

THE SURGEON'S VACATION

The great surgeon had come down to Marion for rest and forgetfulness. He had meant to go where there was neither pain nor sorrow, if such an Eden existed, and he had come to Marion. For one thing, it was not on a railroad; for another, its diminutive size precluded the idea that the clanking of some busy engine, the steady hum of a train, was just a lazy little hamlet—a church, a general store, a score of straggling white houses with green blinds, and that was all.

Here the surgeon meant to bury himself for his precious four weeks outing. He could have gone to Europe as the guest of a millionaire had he said the word. He knew he needed Marion instead.

The great surgeon had been sadly over-worked. All through the summer months he had promised himself that he would stop and rest. It was late in September before he finally started. He felt that his iron nerves were giving way and one September morning he noticed that the marvelous steadiness of his good right hand was impaired. He knew then that he had enough.

He went away with all the precautions of a defaulter. He left no address. He desired no mail, no telegrams, to follow him. For a month he meant to drop his professional existence. He picked out his destination at haphazard from the big map on his office wall. He was influenced, as has been said, by the fact that the little village was off the line of travel. He bought his ticket for a point beyond the railway town that was Marion's nearest connection and then he doubled back.

"And now," he said, as he alighted, valise in hand, from the tall stage that brought him over "here's an end to the surgeon's shop. For a month I'm going to be a nobody, somebody who knows no more of struggling with human ailments than he does of trotting Thracian gladiators."

He hadn't even brought a professional card with him, he was comfortably lodged in the upper front room of the Widow Gillette's cozy cottage, with a wonderful view of smiling hillsides and tinted woods and blue and white sky from its extremely clean windows.

He had told the widow that his name was Thomas Brown and that he was a worn out travelling man who had come to Marion for rest and quiet. Where was he from? From Braceville, and he named the railway town to which he had purchased his ticket when he ran away from the big city.

"Much sickness in Braceville?" inquired the widow.

The surgeon shuddered.

"I don't know," he said shortly, and taking his hat, went out for a stroll. As he passed down the maple-bordered highway beyond the row of houses, kicking the red and gold drifts of leaves as he faintly remembered doing when he was a boy in that faraway Iowa village, he noticed a lame man approaching. The man walked with a crutch, one of his legs being bent stiffly at the knee. He was a cheery faced old man in faded blue blouse with brass buttons.

"Morin, squire," he said, with true rural affability.

"A fine morning," said the great surgeon, readily looking away from the stiffened knee.

"Not from my rheumatism's point of view," chuckled the old man.

"Rheumatism, eh?" said the surgeon.

"I thought it might have been a galled horse," the lame man had said, and the surgeon felt that he was called upon to say something.

"No, sir," said the lame man, with much emphasis. "I went thro' th' war with my scratch. Got one o' those swamp fever pitched battles on me out ag'in sound as a dollar. Uncle Sam don't owe me nothin'. No sir, morin', and he sturdily plodded along."

The surgeon smiled at the old man's vehemence as he looked back at his pain crumpled figure, he sighed. Somehow the sunshine didn't seem quite so bright.

He walked long enough to win a good appetite, however, and when he returned to the widow's cottage found an appetizing cold luncheon awaiting him, with a trim little rosy cheeked lass to serve it. The widow bustled in presently with valuable excuses for her absence. She had gone over to the farm. From her right hand neighbors, to carry a glass of quince jelly to young Joe Patchen, just back from the Philippines.

"Poor boy," said the widow, "he's nothing but parched skin and scorching bones. Got one o' those swamp fever fastened on him, an' if he pulls through the winter 'll be a blessed wonder."

The surgeon pushed back his plate. His appetite had suddenly failed. He went to his cozy bedroom and dropped into a big cushioned rocker.

"The man's a fool who thinks he can run away from human suffering, he muttered bitterly.

back. She was a comely young woman of perhaps six and twenty, with clear, honest eyes and pretty but brown hair and a singularly gentle expression.

When the surgeon came back from his long stroll along the ridge, the young woman and the boy were seated on a low stone wall half way up the hill. As the surgeon passed, the little fellow, whose head rested comfortably against the girl's arm, laughed softly over some story his companion was reading aloud from a book in her lap.

The surgeon thought of that picture a good many times during the day. He saw it gain the next day and the next. The boy's misfortune worried him. His fingers twitched to examine into his ailment. He felt that the lad could be helped. He told himself that he was an idiot to let sentiment bother him in such a ridiculous fashion.

"But you always were a fool about children," he growled to his reflection in the bedroom glass.

On the fourth day he spoke to the girl.

She and the little cripple were sitting on the low stone wall where they usually rested on the way up the hill.

"Pleasant afternoon," said the surgeon as he lifted his hat. The girl looked up. She saw before her a tall man, a little stooped, a little gray, a little careworn. She gravely bowed. She took no offence at his unceremonious speech. The niceties of social usage are not so strictly observed in the country. "I am interested in your little companion," the surgeon went on. He might have added that he was also interested in the dark-eyed, self-possessed young woman.

He has been a great sufferer," said the girl, "but he is a very good and very patient boy."

The surgeon sat down on the wall by the lad and lifted him on his knees. He did it so quickly, so deftly so gently that the girl looked up at the kindly face in surprise. She saw the large white hand of the stranger pass softly but firmly across the twin ed shoulder, and down the weakened spine. She saw a frown replace the kindly smile.

"How long ago was he hurt?"

"Three years," said the girl. "He is eleven now. It was a runaway. He and our mother were thrown from the wagon, and she was killed." The girl paused and turned her head away.

"What treatment did he have?"

"The best we could secure—a doctor from Bridgeville."

The stranger's frown deepened.

"It was botch work," he said almost harshly. "The boy should never have been like this."

"The girl turned quickly.

"Then you are a surgeon?" she said, with a wondering flash in her dark eyes.

The stranger faintly smiled.

"Murder will out," he said. "I didn't mean to hear that title for a solid month of forgetfulness. But never mind. I intend to see to this matter through. Come, I must examine the boy more at my leisure."

His eyes sparkled as he arose with the slight figure of the child in his arms and together they passed down the hill.

"If you are a surgeon," said the girl after a little hesitation, "perhaps you will be kind enough to give me some advice on a subject that—that deeply interests me. It is my ambition to become a head nurse. I feel that I am called to the work. I have had a little experience in nursing here in Marion, and when they had a typhoid epidemic in Milburn they sent for me to come over. But what I need is a chance in some city hospital." She paused and looked appealingly into his eyes.

"It is painful and disagreeable work," he said.

"Yes, I know," she quickly cried. "I have thought of all that. I own several books on nursing and medical practice and know quite well what to expect. I would have started out for myself months ago if it hadn't been for Artie there. He needs constant care, and while my mother—my father died last winter— is very kind to him, I did not think it right to put all this burden on her shoulders. But the desire to grow stronger and stronger every day."

The stranger's eyes sparkled again at her eagerness.

the gate. She was very pale and there were tears in her eyes.

"Those wonderful, wonderful hands," she murmured. So swift, so steady, so sure."

He smiled down at her like a pleased boy.

"I make it a practice never to flatter my assistants," he said, "but I will say to you confidentially that the hospital berth is yours whenever you choose to call for it. I am stopped only by a quick gesture as he went on a little more gravely: "It certainly was a beautiful operation, and we may both feel proud of it. Our plastered and bandaged and jaded little patient ought to be on his way to recovery in a month's time. Then you can safely leave him. Meanwhile you will have to put up with a daily call from the surgeon in charge."

A glow crossed the girl's face.

"But the—bill for your services, sir?" she murmured. "How are we to pay that?"

"I admire your frankness, my dear," he said to the girl. "But charge me nothing for your eyes. When I came to Marion, I dropped the shop. I haven't even a blank billbook among my effects. Besides this, I took the case for my own selfish amusement. On the other hand, I have paid you for it sooner than you missed it. Good-by!" And the great surgeon walked briskly down the road.

Three weeks later, as he sat in the parlor car that was rapidly bearing him back to the great city, he smilingly murmured to himself:

"I quite failed to carry out my vacation programme. But what of that? I was never better or surer of myself. Besides, it has taught me a valuable lesson. The habits of life should not be broken off by degrees."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CONVERT—CONVICT NO. 1333

In the boiler room of a Western penitentiary the huge furnaces roared and roared like furious beasts, and through their great arteries of pipes raged and surged hissing steam to turn the clanging engines and machines of the shops.

Not far from the boiler room, a grimy, black faced convict, sweating convulsively, threw open the door of the fiery furnace. As the flames belched forth, oftentimes searing the faces and burning the hair, he stepped forward, and with a long, lithe and leered as with straining muscles they heaved shovel after shovel of coal into the maw of the iron monster. Convict No. 1333 seemed to move as a being apart from those of the furnace room.

He looked at the other prisoners, who were crowded about the furnace, and he heard the clang and metal of engines that he felt as if he were but a part of the great throbbing mass of metal that stood before him.

At night, when the whistle blew, he went to the cell house, where there was naught but steel walls and ceilings, and bars, and he heard only the clang and rasping of steel doors and bolts. The song of the birds, the chirping of the sparrow and the hum of the bee, and the rustle of his being, but to day he seemed to stand apart from it all.

To right and left he glanced and saw the vicious looking muzzles of guards' rifles pointed toward him. Again and again he looked out of the barred windows at the long line of convicts in the yard, wending their way like a centipede across the prison yard to the chapel. Many long years he had watched that gray and grimy crowd of men, but he never felt as if he were a part of it.

Once, long ago, he had asked a ferret-eyed cell mate if he went to chapel, and he answered him harshly saying: "They give you religion there, but don't speak about it to the Cap'n. Your body and soul to the devil—and he'll get you out of this hell-hole—don't speak to me about God, or I'll choke you."

He remembered that, but somehow he did not want to be that kind of a man, for he had a missionary priest would talk to all the Catholic and non-Catholic prisoners. Memories of the past filled his mind. He dimly remembered when as a child, his mother had taken him to church, and she had taught him to pray, but she died before he had learned; then again, when his pal, Ryan, was shot by a copper, and he was dying, he had asked him to pray for him, and had heard him say: "Never let me die until I feel as if I were never to see you again. I want to feel that I have done my duty to you, and that you will be able to pray for me."

He thought of that, and he felt as if he were a part of it. He thought of that, and he felt as if he were a part of it.

