GET

READY

ed greater constancy in Even in that awful per-Mass on every opportun-A letter from a Cap-tho visited several of his t time, throws a remark-te situation. A pathetic hardships borne by the time is that of an old ther, who during the criod, had to hire himself e English planters as a posed in this occupation situdes of the weather, he his sight, and then, atnon beggar, with a wallet do led by a little boy, the reverenced as a messen-made his way from house ling the last days of his

the confession

onsoling them in their 782 was the Act of Uniof the persecutors, vird by the Act of Parlia-George III.) by which king the Oath of Allegistering the names, ages abode, were allowed to priestly office without to the penalties of pre-But the Act restricted diciating in any church or steeple or bell, or at any church or churchyard, or g any of the rites or cere-Popish religion, or wear-of their order, save withplace of worship or in es, or from using any k of ecclesiastical dignity The immediate effect without steeples or bells

claces than formerly, most long since disappeared to the noble ecclesiastical see everywhere around us at it must not be thought assing of this Act of Par-difficulties consequent on ip were at an end.
LANDLORDS REFUSED TO FOR CATHOLIC WORSHI ion.
I and intolerant Protest-

who possessed practically the country, could not be numberless instances, to r Catholic churches and very often in the lease olic tenants there was a t the sub-letting of any purpose of building any ol. Again, in the Protest-ie North, which had just tion of the Orange Society, dly hatred of everything is impossible to build even pel for fear of its being set on fire. Most Rev. ettigan, who died Bishop 1861, used to relate that bood he was often placed t of a high rock to signal of the priest-hunters, djoining hollow the parishssembled around the tem-on which the Holy Sacra-

red up. lytes whose duty it was to les in their hands, and pre-m being blown out by the re were no candlesticks on altars of those days. As nce, coming home to our-refer to the case of my own dmother, who, when a child Mass every Sunday and eld in all kinds of weather of the parishioners, while a lass in a hut in front, the andlord would give a site This parish, I am glad to a at the present day one of ochial churches in Ireland. 'ARK OF CARRIGAHOLT."

with a gentleman, a pro-hant of the South of Irea boy used to serve Mass what was known as the arrigeholt." This was a tilt as a travelling van on large glass windows all ugh which the priest and easily be seen. It was deonly possible mean eople of the parish of Car-ear Mass. The local landbigoted that none of them a chapel to be built on their rosecuted and evicted tenowed Mass to be said in a selter for the priest. The bidden to enter any of the ed by the tenants; ce where the people here the people, comral thousands, could the cross roads, the Ark he people kneeling in four ps along the four roads. at illustrious Archbishop of rdinal Moran, devo ed s both in Ireland and in e embody in his historical the living traditions that these humble monuments

ys. No other historian has o much as he has to illus-clesiastical history of the secution. In 1731 an order by the Privy Council in I the Protestant Bishops to account of all the Mass-popish schools in their d the number of priests and ting therein. Very detailed which has been gathered a eresting information, were ecord Office, Dublin. Only vere tolerated as places of I where, owing to the rancor where, owing to the rancor iveness of local magistrates, thrown down, the perple had hemselves once more to the and the fields.

ENT PERSECUTION OF 1744. t persecution arose in 1744, he invasion of Scotland by trles Stuart. Many priests in into prison; others fled to Mass had to be celebrated in holes and corners. This ngs lasted for nearly a year, strous accident touched the Lord Lieutenant and moved v the quasi-public celebration once once. The accident,

which resulted in the death of a priest and nine other people, came from the giving way of the floor of a garret in Dublin, where the people had assembled secretly to hear Mass.

Owing to the enormous increase of the population during the first part of the last century, and their abject poverty, the small chapels were able to contain only a small proportion of those who came to hear Mass. Montalembert, the illustrious French Catholic writer, who visited Ireland in 1829, vividly described the profound impression made visited Ireland In 1820, vividly described the profound impression made on him by the devotion of the people at Mass regardless of the weather. Five years after Montalembert's visit, a public meeting of the Catholics of the Diocese of Killala sent a petition to the House of Commons, setting forth, amongst other things, that "in this diocese alone upwards of thirty thousand souls are obliged on every Sunday to hear Mass under the canopy of heaven."

