

# The Catholic Record.

Don de A.V. Q.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen"—Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

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### THE GREAT EVENT IN MONTREAL

#### THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS A PUBLIC ACT OF FAITH

By our own Correspondent, Augustin McNally.

Montreal, September 10th.—A few hours from now the twenty-first International Eucharistic Congress, assembled in this the first Catholic city of North America, during six days, will be but a memory. And oh! what a happy memory! Too soon will the banners of blue, splashed with white, and bedewed with a blood-red heart, be hauled down. The towers of Notre Dame, from which the Papal flag has waved for two weeks, will be bare and rugged to-morrow as they were before the Empress of Ireland entered the St. Lawrence. In a word, the twenty-first International Eucharistic Congress is at an end; the mission from Rome to Montreal is terminated, and two hundred thousand loyal Catholics will start to-night for their residences. It was a notable assemblage, a demonstration of the unity of Catholic belief that will live long in the memories of those fortunate to be participants. At the present moment the city is illuminated from the St. Lawrence to the ledges of Mount Royal. The last of the multitude are reluctantly leaving the field, from which was imparted a Eucharistic benediction upon a loyal Catholic assemblage, that hemmed itself in the cliffs of rocks, climbed the strong tree, and scattered itself for a mile beyond the firm police lines established to the west of the noble mountain from which this city derives its name. The energetic Archbishop, Mgr. Bruchesi, in whose metropolitan city the Congress was held, may look back with satisfaction upon the work accomplished. The Congress was assembled for adoration, manifestation, and promotion. Men, women and children adored, gave public exposition of their belief in, and, by their example, strived to promote devotion to the central object of Catholic worship. A more perfect success could not be expected. It was neither a social reunion nor a week-end call. The principal end in view was accomplished, and during its progress there were frequent opportunities offered for Catholics to make known their loyalty and devotion to the Roman Pontiff, Pius X. In the first place the Pope sent a personal representative, a Legate, who was to represent him, or as the Papal Brief had it, "act in his place." The crowned head would have looked with invidious eyes upon the French and Irish Canadians who looked to the shores of the St. Lawrence and cried their "Bienvenue," "Benedict qui venit in nomine Domini," and "Adventus Tuus Suavissimus." It was a royal welcome to the legate of the "Servant of the Servants of God."

The writer was fortunate enough to witness this extraordinary outburst of affection for the Holy Father in the person of his beloved son Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli. From the moment the Empress of Ireland, on which he sailed from Liverpool, entered the St. Lawrence River, until the Canadian Government's steamer landed him at Montreal, the reception continued night and day uninterruptedly. It was an ovation that did not require the mind of a dreamer to exaggerate its proportions, for it embodied a continent. There were demonstrations at Quebec, at Three Rivers, at Sorel, and on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 3, in a drizzling rain the Cardinal Legate and the members of the mission to the congress landed at Montreal. Thousands upon thousands had lined the shores of the St. Lawrence, though it had rained heavily in the early part of the day, and it was no surprise to see countless umbrellas at the McGill street pier and in the principal streets of the city thro' to the City Hall. The Mayor of Montreal, and the city's lawmakers, attired in the robes of their office, received him at the pier. Their greeting was less formal, but

still official, when the City Hall was reached. Besides the Legate, the mission consisted of the Right Rev. Prince de Croix, Very Rev. Mgr. Tampieri, and the Papal Chamberlains, Thomas Hughes Kelly, of New York, and M. de Martigny, of Montreal. Before leaving Rome, the Legate appointed the following personal staff: Secretary, Father Gelase Uginet, a competent and kindly young priest, who speaks English as well as he does Italian and French and Spanish; Count Vannutelli, nephew of the Legate, was his lay secretary, and Mr. Cagiati acted as gentleman-in-waiting.

The Congress was formally inaugurated on Tuesday night, September 6, with the reception of the mission at St. James' Cathedral. That splendid edifice, which, as His Eminence aptly remarked in reply to the address of welcome by Mgr. Bruchesi, "strives to reproduce the Basilica of the Vatican," was comfortably filled long before the Legate and the members of the mission arrived at the main doors. The Chamberlains were attired in the medieval costume of their rank and the Legate in the scarlet of a Prince of the Church. At the gates the mission was received by the Archbishop of Montreal, Mgr. Bruchesi, who, after greeting the Legate, conducted him up the middle aisle, through a lane of Archbishops, Bishops, Monsignori, and members of religious congregations. In the sanctuary stood Cardinal Logue, who accompanied the Legate from Liverpool, and about him were Archbishops and Bishops from various countries. The Hierarchy in America was amply represented at all the ceremonies of the Congress, for besides Cardinal Gibbons, your correspondent noted, among others, their Graces from New York, New Orleans, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, St. Paul, and Boston, and the Right Rev. Bishops of Albany, Buffalo, Cusack, New York; Gabriels, of Ogdensburg; Hoban, of Scranton; Donahue of Wheeling; McDonnell, of Brooklyn.

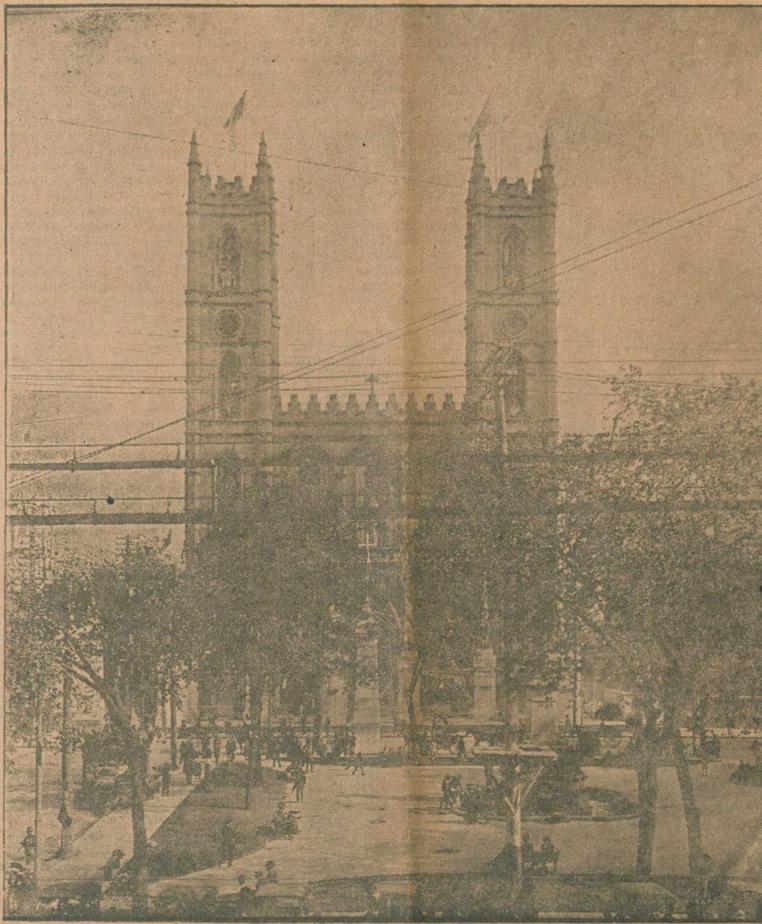
His Grace of Westminster, Mgr. Bourne; the famous Bishop of Orleans, France; Mgr. Touchet; Bishop MacSherry, of South Africa; Mgr. Heylan, Bishop of Namur, Belgium, were among those who came from foreign lands. The inauguration ceremony began with the reading of the Papal Brief by the Right Rev. Prince de Croix. In that document His Holiness declared that it was his "great desire to foster the devotion to the Most Blessed Eucharist" and that it was especially gratifying to view "the practice, now almost passed into a custom, of holding solemn conventions at stated intervals and in various quarters of the world, in honor of the transcendent mystery." In one paragraph the Holy Father took occasion to offer a tribute to the person of His Legate in these words:

"The mission entrusted to you is in keeping with your piety and rank and particularly calculated to advance the Christian cause. For by this public manifestation, the Eucharistic bread, unhampered by space and division, will bind together the lands which the seas divide, stimulate distant nations to venerate and proclaim the glory of God the Saviour, and to honor with due loyalty and submission the centre of Christian unity, to wit, Christ's Vicar on earth."

There was no doubt in the Pope's mind of the success of the Congress, for, in another part of the Brief, he said:

"That the congress will meet with entire success is augured from the tried virtue of the holy Bishops and distinguished men who are to take part in it, and from the cordiality of the noble Canadian people in receiving them and doing everything which may be decided upon in your councils. But a higher source of confidence lies in the help of Him whose interests are concerned, our Divine Saviour, who said: 'Where there are two or three gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.'"

When these formalities had been concluded the Envoy was conducted to the pulpit. A profound silence fell upon the reverent assemblage, and though there were many in the edifice who did not understand the language in which he uttered his discourse (he spoke in French) all listened attentively and watched every facial expression and



Notre Dame Church, Montreal, showing Pedestals and Decorations The Great Procession on Sunday, Sept. 11th, started from this Church

every gesture. "I may not understand the language," a devout Catholic remarked to the writer, "but I seem to drink in the thoughts expressed."

You need not know the tongue in which the eminent representative of the Pope speaks. He makes you understand with eloquent gesture and the impressive countenance that is now flushed and again in repose. At seven-foot Cardinal Vannutelli has the vigor of a man of fifty. He is about six feet in height, with a massive forehead and, in general, the dignity and repose of a true Roman. It has been said that Cardinal Howard was the most imposing member of the Sacred College in modern times; it would be difficult to conceive a more impressive figure than the Prefect of the highest tribunal in the Roman Curia. He would command attention anywhere, whether in civilian attire or the red robe. What wonder, then, that distinguished prelates, a powerful and a loyal layman rubbed elbows with extraordinary popular gatherings in the hope of hearing him speak and beholding a countenance that is as Catholic as it is Roman. It is not necessary, in this place, to record in its entirety the discourse of the Legate. It is enough to record the chief utterances and to add that His Eminence was particularly anxious that the public should know and feel that he did not take the enthusiastic ovations for himself, that he knew they were intended for the Supreme Pontiff, whose humble servant he rejoiced to be.

