

Why People Change Their Ideas

(Written for The Register.)

"All we can do is to take life as it comes, and if we are lazy and selfish, it is our own fault." This is a very common motto to avoid contemplation of the unpleasant association with the "disagreeable." Going through life as it comes, is the motto of individuals, those who have no fixed mind of their own, but are led by the whims and fancies of others, and in some cases out of ten are sure to go wrong. Those who think as well on what they intend doing, and are guided by their conscience, go manfully ahead in all things, neither hesitating right or left from duty's path, nor diving to wrong paths to avoid the narrow-minded, and selfish concerns to whom the world owes much. Under strife, bitter contentions, disorders, rancor, enmities, uncharitableness, especially in matters pertaining to religion. In a case in point, a few years ago a Protestant minister came to Canada from the capital of the Emerald Isle. At that time he was liberal in his views, and by his sermons and lectures commenced to work for the benefit of his native land. But such work did not suit the class of people that he was catering to, and he was obliged to stop. He had to follow the "whims and fancies" of the crowd instead of following a manly course. He became a bigot, and meant more money in his purse to swell his large income.

Last year the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal invited Bishop Carmichael to their annual banquet. It was a success. The good will on the part of St. Patrick's Society to invite this distinguished prelate, and also to promote harmony, and good fellowship among the other religious denominations. But our friends the Bishops, did not see it in the light, but to show that he was not like the rest of men, he sent a very uncompromising reply, stating that he was not in the habit of keeping late hours. "Some hearts are at rest while others are pressed. To be lowly but dignified labor. There are lips free from guile, and some that revile. The deeds of each generous neighbor. Some minds are sedate, not a few are spite. All the prospect of riches and glory. While some hopes are shining, there's many a falling. Old time has a ravelled up story. The sycophant's sneer, and the hypocrite's leer. Sure as the real worth of a nation. And some men are slaves to the rascally knives. Whom at once leads to a station."

When attending a council lately held in the States, Bishop Carmichael warned the people against "the errors of the Roman Church," as usual the dailies did not forget to have that phrase in the report. A few days ago His Lordship received the following letter touching upon his remarks at the council. Montreal, Nov. 3rd, 1903. To His Lordship Carmichael. I read in the Star a report about the American Episcopal and Anglican Council which took place lately. I remarked in the different discourses delivered here on Monday Bishop Carmichael referred to the Roman Church, which is, truly and properly speaking, the Holy Catholic Church, in which your Lordship warned the people against "the errors of the Church of Rome," as if the one true Church of Christ had erred in the Faith and in her teaching of morality. The Holy Catholic Church, whose visible Head is the Pope of Rome, she is true, she is holy, she is Catholic, she is an Apostle and Infallible. Her anchor is the promises of Jesus Christ, her founder. The gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Go and teach the nations and behold I come with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. Have you a spark of the true faith for man? Any one who dares to assert that Jesus Christ's one true Church, the Holy Roman Catholic Church, teaches error in matters of faith and morals is guilty of the Holy Ghost. To teach these fanatic and heretic, so-called ministers of the Gospel despising and calumniating God's one true Church, is very base and audacious to say the least of it.

Since his return from the council his voice is silent. Is it that he is afraid to speak of "the errors of Rome" to his congregation or is he about to repent the errors of his ways? The following extracts from a sermon, preached on the True Church, answers the case to perfection. In graphic language the preacher reviewed the trials and triumphs of the Church, showing that she had passed "vicissitudes unscathed through every state, her glory ununsullied through doctrines false and inviolate, herself a continued miracle." Continuing, he said: "When we see that Church, the Holy Catholic Church, superior to the ravages of time, and thriving unimpededly with the lapse of ages; when we see her existing through all the varied history of the world, finding a place in its countless details, and yet ever enjoying an independence peculiarly her own, when we see her surviving the fall of empires and monarchies, of States and kingdoms, ever existing each in turn, yet above them all herself; when we see this, we recognize at once the stamp of the Master's approval: 'I am with you all days, even to the end of the world.' The Church is divinely sure of her position; the truth is hers, and the whole truth; the absolute conviction of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, she proclaims with him, 'all within hearing of her voice.' 'Though we or an angel from heaven should preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema, that the gospel which was preached by Me,

is not according to man. (Galat. 1, 8 and 11.)

