whatever stock of creative energy he might have had at the outset

energy he might have had at the outset.
A violent temper, leading, as it does,
to frequent outbursts of passion, tends
to wear out the nervous system, and in
time robs its possession of the power of initiative.

All our faculties, physical and men-

tal, are welded into one complex machine, so fine and sensitive that discord or friction in any part affects the whole. No matter where or what our weak spot may be, it will be reflected in what we do, in what we write, in what we do, in what we write, in what we write where we write where we will we write. we say, in our very innermost thoughts.
It is a part of our being, and, like character, do what we will to conceal it, will "blab."

Every jarring element in the machinery of our bodies, be it poor health, bad temper, prevarication, indolence, vacilia-tion, or any of the lessor faults, which to many appear so insignificant, will prove as disastrous to our efforts to at-tain success as would so many weights attached to his person prove to a man competing for a prize in a foot race.—

BE PATIENT

Patience and forbearence draw us Patience and forbearence draw us told me I must first have your permission," the child continued in a pleading our souls in patience." Patience is a necessary requirement for a godly life. Without patience virtue is not solid. Without patience you can be master neither of others nor of yourself. Most of us are too hasty. We want immediate results. We dislike to wait. But "patience hath a perfect work." "Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth," says St. James, "patiently bearing till he receive the early and the later rain." (St. James, 5.7.) Life and character are not measured by rapid success. our souls in patience. are not measured by rapid success. The process of nature is slow. All The process of nature is slow. All God's best and noblest works, are slow and gradusl. "St. Mark says: "First the blade, then the ear, atterwards the full corn in the earth." (St. Mark, 4:28). Character must be built up, slowly moulded, fostered and developed, Graduslly you must live down bad habits: gradually you must ripen in vigor of purpose. "Out of weakness made strong," is God's motto. We must learn to labor and to wait. It is annoying to wait. There is so much to be done; why wait? God may not went you for the work. Be patient — wait! Strength unbridled is not strong. We may never see the results of our enmay never see the results of our endeavors — Union and Times.

LOOK FOR THE GOOD SIDE LOOK FOR THE GOOD SIDE

There is no quality of the mind that gives so much true pleasure to curselves and those around us as that charity and love towards others that "thinketh no evil." The best and surest capital we can take with us when we start out in the world is a trustful, believing faith in our fellow-beings. Many a youth has the mistaken idea that in order to combat the hypocrise. that in order to combat the hypocrisy and deceit of the great unfriendly world and deceit of the great unfriendly world he must be constantly on the lookout for these disagreeable sins in those around him, thus keeping himselt in a state of turmoil and in no way remedy-ing the injustice and enmity directed against him. Show no trace of wariness or applicion in your dealings with those against film. Show no trace of wariness or suspicion in your dealings with those who would do you harm, and ten to one who would do you harm, and ten to one your straightforward, respectful manner will appeal to their better natures and command friendliness and esteem in return. Be noble and large-minded enough never to stoop to childish quarreling over your little wrongs and slights. Never let your name figure in any petty affair of vengeance or spite. Never ruffle your temper and lose your spirits in resenting the "littleness" in people.—Union and Times.

CHARITY OF SPEECH

CHARITY OF SPEECH
Charity of section. To judge no one
harshly, to misconceive no man's
motives, to believe things as they seem
to be until they are proved otherwise,
to temper judgment with mercy—surely
this is quite as good as to build up
churenes, establish asylums and found

churenes, establish asylums and found colleges.

Uakind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgment, in abstaining from speech if to speak is to condems. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silense, but forbears comment them locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart.

PERSEVERANCE Beginning a thing is easy. It is per-evering in it that is difficult. The severing in it that is difficult. The test of character is the ability to go on and finish. It is a rare virtue and an exceedingly valuable one, for, whatever you have set yourself to do, there will surely come a time of discouragement, when you doubt if, after all, it is worth while. Look out for that time — the time when you are tempted to turn back. It is there that the danger lies. It doesn't matter what your work is the doesn't matter what your work is—
earning a living or making a home or
conquering a besetting sin—the discoursgement is bound to come. Don't
give way to it. Be prepared for it and
make up your mind to keep on just the

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MARYS FIRST COMMUNION MARY S FIRST COMMONON
Breathless and flushed with excitement
Mary eagerly opened the front door, and
with a cry of, "Mama, Mama, where are
you?" quickly ran up the stairs. It was
a pretty child who entered the room
where her father and mother were
seated, and throwing both arms around
her mother's neck fondly embraced her.
She mas probably seven years of age She was probably seven years of age and an only child, her brother and two sisters having died when bables. On this November afternoon she had just re-turned from Sunday School, which for the past few weeks she had attended

with her playmate Margaret O'Leary. Although she was not a Catholic, many of her companions were, and with them she frequently visited the Blessed Sacrament, and attended Benediction or Sacrament, and assented Benediction of Sunday School. In this manner she learned to love the Cathoric Church. It was only natural that Mary should inherit some love for the Church, for

Mrs. Donnelly, her mother, a graduate of a convent school, was once a firm Catholic and an ardent lover of the true Religion. Unhappily like many another, sne early married a bigoted Protestant lawyer, who easily persuaded her to abandon first one and then another of her pious practices, till she finally renounced religion itself.

