

suppose that he should be punished for neglect. This would be a form of punishment inflicted on the innocent as well as those who have been guilty of the neglect in question, and it would be an intolerable injustice to deprive the Catholic School Board of the support to which it is equitably entitled because the ratepayer has neglected to declare himself properly, whether this was done designedly or not.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

A priest of this province who had been a special friend of Father De Costa, the distinguished convert, while he was a minister in a prominent New York church, sends us the following poem which he received from the writer. The lines breathe the long struggle and persevering search for the light that poor Newman and Faber so heavily sighed for, on their way to the Promised Land. But in the case of all Mary's clients, the Sweet Star of the Sea, as a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day, brought him safely into the Land of Promise.

MARY IMMACULATE, DISCOVERED—AN EXPERIENCE.

How tender was thy patience, Sweet Mother, in the days Of vague uncertainty and doubtful wondering ways.

I did not fall in Aves Of tributary valleys, And of employed full numbers Thy merits to rehearse.

Yet something still was wanting, Sweet Mother, faith unguarded Long delays and long delays High o'er my nature reigned.

'T was thought that trust fealty, A loyalty sincere, Should guard thee from false honors, And wisely bound thy sphere.

Thus led, I failed to trust thee, And had I might see darts, To follow thee, Sweet Mother, Always and every where.

It seemed, too, one might weary Thy eyes and patient heart, Beseeching upon thy knees, And ask too great a part.

Yet, kindest of all beings, Thou didst not despise, In rich unstinted measure Thy Christ's munificence.

Again, might not thou enter Between my Lord and me, To rob Him of His love, His love of His Eternity?

I feared, alas! Sweet Mother, Amazed, I own it now— That thou might'st dim His beam, Thy blaze on His brow.

I feared that fuller service To thee His work would mar, And, a seeming of His part, I followed thee afar.

Do angels know a sadness Amidst their holy mirth, To see the Queen of Heaven Light-honored on the earth?

But joy! Oh joy, Sweet Mother, Tower of ivory fair, The dream has passed, I trust thee Now, always.

One day thy veil was lifted, And then came red grace, To see in Plan Redeemptive Thy lofty, radiant face.

Thus now who pays his homage Thy wondrous merits won, And honors thy deity, Most honors thy devotion.

Thou wouldst not pale the splendour Of His dear bright renown, Or wear a shade I've I followed thee afar.

'T is in His love His subjects The Kingdom of advancers, And by sweet meditation His majesty advances.

Who loves thee most devoutly Let's a Jesus most adore, And learn from thy example, His Saviour to adore.

Supreme of all creations, Thou lovest in our hearts, The glories of Redemption Christ brings the world to day.

Through thee the world first found Him, Through thee the world first reigns, And through His children's love, Until He comes again.

Forgive the past, Sweet Mother, Each holy effort bless, And rob me in the splendour Of Jesus' Righteousness.

On midst Christ's bannered legions A host deemed all mine own, Safe led me in the triumph With victors toward His throne.

B. F. De Costa, Vicar of the Nativity B. V. M., 1904.

KING EDWARD AT MASS.

WHY HE REMAINED STANDING AT THE ELEVATION.

In honor of the Austrian Emperor's seventy fourth birthday King Edward VII. attended Mass at Marienbad. His Majesty was accompanied by his equerries, and wore the uniform of an Austria field marshal. The Abbot of Tepi received the King at the church door and preceded His Majesty to a seat at the left of the altar. During the service the King was seen to accept the promptings of Sir Francis Plunkett, English Ambassador at Vienna, who is a Catholic, and who signified to his royal master to sit or stand. But it was noticed that at the Elevation His Majesty stood all the time.

A discussion as to the reason for the King's failure to kneel has arisen in the European secular press. It is contended that by standing the King broke no conventional or offered, no slight to the solemnity of the Mass. In support of this contention it is asserted that soldiers by common custom stand upright at the most sacred moments of the Mass, because kneeling is the posture of the defenseless. As King Edward attended the service at Marienbad in the uniform of an Austrian field marshal, his action in not availing himself of the kneeling stool at his feet at a most solemn moment is generally defended. On the other hand, it is declared that soldiers do not remain erect except when attending Mass regimentally, on duty or on guard.

