

The QUIET HOUR

IT IS ALL LOVE AND MERCY.

I bring no roses to Thy Shrine, Sweet Jesus, Saviour mine, With empty hands I dare appear Before Thy Face, nor fear, For lo! my sorrow and my tears Will make amends for wasted years.

I have, alas! no golden store, (For I am very poor)— To cast in homage at Thy Feet, O Thou my Sovereign sweet! Yet me Thou welcomest, Sacred Heart, Nor wilt Thou bid me hence depart.

PRAYER TO THE SACRED HEART.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I fly to Thee because Thou art my only, but certain hope. Thou art the remedy for all my sufferings, the comfort for all my miseries, the reparation for all my losses, the expiation for all my faults, the supplement of all that is wanting to me, the certainty of all my demands, the infallible source, for me and for all, of light, strength, benediction, constancy and peace.

THE UNIVERSAL SOLACE.

If you are in an abyss of poverty and stripped of everything, bury yourself in the Heart of Jesus. It is filled with treasure, with which to enrich you.

If you are in an abyss of infidelity and inconstancy, the Heart of Jesus is an abyss of constancy and fidelity. Bury yourself in It and you will find there a love which constantly loves you and seeks your good.

If you are, as it were, buried in death, go to the Heart of Jesus. You will find there an abyss of life, and will draw from It a new life, in which you will no longer see, but with the eyes of Jesus Christ, no longer act but by His movement, no longer speak but with His tongue, and no longer love but with His Heart.

If you find yourself in an abyss of ingratitude, the Heart of Jesus is an abyss of gratitude. Draw from It whatever you wish to offer to God for all the blessings you have received from Him, and beg Jesus to supply you out of His abundance.

If you are in an abyss of agitation, impatience, or anger, go to the Heart of Jesus. It is an abyss of gentleness.

GOD DOESN'T ANSWER MY PRAYERS!

We frequently hear these words uttered as an excuse by persons who are not disposed to be fervent in their devotions.

For the benefit of those people we quote the great St. Augustine, one of the most learned doctors and venerated saints of the Church.

He tells us there are three sorts of people whose prayers are not heard: First—Those who are in a state of mortal sin and dare to approach God, without declaring their sincere penitence and resolved to mend their lives.

Secondly—Those who pray in an unfit manner; with their hearts full of distractions and their minds full of worldly worries. Their hearts are not in their prayer.

Thirdly—Those who ask for things they should not, viz., things entirely of a worldly nature, or which would be injurious to them. God cannot

refuse to hear and grant the prayer of a pure and fervent heart, for the Christian possessing such a heart cannot ask of Him to do anything incompatible with His infinite justice, wisdom and mercy.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD EVER NECESSARY.

(Catholic Union and Times.) Life is oftentimes compared to a troubled sea. It is so full of uncertainties and hidden dangers that the comparison is an apt one. We cannot be at rest from feelings of insecurity, and the dread of danger and shipwreck is a barrier to all our enterprise and daring. Such is life as we find it, natural life, if you will; life led by men all around us in the daily struggle for existence. But there is another life—a supernatural life—the life of the soul, as it may be called, as the natural may be called the life of the body, and this higher, nobler life is as happy in its hopes as the mere living for this world and our perishable bodies is miserable in its fear, for the one is built up on God and faith, the other on self and nothing.

Our Lord one day took the apostles into a little bark and put out to sea. Soon a great storm arose so that shipwreck was imminent, but our Lord had composed Himself to sleep. The apostles, no doubt, tried every human means to avert the danger, but in vain, and in their desperation ran to our Lord and awakened Him, saying: "Lord save us, we perish!" and He chided them for their little faith, for their want of the supernatural, commanded the winds and the sea and there came a great calm. Naturally, they were lost and would have gone down into the depths to be heard of no more, but supernaturally they were saved and with their Saviour Christ they coursed securely over the turbid waters of life, finally to reach the port of eternal rest.