"Oh, Mams," the child orled eagerly, seating herself upon her mother's lap "To-day at Sunday School, the First Communion class was started and Margaret O Leary and Agnes White are going to prepare. Please can't 1? Id just love to."

It was rather a startling question for

It was rather a startling question for the child to ask such parests and it stunned them. It was Mr. Donnelly who turned to the child and spoke for his wife.

"Where did you get such a peculiar notion, Mary?" he asked tossing aside his Sunday paper.
"At Sunday School," came the prompt

reply.
"Don't you know, Mary, I object to
these Sunday Schools, and don's want
you to have anything to do wish them?
Don't mention such a thing again ucless you want to displease me very much."
'Oh, Papa, I do so want to receive
First Communion, but Sister Mechtilde First Co

tone.
"Hm—I thought as much; more of those nuns' foolishness. Say nothing more about it, Mary; drop the subject at once." And picking up the paper

at once." And picking up the paper he continued reading.

Still the child was not satisfied and continued pleading, her big blue eyes beaming with the earnestness of her petition. Her father, however, was not to be influenced although he dearly loved his only daughter, and it grieved him to deny her anything she asked. The wistful eyes of the child turned sadly to those of her mother for aid, but they those of her mother for aid, but they were cold and answerless, and stared into

those of her mother for aid, but they were cold and answerless, and stared into vacancy. A tear arose and slowly trickled down the child's flushed cheek; a the golden head released from its bonnet dropped to the motherly shoulder, and the child wept, sobbing as though her heart wou d break.

A few days after this incident Mrs. Donnelly walked home from school with her daughter. It was now Mary's custom when passing St. Dominic's Chapel to enter for a few moments, but to-day she hesitated, lest her mother might be displessed. She risked it, at any rate, and timidly asked:

"Mama, won't you come into church just a minute? I don't like to pass without going in. You know God is always waiting there for us. Won't you come?"

Mrs. Donnelly had been watching her child quite closely of late, curious to learn how Mary had acquired her pious practices, and her knowledge of the Catholic Church. Her curicaity now got the better of her, and taking the child's hand she entered. It was a strange sensation that she experienced. Many, many years had passed since she had entered a church, and she had almost forgotten what to do, as well as how to pray.

An instruction for the First Commun-

what to do, as well as how to pray.

An instruction for the First Communion class was just closing, so Mary in ion class was just closing, so mary instead of seeking her usual place at the altar railing ramained in a pew in the rear of the church until the children had departed. Then, leaving her mother she noiselessly walked up the side aisle, crossing to the center of the heart breat reverently before the

"I believe I have. Thank you Sister,"
Mrs. Donnelly replied, taking the glove.
It was a long time since she had seen a
Sister of Notre Dame, and this meeting
awake many resolications. Selzed with
a desire to talk to her, she began rather
timidly.

you are bound under serious sit to took out for her religious education. Won't you consider this? You say your hus-hand is opposed, but haven't other women been in your position and come out victorious? What others can do

out victorious? What others can do you, too, can do; so take courage and do not be afraid to do what is right."

Meanwhile Mary had finished her prayer, and had returned to find her mother, but not seeing her she passed quickly to the vestibule, and meeting Sister's reasoning amile quickly reason. Sister's reassuring smile quickly re-en-tered the church to wait. The two spoke for some time, and Mrs. Donnelly without realizing it had told Sister the greater part of her life. Sister endeavored to show the woman her duty and

ommunion at Saint Dominic's Chapel at Midnight Mass. Mrs. Donnelly carefully arrayed her daughter in the outward garb of purity, for already her spotiess soul had been sansified in the cieansing sacram nt of Penance. The dainty white dress was donned; a tiny white ribbon nestled in bright cuils and the golden head covered with the and the goiden head covered with the delicate First Communion veil. What a picture! The big blue eyes were filled with a spiritual radiance and the

little mouth parted in a smile of peace of one waiting to welcome for the first time the Lord and God of all. What an abode prepared for the coming of the Lover of childhood! Was it a tear that fell upon Mary's

hand? She raised her eyes—yes, her mother was crying. No wonder! Did this picture not recall to her the day when she herself stood as this child in the innocence of youth, awaiting the Bridegroom? On tiptoe the child tenthrew her arms about her derly threw her arms about her mother's neck and drawing her face to her own lovingly kissed her, then whis-