#### THE LEGATE'S DISCOURSE

"It seems at first," he said, "as if the difficulties of such a long voyage would deprive America of the honor and satisfaction of entertaining an international Eucharistic Congress.

But faith will move mountains, and when planted in the heart, as it is in those of all Canadians, it regards no difficulties; it sees only the need which it has to assert and manifest itself. To Montreal belongs the honor of receiving within its walls the first International Eucharistic Congress held on the American Continent, but there is every reason to hope that, thanks to this example, other Congresses will be held in America, alternating with those in Europe and other parts of the world. Toward the end of the fifteenth century a great occurrence, the discovery of America, revealed the aims reserved by Providence for modern times. God said to His Church, as He had said to His Divine Son: 'I shall give thee as a heritage all the nations of the earth; I shall give unto thee the countless populations of these immense regions, to be added to those already in My bosom. I shall raise up apostles who will spread My words through these new lands.' Here in particular to this beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence shall come champions of the faith and of civilization who will quickly transform this deserted forest-clad land and will found a colony to establish here the Catholic religion and to effect the conversion of its savage peoples. Canada shall be the cradle of a great Christian world. Barely two centuries and a half have elapsed before Catholic North America shall see its flourishing dioceses attached to the ancient hierarchy of the Churches of the Old World and the universal Shepherd shall show to an astonished universe the Old and the New World realizing the universality of the Church predicted by the Saviour to His apostles."

Solemn meetings to make public acts of faith were to be encouraged, he said, if for no other reason than that they showed the universality of the Church. "Where," he asked, "can this universality, prepared by divine will, manifest itself than in an international congress such as this which I have the satisfaction to salute in the name of the Holy Father—a congress of representatives of all races and all the nationalities, united as members of a single family, of Bishops from all quarters of the Orient and Occident, of priests of divers rites gathered from every country, of the faithful of every colony, as on the day of Pentecost? I cannot less admire the strong, the beautiful unity of which we are here the witnesses, unity of spirit in the truth, union of hearts in love. On either side of the ocean we chant the same creed.

"If you greet with such enthusiasm the legate of the Pope it is because you wish to manifest before the whole world your love and your obedience to him at Rome, whom you recognize, as do all Catholics, as the sole chief, the sole shepherd, the sole father of all souls. Where else can one meet such unity of faith, such unity of leadership, such union of souls in love, in convictions and in conduct! This unity, which has shown itself so magnificently at Brussels, at Lourdes, at London and in so many other great cities in Europe, shines out to still greater advantage in this city of Montreal, in this cathedral which strives to reproduce the Basilica of the Vatican."

When the Legate had done Archbishop Bruchesi made a formal address

of welcome to the Pope's representative and the Eucharistic Congress. His guests were at hand, the great spiritual festival was begun. He made note of the sincerity and the purity of the Catholicity which inspired the presence of such a gathering. He made public the story of how the Congress happened to be convened, for the first time, in a city of North America.

"This is the hour of triumph for Christ and His Eucharist," he proclaimed, "the hour of consolation for the Church and her Supreme Ruler; the hour of solemn affirmation of the faith of our people, the hour of benediction and grace. Your Eminence must recall that in the midst of the never-to-be-forgotten Eucharistic solemnity of London, in presence of representatives of the whole Catholic universe, in response to sympathetic advances, I timidly solicited for Canada the honor of the next Congress, daring to predict a brilliant ovation to our Divine Saviour on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence. An enthusiastic assent which moved me to tears was the answer to my prayer. It then appeared a dream too lofty for realization, but Your Eminence approved of it. Our Holy Father blessed the project, and, behold, today we enjoy the consoling reality. This evening, we witness the inauguration, in Montreal, of the twenty-first International Eucharistic Congress, on which the sacred purple sheds the same splendor that radiated over the Congress of Cologne and that of the Metropolis of the British Empire."

#### ECCLESIASTICAL FUNCTIONS OF THE CONGRESS

The word of introduction to the chief ecclesiastical functions of the Congress that would pass over lightly the hos-

annal of the federal government of Canada, the provincial government of Quebec, the city of Montreal, and the broad-minded citizens of this country, who have spared no pains to make their guests know and feel the meaning of true religious tolerance and sincere hospitality, would be unworthy. It would fail to be a personal review of the Holy Week in Mary's Village. Catholics who participated in the Congress have reason to be grateful to numerous men and women of other creeds, from Lord Sprathcoona to the humblest citizen of Montreal. They placed their homes at the disposal of our clergy, contributed to the general expense, and, in general, respected our manifestation as only true gentlemen could and would do. It will be cause for sincere regret if any word were said that gave offence, for, as has been frequently remarked during the week, Eucharistic Congresses are not assemblages for intimate discussions or comparison. The keynote is adoration and manifestation. The congress might be divided into four sections: the ecclesiastical functions at the cathedral, at Notre Dame, and at St. Patrick's; the sectional meetings, where papers were read by able men and women; the social functions by the Federal and Provincial Governments; the city of Montreal, and the Catholic Club of New York; the public meetings at Notre Dame, which were addressed by the Legate, Mgr. Ireland, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mgr. Bourne, Judge O'Sullivan, Dr. O'Hagan, Miss Sadler, Sir Lomer Gouin, and that incomparable Catholic, Father Vaughan.

The first of the ecclesiastical functions, immediately following the formal reception of the Legate, was the hour of adoration and the midnight Mass at Notre Dame church. Above twelve thousand persons, men and women, attended the midnight mass, and the greater part of the immense congregation received communion.

Right Rev. Mgr. Roy, of Quebec, preached the sermon. On Thursday morning, September 8th, there was a Pontifical Mass at St. James' for the members of religious communities. The edifice was filled on that occasion from sanctuary to gallery by Christian Brothers, Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph, the Gray Nuns, and representatives of every religious activity in the province of Quebec. The Legate imparted the Benediction. Because of heavy rains the Mass which was to have been said on Friday on Mount Royal was postponed until the following day. In the afternoon there was a procession of the little ones to the cathedral. Thirty thousand of them were assembled in front of that edifice when the Legate appeared, accompanied by Archbishop Ireland. He spoke to them as a father would to his flock and his words were interpreted by Mgr. Bruchesi.

Saturday was an auspicious one for the open-air ceremony at Mount Royal. At daybreak thousands wended their way to the famous mountain, at the base of which a beautiful repository had been built. When the Archbishop of New York, Mgr. Farley, arrived there to sing the Mass the sun was shining on 75,000 men, women and children, sitting on the green grass and beyond the police line. On the gospel side, sitting on a stand built against the side of the mountain, were a 100 Bishops and Monsignori; on the opposite side a male choir of a 100 voices sang the parts of the Mass. Cardinal Vannutelli reached there at 9 o'clock, and after a brief prayer before the altar, went to a throne built on the gospel side. Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston, preached and every word he uttered could be heard. He said in part:

"What tongue of man can voice the sentiment of faith which at this moment fills to overflowing each Catholic soul here present, revealing the presence of the Son of God under the veil of the Eucharist. As truly as on that first Christmas night the tender Child of Mary lay within her loving arms, as truly as when in Judea, He sat upon the hillsides and taught the people the wonderful truths of God, as truly as when He healed the leper and fed the multitude and gave sight to the blind, as truly as when at last He was raised a blessed Holocaust twixt earth and heaven; just so truly is Jesus Christ Our King here with us and be-

fore us, there in the Sacrament of His love.

Oh! sublime and divine gift of faith which pierces the mystic veil and reveals the glory of Christ's divinity under the sacramental species! This day is a feast of faith and love, a day when our hearts leap up in joyous professions of the truth of God's great mysteries.

The time is too precious and too sacred to pass in fruitless questionings. There is plenty of time for scientific enquiry and merely mental investigation of the how and the why of God's wonderful dealings with men. To-day we only hear the omnipotent words of the Son of God transforming bread and wine into His own Body and Blood. His word is Truth and His power is omnipotence. And we hear only His words, and our hearts bow down before the miracle of His power. "This is My body; this is My blood." Either God is not God at all and the whole universe is mere fiction, or these words are true. He who doubts must take his choice."

At the preface the multitude rose as one person. A profound silence fell upon all present. The intonations of Mgr. Farley resounded from the hill and was heard a mile away. A set of chimes east in France announced the moment of consecration, and the great congregation fell on its knees. At the close of the Mass the Papal Legate gave a blessing from the pulpit. A similarly interesting function was held the same morning at St. Patrick's, of which the Rev. Gerald McShane is rector. Cardinal Logue presided and the young Archbishop of St. Louis, Mgr. Glennon, preached the sermon. Archbishop Bruchesi and the Legate stopped for a few moments before going to Mount Royal.

In presenting His Eminence to the congregation, Mgr. Bruchesi said that his Irish flock were very dear to him. The Cardinal made a brief discourse commending the sons and daughters of Ireland for their loyalty to Roman Pontiffs, then gave his blessing.