This is what life is in this world, though the world does not see it; it is the reality, though so many men ignore it; it is the truth, yet so persistently denied. But the Church recognizes it, as do her faithful children, and gives constant exemplification of it.

The Church is the bark of Peter and our Lord is always with her. He sleeps sometimes, or rather feigns it now, for the all-seeing and ever-vigilant eye of God is always watching over His Church. Many are the dangers she must course through, betimes and mighty the storms that must overtake her, and though dark waves of persecution that surround her, still she sails safely through all, for the prayers of the faithful are heard by our divine Lord as He commands again the winds and the sea, and there comes a great calm once more. And well may He rebuke the doubting and fearful among us for our little faith when we believe all is lost and the Church is about to be destroyed because of some passing trial or momentary danger, whether that be from enemies without or unfaithful ones within her fold, for we thus doubt the truth of our Lord who has promised "to be with His Church all days, even to the consummation of the world," and who declared "that the gates of hell would not prevail against her." The Church must last as God must last. She has her mission and her doctrines from Him. He is her light and her life, and though born of time she is born for eternity and is destined to live triumphantly with God forever. How we should value the Church and thank God for being of her children! How many the millions that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death! But we are the favored children of God, vessels of election, born in the faith, regenerated by baptism, cleansed and sustained by the holy Eucharist. Let us, then, rejoice in our birthright and sell it for no mess of pottage. Let us be faithful children of holy Church and give to the world proof of the faith that is in us by lives bright with virtue and rich in good deeds.

But not only is the Church God's favored bark, but likewise is each faithful soul, for we are so many fragile barks cast upon the sea of life and Christ our Lord would be to each a guide and Saviour. How many are the rocks and shoals of vice we must avoid, how many and fierce the storms of trials and temptations we must encounter! And who will lead us safely through all unless it be He who can command the winds and waves and make all calm again, and who but awaits our cry, "Lord save us, we perish!" If we fail, then, if

we are lost, it is because we are faithless to God's graces. We seek them not, or, receiving them, throw them away. Our Lord sleeps within us, or rather we are dead in sleep to Him, the voice of conscience is stifled and we sleep the sleep of death by remaining in mortal sin. It is faith that is wanting, full and active faith in our Lord and His promises. Men live the mere natural existence, there is nothing or little of the supernatural in them. They have little or no faith, and hence all their sin and misery and wretchedness. But God wills our salvation, may more, our sanctification, and if they be not accomplished, it is because of our perverse will. We are tempted, it is true, but grace is given us to overcome it and virtue is but perfected, as says the apostle, through trial, through temptation, God is my strength and I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." We are to put our trust in God and we shall not be confounded. We are to have an unflinching confidence in our Lord, and since He bids us ask that we receive and promises that whatever we ask the Father in His name it will be given to us. How unwise, then, to turn away from God and the course He would lead us and go into the broad highway that leads to destruction. This is what we do when we refuse to have our Lord for our guide and Saviour, to be our own lord and master.

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EX-PRIEST CHINIQUEY.

Question—What do you know about Father Chiniquey and his book, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome?" Was he excommunicated, or did he leave the Church because he thought it wrong?—A. C., Montezuma, Ind.

Answer—Chiniquey was suspended from the priesthood for evil conduct on September 28, 1851. This was in Canada. He was given another chance in Illinois, but was suspended a second time on August 19, 1856, by Bishop O'Regan, of Chicago. After his second suspension he organized some of his old parishioners into a schismatical congregation. Finding that the Bishop of the diocese would recognize neither him nor his parish, both went over to the Presbyterians in 1860. In 1862 the Chicago Presbyterian Synod dismissed him for swindling. He had collected monies among the Protestants of France for his Presbyterian seminary and thirty pupils at Chicago. He had neither seminary nor pupils. Chiniquey finally drifted down to the Baptists, who must have been pleased with him, for he remained a member of that sect until his death. Toward the end of his life he lectured under the auspices of the Orangemen and A.P.A.

