

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASCENSION

THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE

"Be prudent, therefore, and watch in prayer." (St. Peter, iv, 7)

What a happiness many Christians have at the Easter-time through Confession and Communion, and how desirable it is that this happiness should continue! I will tell you how to be always thus happy. Wage a constant warfare against your evil passions; for sin is the only thing that can deprive you of the joy which you now have. But you will say, "It is hard to be always striving." I answer, that the victorious in any contest do not notice the labor which their triumph costs. Defeat is what makes warfare painful. For you only to be resolute and arm yourself with God's grace, which is given most abundantly, and defeat is impossible. God has provided help for you in all possible difficulties. He will not abandon you unless you throw down your arms. You have already gained much in obtaining God's friendship. Your hardest fight was when you were doing penance to get this friendship. What a pity it would be to throw away what has cost you so much labor!

"Be prudent, therefore," and do not let yourselves be ensnared again by evil. Consider the great happiness which you now have, and compare it with your great misery when you were in danger of being lost for ever. Experience is a great teacher, and it is folly not to profit by it. See how it has been with you. When you consented to sin you were cheated by the pleasure that you found in it. You had to suffer an hour of pain for every moment of gratification, and your soul was agitated, depressed, and sorrowful. Besides, in this unhappy state you deserved only everlasting pains.

Now that you have the happiness of being in God's favor, how you ought to strive not to lose it! Show your prudence by "watching in prayer." Since the Paschal Communion have you watched yourself? or have the old habits of neglect once more begun to appear? Have those morning and evening prayers been omitted? Watch. These are the beginnings which prepare the way for a fall into sin. Your prayers are your chief defence. God's assistance is continually necessary for all, and it is granted through prayer.

The assistance of God continues while the habit of prayer lasts, but no longer. Pray, and all will be well with you. If you do not pray, nothing can save you. Watch for your failings in the duty of prayer, and continually repair and correct them. No temptation can move one who is faithful to prayer. Such a one's salvation is infallibly certain. If you do not pray, you are without excuse, because all, even the greatest sinners, can pray. It is a maxim of the spiritual life that one who is faithful in prayer is faithful in all things. Prayer cures all the disorders of the soul diminishes one's daily faults, takes away the temporal punishment due to sin, increases one's merits, and finally conduces to Paradise.

ENGLISH PRIEST AND AUTHOR NOW WITH US

Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, son of the late Episcopal Archbishop of Canterbury and a distinguished convert to the Catholic faith, well known as a writer, is now in this country. We are quite sure our readers will be interested in the following pen picture of this gifted English priest and author:

"But about your books," I said; "let me ask you again how you contrive to get time for so much writing?"

The question amused him. He pulled a roll of manuscript out of the pocket of his purple-bordered soutane. "You see," he said, "I take my work with me everywhere. The day after I started yesterday, and—"

"It will be finished to-morrow morning," I said.

He laughed heartily. "As a matter of fact at times I don't write for weeks. I know when I take the pen in hand and form a few letters, if I'm in the mood; and if I see that I am not, I throw the pen aside, and wait until the mood comes back. But once started, I write very rapidly, and I scarcely ever rewrite. I know Stevenson did it, and other authors do it, and Stevenson says you can never get your effect at the first shot; but if I rewrite I'd kill my work. I did rewrite one book, and now, when I go home, I mean to burn it."

"Do you live in London?" I asked.

"No, in Bantlingford, in the country, a very beautiful place. I was a curate at Cambridge after my ordination, but now I live at Bantlingford in my own house; I have a chapel there, and a library, and am very happy."

He comes to London every week, and I heard he has engagements for three years to preach a course of sermons in different churches.

I told him I knew Stevenson, and asked if he liked him.

"I never tire of Stevenson," he said. "Stevenson I adore. I can read him over and over again. But I could not read Scott; he bores me to death. I think I've had enough of Kipling. As for De Morgan, I cannot read him at all."

Amongst his own books his favorite is "Richard Rait's Solitary," which is the least successful from a selling point of view. "In fact, it didn't sell at all," he said, "but I prefer it to anything I have written. It professes to be a translation of an old MS., but it is, of course, a work of imagination." He loves things medieval.