Na. 1333 watched the sunshine stream through the barred windows and remembered how once a little bird had perched on those steel bars and warbled its song, and how that night he stole a crust of bread in the dining room, hid it carefully beneath his shirt, and the following day cautiously put it on the windowsill. The bird came again that day and pecked at the crust and sang its sweetest songs. Day after day for weeks he stole a little bread, and the bird came every day and sang for him, and the same captain caught him stealing the bread. He punished him and had him put in the dungeon where there was absolute silence and darkness. To right and left, he could feel only the steel walls as he lay on the stone floor for days, almost dying before he was taken out. When he returned to his work he felt broken in spirit, for the bird never returned. "To-day then," he felt he had lost a true and dear friend.

As he thought on in this mood, he groaned and worked feverishly, heaving the heavy coal—listening now and then to the tramp and hiss of convicts feet shuffling over the stone flags of the prison yard as they returned from Chapel.

Once he heard an unfamiliar step in the furnace room, and looking out of the corner of his eye, he saw a guard passing through with a priest, who had talked to his fellow convicts. The priest stopped and questioned him about his work and No. 1333 was pleased, and told the guard how sorry he was he hadn't heard him speak that day, as he himself could neither read nor write. He was delighted when the missionary assured him he would obtain permission for him to read the lectures that were to be given that week at the prison.

"That night when he brought to his cell the little book the priest had given him, his cell mate, a safe-cracker, told him it was titled 'Plain Facts for Fair Minds,' and was written by a priest. Day after day during that week, No. 1333 heard God's message of Peace, preached and explained; learned how Jesus was the sinner's friend, how He instituted the Sacraments for man's salvation, that God knew every man's heart, would reward every man according to his works.

Night after night, No. 1333 sat on the edge of his steel cot, and the safe-cracker read to him out of 'Plain Facts for Fair Minds,' and he listened and thought; thought long after the crash of steel coals announced that the signal had been given to retire for the night; and he thought and seriously as round about him he heard the moans of men who waked and wept, the groans of those who dreamed of blood—yes, he thought of God and tried to pray. At the end of that week, no one could depict his happiness nor the blissful joy when No. 1333 asked for and bent his head to receive the waters of Baptism.

Two years passed slowly by for No. 1333, for all had gone well in the parlor car that was rapidly bearing him back to the great city, he smilingly murmured to himself:

THE SPIRITUAL ASPECT OF TEMPERANCE

By the Rev. James A. Swaby, O. S. C.

Of the spiritual aspect of temperance, "Vigilance" is a prime consideration. It lies at the root of all spiritual effort. "Vigilance" means "watching." It is the "first aid" tells of the need of watching with a view to restoring a nature wounded and weakened, to such course and vigor as will ensure a lusty re-entree of saving grace won, at the point of the Cross, by the Divine Redeemer. Intemperance, always with us, is the unwelcome poverty it creates, is a soul-destroying evil crying aloud for redemption. The social student, of a type, has day-dreams of Utopia, inhabited by a society reconstructed on the lines of the unattainable; whereas the student of human nature, unless upon facts as they are, is a philosopher in the abstract. An asceticism of the idealist, man, strange mixture of conflicting opposites, is, pendulumlike, with ease swung from side to side. Virtue is ground gained at the expense of the flesh. It is not easily done man gratifies his body, as you were. "One finds," says Goethe, "human nature everywhere great and ill-beautiful and ugly." The ugly element remains to mock and mar the efforts of the reformer.

Nevertheless, with dauntless spirit, Goethe concludes, "Go on bravely working." Recent legislation in reducing the national drink bill has incidentally introduced a section of the public into thinking of the social advocacy of Temperance is no longer imperative. Never has fatal error been more consistently refuted by historical judgment, arising from the nature of things. The proper function of legislation is, in the terse phrase of that great statesman W. E. Gladstone, "to make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong." Legislative measures regard the environment, the things external to a man. Beneficent laws, which open the way to good, close indeed opportunities for evil; but they leave inward dispositions unaffected. By means of sacramental agencies, religion alone touches the spot and cures the native weakness of the nature itself. Hence, never can legislation, as a substitute for religious endeavour, relieve us of the duty of consistency in the moral work of conquering the drink habit, a problem. A cursory glance at the salutary lessons taught by history suffices to convince thinking men of the evil consequence of a policy of drift, in the temperance movement. In making the cause progressive, all before God, have severally an individual responsibility. In the reign of James I. (to 1609) the legislature declared: "Whereas the sacramental agencies, religion alone provisions already made, the inward and extreme vice of excessive drinking and drunkenness doth more and more abound." Needless to add, save for emphasis, this condition of things coincided with the dawn of the ancient influence of the Catholic Church.

FATHER MATHEW

Pass to the achievements of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. Death having moved him from the scenes of his triumphs, the surpassing success of his life-work gradually declined, in proportion to the growing relapses in the ranks of an army that had lost the magic presence of its leader. The glorious work had dwindled almost to extinction, leaving in its place little more than a sad though hallowed memory, when, by a merciful Providence, the torch of enthusiasm came, thanks to the initiative of the saintly and heroic Bishop of Ferns, who well remembered Father Mathew's world famed crusade, and bitterly ploring prevailing apathy, stepped into the breach and again upheld the standard of Temperance. From that day this Irishman's name has never again become so widely known, and his name has become so widely known, and his name has become so widely known.

Very Rev. Father—It's with much pleasure I have to announce to you that I am a loyal member of your Society, now nearly six years. And during that time I not only kept from any kind of spirituous liquors, but in one of the visits your very rev. person paid one of my neighboring villages, I renewed my pledge against any of the other stuffs that frequently saw teetotalers make use of, such as soda, penmanship, ginger ale, cordial, lemonade, &c., and all such things. I entirely avoided them, one and all. I happened last winter, through excessive labor, to get a very heavy fit of rheumatism, which both anticipated and debilitated me very much. I had as good nourishment as any poor man in my sphere of life could have, and all was not serving me. I was ordered by a friendly neighbor of mine to drink a large tumbler of punch that would be hot, stronger and sweeter, with a large lump of butter melted upon it, and take it sitting in my bed, before I'd settle myself to sleep; this was in order to remove the pain out of my bones which I was very bad with. Then, tho' bad I was, I did not let it until I see about it. I got a stick and walked with its help down to my priest's house, and told him all as I have stated. What he told me was to drink some whey, that it was very good; but, at that hour of the night, I had no more getting of whey than I had of Spanish wine in the miserable street

THE SPIRITUAL ASPECT OF TEMPERANCE

By the Rev. James A. Swaby, O. S. C.

of Ball, holy. I then returned home, not least with my disappointment. He feared, I suppose, that I'd return to drink again at my six years' end, like a dog to his vomit. But I do assure both him and you that I do no such thing; but, Sir, when I came back from my priest, I at once my own physician, and sent for a mug of spirits, made punch of it, mixed my butter with it, and drank it off in God's Name. And whether it was occasioned by I being in the latter end of my fit, or drinking of the punch, I know not, but, thank God, I slept that night very sound, perspired much, and was relieved next morning. Now, in consequence of age, hard labor, fatigue, and dejection of spirits, I'd want some additional nourishment, and I trust on this application your reverence will be pleased to allow me some two or three pints, glasses, tumblers or dandies (no cider). I expect an affirmative answer to this by return of post. I seem to have every possible mark of respect, and with all the ceremony of compliments, your reverend's very obedient humble servant, a teetotaler yet. JOHN O'G.

In England, the drink habit has followed every possible mark of respect, and with all the ceremony of compliments, your reverend's very obedient humble servant, a teetotaler yet. JOHN O'G.

Vigilance, directed according to Catholic principles, must obviously be particularly active in the spiritual sphere. Humanitarian effort, based with its own temporal aims, is praiseworthy but inadequate. The vice of intemperance leaves its most deadly sting in the regions of the soul. "This pestilence of souls," St. Augustine names it. A vice enumerated by St. Paul in the category of sins excluding from the kingdom of God. In the days when St. Augustine (fifth century) the vice had become so common in Africa as to be regarded as a national disease. "Who is there now," says the saintly doctor (sermon 17 tom. v. p. 95) "who does not think lightly of the sin of habitual drunkenness? That sin abounds and is thought little of. Though drunkards are already dead in soul, yet since our Physician is almighty we must not despair of them, but pray with all our strength that the Lord may open the ears of their hearts which they keep closed." The trend of the modern philanthropist is toward the classification of incurable disease. The Church, standing on higher ground, knows no such classification, despite the aggravation of the sin. In the opinion of the saintly doctor occasion to blaspheme, and his rejoicings at the triumph of the martyrs and at the freedom of the Church from persecution. St. Augustine had sorrowfully to admit that drunkards now persecute the saints. The saintly philosopher, in his own classification, confirmed drunkard with the victims of incurable disease. The Church, standing on higher ground, knows no such classification, despite the aggravation of the sin.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

Vigilance, directed according to Catholic principles, must obviously be particularly active in the spiritual sphere. Humanitarian effort, based with its own temporal aims, is praiseworthy but inadequate. The vice of intemperance leaves its most deadly sting in the regions of the soul. "This pestilence of souls," St. Augustine names it. A vice enumerated by St. Paul in the category of sins excluding from the kingdom of God. In the days when St. Augustine (fifth century) the vice had become so common in Africa as to be regarded as a national disease. "Who is there now," says the saintly doctor (sermon 17 tom. v. p. 95) "who does not think lightly of the sin of habitual drunkenness? That sin abounds and is thought little of. Though drunkards are already dead in soul, yet since our Physician is almighty we must not despair of them, but pray with all our strength that the Lord may open the ears of their hearts which they keep closed." The trend of the modern philanthropist is toward the classification of incurable disease. The Church, standing on higher ground, knows no such classification, despite the aggravation of the sin.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

THE SPIRITUAL ASPECT OF TEMPERANCE

By the Rev. James A. Swaby, O. S. C.