'Mams idear."
"Yes, Mary," was the soft reply.
"To-morrow is Christmas isn't it?
Will you give me something I want
very much?"
"Wnatever you want you have, my
darling. What are you so anxious to

receive?"
'Plesse, Mama dear, receive the Christ Child to-night when you come to

Church with me."
"O Mary, that's no Christmas gift for

"O Mary, that's no Christmas gift for you. Why not ask for something you would like very much for yourselt?' Her heart was touched, however, by the child's appeal and she struggled hard to control her emotion.

"No, Mama, there is nothing else I want. Only give me this one thing. I know the little Jesus is just longing to give you this gitt if you will only go to Him and ask for it. Please come?"

The pleading tone, the look of love

Him and ask for it. Please come?"

The pleading tone, the look of love and longing in the tearful eyes, the pressure of the little arms about her neck were too much for the Mother. Embracing the little one more tenderly than she had ever done before she replied:

"My own little girl, I will not refuse "My own little girl, I will not refuse you even this on your First Communion day, though it is the hardest thing you could possibly ask of me. Pray, Mary, that the Christ Child may give me the grace of a good confession. What others have done, I, too, can do."

"O, Mama, I'm so happy," Mary cried, and tears of joy filled her eyes as with her mother's hand in hers she sought her father in the library;

"Papa," she said, releasing her mother's hand, and stealing softly to her father's side.

mother's hand, and steaming solvey to her father's side.

He did not answer. This outward display, foolish in his opinion, provoked him and his wrath was enkindled. Entirely against his will was this event taking place, and it angered him to see his wife opnose him so. taking place, and it angered him to see his wife oppose him so. "Papa dear," the child again pleaded. He raised his eyes from the paper. "What is it?" he asked.

"Will you give me a Christmas gift?"

This question was entirely unthought of, and the man, delighted to please his daughter in every way, replied:

"Certainly, what would you like?" "Just to have you come to church with Mama and me to-night, and see me make my First Communion. Please don't say no."

His dark eyes clouded, the mouth hut firmly, and he gased for a moment this daughter in astonishment and

BONDER

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TO BE TO BE TO SHALL

customs that have become smalgamated and modified into the usage of modern

civilisation.

The Druids of Britain, whom the

Romans discovered there when they conquered the Celts, were a priesthood railing the people by cruel witchcraft. They worshipped the oak, the mistletce and the holly. Their alters on their

ME POOR OULD DARLIN'

CHURCH !"

its backward journey.

printed on the label.

"I believe I have. Thank you Sister."
Mrs. Donnelly replied, taking the glove. It was a long time since she had seen a Sister of Notre Dame, and this meeting awoke many resolite pions. Seised with a desire to talk to her, she began rather timidly.

"Sister, I think you know my little girl, Mary, Mary Donnelly. Don's you?"

"Yes, indeed," the Sister replied and a dear child she is."

"Mary has been to Sunday School a few times and I am anxieus to know how she has learned so much about the Catholice Church. You know we are not Catholice."

"What! Not Catholice? I thought you must have taught her everything she knows, the prayers and even the accochism. If have often thanked God, dear Mrs. Donnelly, that she had such a good mother."

This remark pricked Mrs. Donnelly's conscience, which was somewhat hardened by the neglect of many years.

"I am sorry to say Sister, I have taught her notking. I had her baptised when a baby, but that is all. I was sengite more than 1 and when a somewhat had been the liefty that I thought it best to avoid disturbances by not bringing Mary up a Catholic. I can't imagine how ahe has learned so much. Perhaps it is little one so happy. Who could it be toolish; why show your wise how won are often together. But I hope you will not deprive her of making her First Communion. She is a Catholic, as your syn has been baptised, and you know you are bound under serious in to took out for her religious education. Won't you consider this? You soy your hushand is opposed, but haven't other women been in your position and come out vistorious? What others can do the women been in your position and come out vistorious? What others can do the women been in your position and come out vistorious? What others can do the women been in your position and come out vistorious? What others can do the complex of the proper serior of the complex of the proper serior of

"Jesus. Thou art coming. Holy as Thou art; Thou the God Who made me, To my loving heart."