Ah! right there is the tender spot, for, although the world would seem to know it not, there it a crying need in the world to-day for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, such there stalks abroad, only too well veiled by specious appearances, a gospel which is according to man. Do you ask what it is? Would you know some of the disguises it assumes? Witness the violent, the unnatural deification of the puny created intellect, when human reason will cite before its tribunal, and will pompously pass judgment on the eternal truths of God. Witness the efforts of self-styled scholars—exponents of higher criticism they like to call themselves. Witness their efforts to eliminate the divine element, wherever possible, from the most serious concerns of life. Witness the abortive attempts of so-called scientists to bring into disrepute not only the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, but even their authenticity. The idea of revelation these reject with ill assumed scorn, and even the divinity of the world's Redeemer, their own Redeemer, is not at all to their liking. The miracle of Jesus and His wonderful works they would actually balance and pretend to explain away by arguments of their own diseased imaginations. The last attempt failing, they helplessly make a childish appeal to the dawn of some uncertain day when the hidden forces of nature will be more fully developed. Witness, again, the compromising of truth, the minimizing of duty and the gradual rejection of individual responsibility to God, which are being preached so extensively and being put forth so boldly in the name of religion pure and undefiled. Witness the feverish exaltation of merely natural good qualities to the exclusion of all respect for the virtues of the Christian life. Witness all this; see its baneful effect on the State, on society, on the family, on the home, and at once you have proof positive of the manifold evil wrought by the preaching of any gospel which is according to man.

Against all this stands the Catholic Church, preaching and teaching faith in a life to come, where happiness can be obtained only by fidelity to the voice of conscience in this life. On the hilltops that Church may be seen; she is found in the highways and byways of life, announcing the Master's message. That message conveys the truths of faith, the doctrines of salvation, and they are coming to be recognized as such, even by the world at large, disgusted as it must be and disheartened by the disintegration that has already set in as a necessary consequence of such bitter doctrinal strife and doctrinal differences. The world has tried, to its cost, others than the true standard of morality; the world has built around its God a wall of error that cuts off its own vision of His essential attributes; the world has determined the quality and the character of its own elect, with no regard at all of the immutable law of God—and having rushed to the verge of ruin, the world is even now casting about for some force, for some power, to avert its own destruction. Such a force and such a power are to be found only in the Gospel of Jesus Christ as announced by the Catholic Church and thither the world must sooner or later turn.

"And if by doing your duty well, you should get to lead the van, Brand not your name with a deed of shame. 'But come out an honest man.' 'The errors of Protestantism' trouble many minds, but some have not the courage of their convictions to abandon the wrong path for the right. Evidently the time has passed much to abandon. A life of sacrifice for a life of pleasure a out of the question, and their consciences being stifled, darkness is preferred to light.

Under your feet you trample Thistles to reach the rose. Heeding it not, the sunshine Still on its mission goes. Nourishing other thistles. Mulching the rose in turn, There is no waste of sunshine. This bit of wisdom learn. Cheerfully do your best then, Every little task, The first sweet rose smiling, Was fragrant as the last. Flowers in the meadow blooming, Are sweet without a doubt, Give to the world your best then, The world will find you out.

I am sure it was not "the errors of the Roman Church" that made Rev. Charles Hardy Little, late vicar of St. Martin's Church, Brighton, and Rev. W. H. Dray, formerly curate at All Saints' Church, Plymouth (the two latest conversions in England) change their faith and join the Catholic Church. These men had the courage of their convictions, and followed the guiding star of their conscience. Notwithstanding the warnings of Bishop Carmichael, people will abjure tottering Protestantism.