Of the spiritual aspect of temperance, "Vigilance" is a prime consideration. It lies at the root of all spiritual effort. "Vigilance" means "watching." It is the "first aid" tells of the need of watching with a view to restoring a nature wounded and weakened, to such course and vigor as will ensure a lusty re-entree of saving grace won, at the point of the Cross, by the Divine Redeemer. Intemperance, always with us, is the unwelcome poverty it creates, is a soul-destroying evil crying aloud for redemption. The social student, of a type, has day-dreams of Utopia, inhabited by a society reconstructed on the lines of the unattainable; whereas the student of human nature, unless upon facts as they are, is a philosopher in the abstract. An asceticism of the idealist, man, strange mixture of conflicting opposites, is, pendulumlike, with ease swung from side to side. Virtue is ground gained at the expense of the flesh. It is not easily done man gratifies his body, as you were. "One finds," says Goethe, "human nature everywhere great and ill-beautiful and ugly." The ugly element remains to mock and mar the efforts of the reformer.

Nevertheless, with dauntless spirit, Goethe concludes, "Go on bravely working." Recent legislation in reducing the national drink bill has incidentally introduced a section of the public into thinking of the social advocacy of Temperance is no longer imperative. Never has fatal error been more consistently refuted by historical judgment, arising from the nature of things. The proper function of legislation is, in the terse phrase of that great statesman W. E. Gladstone, "to make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong." Legislative measures regard the environment, the things external to a man. Beneficent laws, which open the way to good, close indeed opportunities for evil; but they leave inward dispositions unaffected. By means of sacramental agencies, religion alone touches the spot and cures the native weakness of the nature itself. Hence, never can legislation, as a substitute for religious endeavour, relieve us of the duty of consistency in the moral work of conquering the drink habit, a problem. A cursory glance at the salutary lessons taught by history suffices to convince thinking men of the evil consequence of a policy of drift, in the temperance movement. In making the cause progressive, all before God, have severally an individual responsibility. In the reign of James I. (to 1609) the legislature declared: "Whereas the sacramental agencies, religion alone provisions already made, the inward and extreme vice of excessive drinking and drunkenness doth more and more abound." Needless to add, save for emphasis, this condition of things coincided with the dawn of the ancient influence of the Catholic Church.

FATHER MATHEW

Pass to the achievements of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. Death having moved him from the scenes of his triumphs, the surpassing success of his life-work gradually declined, in proportion to the growing relapses in the ranks of an army that had lost the magic presence of its leader. The glorious work had dwindled almost to extinction, leaving in its place little more than a sad though hallowed memory, when, by a merciful Providence, the torch of enthusiasm came, thanks to the initiative of the saintly and heroic Bishop of Ferns, who well remembered Father Mathew's world famed crusade, and bitterly ploring prevailing apathy, stepped into the breach and again upheld the standard of Temperance. From that day this Irishman's name has never again become so widely known, and his name has become so widely known.

Very Rev. Father—It's with much pleasure I have to announce to you that I am a loyal member of your Society, now nearly six years. And during that time I not only kept from any kind of spirituous liquors, but in one of the visits your very rev. person paid one of my neighboring villages, I renewed my pledge against any of the other stuffs that frequently saw teetotalers make use of, such as soda, penmanship, ginger ale, cordial, lemonade, &c., and all such things. I entirely avoided them, one and all. I happened last winter, through excessive labor, to get a very heavy fit of rheumatism, which both anticipated and debilitated me very much. I had as good nourishment as any poor man in my sphere of life could have, and all was not serving me. I was ordered by a friendly neighbor of mine to drink a large tumbler of punch that would be hot, stronger and sweeter, with a large lump of butter melted upon it, and take it sitting in my bed, before I'd settle myself to sleep; this was in order to remove the pain out of my bones which I was very bad with. Then, tho' bad I was, I did not let it until I see about it. I got a stick and walked with its help down to my priest's house, and told him all as I have stated. What he told me was to drink some whey, that it was very good; but, at that hour of the night, I had no more getting of whey than I had of Spanish wine in the miserable street

of Ball, holy. I then returned home, not least with my disappointment. He feared, I suppose, that I'd return to drink again at my six years' end, like a dog to his vomit. But I do assure both him and you that I do no such thing; but, Sir, when I came back from my priest, I at once my own physician, and sent for a mug of spirits, made punch of it, mixed my butter with it, and drank it off in God's Name. And whether it was occasioned by I being in the latter end of my fit, or drinking of the punch, I know not, but, thank God, I slept that night very sound, perspired much, and was relieved next morning. Now, in consequence of age, hard labor, fatigue, and dejection of spirits, I'd want some additional nourishment, and I trust on this application your reverence will be pleased to allow me some two or three pints, glasses, tumblers or dandies (no cider). I expect an affirmative answer to this by return of post. I seem to have every possible mark of respect, and with all the ceremony of compliments, your reverend's very obedient humble servant, a teetotaler yet. JOHN O'G.

In England, the drink habit has followed every possible mark of respect, and with all the ceremony of compliments, your reverend's very obedient humble servant, a teetotaler yet. JOHN O'G.

Vigilance, directed according to Catholic principles, must obviously be particularly active in the spiritual sphere. Humanitarian effort, based with its own temporal aims, is praiseworthy but inadequate. The vice of intemperance leaves its most deadly sting in the regions of the soul. "This pestilence of souls," St. Augustine names it. A vice enumerated by St. Paul in the category of sins excluding from the kingdom of God. In the days when St. Augustine (fifth century) the vice had become so common in Africa as to be regarded as a national disease. "Who is there now," says the saintly doctor (sermon 17 tom. v. p. 95) "who does not think lightly of the sin of habitual drunkenness? That sin abounds and is thought little of. Though drunkards are already dead in soul, yet since our Physician is almighty we must not despair of them, but pray with all our strength that the Lord may open the ears of their hearts which they keep closed." The trend of the modern philanthropist is toward the classification of incurable disease. The Church, standing on higher ground, knows no such classification, despite the aggravation of the sin. In the opinion of the saintly doctor occasion to blaspheme, and his rejoicings at the triumph of the martyrs and at the freedom of the Church from persecution. St. Augustine had sorrowfully to admit that drunkards now persecute the saints. The saintly philosopher, in his own classification, confirmed drunkard with the victims of incurable disease. The Church, standing on higher ground, knows no such classification, despite the aggravation of the sin.

It is a virtue, and as such, demands vigilance in the death struggle with this vice of vices. Unless we stand on the alert, the demon of intemperance, like a sleeping giant, amused from drunken slumber, will, with renewed vigor, resume his work of deadly destruction on the souls God has entrusted to our charge.

Vigilance, directed according to Catholic principles, must obviously be particularly active in the spiritual sphere. Humanitarian effort, based with its own temporal aims, is praiseworthy but inadequate. The vice of intemperance leaves its most deadly sting in the regions of the soul. "This pestilence of souls," St. Augustine names it. A vice enumerated by St. Paul in the category of sins excluding from the kingdom of God. In the days when St. Augustine (fifth century) the vice had become so common in Africa as to be regarded as a national disease. "Who is there now," says the saintly doctor (sermon 17 tom. v. p. 95) "who does not think lightly of the sin of habitual drunkenness? That sin abounds and is thought little of. Though drunkards are already dead in soul, yet since our Physician is almighty we must not despair of them, but pray with all our strength that the Lord may open the ears of their hearts which they keep closed." The trend of the modern philanthropist is toward the classification of incurable disease. The Church, standing on higher ground, knows no such classification, despite the

Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum.
United States & Europe—\$1.50

THOS. COFFEY, L.L. D., Editor and Publisher.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 25 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Letters of Recommendation.
Apostolic Delegation.
Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey
My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA
Ottawa, Canada, March 27th, 1906

Mr. Thomas Coffey
Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1911

TRUTH THAT IS NOT TRUE

The Kingston Standard, the other day, had a leading editorial on the recent Ecumenical Conference in Toronto, which merits some attention on account of the remarkably frank statement of religious conditions and religious tendencies outside the Church.

"This discovery is that a creed, no matter how earnest may be its perpetrators, can neither be put on paper nor be enforced by determined leaders."

"The conference has demonstrated that no creed can stand still and be true."

"We confess that we are unable to grasp the meaning of this statement. It is one of those loose, hazy, vague statements on religious matters that are thought, by a certain class, to indicate breadth of view, a large mental outlook that excludes anything definite in religion, above all anything dogmatic, and hindering progress and growth."

"I believe in God"; that is a creed based on the definite, fixed, static and dogmatic truth that God exists.

"The basic object of a creed is to reach the truth," says the Standard.

"Now we know full well that no man, however great may have been his powers, has as yet obtained a perfect vision of truth and an unprejudiced conception of justice."

"This is the comment of an intelligent Christian editor enforcing what he considers the greatest lesson to be derived from a great conference of Christian ministers."

By what right do men call themselves Christians if they accept not Christ as the Son of God?

in a previous California case 3,100 venturers had been called.

Reading the questions and answers in this McNamara case one might conclude that if a man betrays any signs of intelligence he is disqualified as a juror in the United States.

That no such difficulty in selecting a jury is known in Canada is due to a radically different conception of trial by jury.

Also, it is true that as we outgrow the dogmatic truths of religion our ideals of righteousness cease to be static or fixed.

This is the oracular closing sentence of an article remarkable in many respects; but most of all remarkable in the fidelity with which it mirrors the state of mind with regard to religious truth outside the Catholic Church.

There is a fundamental philosophical error at the bottom of this confusion with regard to truth; and that error is that truth is subjective.

Now if the Bible is the inspired word of God, that is a truth quite independent of what any one thinks about it.

"The conference has demonstrated that no creed can stand still and be true."

"We confess that we are unable to grasp the meaning of this statement. It is one of those loose, hazy, vague statements on religious matters that are thought, by a certain class, to indicate breadth of view, a large mental outlook that excludes anything definite in religion, above all anything dogmatic, and hindering progress and growth."

"I believe in God"; that is a creed based on the definite, fixed, static and dogmatic truth that God exists.

"The basic object of a creed is to reach the truth," says the Standard.

"Now we know full well that no man, however great may have been his powers, has as yet obtained a perfect vision of truth and an unprejudiced conception of justice."

"This is the comment of an intelligent Christian editor enforcing what he considers the greatest lesson to be derived from a great conference of Christian ministers."

By what right do men call themselves Christians if they accept not Christ as the Son of God?

back to the days of faith when that country was happy in its communion with Rome—when it was "merrie England"—before the country had given its heart and soul to commercialism.

The Rev. J. G. Inkster, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, is a different stamp of man from Rev. Canon Hague.