A RELIC OF THE PENAL TIMES.

A relic of the Penal times are the Stations, which are still held regularly in the houses of the people in some of the dioceses of the West. I once took part in one myself with the parish priest.

At an early hour we made our way to At an early nour we made our way to the house, a poor cottage of two rooms, preceded by the clerk, carrying the altar requisities. We there found several of the neighbors already waiting for confession. The kitchen table was ed into an altar, and the parish priest and I were soon seated on chairs hearing the confessions of all who presented themselves. Then each of us said Mass in turn and gave Holy Communion. When the religious function was over the people came up one and one and made their half-yearly offering. Devout people of other lands might fear that these sordid surroundings might lead to a lack of reverence toward the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, but such is by no means the case, and I can bear witness that I never came across a more devout congregation. Many priests have to spend three or four months of the year holding Stations from house to house in their parishes.

One other instance of the piety of the One other instance of the piety of the people at Mass in the real Irish parts of the country and I have done. I was once saying Mass in one of the islands off the west coast when, at the Elevation, there was a general murmur among the congregation. Having been always used to profound silence at that solemn ant I was at a loss to account for it. but learnt afterwards that it was the custom of the people to welcome the coming of Our Lord in their midst using the old Irish greeting: "Cend mile failte," "A hundred thousand welcomes." The devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, so remarkable in penal times, is not less so at the present day. The churches are all crowded on Sundays, and the absentees are few and far between. Would that that could be said of other Catholic countries. Another lesson learnt in penal times was that of supporting the needs of re-

THE IRISH EMIGRANT HAS CARRIED THE FAITH TO EVERY PART OF THE

At present the generosity of the Irish in supporting their priests, in building churches, in keeping up charitable insti-tutions, is proverbial, not only as regards Ireland itself, but every country in which our people have set foot. It is the pence of the Irish poor that have built up most of the churches in Eugland. It is the Irish emigrants that have built three-fourths of the churches in the United States, and all the churches in Australia and South Africa. Who could think that the down-trodden who could think that the down-rodden people—who worshipped for centuries in fear and trembling around the rock altars and in front of the mud-walled Mass-houses—could ever rise to take such a glorious part in the spreading of the gospel through the world as they have done in the past century? Truly the ways of God are wonderful!

THE MOTHER OF A PRIEST.

been asked for the en-

tire letter. Here it is: Dear Friend,—Bless, bless God, I am Dear Friend,—Biess, bless God, I am the mother of a priest. It was to you I wrote, twenty-five years ago, when the child was given me. I recall it; I was foolish with joy; I felt him living by my side; I stretched out my hand toward he yield to imperfect man in that which him; I touched him as he lay in his cradle as if to assure myself that I real-love? Perish the thought!

ly possessed him.

Ah, what a distance between the joys of then and those of to-day which lift up my soul and fill it with sentiments it has never known before. To day, I am the mother of a priest!

Those hands that, when they were so small I kissed with warmest love, those hands are consecrated; those fingers have touched God. The understanding that received enlightenment from me, and to which I taught life's aim, has with great developed, it is flooded truths; study and grace have made it surpass my own intelligence, and now, behold, it is consecrated to God. That which I have cared for and protected, which has made me pass so many nights in tears, when sickness would rob me of my treasure — that body has become large and strong; be-

hold, it is consecrated to God! That body has become the servant of a priest's soul; it will fatigue itself in order to uplift the sinner, to instruct the ignorant, to give to each and every

and make it trust in the goodness of

On yes! my child will do good, he

On yes! my child will do good, he will be according to God's heart, he will be all charity. Yes, yes! I am the mother of a priest, of a true priest.

What shall I tell you of yesterday's ceremonies? I was there, but I saw nothing save only him; when he knelt, when he stood upright, when he lay prostrate, when he areas, when he prostrate, when he arose, when he passed away so recollected from beneath the hand of a bishop—a priest forever!

And this morning he has said his first Mass, in the little chapel of a humble convent, where pure and loving hands have adorned the altar with lilies and roses, white and red; no pomp was there save the silent flowers and the modest love-lit candles; his server, a child, his congregation, I seemed alone—I, his mother and a few dear friends.