His first book written at the Anglican Monastery at Mirfield, while he was still an Anglican. "The Light Invisible," is a collection of stories of a semi-mystical nature, centering round a man he calls a Catholic priest, but whom he means to be neither Roman nor Anglican. "By What Authority," he wrote, too, before he was in the Anglican community, and went home to his mother's house, feeling it a duty to submit to the Catholic Church, his

SHE FAINTED WITH THE AGONY

"Fruit-a-lives" Cured Her Kidneys



Miss MAGGIE JANNACK

MOUNTAIN, ONT., DEC. 14TH 1910

"I desire to let the world know the great debt I owe 'Fruit-a-lives' which saved my life when I had given up hope of ever being well again."

For six years, I suffered from dreadful Kidney Disease. My legs and lower part of my body were fearfully swollen. The pain in my side and legs would be so bad that I would faint with the agony.

Five different doctors attended me and all said it was Kidney Disease and gave me no hope of getting well.

A kind neighbor visited me and mentioned the case of Mrs. Fenwick who had been cured of a sickness like mine. I took "Fruit-a-lives" and in a short time, I began to feel better—the swelling went down—the pains were easier—and soon I was well.

I have gained over 30 pounds since taking "Fruit-a-lives"—and my friends look upon my recovery as a miracle.

(Miss) MAGGIE JANNACK

"Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c— or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

mother desired him to allow himself time and energy for a reaction if such should come. He had read at Mirfield a curious MS. upon the Elizabethan Days of the Church of England, and now began to consider whether he could not make a novelty of it. "The result was that I was soon hard at work upon 'By What Authority.' It was extraordinary how excited I became. I worked for about eight or ten hours every day, either writing or reading or annotating every history and pamphlet I could lay my hands upon. In fact, I wrote myself into the Church, and after my reception by Father Reginald Barker, O. P., I went back to my mother's house, and finished it. I am writing another novel now on Elizabethan times. It will be published shortly."

EVERYONE WHO DESIRES TO WRITE CAN

write. Writing books and preaching, and performing all the other duties of a priest form only a part of Monsignor Benson's work. He has a huge correspondence, mostly from people thinking of submitting to the Church. He answers them all, and for a purpose he keeps a shorthand writer and typewriter.

A reviewer the other day remarked that Monsignor Benson's clever anticipations of scientific inventions are not excelled in vividness or verisimilitude by those of Mr. Wells, and he draws attention to the extraordinary power with which he describes various terrestrial phenomena as seen from above the earth. Now, will those who have read his books, and who are reading "The Dawn of All," believe that Monsignor Benson never saw a flying machine or a flying man?

"How, then, do you do it?" I asked.

"I have the power of visualization," he said. "I take my work with me everywhere. The day after I started yesterday, and—"

"It will be finished to-morrow morning," I said.

He laughed heartily. "As a matter of fact at times I don't write for weeks. I know when I take the pen in hand and form a few letters, if I'm in the mood; and if I see that I am not, I throw the pen aside, and wait until the mood comes back. But once started, I write very rapidly, and I scarcely ever rewrite. I know Stevenson did it, and other authors do it, and Stevenson says you can never get your effect at the first shot; but if I rewrite I'd kill my work. I did rewrite one book, and now, when I go home, I mean to burn it."

"Do you live in London?" I asked.

"No, in Bantlingford, in the country, a very beautiful place. I was a curate at Cambridge after my ordination, but now I live at Bantlingford in my own house; I have a chapel there, and a library, and am very happy."

He comes to London every week, and I heard he has engagements for three years to preach a course of sermons in different churches.

I told him I knew Stevenson, and asked if he liked him.

"I never tire of Stevenson," he said. "Stevenson I adore. I can read him over and over again. But I could not read Scott; he bores me to death. I think I've had enough of Kipling. As for De Morgan, I cannot read him at all."

Amongst his own books his favorite is "Richard Rait's Solitary," which is the least successful from a selling point of view. "In fact, it didn't sell at all," he said, "but I prefer it to anything I have written. It professes to be a translation of an old MS., but it is, of course, a work of imagination." He loves things medieval.