The prices, turning to the people, and elevating the Sacred Host, said, "Ecce Agnus Dei," and descended to admin-ister First Communion. Still the man remained standing at the door, gazing in remained standing as an door, gaing in assonishment. What a holy scene! One by one the little ones arose at the altar railing and other's took their places, till finally the long line was nearly ended. The man never for a moment urged her to permit Mary to join the First Communion class.

"Mary is too young, I think," was Mrs. Donnelly's objection. "She cannot realize what she is doing.

"Oh, my dear, she has attained the use of reason; she knows what is right and wrong, and that is all that is necessary," Sister Mechtide replied.

"Well, Sister," Mrs Donnelly replied, "I shall consider your words, and meanwhile, pray that God will strengthen me to do right.

It was Onristmas Eve. Everything seemed to make ready for the wonderful event to take place that night, First Communion at Saint Dominic's Chapel at Midnight Mass. Mrs. Donnelly carefully arrayed her daughter in the counternances. Still the choir sang-

"Thou art my Good Shepherd Take myself, dear Jesus,
All I have and am.
Take my heart and fill it
Full of love for Thee; All I have, I give Thee Give Thyself to me."

The man fell upon his knees and his head dropped upon his hands; tears filled his eyes as the organ ceased and myself, dear Jesus; give Thy self to The following Christmas found not

two, but three persons happy; too happy for this world, kneeling before the altar awaiting the coming of the Bridegroom.—Kathleen Kearns in Sunday Compan-

A TRUE STORY

When the conductor came to collect thelyoung lady's fare she discovered that she had left her pocketbook at the office where she works as stenographer. It is a predicament not uncommon with city dwellers, but the rest of the story as told takes a new and agreeable turn.

"Why, I'm afraid I haven't any money with me," she said, looking very much with me," she said, looking very much

embarrassed.

The conductor said nothing, but stood

there and waited.
"I guess I'll have to get cff," said the girl, "I have left my pocketbook at the

"Here, lady," said a boyish voice coming across the aisle, "I got a nickel I'll lend you."

She looked at the boy and took the nickel. "Thank you," she said. "I'll pay you back if you'll give me your name."

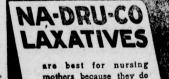
"Don't worry 'bout that," he replied

"I'm she kid you gave the half dollar to last Christmas when you seen me sellin' papers down on Fifth avenue. I sin't torgot you. I'm sellin' papers there

She smiled at him when she left the car, and he was about the proudest boy in town—Selected.

The Christmas of Our Fathers

It is interesting to note that many of the Christmas customs which have endeared themselves to the people scattered all over theworld have their origin in many cases among those ancient men and women who worshipped strange gods before they heard the message of peace brought to them by the early Christian Fathers. The holiv, the mistletoe, the wassail bowl, the Yule log and the Christmas tree are remnants of old



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even when those failings make us un-comfortable. God alone searches the heart We may not understand the reasons that influence our neighbor's conduct. Let us not assume to know more than God has given us to know. Let us be charitable; and if we are charitable we will be very slow to pass judgment upon the conduct of others.— True Voice.

In order to be truthful with others we should avoid having secrets, and still more avoid becoming the depository of the secrets of others. Nobody will ever be persuaded of this as long as the world lasts. However, truth has to be said, even when the saying of it is too plainly useless. Secrets are nearly the most mischievous things in the world, and almost the wost unnecessary. A secret once set upon its course through the world gathers venial sin to itself as the rolling snowball takes up snow. How few things are there which really need be secrets! How much fewer which, being secrets, need be confided to others! Unless clear duty is there to sanctify it, he who confides a secret to another has laid a burden on him, led him into temptation, fettered his child-like liberty of spirit, and inspired the presence of God in his soul. This is a serious indictment. But secrets are the garments which of all others self importance most affects. To be told a secret is the most delicate of flatteries. The teller and listener both grow in their own esteem and in each other's. They become like Pan Puk-Keewis. "larger own esteem and in each other's. They become like Pan Puk-Keewis, "larger than the other beavers," which is althan the other beavers, which is al-ways a pleasant operation to vain nature, though sometimes, as in Hia-watha, entailing uncomfortable conse-quences. But now look at your own past life—have not secrets, especially the secrets of others, made you petty, narrow, pusillanimous, conceited, un truthful, unsimple, and out of God's presence? Depend upon it, there is nothing in the world that will more effectually entangle you in unreality than an unnecessary secret. Great-minded men have few secrets. — Father

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

feast days were decorated with the branches of white and red berries, and one of the most important of these festal occasions was the celebration of the winter solstice when the sun began Quotations taken quite at random show very clearly the teaching of "Science" regarding Our Divine Redeemer. Once separated from the verbal mist which hangs over all of Mis. Eddy's writings, we begin to see what she is really saying. Read in the textbook, with a mass of hezzy phrases, one sometimes fails adequately to understand their real intent. For example, consid-One of the priests was on his way to the early morning service in the new St. Mary's Cathedral. He found a fine old lady—lineal direct of the Kings Milesian—on the steps of the older edifice as he passed, holding a silent solitary vigil—waiting for the doors to open and the bells to ring.