You can judge the nature of his writings from the character of the man. A Protestant woman many years ago gave me her opinion of "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome": "If the Catholic Church is as bad as Chiniquey painted it, and he remained in it fifty years, he is too much of a scoundrel to be believed under oath."—Cleveland Universe.

Right of the Church to Make Marriage Laws

"Some of our non-Catholic brethren," said Rev. M. J. Riordan of Baltimore, in a recent sermon, "ask by what right the Church assumes to make laws validating or invalidating marriage. This is a fair question and deserves an answer. Marriage is not only a legal relation, but a holy union as well, a divine institution as revealed in Genesis and in the New Testament. The State prescribes conditions and disabilities for marriage in so far as it is purely a civil contract, and the Church does the same in so far as it is a religious act. In certain parts of the United States the civil law makes a marriage between first cousins void and in England for centuries a man might not validly marry his dead wife's sister. The State establishes nullifying matrimonial impediments in order to promote social welfare. The Church does the same thing for the spiritual advantage of her children.

"That the Church's marriage laws do not always agree with those of the State" is natural and necessary. There is no uniform legislation on the subject among the nations or even among the States in our own country. The same persons are held married in one State and unmarried in another. Nor is there any church whose enactments or discipline do not conflict with some civil statutes. Thus certain religious bodies forbid dancing, the sale of liquor and other things which the State permits. The Catholic Church claims a similar jurisdiction over her members in the most sacred of all contracts, that of holy matrimony."

"THE RAMBLER" AGAIN

He Retraces His Steps—Fresh Contributions From the Store-House of His Memory.

During my stay in North Wellington on the occasion of my visit there to last September, I made a flying trip to Mount Forest, and called upon a few old acquaintances, the late lamented Dean O'Connell being amongst the number. Father O'Connell I found full of life and apparently the very embodiment of all that was suggestive of the enjoyment of good health. Dean O'Connell was, I believe, born in Oakville, where resided a number of relatives, Mr. B. I. Regan, an uncle, a most exemplary citizen, whose intimate acquaintance I made away back in the sixties, being one of them. I have had no opportunity of meeting with this excellent man, whose many qualities of head and of heart I learned to admire, and hence cannot say much about him, but whether living or dead, I deem the moment opportune for wishing peace to the honest soul of "Batt" Regan. My first meeting with Father O'Connell was during his school-boy days whilst spending his vacation at the home of his brother John, at Lindsay. It was easy to see that the clever young man had before him a career of honor and of usefulness, and that whatever position he was called upon to fill, either in the Church or in the State, his talents, and his winning personality, would have opened his way to success. Father O'Connell was not an old man when the arm of death fell upon him; indeed he had many years to pass before reaching the Psalmist's span, but no matter, the work which he left behind him proclaims that his life was one of strenuousness, and that the fruits of his labors would do honor to an older priest.

Leaving Mount Forest, where my stay was necessarily brief, I turned my face to the south, and in a day or so I find myself again in the village of Arthur, of which place I had only a few words to say in a recent hurriedly written sketch.