His first book written at the Anglican Monastery at Mirfield, while he was still an Anglican. "The Light Invisible," is a collection of stories of a semi-mystical nature, centering round a man he calls a Catholic priest, but whom he means to be neither Roman nor Anglican. "By What Authority," he wrote, too, before he was in the Anglican community, and went home to his mother's house, feeling it a duty to submit to the Catholic Church, his

I suppose, the most profile of all living writers. The parish priest here is a countryman of Father Kearsney's, too; and "the most lovable man I know," said Monsignor Benson. He certainly looked the picture of sweetness and light. He left us smoking in the library, and in the course of conversation the Monsignor told me how he came to join the Church. It is a long story, and as it will be told in a book from his own fascinating pen, shortly to be published, I do not intend to enter into the details here.

Briefly then he was intended for the Indian civil service, but at Cambridge he decided to become a clergyman. After his father's death in 1879 his health suddenly broke down, and he went abroad, and saw facts as they were, and didn't look at things through provincial spectacles any more. "I felt out of communion with the great body of Christians," he said; "I felt it traveling through France and Italy, where the Church of England is unknown. You yourself must have been struck by that fact," he remarked.

I said I noticed that if a man were asked anywhere in Italy if he were a Protestant, he would answer no; that he was a "Christian!"

"Just so," said Monsignor Benson, laughing; "and I felt my isolation also in Egypt, and violently in Jerusalem. Here in the birthplace of Christendom we were less than nothing. I began for the first time to be aware of an instinct for Catholic communion, but I crushed down the thought as a temptation."

He went back to England, and worked as a curate in a congenial atmosphere, until he became restless once more. Then he sought a refuge in an Anglican religious community, called the Community of the Resurrection, founded by Dr. Gore, now Bishop of Oxford, and having their home in a great house standing in their own gardens at the top of a hill above the Valley of Calder. Their external life was a modification of the old religious rules, and resembled a kind of combination of the Redemptorist and Benedictine. Their time was devoted to mission preaching and study. He was very happy here.

"Do you know Yorkshire?" he asked.

I told him I had just been holidaying there, and had been over the ground where Frank Guesley and the disreputable Major and Mrs. Truscott wander in "None Other Gods." And he then dwelt lovingly upon his four years' life there. The priest at Dewsbury had told me that he occasionally discovered Benson, who was at the time an Anglican minister, in the Catholic church praying before the Blessed Sacrament, but Benson did not mention this circumstance himself, though he said, "I used to say the rosary every day."

Indeed he had come to believe in the doctrine of the Catholic Church except the Pope's infallibility.

"In traveling, giving missions in parishes," he said, "I saw the extraordinary divisions in the Anglican Church, the strange varieties of doctrine and ceremony. And I used to hurry back to Mirfield, as to a refuge, for there at least there was peace and unanimity."

But negative reasons do not bring one into the Church, and the positive reasons that led to his conversion were chiefly the marks of the Church. "Christendom I saw in two great divisions—those who believe in Peter, and those who do not. I saw that those who believe in Peter are united on every point of doctrine, and those who do not believe in Peter are not united on one point of doctrine except the existence of God. This belief then is essential to the integrity of the faith."

He studied everything he could lay his hands on; "Development of Doctrine," Newman's "Development of Doctrine" that pointed me to the facts, led my eye from this point to that, and showed me the Catholic Church, the whole glorious erection standing upon an unshakable foundation, and soaring to heaven."

All the time he confided in his mother, and she accompanied him to the railway station when he left home to submit to the Church at the Dominican Priory at Woodchester; later on she saw him off at the Victoria Station, London, when he was going to Rome to study for the Catholic priesthood. Nothing could better illustrate the attitude of religious Anglicans in England towards the Catholic Church.

He studied everything he could lay his hands on; "Development of Doctrine," Newman's "Development of Doctrine" that pointed me to the facts, led my eye from this point to that, and showed me the Catholic Church, the whole glorious erection standing upon an unshakable foundation, and soaring to heaven."