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THE ANGEL GUARDIAN

It was a cold, wet night. The piercing wind swept down the long, lonely street, the lamps, flickering in the fierce gusts, cast but a dim light. It was a night to be seated near a warm fire, with wife and children about one. No thought of A341, as he paced up and down the wet pavement, and beat his hands together to keep them warm. As he neared a large building he fancied he saw someone crouching in the recess of the doorway. He approached cautiously, and flashing his lamp into the dark corner, discovered the prostrate figure of a child. Surely no street Arab, for, in his clothes, though poor, were clean and well-mended, and the thin, pale face seemed strangely refined. The comely stable's warm Irish heart opened to the forlorn wretch, thinking of his own two boys, in that warm, cosy room he had been picturing. So it was in a gentle tone he cried: "Come now, wake up, my boy, you can't sleep here. No, no, I'm afraid, I won't kill you," he added as the child sprang up with a startled cry, his eyes dilating with fear, "did you never see a constable before?" But the child fell on his knees and sobbed: "I didn't do it, sir, I didn't. I promised father I never would, so I ran away. Please, please don't take me to prison."

To prison, is it? And what should I be taking you to prison for? Haven't you a home? The boy shook his head. Well, you can't stay here, as you'd get your death of cold. We must find a bed somewhere, and a bit of supper too, eh? What have you had to-day? Thought as much, you look fair to die. "Down the street came a cab, and the driver, pulling up, called out: 'What have you there, Tom?' 'Why if it isn't John Hennessy,' said the constable. 'You're just the man I want. Going home, aren't you? Well, take this little fellow to Mary and ask her to give him some food and a bed. In the morning I'll look up his friends—but just now he seems in a bad way.' I wonder, he mused, as John went off with his charge—whether I've not done a foolish thing—but there was a look in his eyes that reminded me of some one—I can't think whom. Well, in the morning I'll question him. But in the morning the child was in a high fever, cold and exposure had done its work on a frame already exhausted by suffering and hunger, and for days his life hung in the balance. Mary Ryan stoutly opposed any suggestion of a hospital, and tended the wayfarer as though he had been one of her own. The winter had passed, and the sweet spring-time had come, and the little invalid was now able to be up and about; but now of all that had preceded his illness he had no remembrance, his mind was a perfect blank in that respect, though in all other things he was quick and intelligent. The doctor said that in time his memory might come back to him, but it was doubtful. And now the great question was, what was to be done with him. To all the inquiries of his many friends Tom and Mary Ryan made no reply; perhaps they hardly knew themselves what they intended, until one evening, when tiny Tim, their baby boy, put to them the oft-repeated question: 'What's new boy's name?' Tom looked at Mary, and, after a while, she said, slowly: 'It is little enough we have for ourselves, but he is so gentle and so timid; he loves us, too; and, after all, it is not much to do for the child that came to us with Blessed Mary's rosary around his neck.' Tom nodded.

You remember my brother Bryan, who was lost the same night as the young lord. The Lord be merciful to them, he added, devoutly. We can call him Bryan after him, since he can not remember his own name. And so the wanderer found a home. The dark years sped away. Tom Ryan's once dark hair is nearly white, and Mary says, laughing, it is a pity she has no girls to bestow upon him, but only three great boys. Yet neither she nor Tom could spare one of the three. Bryan is now twenty years of age—a handsome, thoughtful youth, whose pale, refined features, deep grey eyes, and fair hair are so strange a contrast to the ruddy looks and dark curls of Charlie and Tim. But their honest hearts had no shadow of envy; they were proud of him and his talents, and, though they knew that he was not really their brother, they treated him with no less love than respect. Bryan had early shown great talent for drawing, and Tom and Mary had made every sacrifice to give him opportunities for cultivating it. You see, said Tom, it is only too evident that he belongs to a better folk than we, and 'would be a cruel shame to thwart him in his aims. Some day his people may claim him, and then he must be able to hold up his head with the best of them. Mary was quite of the same mood; so Bryan progressed more and more. His talent was certainly great, and already his paintings were being noticed and praised. But, better than all knowledge and art, was the solid instruction he owed to Mary—instruction in all the truths of our holy Faith. No one could live long in such an atmosphere of simple piety, and not be the better for it, and, as Bryan was naturally thoughtful and pious, the seed scattered so abundantly fell on to good ground. He had a great devotion to his Guardian Angel, and Mary often used to tell him, how in the delirium he never ceased to invoke the aid and protection of his celestial guide. In truth, the only knowledge they had of his past was derived from those ravings, and they gathered that his father was dead, and that someone was cruel, and he was beaten—never a reproach only always the cry to the Angel.

