

assaulted and battered woman who washed the feet of our Lord at the house of Simon the Pharisee and the woman who performed the same act in the house of Simon the leper (Luke vii, 37; Matthew, xxvi, 7) are identical. The name Magdalen is not "the family name." It is taken from the town Magdala on the shore of the lake of Galilee.

The woman from whom seven devils had gone forth (Luke viii, 2) is not distinct from the sinner of Luke vii, 37. The identity of the two has been commonly accepted, in the western Church at least, from the time of St. Gregory.

My correspondent questions the right of calling our asylums for our poor fallen sisters Magdalen Homes. He interprets this casting out of seven devils to mean the poor creature was simply demented or insane. Here he is clearly astray. The expression "seven devils" occurs in connection with only one other incident in the gospels (Luke xi, 20), and then evidently denotes a sinful state of life, or a guilty surrender to the possession of devils. The number "seven" is often taken to symbolize the seven deadly sins. It seems reasonable to interpret the casting out of seven devils in the light of xi, 20. And thus your objection is groundless. "A. C. R." Your own explanation of (St. Mark, v, 2) is as good as any other.

I will be pleased to hear from you again.

"S. C." (Sarnia, Ontario). The society you mention is not formally condemned by the Church. But the advisability of Catholics joining it is another question. A purely non-Catholic organization like that is no place for a good Catholic. There are innumerable dangers in such an atmosphere and environment. And for the life of me I can't see why any Catholic should join such a society. Have we not plenty of good Catholic societies of our own? Surely there is room and to spare in the Knights of Columbus, the C. O. F., the A. O. H., the M. B. A., and kindred organizations for every genuine Catholic. There is something wrong with the man who thinks a non-Catholic society more respectable than a Catholic. A good sincere, open Protestant we can understand and respect, but a Catholic who is ashamed of his faith is a despicable object.

"Lex" wants to know the author and the words of "The Sister of Charity." This beautiful poem was written by Gerald Griffin, and although it makes no mention of my name, I quote it, for my own. For I think it is one of the grandest tributes ever paid to the silent Sisterhood—the gentle, saintly ladies who give up home and friends and everything, and bury themselves in some lowly cloister there, like another Moses, to wait with heaven for the souls of men. You never read their names in the newspapers, nor monuments of marble or bronze are raised to them in the public places, the world turns its back upon them because they have turned their backs on the world, only in the Eucharist, where their souls are remembered, for they serve a King who never forgets. It is only the Great Day will reveal who wins more souls for Christ—the priest in the pulpit or the Sister in the silent cell, for even a Tennyson admitted "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Here then is Griffin's beautiful tribute.

## SISTER OF CHARITY

"She once was a lady of honor and wealth,  
Bright glow'd on her features the roses of health;  
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,  
And her motion shook perfume from every fold;  
Joy rell'd around her—love shone at her side,  
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;  
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,  
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,  
That called her to live for the suffering race;  
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,  
Rose quickly like Mary, and answered, "I come."  
She put from her person the trappings of pride,  
And pass'd from her home with the joy of a bride,  
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,  
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,  
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—  
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,  
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.  
Forgot in the halls that high-sounding name,  
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;  
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,  
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move,  
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;  
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem,  
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;  
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain,  
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;  
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,  
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bowd a pallet—her trinkets a bead,  
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read;  
Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her head;  
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head;  
Her cushion—the pavement that wears her knee;  
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease;

The delicate lady lives mortified there,  
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,  
Are the care of that heaven-minded virgin confined,  
Like Him Whom she loves, to the mansions of grief  
She hastens with the tidings of joy and relief.

She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,  
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;  
Where want and affliction on mortal attend,  
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters its breath,  
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapours of death;  
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,  
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.  
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-lain face,  
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;  
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,  
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!  
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;  
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,  
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.  
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men,  
Ye fireless philanthropists great at the pen,  
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed  
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid!