Two charges were being made at the present time against Protestantism. The first was that it was drifting slowly but surely towards Unitarianism.

There has been an awakening amongst our separated brethren in Detroit. They have discovered that about one hundred thousand men and boys of that city never go to Church.

It has become a moot question how to deal with people who have contracted the habit of misrepresenting the Catholic Church.

It cannot too strongly commend the work which has been undertaken by Mr. Aylward of this city, the formation of a Young Men's Catholic Club.

In many parts of the United States the farmers are seriously considering the advisability of marketing their own produce.

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

students to attend chapel service four days a week. The Registrar informed him that no matter what may be his religious persuasion, a student is required to attend chapel service four times a week and an assembly of students once a week.

The Rev. J. G. Inkster, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, is a different stamp of man from Rev. Canon Hague.

Two charges were being made at the present time against Protestantism. The first was that it was drifting slowly but surely towards Unitarianism.

There has been an awakening amongst our separated brethren in Detroit. They have discovered that about one hundred thousand men and boys of that city never go to Church.

It has become a moot question how to deal with people who have contracted the habit of misrepresenting the Catholic Church.

It cannot too strongly commend the work which has been undertaken by Mr. Aylward of this city, the formation of a Young Men's Catholic Club.

In many parts of the United States the farmers are seriously considering the advisability of marketing their own produce.

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

horror, just fancy Mr. McCorkery's terrible mental suffering when he discovered that even in Toronto itself, a city of preponderating venerated holiness, the Russians, Ruthenians and Galicians have actually been found guilty of procuring ardent spirits on a week day for consumption on Sunday.

The Rev. J. G. Inkster, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, is a different stamp of man from Rev. Canon Hague.

Two charges were being made at the present time against Protestantism. The first was that it was drifting slowly but surely towards Unitarianism.

There has been an awakening amongst our separated brethren in Detroit. They have discovered that about one hundred thousand men and boys of that city never go to Church.

It has become a moot question how to deal with people who have contracted the habit of misrepresenting the Catholic Church.

It cannot too strongly commend the work which has been undertaken by Mr. Aylward of this city, the formation of a Young Men's Catholic Club.

In many parts of the United States the farmers are seriously considering the advisability of marketing their own produce.

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

As mentioned last week Mr. Yeats and his company of players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, are at present on tour on this continent.

The Rev. J. G. Inkster, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, is a different stamp of man from Rev. Canon Hague.

Two charges were being made at the present time against Protestantism. The first was that it was drifting slowly but surely towards Unitarianism.

There has been an awakening amongst our separated brethren in Detroit. They have discovered that about one hundred thousand men and boys of that city never go to Church.

It has become a moot question how to deal with people who have contracted the habit of misrepresenting the Catholic Church.

It cannot too strongly commend the work which has been undertaken by Mr. Aylward of this city, the formation of a Young Men's Catholic Club.

In many parts of the United States the farmers are seriously considering the advisability of marketing their own produce.

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

AN IRISH PLAYBOY

As mentioned last week Mr. Yeats and his company of players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, are at present on tour on this continent.

The Rev. J. G. Inkster, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, is a different stamp of man from Rev. Canon Hague.

Two charges were being made at the present time against Protestantism. The first was that it was drifting slowly but surely towards Unitarianism.

There has been an awakening amongst our separated brethren in Detroit. They have discovered that about one hundred thousand men and boys of that city never go to Church.

It has become a moot question how to deal with people who have contracted the habit of misrepresenting the Catholic Church.

It cannot too strongly commend the work which has been undertaken by Mr. Aylward of this city, the formation of a Young Men's Catholic Club.

In many parts of the United States the farmers are seriously considering the advisability of marketing their own produce.

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

IRISH PLAYBOY

last week Mr. Yeats and players from the Abbey... Mr. Yeats poses as a dramatist. We have already...

date. The modern Protestants are completing the work of the R-formation with a vengeance. The Reformers left the Bible alone, but now it is in the melting pot...

Dr. Fortesque had been commenting upon a tract entitled "Romion and Rome" written by a Rev. Fr. Deamer, D. D., with a view to disposing of the Papal claims to supremacy.

Dr. Deamer is of absolutely no consequence in a discussion of the subject in general. He is but a peg to hang a telling refutation of the old Protestant notion of the text upon.

"COLUMBA"

AND COMMENTS

stated that a wealthy man for years had been a contributor to Protestant societies, has given it up...

of an article in the Tab-Fortesque, whose scholars treasured possessions to-day in England, thus vices the non-Catholic to the Bible as explicated "higher criticism."

novelists, the material remuneration of England's greatest historian (for as such he is coming to be so regarded) seems the merest pittance. But like most writers of real eminence, Dr. Lingard found his most cherished reward in the applause of men of genius over all Europe.

WHAT is less generally known is that Lingard was once thought to have been marked out for the cardinalate. Cardinal Wiseman discusses the subject in his most interesting "Recollections of the Last Four Popes," in which he pays a notable tribute to the character and attainments of the historian.

The heroic pages in the history of Catholic missions of the past is being repeated in every quarter of the globe at the present day. Alaska furnishes many typical instances of this.

At this far off station a little church—a primitive structure of logs—has been erected at a cost of \$500. The altar is a plank on which stands a statue of the Sacred Heart, another of Our Lady of Lourdes, the patron saint of the mission, and a few ornaments.

If we could only live a day at a time, wouldn't we be happier? Just think of each day with the best work we can do, the choicest things we can say; let love radiate all around us; and no worry over the things we are afraid are going to happen and make ourselves miserable over those which happened long ago.

ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY AND A CANADIAN PARALLEL

By a curious coincidence, just when the English journals were commemorating the five-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the ancient University of St. Andrews, a kindly correspondent sent us a copy of our contemporary, "The Casket," for August 31, 1911.

There is one aspect of the event recently commemorated in Scotland that has unfortunately received far too little attention in this country. And there is more reason to regret this, because the religious significance of the foundation of St. Andrew's University might do much towards removing some popular prejudices.

These are but samples of the lighter touches in Dr. Walsh's lecture, which, carried with a wealth of learning. Thus before coming to consider the methods of medieval universities, he gives a pleasing picture of ancient Egyptian education, which anticipated that of the Middle Ages.

HOW STANDS THE RECORD?

When there is a Protestant majority, we are not infrequently reminded of his principle; but when we are in the majority we refuse it, because that is ours. This has ever been the policy of the Roman Catholic Church; and there is no evidence that she has changed the policy on the days when the Pope of Rome had power to enforce his decrees.

"Religious tolerance a fruit of the Reformation."—Archevêque Armitage in Ottawa, W. K. "Presbytery appointed to summon before them all papists, and those suspected of papistry, in order to satisfy the Kirk, and if they compare not, or refuse to give satisfaction, they are to be excommunicated to the privy council; who must direct letters, charging the said papists, and those suspected of papistry, to appear before them, and to produce sufficient certificates of due satisfaction."

In the year 1607 it was enacted: "That the statutes made against Jesuits, seminary priests, sayers and hearers of Mass, and their receivers, should be put in due execution; with the former explanation: That the former laws, and every of them, without exception, that every person who harbors a Jesuit, seminary priest, etc., shall be subjected to the penalties of the former statutes as fully incurring the same after being warned by public proclamation."—Acts of 1600, Chap. 18.

"These detestable scenes of more than savage barbarity, says a Protestant writer, began in the month of July, 1656. Mary Fisher, and Ann Austin, having arrived in the road before Boston, the Deputy Governor Bellingham strip them of their clothes and committed them to prison as Quakers. They were kept there for several weeks, and in this search they were so barbarously mistreated that modesty forbids to mention it."

"Scarce a month after, eight, others of those called Quakers, came; they were locked up in the same manner as the former; and after about eleven weeks' stay they were sent back. John Edicott bid them 'Take heed that ye break ye our ecclesiastical laws, for they ye are sure to stretch by the latter.'—Sewel, p. 157.

"Then a law was made to prohibit all masters of ships from bringing any Quakers into that jurisdiction. Nicholas Upsal, a member of the Church, for speaking against this law, was fined twenty-three pounds, and imprisoned also, for not coming to Church, next they banished him out of their jurisdiction; and though a weakly old man, yet he was forced to depart in the winter."—Sewel, p. 163, 169.

"The following year, 1657, Anne Braden and Mary Dyer were imprisoned at Boston; and Mary Dyer, for warning these persecutors to desist from their cruelty, were severely punished with twenty stripes of a three-corded whip, on her naked back, and detained in prison about three months, in the winter season. The cords of these whips were commonly as thick as a man's little finger, having each some knots at the end."

"Christopher Halder and John Copeland were whipt at Boston the same year, each thirty stripes, with a knotted whip of three cords, the hangman measuring his ground and felling the strokes with the force of a scythe, so cruelly on their flesh that a woman seeing it fell down for dead. Then they were locked up in prison, and kept three days without food or so much as a drink of water, and detained in prison for nine weeks, in the cold winter season, without fire, bed or straw."

"Lawrence and Chasandra Southwick, and their son Josiah, being carried to Boston, were all of them, notwithstanding the old age of the two, sent to the House of Correction, and whipt with cords, as those before, in the coldest season of the year, and had taken from them the value of £4.10s, for not coming to Church."

"In the year 1658, a law was made, which besides imposing heavy penalties and imprisonments, extended to working in the House of Correction, severe whipping, cutting off ears, and boring through their tongues with a red hot iron, whether male or female, and such like inhuman barbarities."—Sewel p. 191.

"Next day they were put into iron neck and heels, so close together, that there was no room for a pinched rope; and they were kept in that situation sixteen hours, and then brought to the mill to work; but Bread refusing, was beaten by the ironsman, falling into a ditch, and the flesh was bruised into a jelly, his body turned cold, and for some time he had neither seeing, feeling, nor hearing."—Sewel, pp. 190, 192.

"A person was heard to say: 'William Brent endeavored to beat our gospel ordinances black and blue, if then he be beaten black and blue it is but just upon him; and I will appear in the behalf of him that did so.'—Sewel, pp. 193, 194.