Mgr. Glennon's was an eloquent and instructive sermon. He said in part:

"All through the world to-day the Eucharistic Sun envelopes in light all it touches, and fills every soul with energy. Those who were in darkness now see the great Light. Those then that forsook Him, has He not forsaken; while those that yearned are receiving from His bounty. Everywhere, the great Sacrament is a Sacrament of piety, a sign of unity, the bond of grace. Come with me to see the triumphal march of our King. I will bring you first to lowly places, to the far out isles of western Europe; mingle there with a peasant kneeling in the mud-walled chapels. You hear their silent prayers, and see the Sacred Host lifted up above them while they, in the simplicity of their generous hearts, murmur to their Saviour: 'Caed mille Faltithe.' Their Saviour is to them a thousand times welcome. You leave the Isle of Arran and go to the center of a mighty nation, and there, amid London's mighty roar, not far from where there is still left for our devotion a shrine where our Catholic forefathers prayed, and beneath which their ashes still repose, you watch the great procession of purple prelates, of devoted priests pass by; you see again the Sacred Host lifted up as the voice of Christ blessing the city and the world. You see the thousands bow reverently while the divine blessing descends and you begin to hope that Christ is coming into His own again."

"Is further illustration needed? If it were needed, is it not furnished in those days in this royal city—this city, royal and loyal, first of all to its Eucharistic Saviour. Have you not your Mount Royal here, and has not that Mount become in these latter days a Mount of Transfiguration? Out in the far distant Rocky Mountains there is set upon one of the highest slopes a great white cross. They call that mountain the Mountain of the Holy Cross, and for miles and miles all around the symbol stands an emblem of light for those that believe, a source of wonder for all passers by. But this is, after all, only an accident of nature while on this Mount Royal has been set the gift of God—the Eucharistic Saviour Himself. And with eyes of faith, that white light stream-

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE



St. James' Cathedral, Montreal, where Cardinal Vannutelli Delivered the Pope's Message



View of St. Hubert St. and Arch through which Great Eucharistic Procession Passed

For the CATHOLIC RECORD  
AN EPISODE

I called to my sleeping, ten year old daughter, telling her to rise quickly, and hurry with her dressing, in order to be in time for early Mass. That Sunday morning in late fall, the rain fell in torrents, dashing furiously on the window-panes, while black clouds, sailing ominously overhead, added to the general dreariness.

"Oh mamma! Can't we go to a later Mass?" said my sleepy Marion.

"Indeed, no!" I said. "Who would look after baby, while the rest go to 9 o'clock Mass? Come now, there's a good girl, dress quickly and we'll be over to the Church in no time."

After a moment's indecision, which I did not appear to notice, she resigned herself cheerfully and bustled about in her haste to be ready.

In twenty minutes we were battling our way through the rain and wind-storm. It nearly lifted us off our feet several times, but we pushed on manfully, especially as the last bell had begun to ring.

About three corners from the Church we were just about to turn into the avenue on which it stands, when in a very furious blast of wind, an old lady was blown with such force, that she would have been dashed against a house wall, if we had not assisted her. She was a little wiry-looking old lady, poorly clad, but most scrupulously clean, and used a stick to help herself along. She must have been about seventy-five years of age, but a bright keen look in her eyes, made her appear younger.

As we each took an arm she smiled graciously, and said:—"God bless ye! This good to see the young wants kind to an old body like me."

We were right in supposing that the old lady was also on her way to Mass.

"Why, Granny," I said, "it's a very rough morning for you to be out alone at such an early hour."

"'Tis a fine day! Glory be to God! Listen to the blessed wind! It'll drive away the sickness, an' the rain always puts me in mind of the grace o' God. When we're in sin His grace, fallin' on our souls, is like the prayin' to it pour down on the parched earth. Where it was all dry an' bare, in a day or so ye'll see the young blades pushin' up an' it's the same wid us, after goin' to the Sacraments. We can't keep dry an' hard, when God's grace is in us."

I listened in amazement at the ready application of natural events, and the beautiful faith and love of the dear old Irish woman. As I smiled a ready assent, to my delight, Granny even went on:—

"When I was a girl in Ireland, ye'd never hear a complaint o' the weather. Every day God sends a fine ray. Don't we have the Sacrifice of the Mass from the rise o' the sun till it sets, all over the world? An' think o' all the grace that pours down on the whole earth. An' all the prayers go up to Heaven, an' the Blessed Mother an' all the Saints, interceding for us poor sinners, through the merits o' our Lord's Precious Blood that He shed for us. What does it matter, if it rains or snows, or that we have to wurk hard for our bit, or be sick or sorry, when we have all these gran' gifts at our call? 'Tis singin' we ought to be, praisin' His Holy Name, that made us, an' watches over us ever an' always."

We had arrived at the Church by this time, just as the Mass began. Granny's little sermon had not been in vain. It seemed to me as if I had never realized God's mercy so fully. Often since that gusty morning when I have been on the point of complaining, I have been ashamed, and Granny's words have flashed into my mind, saving me from impatience, and moving my heart to thank God instead.

For several years, I used to lay in wait for the old lady on her way to, and from Mass, and we became very friendly. She was quite without education, as this world goes, but had instead good practical common sense, and the shrewdness, which is the natural birthright of most Irish women. Her knowledge and understanding of her Faith would put to shame many of us who had enjoyed the privileges of our modern schooling.

Her explanations of our beliefs were marvels of lucidity, and her faith in, and love of God were part of her very being.

I thought, "how proud of Granny her children must be!" I have a grand old Irish mother of my own, and my children, and our children, always feel as if we can never honor her sufficiently. Therefore, I one day asked Granny if she had children, "Indeed thin I have," she replied, "but when my old man died, an' I had no one to wurk for me, I sted wid first Patsy, then Mary, an' at last with Mick's wife, like the rest o' them, tould me I was an old bother an' only in the way, I went into the Home. Not wan o' them would give me enough to pay the rint o' a small room. I could do a bit o' washin' or help wid house-work if I had a place to set up me few stickies, an' lay me head, but Father Murphy said I'd be better in the Home, so I divided me few things among the children, an' I've been in the Home now goin' on these four years."

I have learned since, that at her husband's death, poor Granny was not so badly off, with a comfortable home of her own, and a little nest egg in the bank.

Under one pretext or another, her family never rested till her little hoard was in their hands, a mortgage on her house, which they promised to redeem, but which they never intended—and so by foreclosure, poor Granny had no home.

I expressed my indignation at such ingratitude very forcibly, but Granny only smiled and said:

"Hush! alanna! Welcome be the will o' God. What matter! Didn't Himself be born in a stable, and had no place to lay His head till 'twas laid in the tomb! Glory be! Who an' I that ye should fret for me? I'm happy, child. The Mother, God bless her is good to me, an' I'm proud that I can help her in many ways, an' earn me bit o' mate. I can go out every day an' go to Mass. What more do I need?"

Dear old Granny is long since gone to her heavenly home, but when I see the prosperity of her offspring, I often think of the little old woman, who had

no place to lay her head, and feel no envy of them.

God pity all such degenerate children! T. M. G.

## A MISUNDERSTANDING

The man somehow looked out of place as he sat on the rail fence, gazing across the rolling farmland to where the river gleamed along between the willows. The bright sunlight showed his suit to be of expensive cut and material and his hat was a fashionable straw. On his face one read the story of a life of grim struggle and great success, of power of large things, of a great weariness and sadness.

For Lafayette Bowen had come back to visit his boyhood home and he was nearly sixty years old. Out in the world which he had left he was a man of affairs whose nod brought weal or woe, whose check could be written for a fabulous sum. Back here in this quiet valley to those still alive who knew him at all he was merely Lafe Bowen, who used to get up at 4 o'clock to milk the cows and whose people lived on the old Bowen place and were respected pillars in the church. And there were not many of those, for forty years changes had come. He had come back, driven by a sudden wish to see the long-past scenes of his boyhood, impelled by a sudden wave of loneliness. For with all his success Lafayette Bowen, now that time hung rather heavily on his hands, realized his life was empty of what made life worth living to most men. He had a gorgeous home, but it was empty of wife and family, and at sixty one has few close friends. So he sat on the old rail fence in the shelter of the heavily blooming elderberry bushes and thought.

So engrossed was he that they were within hearing before he saw them, the young man and girl headed for the stile on the other side of the elderberry bushes. In his work clothes, and with bare, brown throat, the boy—for he was scarcely more—was good to look upon, even though his eyes were flashing and his lip disdainful. The girl was extraordinarily pretty, in a fresh and dewy style, and carried her small head high. That a quarrel was in progress and a bitter one at that, was only too evident. They stopped at the stile and the girl flung out one hand.

"I'll go no farther," she said. "I'm going back! You've said unforfeitable things and I'll never speak to you again as long as I live until you say you're sorry!"

The boy's laugh was unpleasant and bitter. "Sorry?" he echoed. "If I lived a thousand years I'd never say it! It was all your fault and you know it, and I'm not so weak-minded as to give in to you! You've got to take the first step if we're ever friends again!"

They stared at each other for an instant and then the girl turned and went back as they had come. Until she vanished her small head was still carried high. Watching her, Bowen nearly forgot the boy, but a sigh that was half a strangled sob coming from the other side of the bushes recalled him. Evidently he was sitting on the stile. As Bowen slipped to his feet and walked around the elderberries he saw him and his attitude was dejected, though at the first sound of a stranger's approach he straightened and eyed him somewhat defiantly. Lafayette Bowen went on toward the stile, impelled uncontrollably. Something in the boy's miserable face had stirred vague unhappiness within him. He leaned up against the fence and whacked at the clover tops with his cane while the boy watched him curiously.

"I wanted to tell you something," said Bowen at last, speaking a little hurriedly. It was brought to mind just now by your recent—conversion which, I assure you, I overheard quite unavoidably. It was something which happened a great many years ago—forty years, in fact. That seems a lifetime to you, doesn't it? Well, there was a boy who lived on a farm roundabouts who was just a plain, common, ordinary boy, though he had possibilities in him. He had many faults, among them a stubborn temper, and, boylike, he felt rather proud of it and petted it up. He enjoyed his reputation for a firm stand and for never giving in. He loved a girl, of course, and she was the sweetest, prettiest girl one might meet in ten states. He did not realize it then, being ignorant of the ways of the world, but he was very much in love with her, selfishly, of course. Most boys are entirely selfish when they are in love. Well, one summer day, when he dropped in on his way across lots to say hello, she said she'd walk a way with him across the fields, and they started happily enough, but presently they were quarreling. He never could remember just how it began or what it was about—some trivial thing—but young tempers are hot and sharp things were said. Finally, when both of them were blindly, insanely angry, they parted. He told her he would forgive her when she came to him. She said she'd never speak to him again till he apologized. So they parted."