All the time he confided in his mother, and she accompanied him to the railway station when he left home to submit to the Church at the Dominican Priory at Woodchester; later on she saw him off at the Victoria Station, London, when he was going to Rome to study for the Catholic priesthood. Nothing could better illustrate the attitude of religious Anglicans in England towards the Catholic Church.

He studied everything he could lay his hands on; "Development of Doctrine," Newman's "Development of Doctrine" that pointed me to the facts, led my eye from this point to that, and showed me the Catholic Church, the whole glorious erection standing upon an unshakable foundation, and soaring to heaven."

All the time he confided in his mother, and she accompanied him to the railway station when he left home to submit to the Church at the Dominican Priory at Woodchester; later on she saw him off at the Victoria Station, London, when he was going to Rome to study for the Catholic priesthood. Nothing could better illustrate the attitude of religious Anglicans in England towards the Catholic Church.

He studied everything he could lay his hands on; "Development of Doctrine," Newman's "Development of Doctrine" that pointed me to the facts, led my eye from this point to that, and showed me the Catholic Church, the whole glorious erection standing upon an unshakable foundation, and soaring to heaven."

All the time he confided in his mother, and she accompanied him to the railway station when he left home to submit to the Church at the Dominican Priory at Woodchester; later on she saw him off at the Victoria Station, London, when he was going to Rome to study for the Catholic priesthood. Nothing could better illustrate the attitude of religious Anglicans in England towards the Catholic Church.

He studied everything he could lay his hands on; "Development of Doctrine," Newman's "Development of Doctrine" that pointed me to the facts, led my eye from this point to that, and showed me the Catholic Church, the whole glorious erection standing upon an unshakable foundation, and soaring to heaven."

All the time he confided in his mother, and she accompanied him to the railway station when he left home to submit to the Church at the Dominican Priory at Woodchester; later on she saw him off at the Victoria Station, London, when he was going to Rome to study for the Catholic priesthood. Nothing could better illustrate the attitude of religious Anglicans in England towards the Catholic Church.

He studied everything he could lay his hands on; "Development of Doctrine," Newman's "Development of Doctrine" that pointed me to the facts, led my eye from this point to that, and showed me the Catholic Church, the whole glorious erection standing upon an unshakable foundation, and soaring to heaven."

All the time he confided in his mother, and she accompanied him to the railway station when he left home to submit to the Church at the Dominican Priory at Woodchester; later on she saw him off at the Victoria Station, London, when he was going to Rome to study for the Catholic priesthood. Nothing could better illustrate the attitude of religious Anglicans in England towards the Catholic Church.

He studied everything he could lay his hands on; "Development of Doctrine," Newman's "Development of Doctrine" that pointed me to the facts, led my eye from this point to that, and showed me the Catholic Church, the whole glorious erection standing upon an unshakable foundation, and soaring to heaven."

All the time he confided in his mother, and she accompanied him to the railway station when he left home to submit to the Church at the Dominican Priory at Woodchester; later on she saw him off at the Victoria Station, London, when he was going to Rome to study for the Catholic priesthood. Nothing could better illustrate the attitude of religious Anglicans in England towards the Catholic Church.

He studied everything he could lay his hands on; "Development of Doctrine," Newman's "Development of Doctrine" that pointed me to the facts, led my eye from this point to that, and showed me the Catholic Church, the whole glorious erection standing upon an unshakable foundation, and soaring to heaven."

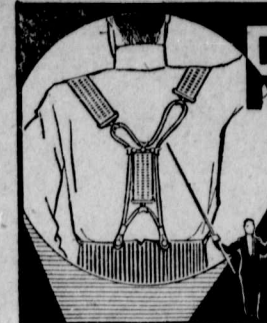
All the time he confided in his mother, and she accompanied him to the railway station when he left home to submit to the Church at the Dominican Priory at Woodchester; later on she saw him off at the Victoria Station, London, when he was going to Rome to study for the Catholic priesthood. Nothing could better illustrate the attitude of religious Anglicans in England towards the Catholic Church.

He studied everything he could lay his hands on; "Development of Doctrine," Newman's "Development of Doctrine" that pointed me to the facts, led my eye from this point to that, and showed me the Catholic Church, the whole glorious erection standing upon an unshakable foundation, and soaring to heaven."