"In the same year, John Copeland, Christopher Halder and John Rous were taken up, and in a private manner, had their right ears cut off by authority, and as if they had been barbarities were not sufficient, John Norton and other persons, petitioned for a law to banish the Quakers on pain of death, the petition was granted October 20th, 1658, by the court of Boston. A short extract of the law is as follows: 'Whereas, there is a pernicious sect (commonly called Quakers) do take upon them to change and alter the received laudable customs of our nation, and also to destroy the order of the churches, by denying all established forms of worship; for prevention thereof, this Court doth order and enact, that every person or persons being convicted to be of the sect of the Quakers, shall be sentenced to be banished upon pain of death.'—Sewel, p. 218.

"Daniel and Provident Southwick, son and daughter to Lawrence and Chasandra, not infrequently the assemblies of such a persecuting generation, were fined £10 though it was well known they had no estate, their parents being already brought to poverty by the rapacious persecutions of the Quakers, the general Court of Boston issued an order, by which the treasures of the several counties were empowered to sell the said persons to any of the English nation at Virginia, Barbadoes, or any of the said Indies."

"William Maston, at Hampton, was fined £10 for two books found in his house; £5 for not frequenting their church, and £3 besides, as due to the parish; for which fine, he had taken some high amount to more than £20. Not long after, above £1,000 were taken from same, only because they had separated themselves from the persecuting church."—Sewel, p. 218.

"Thomas Prince, Governor of Plymouth, was bound to say, that in his conscience, the Quakers were such a people as deserved to be destroyed, they, their wives and children, their houses and lands, without pity or mercy. Humphrey Norton, at New Haven, for being a Quaker, was severely scolded, and burnt in the hand with the letter 'H,' to signify heretic."

wives and children, their houses and lands, without pity or mercy. Humphrey Norton, at New Haven, for being a Quaker, was severely scolded, and burnt in the hand with the letter 'H,' to signify heretic."

"These unjust and bloody sentences of death was executed upon William Robinson, and Marston Stevenson, the 27th October, 1659. When they were come near the gallows, the person (Wilson) tauntingly said to Robinson, 'Shall such Jacks as you come in before me be sentenced to death, and executed the next day executed, while I shall return to Boston, was cast into an open prison, and locked in chains day and night, in a very cold winter, and the exercise of such an unchristian and diabolical cruelty.'"

"Many, both men and women, were strip naked from the waist and upward, and were severely whipped, and the persons who were the principal instigators to such more than savage monstrosities were placed in nothing better than the exercise of such an unchristian and diabolical cruelty."

"Peter Pearson, and Judith Brown, being strip to the waist, were fastened to a cart-tail, and whipt through the town of Boston. Also Josiah Southwick was strip to the waist, and led through the streets of Boston, at the cart-tail, vehemently scourged by the lazzarus. The same day he was whipt at Roxbury, and next morning at Dedham. The whip used was of twenty stripes, and each stripe of three cords, and each string with three knots at the end."—Sewel pp. 271, 324.

"December 22nd, 1662. At Dover, Anne Coleman, Mary Tompkins, and Anne Ambrose, were all of them, being fastened to the cart-tail, and whipt through eleven towns, a distance of nearly 80 miles. Then, in a very cold winter season, were sent to the stocks, and these women to be strip naked, from the middle upward, and tied to a cart, and then the person locked on and laughed at it. Two of their friends (being women) were put in the stocks, for which they were put in the stocks."

"The women were carried to Hampton, and there whipt; from thence to Salisbury, and again whipt. William Barefoot at length obtained the warrant from the constable and let them go, the person advising to the contrary. Not long after these women returned to Dover, and again seized, while in meeting, and barbarously dragged about at the instigation of (a man lately called) Hare-evil Nutwell, a ruling elder."

"The barbarity of their persecutors, on this occasion, exceeds description, being seized in meeting, while on their knees in prayer, they were dragged by their arms nearly a mile, through a deep snow, across fields and over stumps, by which they were much bruised. The next day they were barbarously dragged down a steep hill to the water side, and threatened with drowning; and one of them was actually plunged into the water, when a sudden shower obliged them to retreat; at length after much abuse, these poor victims of orthodox barbarity were turned out of doors at midnight, and with clothes wet and frozen, were obliged to suffer the inclemency of a very severe winter's night. Afterwards Anne Coleman and four of her friends were whipt through Salem, Boston and Dedham, by order of Haverhill, the magistrate, Anne Coleman was a little weakly woman."

"It gives us no pleasures to recall these scenes of savage intolerance. We do so because we wish to see whether such writers as Archevêque Armitage and the editor of the Presbyterian Witness are so absolutely in love with the dreams they have dreamed as to be proof against the plainest facts of history."

"Also we wish to end, so far as facts also, the self-complacency which rests upon the fact that religious tolerance was the fruit of the 'Reformation.'"

writers, ancient and modern, from Boecetius and Abelard down to the recent French, German, Italian, English and American authors of scientific and atheistic novels, was there one in good faith? Was there one whose conscience did not reprove him for violating its primary promptings and precepts? Did Spinoza have any such heretic? If so, he should have been put in a blasphemous asylum. Did Haeckel's conscience not reprove him when prompted by a hatred of Christianity, he forged figures to prove a false theory in science?"

"Among scores of such blasphemous and unchristian novels, a reader can hardly find more than one or two that he reads with a decent pain. They violate the ordinary laws of truth and decency. These authors write for the low motives of money-making or of notoriety—never to do good. After forty or fifty pages of the new book, the universities and annual part of it, monthly journals, and the writers have had originally a conscience. What did he or she do with it?"

"Lack of conscience is shown in the suppression of truth as well as in falsifying historical, theological, or philosophical facts, and printing indecency. These writers violate the natural law that binds even the conscience of the savage; for he knows that it is wrong to lie, steal, murder, or take his neighbor's wife. Certainly, civilized men who have lived in the atmosphere of Christianity know and feel that lying and indecency are morally wrong. Even the Turk, the Hindu, and the Oriental heathen know the primary laws of morality. Among us the most intellectual and well-educated writers are often those most lacking in conscience! Some of them have been the chief corruptors of morals."

"There is a writer, although not a prominent one, who will serve as an example of a lack of conscience; J. C. Wright, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, some few years ago wrote a translation in verse of Dante's 'Divine Comedy.' It is fairly well done as to the rhyme and the sense, but his prose introductions to the different parts of the poem show a malicious purpose to exaggerate Dante's original meaning in his great work. One special illustration of this author's bias and bigotry must suffice. In the introduction to the 'Paradise,' after giving a fair resume of the different cantos, he balks at the last one, evidently because the Blessed Virgin is there invoked in the beautiful prayer of St. Bernard, which is followed by the intervention of St. Bernard, says Wright, 'Dante is endowed with grace to look upon the brightness of Jehovah and offers up a prayer that he may be enabled to show forth to the glory revealed to him.' But it was by the intervention of the Blessed Virgin, whom St. Bernard invoked on Dante's behalf, that he was enabled with grace to look upon the brightness of Jehovah! 'Playboy of the West World' damns him. Hear him: 'When I was writing 'The Shadow of the Glen,' some years ago, I got more aid than any learning could have given me from a chick in the doot of the old Wicklow house where I was staying that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls of the kitchen.' Imagine Sygne lying on the floor, now listening, poor innocent girls, to get a plot for an indecent play! An over-dropper and a peeping Tom combined! It required a personality as low as that to write the plotless, vulgar, false, disgusting caricature of simple Irish peasant life, the 'Playboy.' Yet some people call this literature!"

"The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals. There is first an opaque surface; by and by you see a spark darting out, then a strong light, then length by length the sun's reflected image of the sun that shines upon it."

"Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus means devotion to the love and humanity of Jesus Christ. The depths of that love are wholly beyond fathom. Its story is told in the thirty-three years of the Savior's mysterious sojourn among men. In every event of His life it stands forth prominently and appeals to us with an emphasis, which is not to be misunderstood."

"The Dead G
So young so fair so swift the sudden calling
A child, and dead!
Ah, wonder not the bitter tears are falling
O'er his dead head.

"Sealed lips dim eyes no cheery word of greeting
For loved ones sigh,
But out beyond the stars no waits the meeting
With God on high.

"So sleep, beloved, in hope of glad awaking
With Christ above,
In peace to rest, the prayer thine own
Through tears of love.

"Thy will, not ours, we bow to Thy decision,
Oursel and mild
Sweet Jesus, thank you pray, Thy blessed vision
To our dear child
—D. A. C. (COLUMBIA)

"The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals. There is first an opaque surface; by and by you see a spark darting out, then a strong light, then length by length the sun's reflected image of the sun that shines upon it."

"Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus means devotion to the love and humanity of Jesus Christ. The depths of that love are wholly beyond fathom. Its story is told in the thirty-three years of the Savior's mysterious sojourn among men. In every event of His life it stands forth prominently and appeals to us with an emphasis, which is not to be misunderstood."

"The Dead G
So young so fair so swift the sudden calling
A child, and dead!
Ah, wonder not the bitter tears are falling
O'er his dead head.

"Sealed lips dim eyes no cheery word of greeting
For loved ones sigh,
But out beyond the stars no waits the meeting
With God on high.

"So sleep, beloved, in hope of glad awaking
With Christ above,
In peace to rest, the prayer thine own
Through tears of love.

"Thy will, not ours, we bow to Thy decision,
Oursel and mild
Sweet Jesus, thank you pray, Thy blessed vision
To our dear child
—D. A. C. (COLUMBIA)

Life Canada

note of success
Fession of a Life

the Company,
are honest and

NE,
Managing Director

n's

dependent
with his earn-
capacity, every
provision for
to them the
purpose of
whose life is

Company

Toronto

al in every
housewife
to fall off or
are impervious.
Made in
Basins, etc.
em"

you to all whom you
make them happy,
School
A. BLDG.
N. ONT.
ORTHAND SUBJECTS,
ason upwards of \$100
every graduate. Seven
regular teachers. One
London firms employ
College in session from
30. Enter any time,
to Free
Business
College
Shortland
St., W. WESTWILLY,
Princ. J. W.

Memorial
Church
Windows
LEADED ART GLASS
Estimates and Sketches
on application.
Cutler Art Glass Co.
434 Richmond St.
LONDON, CANADA

S LIQUID
T OF
ITH IRON.
preparation for
he
and BODY
dily assimilated,
into the circula-
than any other
of iron.
value in all forms
General Dabli-

Drug Store
D WOOD,
Canada
& CO. WATERLOO,
ONT. (West Troy), N. Y.
BELL'S

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SELF-RELIANCE

Every normal person is capable of independence and self-reliance, yet comparatively few people ever develop their ability to stand alone. It is so much easier to lean, to trail, to follow somebody else, to let others do the thinking and the planning and the work. Almost everybody you see is leaning on something or somebody. Some lean on their money, some on friends; some depend upon their clothes, their pedigree, their social standing; but how seldom we see a man who stands fair and square on his own merits, who goes through life on his own merits, and is self-reliant and resourceful.