The young man on the stile, watching the older man's face, forgot his own troubles in wonder at the sadness overspreading that rigid countenance. Presently Bowen went on.

"They parted. And they never came together again. The whirligig of life dropped the boy in a big city and presently he was so busy he even forgot to remember. His lost sweetheart seemed immaterial amid the success that came to him. If sometimes he recollected the old stubbornness tightened his heart and his lips. 'She's got to take the first step,' he said. He had not the manliness to realize he shared the blame of the quarrel, the generosity to enable him to humor a girl's whim. Nor did he have the sad wisdom to teach him pride isn't worth while in this world, nor anything but keeping the love and affection of the few who are truly dear to you. So the years went on. When he was an old man he realized he was a lonely, unloved, disappointed old man, for he had seen many women but none who could take the place of his first sweetheart up in the country. He never even knew what had become of her. Probably she forgot him, she should have done so! For Mary

Limond was worthy of the best the world could give her!"

"My aunt was named Mary Limond," breathed the boy, wonderingly. "She was Mary Limond always, for she never married. She is buried over there on the slope of that hill—see the spot of white? She died a few years ago, and she was the sweetest woman on earth to everybody. Was she—and you—"

Lafayette Bowen's eyes were strained upon the spot of white, and there were sudden tears in them. "Yes," he said. "I was that young fool! I spoiled my life! I wasn't worth while! You're stronger than a girl and you ought to have more wisdom and courage! Don't do as I did!"

The young man on the stile—dropped to the ground and held out his hand. "You're mighty good," he said, a little brokenly. "I wish you'd let me come and see you while you're here!" I—I'm going after Rose now!"

He sprang off the path eagerly. Lafayette Bowen watched him with a compelling smile and then climbed back on the fence. From where he sat he could see the white stone on the hill slope, just touched by the setting sun.

## "LORD, I BELIEVE!"

Professor St. Elmo was dying. Death is pathetic enough in any case, but in this case particularly so. He had been one of the leading scientists of his day and his time. Frankly irreligious, looking upon spiritual things as food for children and food for women, not for men, save weak ones. Never, in any event, for a man of science.

But this man of science was dying. So he meant to die as he had lived. He bade his servant write to those of his friends whom he cared to see. He bade his servant write that he had but a few hours left to him, and that he wanted them all about him.

One by one the men of science came to see the man of science die. Some were as he, others still clung to the faith that makes obscure things bright. But, faithless or believing, they came at Professor St. Elmo's summons and stood in grave sorrow about his bed and waited for him to speak.

He was raised high upon his pillows. His thin white hands were lying outside the snowy counterpane; the iron gray vitality is extinguished. He has often spent upon the last stages of dissolution. I mean to help you know. I mean to make minute observations, and to relate them for your benefit. Do you follow me, gentlemen?"

One, still a young man, bent over him, and no light of science could quench the kindly look in his manly eyes.

"A noble thought, professor," he said. "A noble thought."

A gratified expression flitted across the pale face. He closed his eyes wearily, for even these few words had exhausted him. He was silent. The other men fell back from the bedside. They waited a while, but he did not speak. Then they began to talk among themselves, discussing the different topics in which each was interested. Only the young man stayed at the professor's bedside, the pitying gleam on his face. Occasionally he bent, listening to see if the life had not gone out silently. But no, Professor St. Elmo breathed still, and faintly, dreamily he began, his voice a low murmur at first, but as the sound strikes them all become silent. They wait, patiently wait, to hear the strange sensations of a dying man.

"There is a sense of lightness," he said. "My body is growing small—at least in feeling—smaller, and smaller. With the tottering steps of a child I am going through a valley—a dark valley, with shadows above me and around me. My form is so small, so tiny, so childlike. What has happened? My feet stumble. And now my soul grows faint. I am losing courage; I am afraid!"

"I cannot describe this fear. What is it? I need? I have lost my guide! Oh, who is my guide? Where is he? I am all alone; I am afraid!"

The scientists stared at one another, mystified. They had been taking down these words, but now, as they ceased, the surprise they would not expect found vent in that exchange of glances.

"Professor, professor!" cried the young man.

The professor raised his hand. It was the gesture of one used to command, and it retained some of the imperiousness of life.

"Be still," he went on in his hushed voice—the voice of one already beyond the border line. "I am in the valley still. I am tottering forward alone. There is no star in the gloomy night—nothing. And no guide. I have no star. I hear some one call me, softly, tenderly, but I cannot go; I cannot see. I am blind. Is there no one to come with me into the shadow? Gentlemen, I am in the shadow of death."

"These are childish ravings," said the scientists. One spoke more loudly than the rest. Your utterances are of no benefit to us, professor. They are the dreams, the visions of your brain; they are fantasies."

Professor St. Elmo did not reply. His brow wrinkled.

"What sorrow!" he said. "What desolation! What darkness! Must I travel this weary road alone. Must I—"

"No!" said the young man. "No!" he repeated in tones of thunder. "Stand back, you men who believe in nothing! Professor, professor!" He bent over him, laying his warm hand upon the boy's forehead. "Professor, listen to me—let

my voice go with you on your journey. Even now it is not too late. Believe—believe that there is a God. Believe that He has come upon earth to save you. Call on Christ's name, and you shall be no longer desolate. Christ and His angels are the only ones who can assist you now. Put aside the folly of the world—the folly which men call wisdom."

The wrinkled brow became smooth as he listened.

"Go on," he said.

"Think of the time when you knelt in prayer—a child, with a child's heart. You are a child now, afraid in the dark and of the loneliness, Repent of your sins. Throw yourself on the mercy of God. Call on His saints for assistance. Come, come, say even now—say the words even now: 'Lord, I believe. Help Thou my unbelief.'"

"Lord, I believe," said Professor St. Elmo. "Help Thou my unbelief. Oh, your words are like sunshine in a dark valley. Lord Jesus, I believe! Lord Jesus, I repent. Lord Jesus, I am sorry for all my sins—ah—"

Silence again. The moment was instinct with power. Then the young man turned and pointed to the shrunken figure upon the bed.

"The greatest of you all," he said. "The greatest of you all." He looked at them—the most callous among them moved at the sight of such a death as this. "The very greatest, and yet he had to go down as a child into the valley of death, calling upon the Master's name. Gentlemen, Professor St. Elmo is dead, and he died repentant. Unless you be as children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

He seemed to tower above them as he spoke, and when he finished the last word he turned and left the room.—Rev. Thomas Daniel Kennedy in Exchange.

## IMPORTANT INFORMATION ON SUBJECT OF PURGATORY

WHERE IT IS LOCATED, WHAT THE SOULS THEREIN SUFFER, AND HOW THEY MAY BE ASSISTED

The following paper is in no way controversial. Putting aside therefore the question at issue between Protestants and Catholics as to the existence of a purgatory, I propose to touch only those points, the consideration of which should fix the attention of all of us more vividly on our own future, and quicken our charitable sympathies for our departed brethren.

1. Every sin committed by us leaves after it in the soul two evil effects—the guilt or stain of sin ("reatus culpe," "macula peccati") as an offense against God, and debt of punishment ("reatus poenae") due to the divine justice for the guilt. The punishment due to venial sin is temporary, lasting but for a time; the punishment due to mortal sin is eternal, the everlasting torments of hell.

When mortal sin is forgiven, the eternal punishment is also forgiven. But it is an article of Catholic faith that, after the remission of the guilt of sin and of this eternal punishment, there may remain a temporary punishment to be offered, or in the words of the Council of Trent (sess. 6, ch. 14; sess. 14, ch. 8, cap. 12), that God does not "always remit the whole punishment, together with the guilt." That this temporary punishment, especially if due to mortal sin, generally remains, greater or less, is commonly asserted by theologians; and indeed follows very clearly from other points of Catholic doctrine.

2. This temporary punishment may be wholly, or in part, redeemed and cancelled in this life by pious works of mortification, etc. Until it shall be entirely cancelled, the soul is in purgatory. So, if not cancelled in this life it must be suffered in the next. And this is Purgatory.

3. Purgatory, then, is a place of suffering, in which souls departing in grace pay, before entering heaven, the debt of punishment due for past sins.

4. On the subject of purgatory only two doctrines are solemnly defined as faith. First, that there is a purgatory in which the debt of temporal punishment due to sin is discharged. Secondly, that the souls detained there are relieved by the suffrages of the faithful, and especially by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Besides these two points there are several others of deep interest, on some of which we have absolute certainty, though not the certainty of faith. On others we have a strong probability; on others we are left completely in the dark, and cannot form any opinion.

5. According to the common doctrines of theologians, the prison of purgatory is subterraneous, situated somewhere in the bowels of the earth; but in what definite place, whether close to hell, as some theologians hold, or remote from it, is absolutely an uncertainty. It is not, however, very improbable, at least, it is perfectly free opinion, that by a special ordinance of God for special reasons known to Him, some souls undergo their purgatory in some certain places on earth.

6. These pains, like the pains of hell, are twofold—the pain of sense ("poena sensus"), and the pain of loss ("poena damni"). That the souls in purgatory, as in hell, suffer the torture of real and material fire, though controverted by the Greeks in the Council of Florence, has been always the firm and unanimous doctrine of our theologians. The doctrine, though not defined as of faith, is nevertheless, absolutely certain.