The great exhibition was drawing near, and Bryan was working with feverish energy at the picture which, he trusted, would make his name. No one had seen it as yet, as he said he wanted to surprise them, and they gladly yielded to his wish. And now, on a bright evening, he has led them into his tiny studio. His face is pale and anxious, one would think their criticism was to seal his fate. But especially on Tom's face are his eyes fixed, and the anxious look gives place to delight when he sees his bewildered joy. "Why, Bryan, my boy, it's the living image! How could you do it?" The picture represented a child crouched, cold, miserable, and ill, in a dark doorway, and by his side stood a radiant angel, guarding and watching the outcast. The beauty of the angel's face brought tears to the eyes of all. "This is a wonderful painting!" said Mary, her face radiant, her heart full of pride in her wretched son. "And it's great for him and his mother. Then you'll be too grand for us, altogether."

"That day will never come," cried Bryan. "Could I forget your love and care? Where should I be now, but for you and father?" Let him remember that speech now, that loving boast. His picture brought him success, the outcast of the draught had intoxicated him, as it had so many others. He had gone to London, and success followed success. His pictures were bought for large sums; he was the welcome guest at the houses of the great and rich. The memory of the humble child, but his town grew fainter and fainter. At first he had written often, but, by degrees, all letters had ceased. For some Mary had continued to write, even after he had ceased to reply, but in the end even her faithful heart could excuse him no longer; but she never omitted to pray for him, and remembering his former devotion to his Angel Guardian, commended him to that faithful guide, and to her who is the Queen of Angels. Had he retained that devotion, he who was beginning to talk of art as the only religion? What of that first picture of the prostrate child, and the angel? He sought that painting; but for what? To destroy it, since it bore witness of the misery and want from which he had been saved by those he blushed now to own. Discontented and unhappy, he was pushing his way through a crowded thoroughfare, when, by a sudden block he found himself face to face with a young priest, whose clear blue eyes were fixed on his with an inquiring look. It was Charlie Ryan, his play-fellow, friend, more than brother. Alas! for the heart in which pride had fallen, his first impulse was to draw back, to avoid the outstretched hand, but it was too late. The crowd had closed upon him. His heart was full of shame and sorrow; he was haunted by that reproachful gaze. Leaving the thoroughfare, he turned aside into a park, more troubled and unhappy than he had ever been. His black ingrain was before him in the path he had elected to tread, were revealed in all their true hideousness, a terror fell upon him, and the old familiar prayer rose to his lips, to that invisible guide, the prayer that of late had been neglected. "I will try and find Charlie," he determined, "and you, my dear Angel, will help me. Pardon my dear Angel! How proud Mary must be!" He re-entered the street once more, full of his new resolution. He would find a church, would make his peace with God he had neglected and offended, and then seek out those he had so foolishly forsaken. Passing along he suddenly perceived the young cleric again, but on the opposite side of the way. Without stopping to think, he dashed across the road, heedless of warning cries, seeing only that one person. Then there was pain, cruel and keen, and darkness.

When he opened his eyes, they rested on the face of one who had been all the mother he had ever known. He would have flung his arms about her and implored forgiveness, but a strange numbness held him captive; but his eyes spoke, and Mary Ryan, stooping gave him a kiss of peace, her tears falling fast. "My poor, poor boy!" she said—"his was all; not a word of reproach for the years of neglect. Only the mother heart ached for him in his helplessness and pain, and would have given all to stay the life that was ebbing so fast away. It was Charlie who ministered to his repentant soul, and prepared him for the passage to eternity. Ah! it



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was hard to die, when life was so bright and full of promise; but he never doubted the wisdom of it. "I am too weak," he whispered, "too self-sufficient, God in His mercy takes me from temptation." A few days later they were all gathered about him; the end had come. The mind, weakened by pain, was wandering in the scenes of that early life, that had been blotted out for so many years. He was a poor orphan child once more, ill-treated by all, he would not, he had promised, and his Angel would help him. His voice grew fainter: "It is so dark and cold, and I am full of fear." Then the shadow passed, and he grew calm. "Just for the last time guide me, dear Angel—for the last time with the divine name on his lips, he passed to 'where beyond these voices there is peace.'"—Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