In this age of idle philosophizing and fire-side philanthropy, self-constituted economists cry "away with these idle votaries, down with the monasteries." They are unproductive, and in this busy twentieth century there is no place for them. Are they unproductive, Mr. Critic? Apparently to be a prophet and a reformer one must be born blind. And even if we did not see all around and about us the evidences of their work, was it not written "not by bread alone doth man live." But this is the twentieth century, and your social reformer has improved upon Christ.

The right of free association is one of those inalienable rights sanctioned and boasted of in modern society, rights which have a right to come together and work for that ideal, and they have a further right to remind those who are called to mind their own business. If the economist says that central buildings are unnecessary, the monk or the nun might reply that costly parliament buildings are unnecessary also. The man with the "economic sense" may say the parliament buildings are necessary for the state. But the recluse might reply that there are interests immeasurably more important than the concerns of the State, and that the association to which he belongs was formed to promote those higher interests. No doubt his reply would be ruled out of court by the economist. For some people, as we cannot see beyond their nose, and in the regions where Mammon is God, prayer and contemplation have no market value. If you remind them that their own poet says "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," they will probably give you minute directions how to find the nearest lunatic asylum. For every dog knows his own kennel.

We have no patience with those mock philanthropists who would save us from ourselves. But are we, sane Christians, sufficiently conscious of what we owe to these great monastic orders of men and women? And above all, have we any adequate idea of the work done by the silent Sisters in church, school, hospital and home? Even a Griffin could not describe it.

When we examine the lives of the great immortals of literature, seldom do we find an instance where we can admire the artist and love the man. Griffin is a notable exception. His was a model life, and his writings are like the man—immaculate. His was an uphill fight, but he climbed the ladder of fame without doing violence to his conscience. He did not seek consolation in low companionship or the alluring glass; he did not fall at his fate and end all in the poisoned cup. He endured the scoffs of publishers, the cruelty of managers, the galling chains of poverty, yet, even the cruel pangs of hunger. But he never forgot the lessons of piety inculcated by an Irish mother, and as a reward he received the grace of a religious vocation.

His famous tragedy "Gaius" was written whilst still a mere boy. It has been said of his best known book, "The Collegians," that he who can read some of its beautiful passages without a sigh, can read all Shakespeare without a sigh. And of all his writings it is true that we rise from his personal feeling better towards the world, and ourselves.

Griffin was born in Limerick City, Dec. 12th, 1803, the fatal year of Emmet's attempted revolution. He died in the north of the Irish Christian Brothers in Dublin, June 12th, 1840, before he had yet completed his thirty-seventh year. When he had won fame and wealth and a secure place in the world of letters, he abandoned his calling, destroyed all his unpublished manuscripts, regretted every moment that he had passed in the field of literature as worse than loss, and buried himself far from the maddening crowd behind the walls of the Brothers' Monastery. Thus he had read that to be unknown and despised is the greatest glory of a Christian, and he was to be humble of heart, great things are revealed. In the quiet cemetery of his order at the North Monastery, Cork, his ashes lie waiting the Eternal Dawn. A bunch of withered shamrocks are on the desk before me as I pen these lines, plucked from his lowly grave one August evening in 1900.

Four hundred and thirty-six years ago on the third of March, Michael Angelo was born. Nine years later in the same month of March, Raphael, one of the few great artists of all times, was born. Vandyke is also a March man, but he comes one hundred and sixteen years later.

Correspondence for the Corner should be addressed "Columba" care of Rev. D. A. Caser, St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterboro, Ont.

## PAROCHIAL BUSINESS METHODS

Just as every ordinary man is, barring minor details, much like every other ordinary man, so every normal Catholic parish bears, in the main, a general resemblance to every other parish. In regard to the latter I except, of course, the very large centres having special features, and also very small ones in purely rural localities.

Now, the Catholic business man who is at all familiar with parochial activities, and whose business affairs carry him from time to time into towns and cities of average size, is likely to notice that, whereas in one town parochial business methods seem somewhat haphazard and at loose ends, in another and similarly situated one, matters apparently run along smoothly and according to fixed rule and system.

Possibly this may be accounted for by one pastor having more experience than another, or somewhat greater administrative ability, or a keener realization that needless labor, worry and friction may be avoided by the adoption of methodical procedure.

Whatever may be the reason assignable for its system, I have one parish of the latter description in mind, though doubtless there are others more or less similarly conducted; and I have managed to gather and compile a considerable number of details of the customs and regulations there in vogue. I will set these methods down briefly because they may interest others, as they have myself, and because they have been found by actual practice to be satisfactory in saving labor and confusion. The worthy pastor could not be induced to do this himself, being rather disposed to hide his light and about as the evidences of his secret in obtaining his consent to my describing the salient features of his system upon the plea that, as they have proved workable and convenient, they might be at least in some respects, interesting and possibly useful to others.

Any opinions expressed are simply my own, and merely ventured for what they may be of service to others.

The following details refer almost exclusively, of course, to temporal matters as being more properly within the scope of a layman's observations:

**THE CEMETERY**

We Catholics reverence the bodies of our dead. We will not tolerate any disrespect to them. We even rescue a Catholic pauper's body from the dissecting table. Best of all, we pay for our departed ones. Yet some of our cemeteries are a disgrace. Weeds, brambles, overgrown graves and walks, and tumble-down monuments are everywhere. Perhaps our cemetery maps are out of date, or that the association to which he belongs was formed to promote those higher interests. No doubt his reply would be ruled out of court by the economist. For some people, as we cannot see beyond their nose, and in the regions where Mammon is God, prayer and contemplation have no market value. If you remind them that their own poet says "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," they will probably give you minute directions how to find the nearest lunatic asylum. For every dog knows his own kennel.

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There are few pastors who do not find it necessary at times to enlist the temporary services of the laity in one or more of their parish activities. In the parish I refer to this is also frequently done. In addition, however, the pastor permanently employs a business man of experience and good will, at a nominal stipend of \$50 per annum, to relieve him of the drudgery of the book-keeping relating to pew rents, pastoral dues, cemetery affairs, annual statements, and all such matters. This expenditure is more than offset in several respects. First, the payment of it relieves the pastor of soliciting assistance, for it gives him a formal right to require it at the hands of the principal. Second, it insures the uninterrupted and methodical receipt of revenues during his temporary absence, or an illness. Third, it relieves him before and after Mass, and at other inconvenient seasons, of the confusion and labor caused by people thrusting pews, pastoral dues and other dues into his hands when he is otherwise busy, and has not time to carefully record the same, or give receipts. Fourth, a desirable degree of accuracy is obtained in listing all receipts and publishing the statements of the various funds. Lastly, it gives him valuable time to attend without distraction to what is more essential in many respects, and more to his taste, namely, the spiritual matters constantly claiming his time and vigilance.

Now, it is altogether probable that some discreet and reliable man can be found in every parish who will gladly lend the pastor such assistance on a nominal salary, and who would be always courteous, respectful and tactful to all.

First, it is an absolutely strict rule that he must be at his table at the church entrance twenty minutes before the commencement of the two principal Masses, having his books ready to receive church dues. Second, it is essential to the accurate keeping of the accounts, that the pastor publicly authorize and instruct the people to pay all such dues to the book-keeper, and not to himself; except, of course, Mass intentions or anything of a private and special nature.

It is also the book-keeper's duty to keep the pastor's cemetery map and records up-to-date, receive payment for lots sold, and compile the two principal annual reports (mentioned already under heading of "Cemetery") say thrice a year in order to prevent cemetery matters from getting into confusion—a thing sure to happen if vigilance is not constantly exercised. He should provide himself with at least a pencil copy of the cemetery map to be kept in his pocket, and have a quick reference when lots are to be sold in a hurry. From this map he will keep the pastor's map constantly corrected. He also has other duties which will develop as we proceed.

**FEW RENTS**

Everybody knows how few rents will come straggling in at all seasons instead of at the appointed times. The book-keeper's unflinching presence at church entrance with his open Pew Register is a perennial reminder to the forgetful, and to the shirk. Besides, it is a great convenience to the people to always know just when and where to find some one authorized to receive their payments, and straighten out mistakes, if any. During the following week, or a later than the next Sunday, he produces his books before the pastor and turns over all receipts—preferably in the form of a cheque on a bank. On the back of the cheque is detailed the totals thus: Pew Rents \$—, Cemetery \$—, Building Fund \$—, Total \$—.

For each of such totals the pastor initials in the book-keeper's detail books. From these cheques the pastor should, before cashing them, transfer the totals on back of them to his own private book, so that, at end of the year, a few minutes of comparison with the detail books (which ordinarily should be always kept in vestry) will show whether he has received his cheques for every church fund actual bank cheques can easily be obtained and referred to for comparison. The whole plan is quite simple and efficient, as has been proved by some five years' trial.

**INSURANCE**

One of the book-keeper's duties should be to have a rigid oversight over the parochial insurance policies, and hence

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for this purpose he should have them in his possession; and an Insurance Register in which the principal particulars can be seen at a glance.

There are unsuspected dangers to the unwary in connection with fire policies—principally three. First, unless steps are taken to watch the expiry dates, any one of the policies may "run out" without warning. It is not safe to rely upon the insurance agent; he may be and sometimes is, negligent. Second, the words describing the building (which are generally furnished the company by the agent himself) especially regarding the roofing material, and the ceiling, may be so inaccurate as to make the policies disputable in case of fire. In one parish no less than three agents were guilty of such errors; fortunately the flaws were discovered in good time.

Third, policies are void unless each company granting policies on some building acknowledges in writing that it is cognizant of all the policies held on the same risk by other companies. To overcome this bother and difficulty, each company should be asked to grant in writing the following permit: "Further concurrent insurance permitted on this risk without notice up to \$— in all." Insurance companies will grant this concession to churches if demanded. Lastly, no policy should as a rule, be taken out with any but well known concerns, "tariff companies" preferred. "Non-tariff" companies are a trifle cheaper but not so generally solid. In case of fire, should any policies turn out worthless from any of the above flaws, the Bishop would surely have to be

reckoned with, not to mention the disgust of the parishioners.

**PASTORAL DUES**

It is every Catholic's bounden duty—nay, solemn obligation—to contribute to the support of his pastor. Nevertheless, it seems that a certain percentage neglect to do so; and especially some young men and women who are earning wages. These latter appear to lightly exempt themselves, probably because they are not heads of families; and as they are in many cases still living at home, they conclude that the dues paid by their parents cover their obligation. There is often also a sprinkling of European immigrants who, accustomed perhaps to a "state church" in the countries from which they have come, the clergy of which receive their stipends from the state, do not readily grasp the very different conditions prevailing here. The following plan has been found to go far to remedy this state of affairs:

A week or more before Easter and Christmas, the pastor mails to absolutely every member of the parish, male and female, from whom the payment of at least some dues might reasonably be expected, a printed card conveying the season's greetings, and an envelope printed to suggest the placing in it of pastoral dues. It is not a demand, yet it hints strongly of duty. This, of course, entails some considerable labor, but the net result where it has been adopted has been that within five years the offerings have nearly doubled, though the congregations had not largely increased. And

## HER DEATH WAS HOURLY EXPECTED

Enterprise, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1908.  
"For seven years I suffered with what physicians called a 'Water Tumor.' I Hypodermics of morphia had to be given me to ease the pain.