7. The pain of loss arises from two sources, two privations of supreme felicity. The first privation is that of the joys of heaven; especially of the beatific vision which constitutes the essential happiness, the happiness of that realm of bliss. All theologians hold that in the damned this pain of loss is greater than the pain of sense ("praecipua miseria damnatorum," St. Thomas). Though this, as regards the souls in purgatory, is by no means certain, yet the pain of loss is unexpressly mentioned. It is immensely more so than any such pain that can be felt in this life, even by souls most holy and most ardently united to God and most longing to be dissolved and to be with Christ. This in the present life, caged as we are in our prison house of clay, we can not

realize to ourselves. The soul sees now only through sense, "in a dark manner"; disembodied it sees things of the spiritual order as they are.

8. The second pain of loss arises from a consideration of wasted time, of merits irrecoverably lost; from a consideration of the innumerable and daily occasions, on which, without trouble and almost without effort, works of merit might have been performed—work that is producing in the soul a constant increase of sanctifying grace and a constant right to an ever growing and additional glory and beatitude in heaven, lasting for all eternity—a short prayer, a silent aspiration, a little alms, a slight mortification. But the times are without number, in which these easy things have been allowed to pass away, and the golden fruits that might have been garnered from them lost for evermore. Suarez, with great probability holds that this pain of loss is the more galling of the two. The former loss will soon be repaired, and the reparation will last eternally ever fresh and new, but this loss is irreparable, will never be repaired.

9. Lessius ("most learned," as St. Alphonsus justly calls him) holds as very probable that not all the souls, who after death are for a time detained from the beatific vision, suffer also the punishments of fire. This may well be supposed of saints afterward canonized by the Church, and of others who, after leading very holy lives, have no fully deliberate venial sins to atone for, but only a few of those venial imperfections, from which according to the defined doctrine, even the holiest are not altogether exempt. Private revelations to this effect are quoted by theologians. A very small remarkable one is recorded in the beautiful life of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi (Father Faber's "Oratorian Lives," page 119).

10. There is a mooted question which I leave untouched, as to the comparative severity of certain purgatorial pains of this life. But all theologians are agreed that the smallest pains in purgatory of both sense and loss combined are capable of surferance in the flesh.

11. It is the common opinion of theologians, after St. Thomas, and a most consoling opinion it is, that the souls in purgatory are not, like those in hell, tortured by the devils; that the spirits of evil are not permitted to enter that abode, which though an abode of exquisite suffering, is also the dwelling place only of those who are perfectly pure and sinless, who love God with an intense and enduring love, and will so love Him for all eternity.

12. The following propositions are certain. 1st. After the last judgment purgatory shall cease to exist. 2d. No soul is ever released from purgatory until it shall have paid "the last farthing," until it shall have fully satisfied the requirement of divine justice, either by its own suffering or through the intercession and suffrages of others.

3d. Every soul, on the instant on which this debt is fully paid, passes at once into the enjoyment of heaven. 4th. The period of suffering is not the same for all; for some it is longer, for others shorter. 5th. Many souls have, before the general judgment, fully paid their debt, and are transferred to heaven.

13. Beyond these points nothing is certain. Some souls may suffer there for years, some for generations, some for centuries. What may be considered as more or less profitable in this or that particular case, for example, in the case of one who has led a very holy and mortified life, and died a very holy death, it were idle to speculate. Only of the saints formally canonized by the Church, have we an infallible certainty that they are in heaven.—Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

A CONVERT OF THE HOLY GHOST

Jane Robinson in the Magnificata. You will say that every conversion is the work of the Holy Ghost. True. But in my case it was accomplished with no eternal aid. I was a soul who had not asked for guidance, had never even questioned the meaning of life. I was not only utterly indifferent to Catholic truth, but uninterested in any religion. My life had been one of intense self-indulgence; my law had been "What I want I will have, be it right or wrong."

I was one of a gay party who were touring Southern California during the winter in which my conversion took place. Life was for me one long holiday. Untroubled by any thought of responsibility, I denied myself no gratification.

My own people were Congregationalists and strongly religious. At varying intervals, I had had spells of trying hard to be like them. But self was strong and the spells brief. I drowned my yearning for higher things in careless living.

On Sunday evening amusement that winter, I went ordinarily to some service in company with a friend—it never mattered where. We visited the Salvation Army and the Spiritualists with as much interest as the more orthodox churches.

"Let us go to a Catholic church for a change," I suggested one evening.

"Why do you wish to go there?" was the reply. "Do you want to become a Catholic?"

"You did not ask me if I wanted to join the Salvation Army when we attended their service," I retorted.

"I would rather stand by your open grave than see you a Catholic," he said fiercely.

"Oh, well, I have no interest in Catholicism other than that of enjoying a variation in the Sunday evening service."

Yet I was anxious to hear Catholic music, and on Christmas morning I went alone to an early Mass—the first I had ever attended. I enjoyed the music, but was not otherwise impressed.

Later the Missions of San Gabriel and Santa Barbara impressed me deeply, and I vaguely wondered why.

At Pentecost we were in San Francisco. On Saturday evening, while reading the different musical programs for the morrow, I decided to go to the Cathedral. I went. Here came the mystery. There and then God's grace came to me. I remember not one word of the sermon. I cannot recall a single

detail of the sanctuary, but I know that Faith came to me in that hour.

I walked from the church dazed, not realizing what had happened. Without any premeditation, I asked the way to the priest's house, though I had never spoken to a priest, and had regarded them always with fear and aversion. At the door my courage failed. I did not dare to ring the bell. I returned to the hotel and came back to the church for Vespers that evening.

The next morning I bought a prayer book and a rosary—though I did not know the use of the beads. Some mysterious force was compelling me. I talked for a few moments with the clerk who served me and she advised me to go to see one of the Jesuits. That seemed absolutely impossible—the name had terrified me. So I acted upon the clerk's second suggestion and went again to the cathedral residence and asked for the Bishop.

The Bishop was engaged and I went away again, not knowing that there were others there who might have given me the guidance I needed. I tried to put the mysterious something which had so moved me on the preceding day entirely out of my mind; but that was impossible. After a sleepless night I resolutely determined to see what it all meant. Tuesday morning I went to the Jesuit church—St. Ignatius.

All the strange stories I had ever heard of trap doors and similar horrors seemed to me while I waited for a priest, but there I was. My terror abated when the door opened and kindly eyes looked on me, while a kind voice asked:

"What can I do for you, my child?"

"I do not know," I said, and I did not. But I told him quickly all there was to tell. When I had concluded he said:

"It is the work of the Holy Ghost, my child. Yesterday was Pentecost Sunday."

The good Jesuit Father began my instructions in the usual way. But when I had explained to him that our party had completed their arrangements for leaving San Francisco the following night for an extended trip along the coast, and that I could not do otherwise than accompany them—as they must know nothing of my intentions for the present—the Father remained in deep thought for some time, repeating aloud, "What shall I do?" Then he gave me some instructions and placed in my hands a copy of "Catholic Belief," marking portions to be read and bidding me consider attentively the simple acts of faith, hope and charity. I left him with an ever increasing realization that I was now in God's hands and must follow whatever might be His will for me.

Through the entire night I read eagerly. Early dawn found trunks packed for the journey and a free day before me. I was in readiness for whatever night come. No one around me suspected that these days and nights had brought me. I found a pretext for going out for the morning, and at nine o'clock was again at the church.

The Father continued his instructions and questioned me about the acts. To his surprise—and my own—I repeated them word for word. "As I said," he believed these and all the truths which the Holy Church teaches," I interposed. "But I do not know them." I shall never forget the simple reply: "If you believe that Christ could teach His Church nothing but truth, that covers all."

And it did. Since then no doubt has ever crossed my mind, no dogma has ever troubled me.

After a little further instruction, the Father said quietly:

"I have permission to baptize you."

I replied as quietly, "I am ready."

And thus it was that in twenty-four hours from the first time I had ever spoken to a Catholic priest, I was baptized into the Catholic Church. A stranger stood sponsor for me.

"Oh, the goodness of the Lord! Who can compass the wideness of His mercy!" So great did the change seem to me that I felt all who met me must perceive it.

Good Father C—I never saw him again, for I left the city that evening. His instructions were continued through letters, and soon I was privileged to receive Holy Communion.

I look back on the intervening years, and compare impressions. Now, as then, to me the greatest of all God's wonder, full gifts is faith in the Real Presence. When I had joined the Congregationalist Church as a girl of eleven, I read my Bible literally. When I spoke to my mother of the passage, "This is My Body, this is My Blood," she said "There are people who believe that, but it is a wicked belief," and in my heart I questioned how I was to know what to believe if I could not take what the Bible said. Now, kneeling before the Tabernacle, I whisper:

"Lord, if those outside Thy Church could feel, even for a moment, Thy Presence, as I feel it, if they could but know the joy of kneeling before Thee, the world would be changed to them, as it was changed to me when I became a convert of the Holy Ghost."

## GAMBLING

Seeking information, a distinguished Professor of Literature in Columbia University, New York, writes to ask: "If a Protestant may come to America with a request for enlightenment?" The answer is obvious, and we hasten to shed what light we may on the question he presents. It is about gambling, and was prompted by a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with the utterance alleged to have been made by the Protestant pastor and a Catholic priest, on the occasion of a raid made on a fashionable Club House at Narragansett Pier, where gambling was said to have been going on, and in consequence of which some conspicuous people were in danger of being cited to court.

It is somewhat difficult to do justice to such a subject in the restricted space of an article, but the general outlines of Catholic teaching on this very vital and very actual question of the day may be given.

Gambling, properly so called, is risking money on games of chance, where there is nothing but chance to be reckoned with as in throwing dice; or where science and skill afford a basis of calcu-

lation, as in billiards or whist and the like.