How few people stand for anything in particular! The majority of mankind are merely so many individuals in the crowd; but how few men stand above or beyond their fellows and are self-sufficient.

In later life we never quite forgive those who have allowed us to lean upon them, for we know that it has deprived us of our birthright.

A child is not satisfied when his father shows him how to do a certain thing. But watch the exultant expression on his face when by actually doing it he has conquered the thing himself.

This new sense of conquest is an added power which increases self-confidence and self-reliance.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell the following story of how he was taught, when a boy, to depend on himself:

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went uncertain, full of whimpering. 'That lesson must be learned,' said my teacher, in a quivering tone, but with a stern intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem; I don't want any reason why you haven't it,' he would say.

"If I did study two hours," "That's nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just to wait yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month, I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration. 'No!'"

"I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning; and, on reaching the same point again; 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction, barred my progress. 'The next!' I sat down in red confusion.

"He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, and finished; and, as he sat down, was rewarded with 'Very well.'"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

What a Boy Can Do

What can a boy do, any way? You ask. "What grand or great?" "Li-t-en a moment, lad, I pray. And I'll tell you what he can do."

A boy can make the world more bright by kindly word and deed; As blossoms cast for nature's light, So hearts love's sunshine need. A boy can make the world more pure by lips kept ever clean; Silence can influence men as sure As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true by an exalted aim; Let him avoid a pitfall, Others will seek the same. Fair simple things, indeed, these three Thus stated in my rhyme; Yet, wait, dear lad, could greater be? What grandeur, more sublime?

—Francis S. Bacon.

SAINT FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS
The Blessed Francis of Assisi called all the saints of God in the power which he exercised over the creatures of earth and air. He loved the birds most of all, and they knew it and loved him and obeyed him in return. Once when he was going through a wood, he passed through a woods where the birds were hopping about in the branches of the trees and chirping and twittering as only birds can. Saint Francis, said to his two companions: "Wait! I must preach to my brothers the birds."

At the call of his voice all the birds flocked around him, some upon the ground and some in the branches of the trees, and he addressed them thus: "Dear birds, my little brothers, the Creator has showered benefits upon you and you ought to bless him for them at every hour and in every place. It was He Who created you with your beautiful plumage and gave you wings so that you might fly wherever you please. It was He Who preserved you in Noah's Ark and gave you the air to fly a vast land. He sends you plenty of people older than you are, with only one leg or one arm, who manage to eave a living, while you who are healthy and physically able to work are looking to others for assistance."

No able-bodied person can feel that he is quite a man while he is dependent. When one has a trade, a profession, or some kind of occupation which makes him absolutely independent, he feels a sense of added power, respectfulness, completeness, which nothing else can give. Responsibility discovers ability. Many a youth discovers himself for the first time when he goes into business for himself. He might have worked for some one else without ever finding himself.

It is not possible to develop one's utmost possibilities while working for somebody else. There is not the same motive, the same reach of ambition or enthusiasm. No matter how conscientious or dutiful, there is not the same stimulus or incentive to bring out the possible man in him. The best in a man is his independence, his self-reliance, his originality, and these will never reach their highest expression under service to somebody else while human nature remains where it is now.

It is only when the brain is tested to its utmost, when every bit of ingenuity and sagacity the young man possesses must come to the rescue of a possible failure that he will develop his greatest strength. It takes months and years of effort to stretch capital over a larger business without danger. It is the perpetual struggle to keep up appearances, to get and to hold customers, that will call out the reserve in a young man. It is when money is scarce and business dull, and living high, that the real man is making his greatest progress.

Where there is no struggle, there is no growth, no character. What are the chances of the youth's developing his own innate resources who knows he has money enough to buy his "education" and need not work for it, and who pays a tutor to help him in his examinations? What are the chances of his buckling down to hard study, writing nights and parts of holidays, of seizing every spare minute for self-betterment, self-improvement, in the same way as the boy who knows he will not have a dollar which he does not earn, who knows there is no rich father or uncle backing him?

How can a boy develop any self-reliance or independent manliness by having somebody else do practically everything for him? It is the exercise of a faculty that makes it strong. It is the struggle to attain that brings out the stamina—Success.

If you are teaching a piece of work, if you are laboring at the same employment with others, never ridicule one who is awkward. Correct his awkwardness kindly, show him how he should do his work; and God, who sees you and is pleased with your patience, will tell one of His angels to aid you in your moments of difficulty.

The birds, as always, were obedient to his voice. The swallows were not only silent but they did not move their wings. There is a high mountain named Monte Alverno, where Saint Francis loved to go and pray, and where our Saviour visited him, leaving the print of the nails in his feet on the hands and the wound of the spear in his side. Now on this mountain, there was a falcon whose nest was near the saint's grotto, and this bird was greatly devoted to him and made itself his night watcher. When the hour of Matins came he never failed to sing at Francis' door, and waked him up long before dawn.

Once while he was at Siena a certain knight sent him a beautiful peasant, the son of a man of God and heard his voice; it became so fond of him that it never left him. The Friars often took it to the vineyard to set it at liberty but it quickly flew back to the Seraphic Father. Finally they gave it to a gentleman who came very fond of Francis and often came to visit him. But the peasant languished and would not take any food. When at last they brought back to the priest and flapping its wings, and began to eat with a vigorous appetite.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

What a Boy Can Do
You ask. "What grand or great?" "Li-t-en a moment, lad, I pray. And I'll tell you what he can do."

A boy can make the world more bright by kindly word and deed; As blossoms cast for nature's light, So hearts love's sunshine need. A boy can make the world more pure by lips kept ever clean; Silence can influence men as sure As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true by an exalted aim; Let him avoid a pitfall, Others will seek the same. Fair simple things, indeed, these three Thus stated in my rhyme; Yet, wait, dear lad, could greater be? What grandeur, more sublime?

—Francis S. Bacon.

SAINT FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS
The Blessed Francis of Assisi called all the saints of God in the power which he exercised over the creatures of earth and air. He loved the birds most of all, and they knew it and loved him and obeyed him in return. Once when he was going through a wood, he passed through a woods where the birds were hopping about in the branches of the trees and chirping and twittering as only birds can. Saint Francis, said to his two companions: "Wait! I must preach to my brothers the birds."

At the call of his voice all the birds flocked around him, some upon the ground and some in the branches of the trees, and he addressed them thus: "Dear birds, my little brothers, the Creator has showered benefits upon you and you ought to bless him for them at every hour and in every place. It was He Who created you with your beautiful plumage and gave you wings so that you might fly wherever you please. It was He Who preserved you in Noah's Ark and gave you the air to fly a vast land. He sends you plenty of people older than you are, with only one leg or one arm, who manage to eave a living, while you who are healthy and physically able to work are looking to others for assistance."

No able-bodied person can feel that he is quite a man while he is dependent. When one has a trade, a profession, or some kind of occupation which makes him absolutely independent, he feels a sense of added power, respectfulness, completeness, which nothing else can give. Responsibility discovers ability. Many a youth discovers himself for the first time when he goes into business for himself. He might have worked for some one else without ever finding himself.

It is not possible to develop one's utmost possibilities while working for somebody else. There is not the same motive, the same reach of ambition or enthusiasm. No matter how conscientious or dutiful, there is not the same stimulus or incentive to bring out the possible man in him. The best in a man is his independence, his self-reliance, his originality, and these will never reach their highest expression under service to somebody else while human nature remains where it is now.

It is only when the brain is tested to its utmost, when every bit of ingenuity and sagacity the young man possesses must come to the rescue of a possible failure that he will develop his greatest strength. It takes months and years of effort to stretch capital over a larger business without danger. It is the perpetual struggle to keep up appearances, to get and to hold customers, that will call out the reserve in a young man. It is when money is scarce and business dull, and living high, that the real man is making his greatest progress.

Where there is no struggle, there is no growth, no character. What are the chances of the youth's developing his own innate resources who knows he has money enough to buy his "education" and need not work for it, and who pays a tutor to help him in his examinations? What are the chances of his buckling down to hard study, writing nights and parts of holidays, of seizing every spare minute for self-betterment, self-improvement, in the same way as the boy who knows he will not have a dollar which he does not earn, who knows there is no rich father or uncle backing him?

How can a boy develop any self-reliance or independent manliness by having somebody else do practically everything for him? It is the exercise of a faculty that makes it strong. It is the struggle to attain that brings out the stamina—Success.

If you are teaching a piece of work, if you are laboring at the same employment with others, never ridicule one who is awkward. Correct his awkwardness kindly, show him how he should do his work; and God, who sees you and is pleased with your patience, will tell one of His angels to aid you in your moments of difficulty.

The birds, as always, were obedient to his voice. The swallows were not only silent but they did not move their wings. There is a high mountain named Monte Alverno, where Saint Francis loved to go and pray, and where our Saviour visited him, leaving the print of the nails in his feet on the hands and the wound of the spear in his side. Now on this mountain, there was a falcon whose nest was near the saint's grotto, and this bird was greatly devoted to him and made itself his night watcher. When the hour of Matins came he never failed to sing at Francis' door, and waked him up long before dawn.

Once while he was at Siena a certain knight sent him a beautiful peasant, the son of a man of God and heard his voice; it became so fond of him that it never left him. The Friars often took it to the vineyard to set it at liberty but it quickly flew back to the Seraphic Father. Finally they gave it to a gentleman who came very fond of Francis and often came to visit him. But the peasant languished and would not take any food. When at last they brought back to the priest and flapping its wings, and began to eat with a vigorous appetite.

Never a failure or disappointment when

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

is used

COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS

E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD
TORONTO, ONT.

It was a little after sunset on October 3 1216, that Saint Francis died, and the moment his soul left the body to go to God, a multitude of the larks whom he loved and whom he had invited so often to sing with him the praises of God, descended from the roof of the church of Our Lady of the Angels near by, and with every reverent gesture as if to celebrate his crowning in heaven.