Ah! when they wish to paint the happiness of heaven, should they not

try to picture the happiness of a mother who sees God descend at the voice of her son, to a mother lost in adoration so deep that she has forgotten the world, forgotten that she lives, and who gazes upon but two objects, God and her own

At a certain moment I heard him nove as he bent down before the sacred host. I prayed no longer, or at least I know not what to call my emotions. Yes! it was the ecstacy of a Christian mother. I was saying thanks, my God,

thanks forevermore!
This priest, he was—mine; it is I who formed him; his soul was lit up by mine. He is mine no longer, he belongs to Thee O my God. Protect him from even the shadow of evil; he is the salt of the earth; keep him from being con-taminated. My God I love Thee, and I love him, I respect him, I venerate him for he is Thy priest. At the moment of Communion the

young server recites the confiteor; the celebrant has turned around, he has

celebrant has turned around, he has raised his right hand, it is the absolution which descends upon his mother.

My poor child, a sob has escaped hin; he takes the holy ciborium, he has come to me; my son he brings me my God. What a moment! What a union! God, his priest, and I! Was I praying? In truth I cannot tell. My being was wrant in a peace that has no name. I wrapt in a peace that has no name. I was bathed in tears, tears of love and gratitude. I was saying in a low, sub-dued voice: "My God! my son!" Yes for one who is a mother I believe this

one who is a mother I believe this was a prayer.

Oh! I am too, too happy, I shall never again complain. In my life there have been beautiful days; this was the most beautiful of all, because unmingled with thoughts of earth. Adieu, I cannot write more, my tears flood this paper, they are the tears of my happi-ness. — Buffalo Catholic Union and

AN ACT OF GOD.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE CONVER-SION OF A FAMILY OF PURITAN STOCK.

In an interesting account of the con version of a family descended from stern old Puritan stock, the mother of which was the first to seek entrance into the Church, the Catholic Transcript says: The Blessed Virgin had always been

an object of bitter attack in her father's house. She had been taught to despise her whom Catholics honor as the Mother of God; for had not Christ Himself dishonored her, rebuked her and cast her on one of her, resulted her and case her back into the realm of nothingness out of which she thought to rise, where she belonged and from which the papists had resurrected her to place her on altars and worship her? Even as a child, the sick woman said, she as a child, the side would said, sale had frequently been unable to endure this phase of the family theology. Grown to womanhood, it had at times revolted her. When she had children of her own, she used to think the matter over and her thoughts ran this wise:
"Suppose some day that fine manly boy of mine should become great, famous and stand in the limelight of the world's admiration; would he, could he, forget Several weeks ago the Union and Times commented editorially on a letter written to a friend by a mother on the day following the ordination of her mortals, first loved in his thoughts even were he a king and sat on a might were he a king and sat on a mighty throne? The king's mother, the hero's mother, the poet's, the orator's, the statesman's mother, she may have none of his genius but she would still be his mother and would share his fame. Is Christ inferior to His creature?

> Thus mused the simple woman; and no trained theological mind ever reasoned better. But blood inheritance environment the everlasting harping of anti-Catholic prejudice would often shake the new-found conviction; she would waver, disbelieve and then believe again. Incidentally, she found one day a child's Catholic prayerbook, a tiny, flimsy volume, torn and defaced. She kept it, treasured it, read and reread it. "And now," she said, "the

only prayers I know are those I learned in that little book."
"One day," she went on, "when very young, being on a visit to New York with relatives, I was brought to a con-vent. I remembered but one thing about the place; it was the picture of beautiful woman hanging on the wall.
Its beauty fascinated me. I had no idea whose likeness it was or whom it was whose likeness it was or whom it was intended to represent, for there was no name on it. I looked particularly for the name and found none. I never forgot that picture and carried away its image in my mind. And now listen. the ignorant, to give to each and every creature who asks and seeks of Him, their God.

That heart, ah! heart so holy and so good, so true to me through all the years—that heart which trembled at contact with aught that was of earth; behold it is the heart of the Lord's anointed! The only love that heart doth know we call by the sweet name of Charity.