To the question, is it wrong, moralists generally speaking answer in the negative. It may shock timid souls at first, but even in throwing dice there is nothing *per se* against the moral law. If I can give away my money, when and in what way I choose, there is nothing to prevent me from making such disposal of it

The Council of Trent commanded the ancient canons to be observed, and other particular councils declared that playing at dice and cards was unbecoming and forbidden as to clerics.

SOME LATE CONVERTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

Prince Frederick Henry of Prussia, eldest son of the late Prince Regent of Brunswick and cousin of Emperor William; now Brother Henry, in an Italian monastery.

The Rev. J. R. Cormack, rector of S. Clement's Episcopal Church, Aberdeen, Scotland.

The Rev. John Philip Grogan, curate at Hackney parish church, Hackney, England.

The Rev. Philip Valentin, curate at S. Clement's, East Dulwich, Eng., brother of Rev. Father Valentin, O. P., late an Anglican clergyman.

Mrs. Laura Gardner Edwards, Pittsburg, Pa., for several years a member of All Saints' Episcopal Church, Ravenswood, Chicago.

W. H. Fountain, Esq., Southcoote, Chester, England.

F. S. Woodley, Esq., of University College, Oxford, England.

H. A. Hammond-Spencer, Esq., Chesterwood, Bonremouth, England.

George Cecil Brown, Esq., of Westoning Grange, Amptill, England.

M. J. Jerejionoff, second Secretary of the Russian Legation to the Quirinal, Rome, who has joined the Jesuits; formerly a member of the Russian State Church.

M. Komaroff, Consul at Bordeaux, France; brother of Countess Schuvaloff, widow of the late Russian ambassador at Berlin; member of the Russian State Church.

The late Mr. John Wahl, prominent banker of St. Louis; a Lutheran. (Mrs. Wahl entered the Church ten years ago.)

Benjamin Colley, Baker City, Ore., converted through having explained the mysteries of the Rosary.

Miss Beatrice Campbell, a relative of the ex-Queen of Hawaii.

Mr. George Donaway, Superintendent of telegraph, Masbate, P. I.

Miss Grace Eining, Salt Lake, Utah.

Mr. Jens Matzense, the fashionable photographer, Chicago, Danish Lutheran.

Mrs. Antony Arrata, Sacramento.

Mrs. King, widow of the late David Gordon King, of New York and Newport, born Miss Ella Rives. Mrs. King has been a member of Trinity Episcopal Church, New York, with which her husband's family has been identified for many years.

One of the finest windows there was erected by Mrs. King in memory of her husband, during his lifetime a vestryman of that church.

Mr. Anthony Bleecker Nelson, New York City.

Mr. Granville Ernest Palmer, Winchester, Mass.

Lou Hop Lee Francis Xavier, a Chinaman, baptized at Church of S. Francis de Sales, Chicago, May 15.

Mr. Bowen, Pittsburg, Pa., brother of the late Rev. Seymour Hobart Bowen and Mother M. Neri, of the Sisters of Mercy.—St. Peter's Net.

CRIPPEN'S RELIGION

CATHOLIC JOURNAL HOPES, FOR THE ACCUSED MAN'S SAKE, THAT HE IS A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH

From the Manchester Herald.

A zealous correspondent writes asking us to contradict the statement that Crippen is a Catholic. We shall do nothing of the sort. Our correspondent says we should do this for the credit of the Church. We cannot see what Crippen has to do with the credit of the Church.

To give our correspondent his due, we believe that he is under the impression that Crippen is not a member of the Catholic Church. But it seems that he is. He has professed the Catholic belief and attends Catholic services.

We do not think it matters what religion an accused person is, except from the point of view of the person in question. We are glad for Crippen's sake that he is a Catholic. It will be a great source of consolation to him, and should he be found guilty, he will have the good offices and the kindly ministrations of the priest when all the world will turn from him in disgust.

But we cannot see how Crippen's religion affects the Catholic Church. Catholics do not claim impeccability, even for the Pope. A Pope is liable to fall, but the Church does not fall with him.

This ought to be obvious to a logical mind. The characters of persons do not alter principles. If the leader of a Tory party, a Liberal party or a Socialist party turns out to be a criminal, this would be no argument against Toryism, Liberalism or Socialism. These spheres of thought would stand or fall by the tests of the principles they involve.

We sometimes receive cuttings which correspondents make from the press, and which contain abominable charges on which Protestant ministers are daily convicted in the criminal courts. We are asked to publish these as arguments against Protestantism, but we refuse to do so. We argue with Protestants on matters of principle and not on the conduct of individuals.

BAPTIST PREACHER PRAISES CATHOLIC SISTER

REV. RUSSELL CONWELL'S RECOLLECTION OF A SISTER'S CARE IN A ROMAN HOSPITAL

Some years ago at a meeting of Baptist ministers in Philadelphia Rev. Russell H. Conwell, pastor of Temple Church, Broad and Berks streets, took issue with his fellow preachers and paid tribute to Spanish chivalry in the Merimac incident of the recent war. The Catholic Standard and Times gave then an account of that meeting and now publishes this extract from a sermon of his recently reproduced in the Advance (Congregationalist). Dr. Conwell says:

"I remember being in Rome in 1868 alone without a friend, and the Roman fever upon me. I staggered back at my hotel and went up to my little room and gave myself up to the fever. I told the

landlord that I was sick, but I dared not tell him the indications, for fear he would turn me right out on the street, with the contagious Roman fever. So I went up and shut the doors, raised the windows and then lay down, knowing well that it was a dangerous fever. I thought of my wife; I thought of my child; and that night before the fever began to rage until I lost my sensibilities, I yearned and prayed for one more look at the dear old home.

"I remember nothing of the succeeding day until I opened my eyes one morning. The sun was shining in, and over me was leaning a sweet-faced Sister of the Roman Catholic Church. Her hand was upon my head, and as I looked into that sacred face, seemingly so devoted to God, and looking into those womanly eyes so human, so spiritual, and felt the touch of that hand upon my forehead, I believed it was an angel sent of God to me.

"Once before that, during the war, in the Cooper's Shop, in Philadelphia, I had been brought from the battlefield wounded, and lay there insensible and woke to feel the pressure of a woman's hand placed upon my forehead whom I would give much to now see. I believe it was an angel sent of God to smite me on my face with the touch of her sacred hand. All through the years since that Roman fever I have dreamed frequently that I was sick again and that my eyes opened once more, and I looked into that sacred face, and I felt the touch of that motherly hand. To me it was Christian. Although we differed in denomination far, though I could not approve of her Church, yet that act was Christianity pure and simple. God led His blessing come upon me, and I stand in this pulpit to testify of His goodness then in sending that Sister to care for an entire stranger, one she had never seen before and one she has never seen since."

THE IMMUTABILITY OF CATHOLIC DOGMA

Yes de la Brie contributes to the pages of Le Correspondant (Paris) a lengthy refutation of the allegation made by Monsieur Juarez, the well known Socialist, in the course of a speech delivered recently in the French Chamber of Deputies on the subject of the "Schools in France," that there were (to use his own words) abundant signs on all hands that the Catholic Church was gradually coming over to the beliefs and teachings of the modern schools of thought and adapting her teachings to the principles enunciated by these schools.

"The Catholic and absolute Christian," declared M. Juarez, "has ever been obliged from generation to generation to compromise and to compound with a social and intellectual reality which swamped him on all sides."

And the Socialist went on to declare that pantheism was not broader than the modern Catholic sense of God; that the prodigious antiquity of the world was admitted by all Catholics without reference to Bible history; that Leo XIII. was a believer in that democracy that Gregory XVI. had censured in Lamennais; and that the Church now-a-days admitted that morality and virtue were separable from religious dogma. "Are all these facts not eloquent of transience and compromise in matters of faith?" asked Juarez. His deduction was, then, that since the Church was "scientificizing" itself, the question of lay schools could in no way be hurtful to those who professed religious beliefs.

Nevertheless, says de la Brie, the reply of history and of criticism as categorically negative as the answer of theology. M. Juarez has, he says, made no new discovery. He has only mistaken the application or the interpretation of any particular dogma towards any new principle enunciated. Itself, says Brie, the dogma has remained unchanged. Whether, for instance, the religion is only six thousand years old or whether it is millions of years old, the teaching of the Church does not alter in respect of it. It is not to be denied that certain changes in the interpretation of the dogma itself have taken place. But that dogma has remained so little changed that even in our own days the Council of the Vatican has employed the actual terms adopted in the thirteenth century for the fourth Lateran Council.

Without doubt, says Brie, the Church adapts her practical conduct to the changing situations, and that is one of the secrets of her eternal youth. But the characteristic and distinctive significance of each dogma, as well as its immediate and necessary consequences escapes the law of change. In, for example, the statement made by Juarez that Leo XIII. had accepted the Democracy which Gregory XVI. condemned, it is easily demonstrable that the action of Leo XIII. in 1892 was analogous to that of the Popes towards the Protestants of the sixteenth century, or towards Protestants of the present age in England, Holland or Prussia, the difference of attitude corresponding to a manifest difference of historical circumstances. The world, it has to be remembered, has become less Christian in the past century and the result is that the Church has had to defend her position against men who have been brought up entirely outside any belief in religion or God. It is quite evident that without in any way attenuating the intrinsic Catholicity of her teaching, the Church cannot adopt the same attitude towards these men as she would towards those who had lived in and been brought up in the Catholic faith.

It is, says Brie, a very nebular argument that Juarez brings forward in support of his contention that the Church is giving in to the "modern idea," and till he can show that the fundamental teachings are expounded differently to-day from the days of the Apostles, he is not to be seriously reckoned with.

The literature of a man of letters worthy of the name, is rooted in all his qualities, with little fibres running invisibly into the smallest qualities he has.—Mrs. Meynell.

Countries must be strong in order to be good and to help the weak against the overbearing.—Theodore Roosevelt.