Interviewed on the subject, a prominent English ecclesiastic said: "I do not believe that the King intended any slight to the solemnity of the service by remaining standing. It was merely intended to please the feelings of the Protestants, for of course it has been something of a blow to them that the King should attend Mass under any circumstances. I believe the King only endeavored to please Protestant sentiment on the matter, but as to the soldiers not kneeling at the service—that is not so. I have seen soldiers kneeling in the street before the Blessed Sacrament when a priest is going on a sick call.

IN PURITAN DAYS.

STATUTES FRAMED IN BOSTON THAT MADE SUNDAY A DAY OF DISMAL GLOOM.

This religion of a people who believed in taking literal interpretations of the Old Testament as their guide in the government of a country which they had named the "land of the free," reached the height of its impossible demand at the middle of the seventeenth century. A statute framed in Boston in 1653 regarding the penalties for breaking the laws of Sunday observance are the severest of any formed before or since and show what a day of dismal gloom this day of rest must have been.

In the days of the Puritans, an observance of Sunday meant an attendance at all the church meetings, and it meant little else. Worship in the public meeting house was compelled by law. When the bell tolled out its summons, all must go, willingly or otherwise, and notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of the journey. This often meant a tramp of many miles over rough ground where one carried his footgear in his hands.

At the time the severest of all statutes was passed in Boston, no one was allowed to go abroad anywhere on Sunday except to church, unless there was some extraordinary need or tie errand was one of mercy. No one was permitted to go from one town to another on that day or to enter any public house for a drink. Guards were stationed at the edge of the town Saturday night at sundown to see that no vehicle passed either in or out of the city from that time until the close of the following day, and labor of all sort was prohibited. Even children were not allowed to be seen in the street nor young men and women to promenade. In fact, it was because the worthy town officials had heard of the grievous misdemeanor of childish laughter in public highways, and had been informed that certain young people had committed the offense against God of walking in the fields on the Lord's Day, that the statute regulating penalties for these faults had been enacted.

Parents were responsible for the misdemeanors of children between the ages of seven and fourteen. Over that age they were required to receive themselves the penalty of their own misdoing. For breaking any of these laws the first time, the punishment was a severe reprimand from the chief executive of the town. If any daring child escaped for a moment the family corral to frolic upon the public highway, this untoward action would not fail to bring his parents into open disgrace. For a second offense of the same kind a fine of 5 shillings was imposed, and for the third offense, 10 shillings. Adults who could not pay the fines were subject to a public whipping at the hands of the constable, who was not allowed, however, to deal out more than five blows as an equivalent for the 10 shillings fine, and less for the smaller one.

In the Puritan days in Boston an officer of the law was given charge of every ten houses in one neighborhood to see that the observance of Sunday was kept. His authority was supreme. He was not only allowed to keep a watch upon who came in and went out of one's house, but he had the right to go inside himself to see just what was being done. He was an inspector. There were inspectors for everything that might unlawfully happen. Among others, there was the inspector of youths, who saw with them in church to keep them quiet during the preaching of the sermon. The last benches of the lower floors were reserved for small boys, and the rear benches of the gallery for boys of a larger growth. Knowledge of the American boy-to-day will aid any one who needs such help in determining whether or not these inspectors earned their wages.

But not even Puritan adults enjoyed going to church if the records of his-

tory are read aright. They went because they had to and they didn't listen to the sermon either. If they had been in the habit of so doing, the stories told of them would never have been recounted. One of these concerns an old woman who, when she was asked if she had understood the sermon, answered by exclaiming that she wouldn't have so much presumption as to try to understand what the good man was saying.

It is also told of a minister of the early time that he tried to instill good cheer into the hearts of one member of his flock by exclaiming after the service: "Sunday must be a great blessing to you who work so hard during the week?" "Indeed, sir," the good churchman replied, "I work hard enough all the week, that's certain. But then I come to church Sunday and just sit down and think about nothing."

He did not reply that he went to sleep although he probably did. For sleeping in church was so much a custom among the early Puritans that one of the church officers was a man who went up and down the aisles during the services armed with a long pole with a hard round knob on the end of it. With this, in an especially gentle manner, he touched the heads of those who, sleeping, snored too loudly.

When they were dismissed finally it was in a regular ordained manner, which ruled that the first pews must be emptied first, because here the people of rank and wealth sat. Occupants of rear pews were required to wait until their betters had left the church. Outside the meeting house no one was allowed to loiter to say a kindly word to a neighbor, on pain of being caught by an ever vigilant officer of the law and hurried away to the pillory. The best part of the modern church service—the kindly shaking of hands after the sermon—was considered a crime in the days of the Puritan. The modern habit, also, of beginning to think of departures before the end has arrived is seen in the light of historical facts to be honestly inherited.

HOME AT NAZARETH, MODEL OF CHRISTIAN HOME.

In the Christian's home is found rest, rest for the entire man. It is the earthly port of safety, where the frail bark of humanity may weather the storm; where the soul may nestle in peaceful hope undisturbed by the elements that ruffe the sea of life.

And how could it be otherwise? Is not this the Christian home? Christian, Christ like, therefore similar to that in which our Lord spent most of His earthly days.

Let us go back in spirit to Nazareth, where Christ, our model, lived, and see His home, which should be forever the model. In that humble, little town the holy home was placed: Joseph and Mary were the happy inmates. In persons three, but in spirit one; their pure thoughts ran in the same mold, their loving hearts beat in the same measure. Poor, they labored hard for their common support. Jesus was the most obedient of children; Mary the most tender of mothers, Joseph the most devoted of fathers. They knew no will but God's, and in this lay the secret of their happiness. Obedient to that holy will, all else was easy; they wished for nothing more than God was pleased to give them; asked for nothing other than to know and do His pleasure.

It is this home that the Church proposes as the model for all Christian families. Peace and good will, mutual love, sanctity, all the virtues were shining there in all their beauty, only the intervening skies made it a place different from heaven. That home is the most Christian, and, consequently, the most happy which is most like the home at Nazareth.

If we would have happy homes we must make them Christian. But to succeed we must first be Christians ourselves. We must begin within and build outward; commence at the heart, purge it of all defects that impede its natural goodness and open it wide to the influence of God's grace. All the members of a family becoming good and holy in this way, we have union and peace, and all that makes happiness, or, in other words, the Christian home.

On such a home God sends his choicest gifts and blessings. It matters not whether this home be rich or poor, whether it be known to many or few, it needs but be wholly Christian to be truly and constantly happy.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

BY FRED EYMARD.

The priesthood is the most sublime dignity on earth. It is far above that of kings. Its empire is over souls, its arms are spiritual, its goods are divine, its glory is that of Jesus Christ Himself. Its power is divine. The priesthood engenders souls to grace and for eternal life. It has the keys of Heaven and hell. It possesses all power over Jesus Christ Himself, whom it daily brings down from Heaven upon the altar.

It is, in the name of Jesus Christ, every gracious power. It can pardon all sins, and Almighty God has promised to always ratify its sentence in Heaven. O formidable power, divine power, which commands even God Himself! The angel is the servant of the priest. The demon trembles before him. Earth looks upon him as its savior, and Heaven as the prince that acquiesces for its elect.

Jesus Christ has made him His second self. He is a God by participation. He is Jesus Christ in action. The priesthood is the holiest of states. The life of the priesthood ought to be in accord with its dignity. How pure ought to be the priest's life! "Pater," says St. Chrysostom, "than the rays of the sun"; "sicut lux mundi." It ought to be more incommunicable than the salt, which preserves other substances from corruption; "Vos estis sal terrae." It ought to be more uncast than virginity. The priest ought to be an

angel in mortal body, and, as it were, already dead to any sensual emotion.

The humility of the priest ought to be as great as his dignity, for all that elevates him is from God, all that lowers him is from himself. He is of himself only misery, sin and nothingness. The charity of the priest ought to be as great as God Himself. Who was upon earth, His gentleness ought to be that of his good Master, Whom the people called Sweetness, Whom the children loved as sweetness itself. The priest ought to be the living image of Jesus Christ, and he should say to all as did the great Apostle Paul: *Imitatores mei estote, sicut et ego Christi.* The ministry of the priest is the most glorious to God. The priest perfects God, by restoring to Him His image and likeness, which sin had sullied and deformed: *Creavit in Christo Jesu.* By His minister we are created anew in Jesus Christ.