All the time he confided in his mother, and she accompanied him to the railway station when he left home to submit to the Church at the Dominican Priory at Woodchester; later on she saw him off at the Victoria Station, London, when he was going to Rome to study for the Catholic priesthood. Nothing could better illustrate the attitude of religious Anglicans in England towards the Catholic Church.

He studied everything he could lay his hands on; "Development of Doctrine," Newman's "Development of Doctrine" that pointed me to the facts, led my eye from this point to that, and showed me the Catholic Church, the whole glorious erection standing upon an unshakable foundation, and soaring to heaven."

All the time he confided in his mother, and she accompanied him to the railway station when he left home to submit to the Church at the Dominican Priory at Woodchester; later on she saw him off at the Victoria Station, London, when he was going to Rome to study for the Catholic priesthood. Nothing could better illustrate the attitude of religious Anglicans in England towards the Catholic Church.



PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Cost No More Than The Common Kind

but invaluable to all who appreciate comfort. All dealers, 50 Cents. Light, medium and heavy weights.

Dominion Suspenders Company - Niagara Falls

Church to-day than this sympathy of Mrs. Benson with her son and a little incident that happened at the station. "As my mother was turning away she saw coming towards her a prelate of the Ecclesiastical Scottish Church and an old friend of her own. He had come to say goodbye to me, too, and to wish me God-speed."

Some Anglicans say, as they say of every convert, that he is certain to go back, but Monsignor Benson says the idea of returning to the Church of England is as inconceivable as the idea of seeking to enter the Chocoma fold. "To return from the Catholic Church to the Anglican would be the exchange of certitude for doubt, of faith for agnosticism, of substance for shadow, of brilliant light for somber gloom, of historical world-wide fact for unhistorical provincial theory."

I asked him, as I was leaving, what he thought of the outlook for religion in England. "I think," he replied, "we shall have all the religion that there will be in fifty or sixty years' time, but there will be an enormous amount of infidelity and agnosticism. The other forms of Christianity are tumbling down stairs as fast as they can go."

"Even Anglicanism?" I said.

"Oh yes," he replied; "when disestablishment comes it will burst like a shell."—Sydney Catholic Press.

ANOTHER "EX-PRIEST"?

Some time ago the Chicago Daily Socialist gave considerable space to a report that a certain Father Bowden of Kansas City had joined the Socialists. For years and years, according to the report, Father Bowden, formerly editor of the Catholic Leader of Kansas City, had "raved and tore" and "preached and wrote against that dreadful revolutionary and agitating party, the Socialists." Then in a moment of fatal weakness he began to read Socialist literature in order to show up more clearly and thoroughly the dangers of Socialism. This opened his eyes. He discovered his "miserable mistake," for he found the Socialists dealing with the causes of the conditions which he was so anxious to change by "silly reform." He then became a Socialist because, forsooth, he found he could not be a Catholic unless he was a Socialist!

This article was republished in other papers that place their columns at the disposal of the advocates of Socialism. It appeared in a recent issue of a certain paper in the Northwest which carries a department which is sold to the Socialist Local, as "regular ad-

To submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort. To stop it at once simply take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 124

"Eastlake" Steel Shingles will save you money



SAFETY

By The Philosopher of Metallic Town

THE "EASTLAKE" STEEL SHINGLE

Just ask yourself this question Mr. Farmer, "Is my barn roof fireproof?"

It's not a cheerful sight to see your barn—full to overflowing with the season's crop—wiped out by lightning or a spark from the threshing engine. All because of faulty roofing.

A fireproof roof is the only sure protection for your crops, your livestock and implements.

"Eastlake" Steel Shingles are absolutely lightning-proof, fire-proof, storm-proof and vermin-proof—the best and safest roofing for all buildings.

"Eastlake" Metallic Shingles are made of the finest galvanized steel—are easiest and quickest to lay—save labor and expense.

"Eastlake" Shingles cost less than a wooden roof equipped with lightning rods.

"Eastlake" Shingles make the best roofing for you, Mr. Farmer.