WIT AND HUMOR

HE, TOO, WAS SHARP

A party of English tourists, coming upon an old Highland shepherd, thought to have a little fun at his expense, says the author of "National Humor," and began by asking him if he enjoyed the scenery.

"I suppose," said one, "that you can see a great distance from here on a clear day?"

"Oh, yes, gentlemen, a great distance, indeed."

"I suppose, now, on a clear day," said another, "you could see as far as London?"

"Aye," replied the shepherd, "and farther than London."

"As far as America and Madagascar," I should think," said another, with a wink to his companions.

"Aye, to be sure, and further too."

"Farther than America! Well, now, old man, tell us how far you can see."

"Weel, if the night is clear, gentlemen, you will see from this all the way to the moon."

"I can not sing; I really cannot," protested the famous Lord Norbury of "hanging fame" to a pretty and pressing hostess. "I have neither words nor voice."

"You are too modest, Chief Justice," said Curran who was standing by, "for I know hundreds that have hung on your words and thousands that have been transported by your voice."

"Judge," said Mrs. Starvem to the Justice who had recently come to board with her, "I am particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."

"I have tried it," replied the judge, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."

"I don't see you on the messenger force any more, Jimmy," said the lad with the envelope in his hand.

"No; I've got a good job with a dog-fancier," replied Jimmy.

"Wid a dog-fancier? What do you do—feed the dogs?"

"Naw! When a lady comes in and buys a pet dog I teach 'er how to whistle."

"Yes, sir," boasted the hotel proprietor, "that dog's the best rat-catcher 'd dog in the country."

Even as he spoke two big rats scurried across the office floor. The dog merely wrinkled his nose.

"Rat dog!" scoffed the travelling man. "Look at that, will you?"

"Huh!" snorted the landlord. "He knows them. But just you let a strange rat come in here once."

Fascination of the Church

Commenting on the oft-repeated assertion made by our separated brethren that the Church is dying out, America declares: "According to every human analogy it should have been so long dead and buried that its tomb should now be forgotten. Nevertheless, it survives every attack, and its enemies, despite their boastful words, have an uncomfortable feeling that it will sing its gray old Te Deum over their discomfiture. The Church has a fascination men cannot escape. They love her or hate her according to the spirit that moves them. They praise or they revile her, but they cannot keep silence about her. The modern world can ignore anything rather than the Catholic Church. This it knows to be a living power, the only power it fears."

NO FOUNDATION

The New World applies the logic of history to the claims of the Anglican Church of to-day being the legitimate successor to the Church of St. Augustine.

In many respects the Anglicans are the most illogical and contradictory of all non-Catholic religious bodies. They desire not to be classed as Protestants, as witness their attitude a few days ago in the discussion of the Declaration bill in the English House of Commons and they would fain trace in unbroken Episcopacy from the days of St. Augustine. But as to the latter claim the witness of history smites them and renders them ridiculous.

In our columns to-day will be found a short letter, pointed and clear, which calls attention to a work recently published by the Young Churchman Company of Milwaukee, Wis., from the pen of an Anglican divine, Rev. John S. Littell, entitled "The Anglican Church: The English Reformation." Well, what do you think is the purpose of the work? Nothing less than to show "that a garbled Roman Catholic version of English history is being taught in the public schools." There is a discovery for you! Now, we have always regarded Presbyterianism as logical Protestantism, as far as Protestantism can be logical, though what is made up of negations can never be logical. But Anglicanism, like the old Vicar of Bray, wears a kind of patchwork vestment which, as Dickens tells us, like the conscience of some men, may be taken off piece by piece for greater accommodation as the weather grows hot. Its creed runs the whole gamut from Mass service, confessional and the Real Presence to the most meaningless evangel-

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icism, which is simply Methodism on probation.

But it has seasons of semi-grace when it would fain adjust the apostolic succession cog it slipped when in the sixteenth century it became a church by Act of Parliament.

Let us for a moment apply the logic of history to the astounding claim of these good Anglicans who hold their succession from St. Augustine. They maintain that the Catholic Church of England in the tenth century is Very well. They hold that the Catholic Church of England in the fourteenth century is Very well. Then, of course, to be logical they must necessarily hold that the Catholic Church of England which their founder, Henry VIII, plundered, pillaged and confiscated in the first half of the sixteenth century is also the Anglican Church of to-day. Now, beloved Anglicans, you see where the thing called the logic of history has landed you. We pray in all earnestness, beloved brothers, that you do not further make fools of yourselves, even for the glory of Canterbury. Your position for all the world is like that of the man who, buttoning the wrong button of his coat has a manifest misfit at the end.

OCCULT DIVINATION

SPREAD OF SPIRITISM IN ENGLAND.—ITS DANGERS

It is impossible, says Father Hugh Benson, writing in the Dublin Review, to acquiesce in the view that spiritism is a negligible danger. Even among certain kinds of ill-instructed Catholics it is making amazing and even disastrous progress. And, adds this convert son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, there are probably many priests who have to deplore the loss of members of their flock owing to the pernicious interest awakened by its mystical influence. Moreover, spiritism now possesses its own literature and it is growing day by day and adding to the volume of danger.

The claim of the spiritist is, says Father Benson, that by the mercy of Providence the legitimate desire of communicating with the departed, friends or relatives, will be fulfilled. Further, they claim that under certain conditions what the departed may have to communicate to the living must be of great spiritual or moral advantage to the latter. That the cultus has grown to great dimensions is evident from the fact cited by Father Benson that in the North of England the organization of spiritism has reached such a point that buildings are set apart for spiritistic worship, hymn-books are issued and Sunday schools developed. Although the term Christian is used, it is simply a tribute to the greatest moral teacher and martyr ever known, as the Scientists themselves term it. As to the manner in which His personality is interpreted, says Father Benson, it is perhaps enough to say that He is called by spiritists one of the greatest mediums ever known.

The first point of the Catholic teaching in this connection, says Father Benson, is that of Divine permission discontinue or disembodied intelligences from the spiritual world can manifest themselves in exactly the ways in which we are told by spiritists these astral bodies do manifest themselves. In the New Testament, the Lives of the Saints and in the very Ritual, some of the phenomena not only can, but do, historically happen. Nevertheless, the Church parts company with the spiritists at this juncture and completely and finally denounces practices of spiritism. And, says Father Benson, the main reason is that spiritism as far as it touches upon dogma leads to a denial of the fundamental clauses of the Christian creed. Little by little Theism is the result of dealings with this species of mysticism. Moreover, there never fails to follow upon spiritistic dealings a deterioration in morals. Even spiritists themselves admit with sorrow that this is the gradual process of spiritistic influences, and only the strongest possible kind of characters are able to resist for any length of time the sinister influences at work in spiritistic circles—a species of atmosphere whose tainting properties is a graduated process. Over and above these evils, there is the physical evil, resulting from persistent inquiring into supernatural phenomena which cannot but disturb the nervous system.

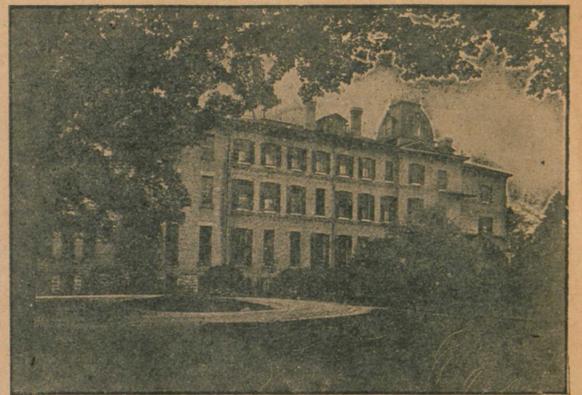
The peremptory instructions of the Church are clear enough in regard to spiritism, and, says Father Benson, the reason she gives ought to earn the sympathy of all who look to the advancement of the cause of morality. In brief, the Church tells us that dabbling in spiritism is not the road to truth, but to deception and error. While admitting the existence of evil spirits and the possibility of their manifesting themselves to souls still incarnate on earth, she points out the extraordinary dangers that menace those who attempt by any backstairs entrance to penetrate those regions closed by the hand of God. And as a proof of these dangers, she points to the uselessness of the information purporting to come through those channels, and the injuries to body, mind and soul sustained by those who persist in such attempts. There is nothing to be gained; there is all to be lost. She does not commit herself to any guarantee of the truth of this or that particular incident or claim. She leaves us face to face with those who profess to be mediums, and either this or that affair is fraud, in which case its investigation is a waste of time, and a fruitful seed bed of self-deception; or else it is a reality, and in that case, a sinister and perilous reality.

TOLERATION

We are under obligation to some thoughtful friend who, no doubt, has our welfare at heart, for a copy of the Emmanuelist Episcopal Herald. The object in sending the Herald to this office is to call attention to a sermon on "Toleration" by Archbishop George Hargrave MacNeill, D. D., which is carefully blue-penned. It is a good sermon, and we sincerely hope those who heard it as well as those who read it will profit thereby.

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Our hearts are Christ's kingdom. There He would establish His empire, and reign. Can we wonder that He asks us to give Him back what cost Him so dear, and to which He has so great a claim? By sacrifice we learn to live the higher life.—Pere Didon, O. P.

The road to the right is not nearly so narrow as some folks would have us believe. It is a bit narrow in one or two places, but having passed these, you'll find it wide enough for every right desire and every high ambition.

# The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

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, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA  
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1910  
Mr. Thomas Coffey  
Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you on the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1910

## THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

There are thoughts hard to describe and scenes which defy description. With just such thoughts and scenes did we find ourselves face to face throughout the great Eucharistic Congress of Montreal which closed on Sunday last.

in this new world did the Real Presence assert itself and appeal to the onlooker as then. There was an insisting argument in all for the reality of the Blessed Sacrament. There was a force gathered from the meeting and character of those who took part.