He raises up the ruins of this magnificent edifice and makes of it the masterpiece of grace, the object of God's complacency. Man baptized becomes again a child of God. Man sanctified becomes an honorable member of Jesus Christ, the spiritual King of the world. The priest continues the Savior's mission on earth. At the altar, he continues and perfects the Sacrifice of Calvary, and applies to souls its divine fruits of salvation. In the Confessional, he purifies souls in the Blood of Jesus Christ, and engenders them to the holiness of His love. In the pulpit, he proclaims His truth, His Gospel of love. He reflects upon the rays of that Divine Sun, which enlightens the man of good will, and renders him fruitful in good works.

At the foot of the tabernacle the priest adores his God, hidden through love, as the angels adore Him in glory. There he prays for his people. He is the powerful mediator between God and the poor sinner. In the world the priest is the friend of the poor, and, like his Divine Master, the consoler of the afflicted, the sick. He is the father of all. He is the man of God: *Tu autem, O homo Dei!* How charming, how lovely is the mission of the priest! It consists in establishing on earth the reign of truth, of holiness, of the love of God. It is to do good to man. But how holy the priest ought to be worthily to serve the God of sanctity, and not, like the angels, to lose himself through pride in his own dignity.

How can the priest acquire that supereminence, sanctity?—By Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ loves His priest. He is prodigal toward him of all His graces, all His favors. The eagle flies with more ease and power than does the tiny bird. Its strength lies in its wings. The strength of the priest is in the royal love of his Master, Jesus Christ.

INTEMPERANCE—IRELAND'S DEADLIEST ENEMY.

The Rev. Father Kavanagh, O. S. F., is one of the most ardent patriots in Ireland. He is a man who has studied the Irish question deeply, and has written and spoken much on the subject. He is the author of a history of the "Ninety-eight" movement, and a man who does not minimize England's long years of oppression and blunders, yet he does not hesitate to inform the people of Ireland wherein they have lacked. He can not be classed as a temperance crank or fanatic, yet he tells the Irish people of to-day that sobriety is their greatest possible ally, humbly speaking, in the struggle for Irish freedom. In a recent address, of which Mr. James K. Randall, the Southern poet, declares that he has "never read or heard a finer." Father Kavanagh says: "Read the history of your country, and you will find that every effort the 'sober' Irish patriot made to win her freedom was foiled by the Irish drunkard. The great rising of 1641 was foiled by the drunken folly of an Irish leader, who drank to a Government spy the plans of the confederates. The battle of Ross the turning point of the rising of '98, was lost by the Irish drunkards in the insurgent ranks. Emmet's well-planned scheme was frustrated by the madness of a drunken mob.

"I look upon the drunkard as the deadliest enemy to the prosperity, to the freedom, to all the hopes the Irish patriot cherishes for the welfare of his native land. But I look for the coming of the time when the drunken Irishman will be shunned in this country as a pest which should be exterminated. It is hard for one who loves Ireland to speak temperately of intemperance, our deadliest enemy. Let me try to do so. I do not expect the Irish nation to become a nation of total abstainers; but it might, it ought, to be a nation of sober men. I do not condemn those who sell drink, or those who drink moderately, but I do condemn the drunkard, for drunkenness is a crime against God, against country, and against the soul, the mind, the body of the person who is guilty of it. But do I not despair of seeing our people shaking off the fetters which this hideous vice has imposed upon them. Here let me mention a movement for the abating of intemperance recently started amongst you by your own good and zealous priests—the anti-treating movement. I would advise everyone of you to join it, for I believe the foolish custom of treating is the cause of half the excess in drink which prevails amongst us.

We wonder if the leaders of Irish movements in this country ever read such expressions of opinion as these. If they do, we fear the words do not make much impression on them; for they are as silent as the grave on the temperance question as connected with Irish patriotic affairs. Mr. Randall, whose name we have mentioned above as praising Father Kavanagh's address, anticipates some of the objections that may be made to it.