Before the age of railways had fully set in, the Owen Sound road between Guelph and Owen Sound was amongst the leading highways of travel in Ontario. Leading markets were widely apart, and the farmers of those days were obliged to traverse long distances, in search of purchasers of the products of their newly acquired lands. Besides, the stream of living humanity made up of those who had settled in the "Bush," there were many foot-sore travellers moving northward in search of opportunities to become tillers and owners of the soil. Before the whistle of the locomotive echoed through the forests abounding in those regions, "stopping places" were numerous along this great public highway; indeed so abundantly were they in evidence that the poor, weary traveller had only escaped one when he ran up against another. I never can forget a night which I spent in one of those "stopping places." The scene was at "Rocky Mountain," a hamlet south of the village of Arthur, which contained three houses, every one of which dealt out food or drink to the hungry or the thirsty wayfarer. It was on a beautiful summer evening whilst on my way to West Garafaxa, and as I had reached the summit of the Mountains, I was hailed by the proprietor of what appeared to be the leading caravansary in sight, with the question, "In the name of St. Patrick an' ar'n't you the Rambler?" I acknowledged the justice of impeachment at once, when he again said, "Well, by the powers of Moll Kelly, you mustn't pass my house to-night and you will be treated under my roof just as good as if you were after winning Home Rule for Ireland." In vain did I tell him that I had important business of a most urgent character to attend to, and that I should be off. No use—I had to surrender. Shortly after having partaken of a good supper, and taken part in an ordinary conversation, I asked the favor of being put into my little bed. This was readily granted, and I was escorted upstairs to my room by a polite attendant. Here things were upset to such a degree that I readily concluded that "Rocky Mountains" must have been recently visited by a fair-sized earthquake. The door and the door-posts were linked in each other's embrace by one solitary hinge, the bottom had been kicked out of the wash-basin, and the water picher had lost its handle, whilst evidently engaged in some scuffle. I knelt down and said a few prayers, jumped into bed, and commenced reading a copy of the Arthur Enterprise. In about an hour's time I heard the stairs creak under the Landlord's footsteps as he sought my room. "Maybe you'd want a little oil in your lamp," said I assured him that his oil was good, and that I had plenty of it. Shortly I again heard the music of the creaking stairs, as my genial and hospitable host ascended them, his purpose being to make it a night for me under his roof. "Rambler," said he, "how would you like it if I bring up my flute and play for you?" The

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Shan Vhan Vhocht, "The Humors of Glinn," or "The Limerick Races?" I begged of him to remember that even Irish airs at that late hour were out of order, and he acted up to my wishes. He went down stairs, but in less than twenty minutes I had another visit from him. "You can't sleep here wid that fellow snoring next room to you. Say the word an' I'll throw him down stairs heels overhead. I won't allow any man like you to be annoyed in my house. Say the word and down he goes." I assured him that nothing on earth pleased me equal to a good, healthy, double-barrelled snore. He climbed down stairs again only to absent himself not more than fifteen minutes when he appeared once more, perhaps a tenth time. "Rambler, would you like me to give you a song? Spoin! I sing the Galbally Farmer!" "One evening of late to the Town of Tipperary I strayed,

and here his wife happily appeared drags him away to his room, and locks him up. I bade adieu to the "Rocky Mountains" without seeing my friend, whom I have never seen nor heard of since that memorable night.

In the year 1901, when the census enumerators went on decimal rounds representing the Canadian Government, the Village of Arthur had a population of 1,265, and it is not unsafe to say that since then the number has increased by several hundreds. That a great many religions were represented will be seen when I say that there were 450 Catholics, 177 Anglicans, 309 Presbyterians, 315 Methodists, 2 Baptists, 2 disciples, 2 Quakers, 23 Mormons and 5 who did not state their belief. Leading nationalities as well as many of those who are not in the lead, were also represented. Of English origin there were 315, Irish 632, Scotch 233, French 7, German 78, Scandinavian 4, Swiss 13, and one Chinaman who came all the way from the Flowery Kingdom, doubtless for the laudable purpose of assisting to keep the people of Arthur healthy and clean. Any sketch of Arthur would be incomplete without some reference to that monument of zeal, the Catholic church, which meets the eye with its massive proportions. Evidence of Catholic progress and development can be met with on all sides over these regions which I have travelled, but without any desire to indulge a spirit of invidious comparison, I cannot help saying that from my point of view the gem of architectural taste which is the pride and the glory of Arthur, ranks with the very best.