My son! my son! It is I who know his nature, and what priceless treasures are concentrated in his character; they will be his safeguarl against the world and against himself. When in the secrecy of his priestly work God may put in his path some faltering soul, faltering or lost, he it is who will know how to find words to lift up that soul

met his explanations and objections with reiterated assertions; and on its truth seemed to wish to stake her eternal sal-which they are punished. Adam, who vation, for she died two months after-wards with the declaration on her lips,

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

a Catholic of course.

She was not two weeks in her grave when another call came to the rectory from the house; the little girl, the mes-sage-bearer was sick. A neighbor had been present when the father promised been present when the father promised his dying wife that in the event of the child dying young he would have her baptized by Father ——; the promise was made reluctantly. And now he tried to escape from his pledge given; and bearing hard his recent bereavement affected resentment towards the priest's interference. He gave in, however, the child died and was laid beside its mother in the new Catholic cometers.

the only one the mother spoke to me about, and she said she knew he would follow her example and embrace the faith in which she died. And he will."

There seems to be little doubt about it.

Where seems to be little doubt about it. Whatever discomfort these unusual for all eternity or, as Scriptures puts it, events may have caused the dead "where the tree falls there will it lie."—
ancestors over the hill, the living members of the little Protestant community do not appear to Times. resent the conquests of the Catholic priest in their midst. For on the Sun-day preceding Memorial day the Grand Army Post of the town, which counts not a single Catholic member, attended high Mass in a body at Father-'s church and listened to a sermon on the Catholic idea of patriotism. Perhaps they considered that it was not Father—'s fault after all and agreed to call the whole business "an act of God," as the coroner says. Yes, God working through Mary and the example of a good priest.

ly, a great multitude following a bier on which was laid out cold in death

To be sure, countless little churcher

To be sure, countless little churcher teach them and all posterity, from the norrors attendant on corporal death, to understand the still greater horrors of spiritual death and to show them that, since He was ready to cure corporal ills. understand the still greater horrors of the wait until service is over model to spiritual death and to show them that, take home their Susans and Kates in since He was ready to cure corporal ills, even death betimes, so much the more His/readiness to rescue the soul suffering this summer through the western part of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. or dead in sin; temporal ills, if you so will to view them, but with eternal con-

Death is not the worst of evils ; in fact, rightly speaking, it is not an evil at all, since good can and does come out of it. It is for the just the beginning of their reward; it is for the wicked even, who will not repent, a mercy, since it lessens their demerits and consequently lessens their demerits and consequently lessens the degree of eternal punishment. While for the dead, then, it can be a blessing it may certainly be so for the living, who learn from its frequent and generally unlooked for occurrence, to be ever ready to meet it, following the injunction of our Lord Himself wherein He "Be ve always ready, for at what hour you think not, the Son of Man will come." And they who mourn, too, the loss of their loved ones, need not mourn without hope, for the just will be reunited

forever in heaven It is sin only, therefore, that is to be really dreaded and avoided, for sin is the only evil, since from it can come nothing but misery and unhappiness in time and everlasting death in eternity. It takes a God to undo its work, and so nothing short of the finger of God, His grace touching our souls; can quicken and give them life again once we have yielded to mortal sin. Thus the fathers, interpret ing the grief of this broken-hearted, childless widow, explain it to be a type of holy mother Church weeping over her wayward children and begging God to touch them by His grace and change their hearts that they may be saved from

verlasting death.

Mortal sin kills the soul by destroying its life, which is supernatural grace. Here is not the place nor time to enter into a disquisition as to what constitutes mortal sin; let it suffice to say that it is any wilful grievous offence against the law of God. Our conscience, which is nothing less than the voice of God is nothing less than the voice of God speaking in us, warns us when there is danger of sin and especially of mortal sin. Anyone who is anxious to avoid it will not fall into mortal sin, for he will take no risks and will keep far from the line of danger by avoiding even deliber-ate venial sin. We can understand how ate venial sin. We can understand how heinous is mortal sin in the eyes of God, since His justice forces Him to punish it so severely. The fallen angels com-mitted but one mortal sin and that a sin of thought, and God drove them from heaven forever. For another single sin of disobedience our first parents were driven out of paradise and compelled to live and labor on earth for nine hundred years and brought suffering, sorrow, afflic-tions and death on all their posterity. If such be the punishments for one only sin, what must be those awaiting great sin-

shame and torment by forming the fire in which they are punished. Adam, who was to know not death or its attendant miseries, but who after a little while was to be translated to heaven for endless union with God, was kept from that happiness for almost a thousand years in piness for almost a thousand years in toil and labor "eating his bread in the sweat of his brow." Are not the sins, sweat of his brow. Are not the sins, moreover, of the parents visited often-times upon the children? Have we not seen evil-doers punished even in this life?
"By what things a man sinneth, by the proposed he is to upon the wise. same also he is tormented," says the wise man, and again, "By surfeiting many have perished," and he asks, "Who hath ment affected resentment towards the priest's interference. He gave in, however, the child died and was laid beside its mother in the new Catholic cemetery.

This was about a year ago. Three months later the eldest boy dropped in to announce that he thought he had an idea of becoming a Catholic, if Father—had no objections. Father—had

idea of becoming a Catholic, if Father—had no objections. Father—had none, and the event, after a thorough course of instruction, proved the correctness of the young man's way of thinking. "Finally, said the pastor of thinking. "Finally, said the pastor of amily wrecked and cast to the winds by served your Mass this morning and the two younger boys, the lads, served your Mass this morning and the father sat in the front pew."

"Strange about the second oldest, is it not? He is about nineteen. He is the only one the mother spoke to me How many the promising life cut short

THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE COUN TRY TOWN.

One of the first things to strike a city Catholic on vacation in some country town is the indifference toward religion of the average native. He sees perhaps in a small village three or four sectarian churches, some of them of historic interest, but that seems to be about all the interest they are notent to arouse. the interest they are potent to arouse. The congregations that attend them are small, and the wonder is how the parson

is paid.
People in such rural communities THE DREAD INEVITABLE.

The demise of man is always sad and is the source of much sorrow and suffering in this world, but sometimes it is bitter and sad in the extreme and harrows the feelings not of the few immediate friends and relatives but of vast multitudes. Our Lord was passing through a certain city one day and His great heart was touched at what He saw, namegrows wider as the years go by. He

on which was laid out cold in death a young man, the only son of his mother and she was a widow. God that He is and the Author of life and death, He deigned to exercise His divine power and restored the young man to his mother. Nor was it by chance that our Lord was then and there in Naim, for nothing was by chance to Him, and He had another reason for performing this miracle besides the joy He gave this poor afflicted widow and her numerour sympathizers. It is this: He would

The farms were, for the most part of the rough hill country variety and their owners hard-worked and out-at-elbows. Sunday had no place on the calendar for many of them, and it was not an uncommon sight to see men cultivating crops and haying on that day. Churches there were in plenty, but the

Churches there were in plenty, but the congregations could be counted in most instances on one's fingers.

The correspondent thinks that this results from the lack of common ground on which the parson and his flock can meet. He says that the parson, as a rule, knows little or nothing of agriculture, while the tarmer knows little else. Hence they are both at a stand-still.

gion. Where Protestantism is still ctive its activity is due to the social orces to which it has joined itself. As religion it finds itself more difficult to unction. Loss of faith in God has turned it to work for man sustained by the somewhat blind hope that if it tries to make the world better, to raise the status of the poor and the degraded, perhaps all will come out right in the end.
It busies itself with young men's associations, young women's clubs and socio-logical experiments of all kinds. But these activities, excellent as they are, are not religion. They do not supply that fundamental need of the spirit, that hunger of the heart after God which the creator has implanted in humanity.

It is not in the country only that one finds poorly-filled churches and Protest-ants indifferent to the denominations. The same is true of the city, although the city parson and his possible church-members are not at odds because of his gnorance of agriculture. In the city, however, there are such masses and such movement, that the away-from Church trend is not so noticeable as in the quiet, sparsely-populated country dis-

The situation in the country is the situation everywhere. Many people indeed still continue to be drawn to the sectarian churches; many still claim sectarian churches; many still claim allegiance to the denominations of their fathers, but (possibly without their be-ing conscious of it) there has been a complete revolution in the ideas of these people as to what a church is and should be; and to the re-organization of many churches as centers of social activity, as places to meet and be met, as culture clubs, as twenty other things which are all very well but have little to do with religious belief and worship, may be attributed the life, the stir and the actiEducational.

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church is deserted the Lord's Day is ignored, and the drift toward complete cularization is strong.—Sacred Heart

RELICS OF FRENCH EXPLORERS.

IRON CROSS LEFT BY LA SALLE'S PARTY IN TEXAS.

A number of ancient relics have been A number of ancient reflect are been found from time to time during the last few years upon the site of the old Fort Saint Louis, which La Salle, the noted French explorer, and his band of adventurers erected upon the east bank of the Navidad River, just above where Port Lavaca is now situated, in 1685. One of these historic reminders of the visit of the famous explorer is a cross which is made of iron. It was found several feet eneath the surface near the bank of the river. It is now in possession of Harry Bickford of Port Lavaca.

It was from Fort Lavaca.

It was from Fort Saint Louis that La
Salle started upon his ill-fated expedition into the interior in search of the
Mississippi River. He entered Pass
Cavallo and explored Matagorda Bay in the original belief, it is said, that it was here that the Mississippi River emptied its broad waters. He spent some time exploring the coast in this section and then went up the Navidad River ten miles and there built his little fort. The si'e of this first settlement is full of beauty. The timbers of the ancient fort have long since been rotted, but there are still heaps of stone and pieces of iron to be found scattered about upon the site.

The trip which La Salle and his band of explorers made across the country in search of the Mississippi River was full search of the abssissippin that of dangers and hardships. They are said to have left a few men behind to retain possession of Fort Saint Louis. What became of these men history does not say. It is reasonable to suppose that they were killed by Indians or died in exile. None of their comrades ever returned to hunt for them. La Salle was murdered on his trip across the country and his last expedition was full of tragedy.—Port Lavaca (Tex.) corr. Louisville Courier Journal.

Changes HIs Ideas.

A non-Catholic writer tells the Daily Times, published in Dunedin, Australia, how reading Marion Crawford's novels gave him a change of heart. In the course of his letter he made the following references to the lately deceased novelist convert:

"I have extreme pleasure in testify-ing to the illumination winch I person-ally obtained while reading one of Mr. Crawford's novels in regard to the Catholic faith and its Church system. I had inherited the Protestant prejudice against the confessional, but it was not until I had read Marion Crawford's 'Lady of Rome,' that I looked at it—clear of prejudice—from the true Cath-Hence they are both at a stand-still.

But this seems to us a very superficial reason to assign. The real reason lies deeper. It lies, we believe, in the gradual decay of Protestantism as a relation of the gradual decay of Protestantism as a relation to the sympathetic treatment of the novelist, I could conceive the comfort. and consolation afforded by the confes sional to sorrowing and guilt-burdened souls. And I shall always thank Marion Crawford for the finely finished portraits in that book of Msgr. Ippolito Saracinesca and Padre Bonaventura. It is the esca and radie Bonne holds men of this realization that Rome holds men of this stamp which encourages a lively hope of the ultimate reunion of Christendom. When Canon Sheehan calls upon Catho-lics individually to consider whether they are really doing all in their power to make their position intelligible to the world, and their happiness comm icable, it seems to me that ere he died Marion Caawford was able to truthfully say, I have done what I could."

Wanted a New Man--Not a New Religion.

Dr. Eliot predicts a new kind of re ligion—what he should be able to promise first is a new kind of man. The old genus homo, as we meet it in history books or on the street, is not of a sort to worship a multiplication of infinities or look on surgeons as sacred ministers performing holy rights. Mankind will have a real religion or none at all. It wants a God to love and fear and pray

to. Its religion must be a message from on high, which will give light in dark places and strength in temptation and consolation in the trials and losses of this life. And it will have its dogmas, this life. And it will have its aggmas, too. A creedless religion is a thought-less religion. The only valuable relig-ious elements in Dr. Eliot's plan are dogmas. His Pantheistic God is a dogma, his ideal of progress is a dogma his law of love is a dogma. Even his denials are dogmas; but these are not valuable. It is true, as Chesterton says, that "the modern world is filled with men who hold dogmas so strongly ners? Is not sin, then, infinitely worse than death? The angels' light went out for them once they were hurled from the country village) the country village) the catholic world for September.

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