"The Irishman may retort," he says, "that England is equally guilty of the sin of intemperance; but that is no excuse. All the more, as England degenerates as a drunken nation, should Ireland become a sober country, to ac-

celerate her triumph, sure to come at last."

AN ANARCHIST RUNS AMUCK.

An anarchist went into a church in Paris recently to disturb the whole congregation with two policemen added. Here is part of the story:

"The evening service had just begun when a man in workman's garb rushed towards the altar, overturning women and children as he went, and shouting, 'Long live Anarchy! Down with the priests!' The verger endeavored to stop him, but the intruder knocked him down. Several members of the congregation went to the verger's assistance, and the anarchist ran into the pulpit, and began a most violent and insulting attack on religion. In the meantime the police had been sent for, and two constables arrived on the scene. They asked the man to leave the building, but he refused, and began throwing Bibles and chairs at the constable."

Now, just imagine a person—one man—attempting such a programme as that in a Catholic church in Cork or Dublin or New York or Boston or Chicago. He might possibly get as far as overturning one woman or child, but that would be about "the end of his tether." As with a famous character in a famous poem of Bret Harte's who was injudicious enough to raise a point of order at an inopportune juncture it would probably have to be recorded of him that "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." What sort of verger, and "members of the congregation" have they in Paris? And then fancy the police merely "asking" the ruffian to go out.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

RELIGION AFFECTED BY NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

The university is just beginning to feel the effects of the disregard of religious instruction which has been prevalent during the last twenty years. In the home and on through the preparatory school there has been a peculiar and fatal lack of religious training. The boys and girls whose characters and habits would be affected by this irreligious spirit have now reached the age when they should enter the universities, and their views on life and religion are accepted by the public as those fostered by the university. There is naturally a tendency in a university environment to conform them to their skepticism. They are thrown into the company of others of like opinions, opinions that have been formed through lack of religious instruction in early life. The university training may possibly strengthen these opinions. To teach a man to discriminate is the primary purpose of education. If it does not do that, it has not served its purpose. But in doing this it very frequently causes the student to doubt the truth of what little religion he has. It is difficult to see why it should not do this. No truth is accepted on the basis of another person's authority, accord to the scientific attitude of mind which is taught in the universities and colleges of to-day. The college student is taught to question everything. Problems whose very existence he had never imagined are offered to him for solution. Problems which in his years of adolescence he had firmly believed were settled are being investigated and new solutions offered by his teachers and fellows. He passes through not only a mental but a moral evolution. The same questioning attitude which he is directed to assume in the class room toward scientific phenomena may be unconsciously assumed by him in his everyday life toward religious dogma. Just as he doubts the occurrences of everyday life he doubts the teachings received from parent and pastor.

Do not think of your faults; still less of other's faults. In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves, when their time comes.—Ruskin.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Ratisben Congress while in session received greetings both from Pope Pius X and the Emperor William. The Pope, in addition, sent his Apostolic Blessing.

Right Rev. Mathias Clement Lenihan, of Marshalltown, Ia., was consecrated Bishop of Great Falls, Mont., in St. Raphael's Cathedral, Dubuque, Iowa, on September 21.

Very Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, Vicar General of the Diocese of Kansas City, and pastor of St. Patrick's Church in that city, has been appointed Bishop of Leavenworth in succession to the late Bishop Fink.

The opening of the third Eucharistic Congress in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, last Tuesday morning was one of the most imposing religious demonstrations ever witnessed in New York. When the Pontifical High Mass was begun the state's Cathedral contained an impressive congregation, including as it did, hundreds of prelates and priests from all parts of the country.

While Right Rev. Thomas Beaven, Bishop of Springfield, was laying the corner stone of St. Stanislaus Polish church Adams, Mass., on Sunday last a floor collapsed, precipitating one hundred and fifty persons into the basement. A dozen were injured, several seriously. Bishop Beaven and seven of the priests assisting him were slightly hurt.

Courage! The ground is very difficult to cultivate but each prayer left fall is like a drop of dew. The marble is very hard, but each prayer is a blow of the chisel which gradually shapes it.—Golden Sands.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

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