The Irishman who wishes to see his fellow-countryman in the County of Wellington falls very much to accomplish his purpose unless he visits the well-known "16th" of the Township of Peel. I was after the Irishman, and knowing from Ancient history that he colonized the "16th," and stamped upon that prosperous settlement a distinctively Celtic characteristic, I resolved to raid it, or else perish in the attempt. Many years have passed into the valley of history since my first visit to this fine agricultural section, and although subsequent visits, quite numerous in themselves, were made annually, yet twenty-five years—quite a long span in a man's life—have elapsed to the rear of by-gone times, since my last time of calling. During this long interval many of the older generation have gone over to receive their reward, but their sons or grandsons, honorably bearing the name, and upholding the best traditions of a proud race, appear to be firmly rooted in the soil. One of my first acquaintances here was a warm-hearted Irishman and a native, I believe, of the County of Longford—Mr. Peter Farley. This excellent man, at an advanced age, had, after a well-spent life, passed over to the solitude of the tomb recently, but worthy sons of his are settled here, and amongst many other things, inherit his best qualities. I met one of them on the Owen Sound Road, who follows the honored life of a farmer, and another on the "16th" of Peel, whose brick mansion was up to the requirements of any man of my pretensions. Besides my lamented friend, Peter Farley, I remember having met men bearing such names as Kelly, Gaynor, Harcourt, McCarron, Coffey, Campbell. Those fine old names are honorably represented by scions of the older stock to-day. Close to Mr. Edward Campbell's, in whose home I spent a pleasant hour or two, stands the well-known Separate school house of the "16th" of Peel, around which clusters many pleasant recollections. This is decidedly a "house" with a history. Within its walls order and discipline have been upheld whilst a high standard of education has been imparted through the medium of the able men, and the able women placed in charge, and I indulge neither in flattery or exaggeration when I add that from its portals have gone forth to engage in the battle of life, many clever boys and many clever girls.

There is something very strange associated almost inseparably, with the history of the Separate School house on the "16th" of Peel, and that is, the regularity and the readiness with which the young men and the young women who are placed in charge change their condition in life.

In plain, unadorned, unvarnished, and unadulterated, robust English, let me say that they actually go and get married! And the Trustees are obliged to seek a new substitute. In giving this information which I wish to be kept a profound secret, the act must not be interpreted as if I

wished to warn young men and young women who are engaged in the honorable profession of teaching to keep away from the 16th of Peel. Westward a few miles I reach Goldstone, where I take the G.T.R. train for Guelph and thence to Berlin and Waterloo. Here amongst the level-headed and progressive Germans, I spend a pleasant day or two.

RAMBLER.

The Marriage Law

In reply to several questions the Sacred Congregation has promulgated the following decisions on the new marriage law:

Q. Is the exception made for Germany by the Constitution "Provida," to be considered as merely local or also personal?—After consulting the Holy Father the reply is given that the exception only holds for those born in Germany and contracting marriage in Germany. (S. Cong. Council, 18th March, 1908.)

Hence Germans in England or America and Englishmen or Americans in Germany cannot contract a mixed marriage validly without the presence of a priest.

Q. For lawful celebration of marriage must a month's residence only be considered?—Yes.

Or must quasi-domicile be considered?—No.

Hence the priest need not make any enquiries of those living in his district for a month whether they intend to remain for the greater part of a year.

Q. Can espousals be celebrated not only before the Ordinary or parish priest, but also before one delegated by either of them?—No.

Apparently this withdraws from priest or Bishop the power of delegating a priest as the single privileged witness of a written engagement, though they can delegate him to assist at the marriage.

Q. Can espousals be celebrated only before the Ordinary or parish priest of one's domicile or of one's residence for a month, or may they be celebrated before any Ordinary or parish priest?

They may be celebrated before any Ordinary or parish priest within the borders of his own territory.

The Lindsay Free Press, which is in the first months of the first year of its existence, has already given evidence of its right to that survival which is everywhere accorded the "fittest." With a mechanical appearance that commends itself to the professional eye, it is likewise well edited and the versatility it displays makes its literary interest somewhat above the ordinary. In its issue of this week we note amongst other interesting items a lecture on Ireland and the Dublin Exhibition by Mr. Parnell McHugh and the full text of a sermon on Pentecost by Archdeacon Casey. Such items are not always given full space in the secular papers and may therefore be considered special features of the Free Press. The new paper will doubtless prosper.

The Right Rev. Paul Eugene Roy, who was consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec on May 11th, is one of a family of twenty, fifteen of whom are living, and four of whom are priests.

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