Dear children, if the birds so loved Saint Francis, how much more ought we, and although it is nearly seven hundred years since he died, we can still be his children, wear his holy habit and walk in his holy footsteps.—Rev. P. J. Francis, S. A., in Sunday Companion.

A PLEA FOR READING CIRCLES
Christian Read, in the October Catholic World.

Taking into consideration the strongly anti-theological tendency of modern fiction, the manner in which the laws of morality are scoffed at, or ignored, while many writers—among whom women are the worst offenders—treat with a truly brutal unreserve, subjects and phases of life which are base and degrading, can we doubt the character of the influence which this fiction must exert, or fail to remember that in the keeping of the girls who are absorbing it will one day be the destiny of future generations? For although women in our day have been largely led to forget the greatness and the power that dwell in motherhood, neither the greatness nor the power is lessened by such forgetfulness. Whether they will or no, the divinely ordained law of being stands firm: "in these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affection," and of much more, of the highest possibilities of the race for time and for eternity. There is a deep significance in the well-known fact that no great man ever lived who had not a great mother, one strong in the moral if not in the intellectual qualities, and strong in both. And this being so, can too much importance be attached to the kind of mental food with which women are feeding their minds, and from which they are to draw nourishment for the minds of their children?

For human nature being what it is, we cannot be surprised that Catholic women are frequently drawn into these organizations, which appeal to the social instincts, as well as to the religious ones of those who belong to them; and, being thus drawn, that they absorb the literature provided without even a thought of the Church's prohibition of books which are dangerous to faith or morals. The result is that many Catholics toward such prohibitions, their apparent ignorance that there is grave sin involved in reading bad books, and their absolute lack of any knowledge of Catholic writers, past or present, are tacitly and unconsciously the result of almost incredible. And this lack of knowledge is not confined to the illiterate. On the contrary, it is to be found most strikingly among those who claim a certain degree of mental culture, who are able to read, and who are conversant on the popular fiction of the day, but who never by any chance buy, and only by chance read, a book by a Catholic author. Many explanations of this might be given, but whatever the explanation, the fact remains and stares us in the face. Catholics, as a rule, are profoundly ignorant of their own literature, although it is no longer broadly true that, as Cardinal Newman said, they are "not a reading class."

THE SAVED CHALICE
The residents of Montrose, Colorado, are still discussing in awe and wonder an incident which borders on the miraculous. The incident has its counter part in many of the ancient tales of miracles which had to do with the saving of the sacred chalice of a Catholic Church from destruction or damage while all else around it was ruined.

The interior of St. Peter's Catholic Church at Montrose, of which the Rev. C. J. O'Farrell has been pastor for twenty years, was gutted by flames in a recent Sunday afternoon. Everything of value was lost. The fire started thirty minutes after a funeral had been held in the place, making the origin a mystery yet unsolved.

The handsome altar was a mass of ruins and when half burned toppled over and fell. The priests and people who fought the fire feared that the tabernacle had been burned and the sacred chalice of gold, the insignia of the faith, guarded more closely than any other in the Church, had been destroyed or damaged.

When the charred portions of the wooden altar were picked up and the tabernacle was reached the people were awe-struck. They found that the wooden portion of the tabernacle had been charred through and fell to pieces at the touch of a hand. But the precious chalice with its sacred host was unharmed.

Most marvelous of all was the fact that the costly and delicate silk lining of the tabernacle was not even scorched, while the wood which protected it was charred to a crisp and crumbled into a thousand pieces.

The priest and people stood aghast at the apparent miracle, and when the fire was out they knelt in prayer.

THOUGHT AND ACTION
In an article on "The Church and the Secular and Liberty," the Catholic Herald (England) well presents and illustrates the difference between Catholic and Protestant teaching and practice as to liberty of thought and action. This difference of course is very marked and striking. Protestantism while claiming the fullest liberty of thought, draws the line very sharply at similar freedom of action (the Herald goes on to say) and in both cases, leading individuals to the absolute right of the individual to think as he likes. Protestantism attempts to build up a theory of authority with regard to overt acts of thought which the sects scold at.

Nothing indeed is more common than the intolerance of non-Catholic bodies on questions of conduct. Men and women may be excluded from the communion of the sects, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, or other Protestant sects for some grave breach of the moral law, and are constantly being so excluded. Some grave offence against the moral code was the sufficient excuse for a man and woman from the communion of most Protestant sects, while on the other hand the Catholic Church is alleged on matters of this kind to be "far too tolerant."

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS

180 King Street
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmers
Telephone 47-48
CORNERS OF KING AND BAY
W. J. SMITH & SON
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
113 Dundas Street
CORNERS OF DUNDAS AND BAY

Common Sense Exterminator
A 25c Package Will Kill 50 Rats
Kills every rat, mouse, flea, tick, and all other household pests. No odor, no dirt, no damage. Money back if not satisfied. Write for free literature and sample. Sold by all dealers.

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.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself
A MAN tried to sell me a home case. He said it was a fine home case and had gotten the matter with it. I said, "I don't want a fine home case. I want a washer that will wash my clothes. I don't want a home case. I want a washer that will wash my clothes. I don't want a home case. I want a washer that will wash my clothes."

Whooping Cough
CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS COLDS
Vapo-Resolene
ESTABLISHED 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchitis, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough.

NA-DRU-CO Tasteless Cod Liver Oil Compound
THE "building-up" value of Cod Liver Oil is well known, but its drawbacks have been its nasty taste and indigestibility. NA-DRU-CO Tasteless Cod Liver Oil Compound has the nutritious qualities of the Cod Liver Oil, without the slightest disagreeable flavor. In the Oil is skillfully combined with Extract of Malt, Extract of Wild Cherry, and Hypophosphites, making a splendid tonic as well as a valuable food.

Whooping Cough
CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS COLDS
Vapo-Resolene
ESTABLISHED 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchitis, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough.

Whooping Cough
CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS COLDS
Vapo-Resolene
ESTABLISHED 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchitis, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough.

Whooping Cough
CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS COLDS
Vapo-Resolene
ESTABLISHED 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchitis, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough.

Whooping Cough
CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS COLDS
Vapo-Resolene
ESTABLISHED 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchitis, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough.

Whooping Cough
CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS COLDS
Vapo-Resolene
ESTABLISHED 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchitis, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough.

Whooping Cough
CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS COLDS
Vapo-Resolene
ESTABLISHED 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchitis, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough.

Whooping Cough
CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS COLDS
Vapo-Resolene
ESTABLISHED 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchitis, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough.

Whooping Cough
CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS COLDS
Vapo-Resolene
ESTABLISHED 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchitis, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough, croup, asthma, whooping cough.

TWO GOOD MISSION STORIES FROM JAMAICA

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. In a recent copy of your paper I read an item about a certain non-Catholic lady who promised to go to church when the priest preached in Latin. I have a similar story that perhaps may amuse your readers.

One day last May, as I was showing a Kingston gentleman through our new Cathedral, I met a lady, a Protestant, whom I had known for some time. She was accompanied by three ladies, one of whom was the wife of a Westeyan parson. They joined us, and together we passed through the Cathedral. As we neared the door they turned to thank me for showing them about, when the following little talk was had:

Mrs. Westeyan Parson, in a most confidential manner: "Father, I want you to tell me, do you really believe that your people understand what you say when you preach to them in Latin?" (I felt like saying that many more learned than I did in Latin.) One of her friends promptly answered: "How ridiculous! Priests never preach to the people in Latin. They say the altar prayers in Latin; but all the prayer books have the Latin and English in twin columns on each page. If the people want to know what the priest reads they can buy a prayer book for next to nothing."

I sent to you last week a picture of what might be called a "spiritual outdoor meet." It was taken just before the meeting opened. On several of my missions I hold open-air meetings, with the hope of drawing souls into the Church. A bell is rung, a few minutes later two hymns are sung. The hymns are generally "raised" by one of my catechists. The hymns draw the crowd. I recite with the people the Acts of Apostles, Faith, Hope and Charity, and Our Father, Hail Mary and Credo. A hymn follows, then a reading from the Bible. I preach on some point of faith; another hymn, the Litany of Our Mother; a sermon on some moral topic, a closing hymn and blessing. I generally hold these meetings on a Sunday afternoon, and at a point five or six miles away from the mission. My little talks get the people talking, discussing what I say. And thus my Catholics become more Catholic and my non-Catholics draw a little nearer. I have been holding these outdoor meetings for the last five years.

After one of my meetings a local Baptist preacher, a black man, asked: "Father, why do you invite us to your Church and prevent your people from coming to our Church?" "What is my Church?" I asked. "You are a Roman Catholic," he answered. "And I believe that my Church is the only true Church." "Yes," he replied, "I know you do." "Then," said I, "since I believe that mine is the only true Church, would I not do wrong in going to other churches?" He agreed with me, though rather reluctantly. I asked again, "What is your faith?" "I am a Baptist." "And do you believe that to be the only true Church?" "No," he answered; "my faith is more broad-minded than yours. I believe all churches are equally true." "Then, my dear friend," said I (and in the loudest voice I could summon for the occasion) "you are bound before God to attend some church, never mind what faith, every Sunday, even though it be mine." The crowd saw something to laugh at in my answer, and as I had a congregation gathering for evening service at the mission, I jumped on my little horse and galloped off.

I have afflicted you with all this because Mr. Leese, the gentleman sitting on the ground to my left in the picture, kindly sent me this paper.

MARIE E. PRENDERGAST, S. J. Winesther Park, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. October 2, 1911.

ARCHDIOCESE OF VANCOUVER

On Oct. 8th His Grace Archbishop McNeil, of Vancouver, officiated at High Mass at the Catholic Church, Grand Forks, B. C., and administered the sacrament of confirmation to a class of thirty-seven children. This was the first visit of His Grace to Grand Forks, and an address of welcome was read by D. A. McKinnon as follows:

May it please Your Grace,—We the faithful of the Sacred Heart parish of the city of Grand Forks, B. C., desire most ardently to offer Your Grace a humble but devoted and sincere welcome to your distant fold by the hands of the Kettle River.

Under the divine call which ushered Your Grace to the Province by the western sea, Catholicism has spread its mantle of peace and spiritual contentment over all the faithful pursuing their ordained tasks, whether on gleaming snow crest, in misty canyon or verdant valley made glorious by rainbow-hued flowers, the signet rings of that Beneficent Being who presides over our destiny.