"No Mass there this morning, mother," the priess was saying to her—no Mass ever there again."

no Mass ever there again."
"But, father acushla," she answered him, "sure this is Sunday mornin', and is to no Mass at all you'll be afther tellin' me, they'll be havin' here today?"
There was an ineffable pathos in the situation. "Up yonder, mother," replied the priest in kindness, and he pointed towards the new Cathedral a lew short blocks away.

Then it came to her! She started as though some sharp pain had pierced her and clutched her shawl against her heart. Her tottering feet had brought her to the curb, and looking at the older edifice, her hands uplifted, "Ab,

me poor ould darlin' church," she mur-mured as her hands let fall.

soms that once festooned hair? Or was it down those selfsame steps her precious dead were carried long, long years ago and the silent, solemn march was started that ended at the

new-made grave—the grave, perhaps that closed in from her tear-dimmed eyes forever, the one precious thing which alone she loved on earth?

Et bien! my masters! these are the little tragedies that grip the human hearts of me.

hearts of us.

Dear old |patient, heart-sad mother soon, too, you must follow in the way !-Catholic Advance.

LET US BE CHARITABLE

No less an authority than our Divine No less an authority than our Divine Lord Himself warns us not to judge, lest we ourselves be judged adversely. Who is competent to judge the conduct of his fellowman? To do so would imply that the one judging understood thoroughly the motives influencing that line of conduct. We cannot enter fully that the other part of the plans of another into the thoughts or the plans of another unless he takes us into his confidence fully. We cannot understand his motives unless he chooses to disclose them. And until he makes known his motives we have no right to criticise or condemn them.

Yet, what is more common than to

Yet, what is more common than to attribute unworthy motives where perhaps none such exist? Uncharlty in thought and in speech is the most annoying failing of many otherwise good people. They do not realize how uncharitable they are. Perhaps they have learned; accidentally how others judge their own motives. Then they are quick to resent the injustice done them. But it does not occur to them that they have been misjudging others as they have now been misjudged. They have been indulging in uncharitableness but others, not they have felt its sting.

its sting.
We learn by experience; and having learned how our own motives may be misconstructed, let us be slow to impute base motives to others. Let us be charitable towards the failings of others,

SIMPLICITY

Adrian Feveral, in the December Catholic World Quotations taken quite at random

their real intent. For example, consid er the first quotation. "The corporeal Jesus was human." Tais we all know and acknowledge. But we also believe that the corporeal Jesus was Divine. This Mrs. Eddy denies entirely. She This Mrs. Eddy derives entirely. Since does not at all deny that Jesus was torn of a virgin. And it is interesting to note in this regard that "the discoverer and founder" of Christian Science considers Our Lady and her virginal desiders Our Lady and her virginal desiders. livery precisely as she would consider any other woman who had "sufficient science" to create a child through mental generation. Mary's spiritual sense was illumined with divine science, as the Holy Ghost. In other words, Our Lady caught a gleam of Eddyism, and through this understanding she brought forth her child, putting to silence the material order of generation, and demon-strating God as the Father of men. To strating God as the Father of men. To put it in plainer words, with a sufficient knowledge of "sclence" any woman could become a virginal mother. Just how Mrs. Eddy regards Jesus as human when according to her theories the corporeal form of mankind is erroneous, and at the same time a concept of the divine idea, it is difficult to see. We must not, however, look for consistency in Eddyism however, look for consistency in Eldyism

that is a gem that does not adorn our Back to the Catechism

There are a great many catchwords at present, "Back to the land," "back to nature," etc. A very important one for Catholics is "Back to the Catechism," a book whose study we all seem to drop as speedily as possible. The Catholic Bulletin says: "Back to the Catechism in order that each one, by familiarity with its concise teaching. by familiarity with its concise teaching, may be able to set before non Catholics the truths of religion in all their sublime beauty and attractiveness. Back to the Catechism for the comfort to be derived from the consciousness of being equipped with sufficient knowledge to serve the Church of God in the sphere

of life to which each one is called.-Davenport (Ia.) Messenger.

Catholic Mind Pamphlet Removal of Parish Priests

(MAXIMA CURA)

Translation of the Decree of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation, Aug. 20, 1998

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