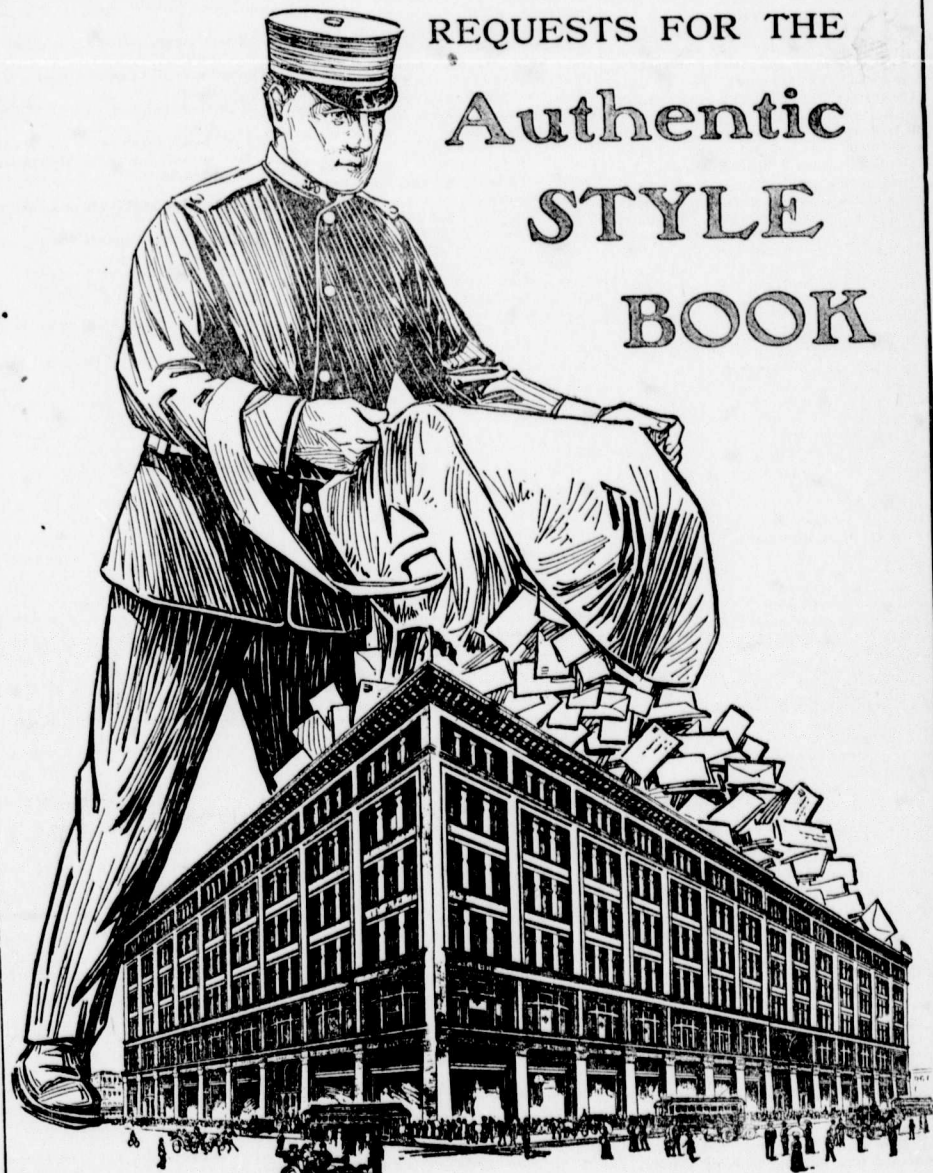
Mrs. James Fenwick  
My cure seemed hopeless, and my friends hourly expected my death. I was so bad that I wanted to die, and it was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept up the treatment, however, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when I appeared on the street my friends said, 'The dead has come to life,' and this seemed literally true, because I certainly was at death's door."  
(Signed) MRS. JAMES FENWICK.  
"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c, or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

besides, those who contribute to anything are always more interested, not to mention the spiritual blessing of complying with a solemn precept of the Church.  
On Christmas and Easter days it requires, of course, extra collectors at the churches, but this is not a large item.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE EIGHT

## REQUESTS FOR THE

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