For one and a half years we have watched with keen appreciation your untinged zeal and devoted interest in the children of our Archdiocese, not alone in the spiritual instruction of the Sunday School, but also in their preparation for that most solemn Sacrament which heralds their entrance through the portal of adolescent life and conduces them in that path which leads to the throne of the Most High and to eternal happiness.

We desire not alone to express our deep and heartfelt admiration for the interest you have displayed in the children, but we beg to express the sincere desire that the children of this parish may in the near future be benefited by the elevating atmosphere of a Catholic school, and, in conclusion, we humbly offer to our Heavenly Father our united prayers that he may for many years preserve and guard Your Grace

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria with Booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free in a plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day, The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept. 11, 49 Colborne St., Toronto, Canada.

Do not suffer another day without relief from itching, bleeding, or protruding piles. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly as you see a box, all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Stamp box free if you mention this paper and enclose 5c stamp to pay postage.

SUNLIGHT

washes everything washable in the home—use it freely. Unlike ordinary soaps it keeps the hands soft and white—never makes them coarse and red.

We will give \$5,000 to anyone who can find adulterants in Sunlight Soap.

Use Sunlight Soap according to directions—try it just once—and convince yourself that it will do twice as much as other soaps.

for the fulfilment of your sacred duties among us.

Signed on behalf of your faithful children of the parish of Grand Forks, F. E. Haverly, D. A. McKinnon, M. Frankovitch, B. Lequinne.

My Rosary (To be held before the Pieta group) While she held her darling Son again in her pure arms and her sweet mother-love poured forth in tears, but burning tears of joy; Which falling on His cold and deathly face, Were turned to pearls, pure as the breath of rain.

And seven were these of the largest tears, For seven times her heart did nearly break; And seven times the angels mingled theirs, In pity for her agonised and aching heart.

And seven were these of the largest tears, For seven times her heart did nearly break; And seven times the angels mingled theirs, In pity for her agonised and aching heart.

And seven were these of the largest tears, For seven times her heart did nearly break; And seven times the angels mingled theirs, In pity for her agonised and aching heart.

And seven were these of the largest tears, For seven times her heart did nearly break; And seven times the angels mingled theirs, In pity for her agonised and aching heart.

And seven were these of the largest tears, For seven times her heart did nearly break; And seven times the angels mingled theirs, In pity for her agonised and aching heart.

And seven were these of the largest tears, For seven times her heart did nearly break; And seven times the angels mingled theirs, In pity for her agonised and aching heart.

And seven were these of the largest tears, For seven times her heart did nearly break; And seven times the angels mingled theirs, In pity for her agonised and aching heart.

And seven were these of the largest tears, For seven times her heart did nearly break; And seven times the angels mingled theirs, In pity for her agonised and aching heart.

And seven were these of the largest tears, For seven times her heart did nearly break; And seven times the angels mingled theirs, In pity for her agonised and aching heart.

And seven were these of the largest tears, For seven times her heart did nearly break; And seven times the angels mingled theirs, In pity for her agonised and aching heart.

ago, he said publicly at Manchester that things would come to this. There was no guarantee that England might not become a democracy with the king as president. He appealed to them to teach character. They could not have character without God; they could not have character without some ideal and some aim in life—some original whose features they must copy. Men had shifted their center of gravity; they were being taught to-day without ideals, without aims, without ambitions.

A RE-BIRTH OF SUPERSTITION

From the town of Pottsville in Pennsylvania comes the news that a certain woman "charges that a witch has caused a series of misfortunes upon her family, including the pining away of cattle, horses and poultry, and even human deaths"; also that an evil spirit, in the shape of a cat makes sundry visits to her home, and that said cat is proof against lead.

We learn further that the town is convinced of the truth of the charges. While normal minds will be disposed to pity the Pottsville delusion, and to ascribe it to the workings of an abnormal mind, it cannot be denied that similar beliefs are more widely professed in these "intellectual" times than ever before in the history of civilization.

Men are moved to these absurdities by the great spiritual interest, everywhere prevalent outside the Church. Men want to believe in something spiritual and not knowing the Church, or knowing her, rejecting her claims, seek surrogates of spiritual interest at the cost of subjecting their reason and obscuring

ENEMIES OF PROGRESS

How distressing it must be for a certain class of Ultra-Protestants, who are always fond of presenting priests in the character of "enemies of progress" to read such a story as the following which we find in the London Tablet.

"Some years ago the Abbe Daney, parish priest of Toucougan, near Bordeaux, watched a forest fire which worked havoc in the lands of his parishioners. Ever since he has been trying to perfect a scientific method of putting out fires. Some most successful demonstrations of the efficacy of the Abbe's invention were given recently at St. Joseph's College, Beulah Hill, St. E. Parker Vaux, who is representing the Abbe in England, described the new invention as consisting of an accumulator containing special liquid gases with fire extinguishing properties. These gases work on a solution of fire-proof salts unknown before. The water contained in the apparatus is only meant to convey the gases and he salts. Among the advantages claimed for the Abbe's invention are the following: The liquid is projected

Sure Cure For Thrush

Worst Cases Yield To Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. Mr. J. L. Hayes, Secretary of the Niagara Driving Park Association has had a great deal of experience with thrush on horses' feet, and has tried various remedies. He writes: "I have cured bad cases of diseased feet or thrush on horses with Egyptian Liniment with two or three applications, after calomel, salt, coal oil, etc., had completely failed to do the work. I consider it a waste of time to use anything but Egyptian Liniment for thrush."

Can it be said that we have responded adequately to Christ's love for us by returning love, and by doing our utmost to shape our characters upon the glorious world of His Sacred Humanity? The poverty of Bethlehem, the solitude of Egypt, the obscurity of Nazareth, the zeal of the Public Life, the consumption upon Calvary, and the joy of the Resurrection, are but so many phases and expressions of the unfathomable depths of the Love of the Sacred Heart for us.

MARRIAGE. NAGLE FLAHERTY.—At St. Mary's, on Tuesday, Oct. 17th 1911, by Rev. Father Roman, Mr. John Joseph Nagle, of St. Mary's, to Miss Agnes Veronica Flaherty of Kelly's Siding.

Our PREFERRED TRADING REGISTER

The following Firms, together with our Regular Advertisers, are Recommended as a TRADING GUIDE to our Readers, as they represent the Best Concerns in London

- ARCHITECTS: Moore & Munro. ELECTRICAL: THE ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION CO. ELECTRICAL COMPANY. FUELS AND BUILDING MATERIAL: JOHN MANN & SONS. HARDWARE: J. G. STEELE & CO. HOTELS: The Tecumseh Hotel. INSURANCE: A. ELLIS. LAUNDRIES: PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY CO. LUMBER: G. H. BELTON. MILL AND FACTORY SUPPLIES: THE LONDON ENGINE SUPPLIES CO. OVERALL MANUFACTURERS: The "BULLDOG" Line. PLUMBING AND HOT WATER HEATING: NOBLE & RICH. SHEET METAL WORKERS, STOVES, ETC.: WM. STEVENS AND SON. STOCKS, BONDS AND REAL ESTATE: THOS. RAYCROFT. WALL PAPER AND ART GOODS: COLERICK BROS. WHOLESALE: GREENE, SWIFT, LIMITED. FURNITURE: H. WOLF & SONS.



The Perfect Player Piano

is one that will produce results the Musician is after, and at the same time place the Novice in a position to play so it will not sound mechanical.

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THE NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

place it in a distinctive class, and enable anyone to play any Musical Selection intelligently and with artistic effect.

Write us to-day for full particulars about this wonderful instrument, and how it can be purchased on our extended payment plan.

The WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Limited OSHAWA ONTARIO

The Piano That Will Endure

Sherlock-Manning Pianos are built to last, because special care is given each smallest detail in their construction. The result is a piano that pleases the eye and ear, and that will satisfy always.



Hear Its Rich Tone

Listen to the Sherlock-Manning Piano. You'll be charmed with its rich singing tone. And moreover, this same beautiful tone will still be rich and powerful after years of service.

You can get no better value for your money. If you are thinking of buying a piano, see ours. We can save you a hundred dollars.

Write for address of Warerooms where these beautiful pianos may be seen. Be sure and write for our latest catalogue.

SHERLOCK-MANNING Piano & Organ Co. LONDON CANADA

HOME BANK OF CANADA

The man without a bank account lacks a good friend. Your money on savings deposit in the bank is always within reach and available, in full and with compound interest added, on demand any day during banking hours.

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, 8 King St. West

LOCAL BRANCHES: London, St. Thomas, Hamilton, Melbourne, Lawrence Station

TEACHERS WANTED: ONE HUNDRED ROMAN CATHOLIC PROFESSIONAL teachers required for schools opening during July and August.

WANTED: LINE EXPERIENCED TEACHERS for Principal for R. C. Separate School, No. 3, Painscourt. Must speak and teach English and French language alike.

REQUIREMENTS FOR EDMONTON SEPARATE SCHOOL: One male teacher holding not less than first class professional certificate.

POSITION WANTED: WANTED A GOOD LOCATION FOR CATHOLIC physicians in some good town in Ontario.

C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London: Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock.

DR. BARKLIE: Graduate Osteopath & Chiropactor. SUPERIOR ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT.

CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB

\$300 a year: Hundreds of our members earning pocket money and Christmas money in their spare time.

SET OF 30 HIGH CLASS ART POSTALS OF RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS 50c SENT BY MAIL.

SET OF 30 Souvenir Picture Cards of Religious Subjects, reproduced from Famous Paintings in the National Galleries of Europe.

Church Organs: Water Motors, Electric Blowing, Organ Blowing Machinery.

The Will & Baumer Company: The Candle Manufacturers SYRACUSE, N.Y.

BEESEWAX CANDLES: Purissima Brand L'Autel Brand Altar Brand.

Stearic Acid Candles in all grades and sizes. Write for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

J. J. M. Landy: Manufacturer and Importer of Vestments, Osteriora Chalcios, Ciboria.

Stations, Stations of the Cross, Candles, Oils, Prayer Books, Library Books, Etc.

TELEPHONE MAIN - 6555 RESIDENCE COLLEGE 462

405 YONGE ST. TORONTO