President Roosevelt and the Vatican. A writer signing himself "An American," contributes the following letter to The Irish World: The public has been again favored with an official denial from the White House that the President has interested himself, directly or indirectly, in the premises of one or more American Cardinals. The President is also at pains to state that he has not recommended or suggested that a Cardinal be sent to attend the St. Louis World's Fair. Methinks Mr. Roosevelt protests too much. Is there anything to apologize for or be ashamed of in either remark, even if it were true? During recent years our press and public, without regard to religious bias, have urged with singular unanimity the nomination of additional Cardinals to represent American Catholicism. It would not only be a just recognition of the twenty millions of that faith now in the United States and its dependencies, but would redound to the glory and influence of the republic in the moral government of the world. The President, in his conversations with public men and others, has made no disguise of approving the popular sentiment on this subject, and his ingenious disclaimers deceive nobody and are not creditable he occupies. As a matter of fact, overtures have been made and special commissioners sent to Rome by the World's Fair Committee to secure a representation of the Vatican treasures and the attendance of Cardinal Satolli on that great occasion. In the success of this mission, it is well known that the President manifested a profound and perfectly legitimate personal interest. Mr. Roosevelt has neither been asked for expectations to appear officially in these transactions, and his belated disavowals are nothing but a concession to a wretched group of intolerant sectarians, the last remnant of the A.P.A.-ism which he has so frequently denounced in his speeches and writings. The Vatican, which has had a world-wide influence and prestige for fifteen hundred years, has also its dignity to maintain, as well as the President of this republic, now in the second century of its existence. However solicitous the Pontiff may be for his American children, and however anxious to yield to their just and reasonable demands, he certainly will not derive encouragement from the tactless utterances which emanate with offensive frequency from the head of the nation. If the impartial chronicler should become reminiscence in regard to recent relations between our government and the Holy See, he will be apt to show that the Papacy is under no obligation whatsoever to gratify the administration, either in the matter of the Cardinalate, the Philippines,

the World's Fair or any particular whatsoever. When the late illustrious Pope died the Ambassadors or Ministers of every country, Catholic and Protestant, left their cards of sympathy on Monsignor Falconi, the Papal delegate at Washington. The Envoy of the non-Christian powers of Asia did not need to be reminded of what common courtesy, if not diplomatic etiquette demanded in the premises. But one tribute to the representative of the dead Pontiff, the head of the greatest Christian Church. No official from the State Department or the White House left a card on Monsignor Falconi. Since the United States acquired the Philippines and other dependencies of the Vatican and co-operated with our Government and materially assisted through its various agencies in the work of pacification. Despite the natural protests of the inhabitants of those islands, who desired the appointment of bishops from their native clergy, the Pope, in compliance with the desire of the Administration, nominated American bishops to fill the vacant sees in the Philippines, Puerto Rico and also in Cuba. During the many negotiations arising out of the changed conditions as between Church and State, and in connection with the Taft Commission, the Papacy and its representatives have acted with our Government at Washington and with the civil and military authorities in the islands, as they have, indeed, amply testified. In the President's dubious anxiety to square himself with a few narrow-minded bigots, he may overreach himself and lose the genuine regard in which he has been justly held by the Catholic hierarchy and laity. These credulous persons may grow weary on the one hand of his patronizing professions of love, and on the other of his apologies and excuses for having friendly relations with them. The double role does not become President Roosevelt. It is unworthy of the man, and is not in keeping with the facts as they are generally understood by the public.

There was a tradition of our childhood that the mother bird would desert a nest once breathed upon others. The place was profaned and she would haunt it no longer, even though the blue or speckled eggs should never come to maturity. Even so with the spirit. It refuses to go back to places once disabused by knowledge. It prefers to hover over lonely heights and to haunt unpeopled solitudes; and there to keep the original freshness of its inexperience unscathed by knowledge that opens the eyes of mind and body, but blinds the vision of the soul.

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