Roofs covered with "Eastlakes" a quarter of a century ago are in perfect condition to-day. This is the best guarantee for you.

Send for our illustrated booklet, "Eastlake Metallic Shingles." Write to-day—just your name and address.

We also manufacture Corrugated Iron, House and Barn Siding, Metallic Ceiling, Cornices, Eavestrough, Conductor Pipes, Ventilators, etc.

THE METALLIC ROOFING CO. Limited

1188 KING ST., WEST TORONTO

Branch Factory WINNIPEG

AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Just ask yourself this question Mr. Farmer, "Is my barn roof fireproof?"

It's not a cheerful sight to see your barn—full to overflowing with the season's crop—wiped out by lightning or a spark from the threshing engine. All because of faulty roofing.

A fireproof roof is the only sure protection for your crops, your livestock and implements.

"Eastlake" Steel Shingles are absolutely lightning-proof, fire-proof, storm-proof and vermin-proof—the best and safest roofing for all buildings.

"Eastlake" Metallic Shingles are made of the finest galvanized steel—are easiest and quickest to lay—save labor and expense.

"Eastlake" Shingles cost less than a wooden roof equipped with lightning rods.

"Eastlake" Shingles make the best roofing for you, Mr. Farmer.

Roofs covered with "Eastlakes" a quarter of a century ago are in perfect condition to-day. This is the best guarantee for you.

Send for our illustrated booklet, "Eastlake Metallic Shingles." Write to-day—just your name and address.

We also manufacture Corrugated Iron, House and Barn Siding, Metallic Ceiling, Cornices, Eavestrough, Conductor Pipes, Ventilators, etc.

THE METALLIC ROOFING CO. Limited

1188 KING ST., WEST TORONTO

Branch Factory WINNIPEG

AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Just ask yourself this question Mr. Farmer, "Is my barn roof fireproof?"

It's not a cheerful sight to see your barn—full to overflowing with the season's crop—wiped out by lightning or a spark from the threshing engine. All because of faulty roofing.

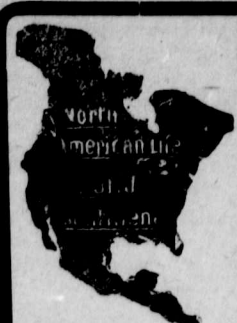
A fireproof roof is the only sure protection for your crops, your livestock and implements.

"Eastlake" Steel Shingles are absolutely lightning-proof, fire-proof, storm-proof and vermin-proof—the best and safest roofing for all buildings.

"Eastlake" Metallic Shingles are made of the finest galvanized steel—are easiest and quickest to lay—save labor and expense.

"Eastlake" Shingles cost less than a wooden roof equipped with lightning rods.

"Eastlake" Shingles make the best roofing for you, Mr. Farmer.



EVERY MAN

should carry enough life insurance to compensate his family or dependent ones for the monetary loss his death would entail, based upon present income.

The Continuous Instalment

Policy guarantees a stated yearly income for 20 years and continues that guarantee throughout the life of the beneficiary.

Consult one of our representatives or write to-day to the

North American Life ASSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE

TORONTO

Man's life is but a succession of daily recurring actions, which are, however, so many acts of virtue if performed with the requisite perfection.

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA (MAPLE LEAF LABEL)

is rich in food value and easy to digest. It is just Cocoa—pure Cocoa—ground from the choicest cocoa beans.

DO YOU USE COWAN'S?

Well, Well!

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use

I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye.

I used

DYOLA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STICKY Booklet in 10c Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

W. LLOYD WOOD General Agent Toronto :: Canada

Mark the Flavor

of Quaker Oats. That means rich grains—the choicest oats—prepared by an ideal process.

We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel of the choicest oats. That's because we select just the rich, plump grains—the finely flavored oats.

The rest are all discarded.

Yet Quaker Oats, despite all this selection, costs but one-half cent per dish.

Don't you think that it pays, in this morning's dish, to serve it at its best? Do you want to lose half the delight?

Quaker Oats

Family size, with a piece of china beautifully decorated, 25c. Except in Extreme West Regular size for city trade, 10c.

The Quaker Oats Company