## THE NEW PURITY LEAGUE

"O Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence."

## TEACHING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

To judge by the reports of the Methodist Conference at Victoria, B. C., we are forced to conclude that there are troubles and divisions which are silenced by postponement rather than by satisfactory solution.

## THE ABANDONED MEETING HOUSE

As a proof of the above statement we call attention to the fact that in rural districts that were once strongholds of Methodism, one meets at frequent intervals an abandoned or semi-abandoned meeting house.

## THE CATHOLIC TEACHER

We are merely stating an universally acknowledged truth when we say that next to the Church there is no factor so potent in developing the religious life of a community as the Catholic school.

## THE FUNCTIONS OF A CHURCH

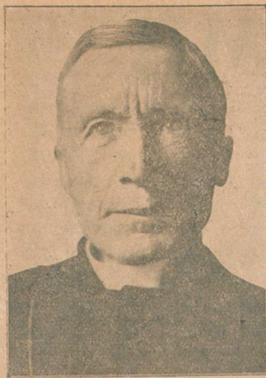
The Toronto Daily Star, commenting upon the dealing of the Methodist body with their professors, assures its readers that "in this country and in this age the churches have greater works to do than applying a microscope to the brains of their ministers and professors."

## ARCHBISHOP OF OTTAWA

A press despatch makes the announcement that the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston, Mgr. Gauthier, has been appointed Archbishop of Ottawa, in succession to the lamented Archbishop Duhamel.

## A SIGNIFICANT REMARK

During the discussion on the pastoral term, at the recent conference at Victoria, a lay delegate remarked that the ordinary minister put forth all that was in



His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons  
Archbishop of Baltimore

THE GREAT EVENT IN MONTREAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

ing from the mountain, may be seen to radiate all around, northward even until it blends with the mystic light of the Aurora Borealis, while southward its way is set, until it passes beneath the Southern Cross. And all of us—children of the western world, turning to that light, may say again with St. Peter, "To whom, Lord, shall we go but to Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life." So, coming to Him, our Saviour and our King, we place at His feet our fealty, devotion and love, and speak again in the terms of triumphant hope: "Vincat Christus, vivat Rex."

The Papal Legate said the last Mass of the Congress on Sunday morning, September 11, at St. James, and Cardinal Gibbons preached. Every seat in the cathedral was filled and many stood in the aisles and around the main entrance. His Eminence spoke for nearly an hour. Towards the close, addressing the Legate, he said:

"My dear Lord Cardinal Legate: Two years ago it was my good fortune to take part with Your Eminence in the celebration of the Eucharistic Congress in London. And now it is my distinguished privilege to participate with you in this great Congress of Montreal. Your Eminence will agree with me that this city well deserves the name of Montreal—the King's Mount; for has it not been dedicated this week with all possible splendor to the King of ages, who dwelleth on high.

I know well how your heart has dilated with exultation and joy in contemplating the scenes of the past few days. Your Eminence will be able to recount to the Holy Father the success which has crowned this Congress from beginning to end, thanks to the admirable foresight and guidance of the Archbishop of this city. You will tell His Holiness of the manifestations of faith and the outpouring of Catholic devotion which have marked its progress. You will speak of the solemn public processions through the streets of Montreal, not only without let or hindrance, but with the cordial co-operation and approval of the civic authorities and the piety and enthusiasm of its devoted people.

You will speak of the love feast we enjoyed as a family of devoted children assembled around the spiritual Father of the Faithful, whom we recognized and revered in the person of Your Eminence, his worthy representative.

Above all, you will make known the uncompromising loyalty of the faithful to Christ, our Lord, to His Church and to His Vicar on earth, and I am sure that the august Pontiff, as an expression of his benevolence and gratitude, will not fail to bestow, with a loving heart, his Apostolic Benediction on the beloved Archbishop of his diocese, his clergy, and people, on the hierarchy and laity of these Canadian provinces so conspicuous for their sturdy faith, and particularly on all who have devoutly participated in these glorious festivities."

THE EUCHARISTIC PILGRIMAGE

Montreal, Sept. 11.—The crowning incident of the Eucharistic Congress was the procession of the Eucharist from Notre Dame Church to the Repository on Mount Royal, a demonstration that must be regarded as the greatest religious pageant in the history of North America.

The Papal Legate walked over the entire route from Notre Dame to the Repository built at the base of the mountain, carrying the Host in a golden monstrance. A modern estimate is that there were a hundred thousand in line, and the multitude that viewed the progress of the procession was above half a million. At daybreak crowds wended their way to Mount Royal, carrying lunches. At noon, when 50 mounted police and 200 of the constabulary were marching up the thoroughfare leading to the mount, every inch of ground in the suburban section had been filled. The hillside was black with men, women and children, and beyond the police lines fifty thousand were gathered.

The chief sections of the city where immense crowds gathered were Place d'Armes, which girdles Notre Dame Church from which the procession started; Place Viger, Champ de Mars, Sherbrooke and St. Hubert streets, the City Hall, and Hotel Dieu, the principal Catholic Hospital, in the chapel of which the Host was placed after the Legate had given the Benediction. It was exactly a quarter after one when the procession started from Notre Dame. M. Campeau, head of the police department, went over the route in an automobile, followed by a squadron of mounted officers. Next in order was a detachment of firemen, then a company of Papal Zouaves. A choir of two hundred male voices followed, and the spectators all along the route joined in the singing of the popular hymns. The procession was arranged with a view to demonstrating the unity and the universality of the Catholic Church. Every rite was represented and there were delegations

from the various missionary activities in European lands. A notable feature was the participation of high federal and provincial officials.

The federal government was represented by Mr. Justice Girouard, who is now the acting Governor-General in the absence of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. Considerable comment was evoked by the presence of Justice Girouard by reason of the fact that he is, for the moment, the actual representative in Canada of the Crown. The Justice was attired in the robes of his office as were other members of the federal and provincial courts. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier of the Dominion; Sir Charles Murphy, Secretary of State; and Hon. L. N. Brodeur, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, were in the last section, which acted as a guard to the Sacred Host. Though none at the City Hall recognized non-Catholics in the demonstration, there was a rumor current that numerous professional men belonging to other denominations were present. This would not be surprising, for visitors to the city, especially those from the States, have been loud in their praise of the more than tolerant attitude of the respectable and influential citizens of Montreal, who have, in a measure, contributed to the success of the congress.

It took the procession four and a half hours to pass the City Hall, and it was long after 7 o'clock when the Cardinal Legate placed the monstrance on the altar of the repository. It proceeded slowly and reverently like a great pilgrimage. Numerous bands of music were scattered here and there, and specially organized choirs sang in Latin and English. One of these was from Pittsburgh. The Knights of Columbus had 1,500 men, headed by Bishop Fallon, of London, Ont. The Catholic Club, of New York, with its Chaplain, Father Taylor, was heartily cheered. In the foreign section were Greeks, Poles, Hungarians, Lithuanians, Syrians and Ruthenians. A group of Chinamen and two priests in native costume were greeted with special acclaim. In front of them was a delegation of Indians from the reservation at Caughnawaga, where reside the last of the Iroquois tribe.

The ecclesiastical section was led forth by representatives of the religious congregations, members of the Third Order of St. Francis, in their brown habits, being in the first rank. Then, in turn, came the Dominicans and the Carmelites, the Jesuits and the Benedictines, the Redemptorists and Sulpicians, Passionists, Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, Paulists, Eudists, members of the Holy Cross and Holy Ghost Bodies, and a group of fifty Trappist Monks, who were led forth by the Prior of a famous Monastery at Oka. Following the orders were a thousand parish priests and missionaries in white surplices, and directly behind these were another thousand vested as if for a mass.

There were 70 Bishops in cope and mitre and about fifty Archbishops. They walked in single file, their chaplains in black cassocks holding a sign of the cope. The multitude that had cheered mightily the popular devotional societies of the Holy Name, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Jean Baptiste, League of the Sacred Heart, Nationals, etc., became suddenly quiet as the long line of prelates began to pass a given point. They knew that the Sacrament was not far behind. It was a quarter after four when the ponderous bell on the east tower of Notre Dame (they call it the Great Bourdon) thundered out the message that the Pope's envoy was leaving that edifice, bearing the monstrance. Men removed their hats, and women and children bowed in silent prayer for a moment. Behind the prelates marched a thousand altar boys in red cassocks, followed by a dozen youths carrying smoking censurs. Profound silence stole over the spectators when the 65th regiment, in dress uniform, was seen approaching the City Hall.

Considerable discussion had arisen concerning the legality of this regiment participating as such in the procession. The Government, it appears, wished to give it an opportunity to act as a guard of honor to the Host, which it does at each Fete Dieu, but a technical difficulty was discovered by reason of the official mission from Rome. Companies marched in front and in the rear of a huge canopy which was slowly moved by rollers. Cardinal Vannutelli, holding the monstrance in his two hands, which



His Grace, Mgr. Bruchesi  
Archbishop of Montreal

were hidden in a humeral veil, walked under this canopy. His head was bare and as the Host passed the crowds fell upon their knees. Cardinal Gibbons, in his scarlet robes, followed the Legate, and behind him was the Irish Prelate, Cardinal Logue, both accompanied by Bishops. The Archbishop of Montreal, Mgr. Bruchesi, followed. After him came the Monsignor, Papal Chamberlain, and lay members of the Catholic Church who hold Pontifical decorations. The last section of the procession was made up of a long list of distinguished laymen. Governor Pelletier, of Rhode Island, and his staff, were conspicuous in this section; also the representative



Cardinal Vannutelli being Escorted from Steamer Earl Grey by Mayor Guerin, of Montreal

of the Governor-General of Canada, Justice Girouard, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Chas. