

## FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.

SOLEMNITY OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

To-day, my dear brethren, is Rosary Sunday, and we cannot do better than to consider this morning the excellence of this popular devotion and the spiritual advantages that flow from its cultivation. The Rosary is one of the oldest special devotions in the Catholic Church, and it is the most universal because it appeals to the faith and fervor and intelligence of all classes. It combines the highest forms of vocal and mental prayer—the prayers taught us by our Blessed Redeemer Himself, by the Angel Gabriel, by St. Elizabeth, and by the Holy Church, and its meditations embrace the chief events in the divine life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is, in fact, a sort of summary of the Gospel, and supplies in a simple way the very best spiritual nutriment to the Christian soul.

The prayer of the Rosary is offered up to Almighty God through the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, and six long centuries bear witness to its efficacy. The devotion of the beads was, as you know, introduced by the great St. Dominic in the thirteenth century, and ever since his time it has been a favorite form of prayer with the saints of God. It has been approved again and again by the Supreme Authority in the Church, and several of the Popes have enriched it with indulgences, and the practice of it has come to be regarded as a mark of the true spirit of Catholic faith and loyalty, and even as an earnest of perseverance and salvation. Our present great Pontiff, Leo XIII., has the greatest devotion to it, and recommends its recitation most earnestly as a means of obtaining the divine assistance for the needs of the Church in our day.

With this end in view he has established the October devotions, and he implores the faithful throughout the world to say the Rosary every day during this month for the general good of religion. And surely every Catholic in whose heart there is any real love of God and His Holy Church will gladly unite with the millions of Christians in telling his beads for the religious welfare of mankind. But our devotion to the Rosary should not be confined to one month in the year; it should be as constant as the rising and setting of the sun itself. It should be a daily form of prayer with each and every one of us.

There is no household worthy of the name of a Christian home in which the Rosary should not be recited every evening as a family prayer; and there is no individual Catholic man or woman, no matter what his station or condition may be, who should not carry their beads, and say them regularly; nay more, all good Catholics ought to have their names enrolled in the confraternity of the living Rosary, and take part in their world-wide communion of prayer and propitiation. For, beset as we are by spiritual dangers and temptations, we need a special bond of union and strength, and where can we find one more simple and efficacious than this?

Have you troubles in your family? Say the beads every day, and see if your troubles will not cease? Have you passions to overcome? Recite the Rosary faithfully, and see if you will not gain the mastery over them? Some time ago a poor slave of intemperance came to take the pledge; he acknowledged that he had broken through the pledge several times already. "Are you really in earnest? do you want to get rid of the cursed passion for drink?" the priest asked. "If you are in earnest go to the Sacrament, and go to work and say the Rosary every day, that you may have grace to persevere in keeping your pledge." "Father," said he, "I'll do it. I'll go and get beads, and have them blessed at once." And the poor fellow has said the Rosary every day since, and he has kept his pledge. How many homes in our midst would be made happy if the victims of this horrible vice would follow this example and apply this simple remedy! For there is no vice that may not be overcome by persevering in prayers, and there is no prayer more powerful than the prayer of the Rosary.

## A MILITANT JESUIT.

The prompt action of Rev. Father Casey of St. Augustine's, Brookland, D. C., in capturing and chastising a poor-box robber whom he caught in his Church, reminds us of a story told of one of the Jesuits stationed at Conewago, Pa. The worthy father, who has long since passed to his reward, was a fitting follower of the great St. Ignatius, and he had achieved much popularity throughout the countryside. However, some one-man, a braggart and a bigot, saw fit to cast a villainous aspersions upon the order, and upon the Conewago congregation in particular. Conewago, be it remarked, is like (and was more so at the time of which we are writing) a pearl of Catholicity, in a setting that was openly hostile to the faith. Such a story, therefore, as this man fabricated, spread far and wide, to the great edification of the poor believers. One day the Reverend Father was visiting a little town near by, when the scandal-monger appeared upon the streets. The father accosted him, saying:

"Did you remark so and so?" (mentioning the story).

"I did," answered the other; "and I am ready to back it up."

"You are, are you," said the priest. "Well, in the presence of these witnesses, I characterize your story as a lie and yourself as a liar—and I am ready to back it up."

The man bristled and grew ugly.

"You are hiding behind your robe" (the Jesuit wore his cassock), "and your calling," he sneered, "with an imprecation or two; 'I would drive those words down your throat if you were not a priest!'"

"All right," said the Reverend Father, "I will not disappoint you. I will lay aside my robe to chastise rascality." Smiting the action to the word he began to doff his gown, when the braggart, seeing his stern intentions,

backed through the circle and beat a precipitate retreat.

Perhaps, will cavil some, the Jesuit should have shown more patience. At any rate his courage won for himself and for his Church a certain victory. The scandal died a natural death, the braggart lost many a friend; and the tale of the Jesuit "who would lay aside his robe to chastise rascality" is still told in beautiful Conewago.

## THE LOVELY HEIGHTS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.

that she became the worse of wear, so I decided to give her a vacation, and I put her in the compartment with the "Dream of fair men."

After some further study of current literature, I concocted a villain, one so vile, that I shuddered myself at the deeds I had to let him do in order to fit him for the public. I also made a sleuth, to run him down; one that could see through a stone wall, or tell what you had for breakfast, by getting a glimpse of your coat tails as you turned the corner. I read it to Belinda, and asked her opinion, for want of a better.

"Well," she began, as she twisted the baby's curls around her finger, "you've written it all right, but it seems to me that we get enough of that in the daily papers; besides, I think such descriptions are interesting chiefly to those who wish to do likewise."

"Nonsense," I replied, "if the public didn't hunger for such stuff, it wouldn't be printed. You'll see, my villain'll take it."

So I sent my villain forth, to win fame and money for me; but it seemed as if he had scarcely time to speak for himself, when he came stalking back, under a convoy of postage stamps.

"Not suitable for our needs," said the slip.

I started him out again, and again; but after many weary journeyings, I placed him, also on the retired list in the "ejection compartment."

Was I discouraged? Not a bit. Success was somewhere ahead of me, and now, as I had my chance I must find it.

"Keep pegging away," was the advice that Jack gave me when he last wrote.

I began studying the magazines, for another theme. Animal stories, I thought, seemed a promising field. So I went to work with a will, and soon produced, "Nanny's goat."

That goat was a dandy. I thought I had made him do everything that the public could possibly expect of him.

"I feel sure that he at least, will butt me into print," I confided to Belinda, as I finished reading it to her.

"If the editor doesn't butt him out," was the dry answer.

"Belinda," I said severely, "it is well for us that I can see the merit in my work, even if you can't."

"It is at least well for the postal department," she agreed.

Well I sent my goat out to make the rounds, while I went on writing more stories on the same lines, so sure was I that I had at last struck the right trail.

The Brown Mule," which came trotting back to me, with a slip which read, "overstocked with such matter." Nevertheless, I kept him out looking for a job till he was pretty well worn, then I put him into the compartment, to enjoy his well-earned rest.

During the period of Billy's wanderings, I had been busy on other animal stories, of which I considered, "The Brown Mule," the most promising.

"This story is bound to be a winner," I confided to Belinda, "it is different from the others, so easy to write. In fact, it just wrote itself."

"I hope it won't be left to read itself," she answered.

When it was ready to go, I read it to my wife while she was shelling the peas for dinner.

"Don't you think that ought to make a hit?" I asked as I finished.

Belinda was placidly rolling the peas from end to end of a large bread tin, and blowing the chaff from as they rolled. "If it don't get hit," she managed to get out between the blows.

But my mule did get hit, and made his return trips with the same regularity as the others, and he too, at last, went into retirement with the rest of my brain children. There was now quite a family, and they were at least company for one another. They could gossip of their travels, and compare notes about the different editors they had met. I had a great affection for these brain children of mine; nevertheless, it got to be hard to always, meet them with a smile, when they came back, empty-handed; particularly as their travelling expenses were no small consideration to me. The rejection slips usually bore the regrets of the editor. Well I had regrets of my own, and as I hated to interfere, I decided to keep them at home for a time.

The summer was now nearly over, and my \$200 beginning to look small. More-over, Belinda was beginning to have an I-told-you-so expression on her face, so something must be done and I decided to go and have a talk with Jack.

Dear old Jack. He is a man, right from the ground up. He is up in his neck; lives in style, and has an automobile, but his greeting of me was just as hearty as if I was in the same luck.

"How are you making out old chap?" he asked when we were settled in his cosy office.

"Not overly well," I admitted, "I don't seem to be able to write anything that anybody wants, and sometimes I begin to think that after all, I'm only a dreamer, and it isn't in me to write."

"I think it is," returned Jack, with conviction. "If you weren't a dreamer, you could never make a success of fiction."

Then I told him my literary experience from beginning to end. When I finished, he blew the ashes from his cigar, and looked at the ceiling.

"Phil," he asked, "did you ever hire a man to do farm work, that had never tried it before?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering.

"What kind of work did he do?" he asked.

"Why very poor till he learned how

to do the work," I answered.

"Just so," he went on, "he had to learn, and so will you have to learn how to do literary work, the same as you would any other trade."

"But how can I learn?" I asked.

"Then in a nice long talk, he not only made it clear to me that I had gone about my working the wrong way; but also showed me how to go on in the right way. And you just keep on writing," he advised.

"Do you suppose the editors really read my stuff at all?" I asked.

"No fear but you'll get readers. There are plenty of editors, anxious to discover new writers."

"I wish some of them would discover me before that \$200 is all gone."

"You just keep after them, till you make them discover you," was the parting advice.

As a result of my heart to heart talk with Jack, I seemed to see myself as in a mirror, during the short railway journey, that took me home. By the time the train stopped I was in a very chastened frame of mind. I called at the post office, and received a letter that puzzled me a good deal. It bore the name of a magazine that I had once patronized, but I was very curious about it's contents, and watched her closely, as I handed her the letter. She blushed and looked queer; and as she took out a typewritten sheet a slip of paper fluttered to the floor. I picked it up and saw it was a cheque for \$40. As she went on reading, I could see her face fairly beam with pleasure.

"What does it mean?" I asked in a dazed sort of way.

"Oh, Phil," she replied, "I didn't like to tell you unless I succeeded but I, too, have been writing stories."

"You, writing stories," I repeated, still in a maze.

"Yes," she explained, "you know how I like to visit old Goody Brooklet? She is nearly a hundred years old, and her mind is full of the past. Of the later years of her life she has little recollection; but she can go back to her youth and tell a story with a vividness that makes it seem like yesterday. One day I fell to wondering if I could write her stories and make them seem as real to others, as she made them seem to me. So I wrote one and sent it away, and the editor has accepted it and wants more."

I remembered how I used to think that Belinda's visits did more credit to her heart than to her head; and I thought it a proof of her limited intellect, that she could be entertained by the ramblings of a dotting old woman. And yet she had been gathering gems, where I never thought of looking.

"Well," I said as she finished speaking, and I couldn't entirely keep the bitterness out of my voice. "If I put on my overalls, and go to work, and we'll hire a girl, so you can go on with the literary venture."

"No no, Phil," protested my wife, as she came over, and put her arms around me in a coaxing way that she used to have in the early days of our married life, "no, we'll both work, and think, then we'll make up the stories together, and you'll write them. When we succeed, we'll hire both a man and a woman."

So that was how I climbed "The lovely heights," clinging to Belinda's skirts. That is what I'm willing to admit; though she always wants to give me most of the credit, and declares that she never would have written anything, if it wasn't for me.

## A CHURCH THAT COST \$110,000.00.

The great Cathedral of Milan, writes Rev. John Price in the Pittsburgh Observer, owes its existence to a vow made by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, 1386. The material is pure white marble from the quarries of Mount Gandoglia, near the Lago Maggiore, or Greater Lake. The Duke paid for it all.

The present grand temple is erected in the spot occupied by the ancient metropolitan church, which was built A. D. 839, and dedicated to Santa Maria Maggiore. The Cathedral to-day bears over its splendid facade the dedicatory title, "Marine nascenti"—"To Mary giving birth." It thus forms one of the foremost architectural wonders raised to the honor of our Blessed Lord's Mother.

The building is Gothic, with the exception of the front, which was built in Greek style by Pellegrini, and slowly carried until Napoleon in 1805, ordered its completion. Nearly 3,000 statues are on the exterior and in the interior of the edifice, and the cost of the whole imposing structure up to date is set down at 550,000,000 francs, or \$110,000,000.

There is sincerity and faith in the whole edifice. The statues and statuettes, the roses and leaves and the other ornaments, in carved stone, are as carefully and neatly finished away up in the air as they are down below. It was built for God's eye to scan, and hence no flaws or slurs are permissible. It was a monument to Mary the Spotless and Perfect and nothing that was not perfect was considered worthy of a place in this monument in her honor. In length the Cathedral ranks next to St. Peter's in Rome.

## Catholic Young Men.

"Of all the ambitions of life," says Geoffrey Austin, in "The Times," "the most honorable is to be the power of the hearts of young men and kindling in them a passionate reverence for the things that are honorable to God and profitable to men." A noble ambition, truly. Yet there are many of our young Catholic men so warped by the spirit of the world, that, if they imagined one of their fellows, a layman like themselves, had an ambition of this kind, they would remark, "Poor fellow! what sort of thing is all well enough for a youth who intends entering the seminary, but for a layman—!!!"

Sacred Heart Review.

## FALLEN OF THEIR OWN WEIGHT OF UNTRUTH.

The slander against Catholic institutions in Rome and elsewhere in Italy has fallen of its own weight of untruth and violence. The Bessou boy, who told the horrible tales about the Salesian College of Varese, has been declared even by agnostic doctors a degenerate of the most pronounced type. Even the Giornale d'Italia, which first gave importance to the tales based on his "dairy," takes its first impressions back and intimates that the boy had sinister aid in his evil work.

Says this journal:

"Leaving it, therefore, to science to establish the nature and the extent of the phenomenon of this boy who had turned half Italy upside down, we note that anybody who wishes to find a written source for this monstrous product has but to remember the lubricious pages of that perverse and infamous writer Leo Tassil, a liar, always, whether he combated Catholics or whether he was attacking freemasonry in the same vituperative way after he became its enemy."

Now the Giornale d'Italia is anything but a friend of the Church, so that the significance of its confessed change of heart is great. Other journals of better standing dismiss the whole Bessou story as not only untrue but impossible. We have already given the circumstantial refutation of other monstrous charges. Some of the Italian papers, in their natural reaction, denounce the Giolitti government for its credulity. —Boston Pilot.

## THE IRISH PEDDLER.

"Will you be surprised," asks Father Tallon, of St. Louis, in a letter from Ireland to the Western Watchman, "to learn that Ireland swarms with Jewish peddlers? They are all Jews. They walk the roads, cross the fields and climb the mountain paths. How it pays them, and how they came to invade Ireland is indeed a mystery. In this connection, let me say I do not remember ever to have read of a tribute paid to the Irish peddler, who certainly belongs to a sterner race. In America he was at his best some sixty or seventy years ago. In the Eastern and middle States he was a plunger in the best sense. He carried the pack along the canals and over the Alleghenies long before the railroads were built, and wherever he went he was an influence for good. He was an apostle. He sold catechisms and rosaries; and he was well up in points of controversy. He blazed the way for the priest and the schoolmaster; a catechist, a lawyer and historian, was this man from Donegal who has received no credit but who deserves much for helping keep the faith and to spread it in the United States."

## Whisky no Cure for Disease.

Whisky neither cures nor prevents consumption, as many persons believe, according to the annual report of the Henry Phipps Institute of Philadelphia, one of the leading institutions in the United States for the treatment of tuberculosis.

The report says:

"As our statistics on alcoholism in tuberculosis grow it becomes more and more manifest that all extreme views upon this subject will have to be abandoned. That alcohol neither prevents nor cures tuberculosis is evident from the number of alcoholics who have come for treatment, and it does not strongly predispose to the disease seems to stand out prominently from the vast preponderance of non-alcoholics among the applicants for treatment. Neither can it be shown that the children of alcoholics are more prone to tuberculosis than the children of non-alcoholics."

## The Rosary.

Every true Catholic loves to recite the Rosary, that beautiful devotion of Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God. No devotion is more sanctifying than this. If properly recited, it brings before our minds all the great mysteries of our faith. It teaches us the part that Mary played in the wonderful mystery of the Incarnation, and how, by her co-operation, she aided in the work of man's salvation. No prayer is so suitable or so well adapted to our times and to our wants as the Rosary.

The recitation of the Rosary should enter into the rule of life of every devout Catholic. A household in which Mary is honored and loved is a happy one.—True Voice.

## Another Kind of Infant.

From the New York Sun.

She had been looking around the drug and toilet goods department of one of the big shops for some time when a clerk approached her.

"Haven't you anything harder than these?" she asked, holding up a rubber teething ring.

"None responded the clerk; "those are the hardest that come."

"Oh, dear," said the woman; "he has chewed up three of those already."

"Chewed them up?" exclaimed the clerk. "I don't see how a baby—"

"Oh it isn't a baby," she exclaimed. "I want it for my little dog."

Every moment of time may be made to bear the burden of something which is eternal.

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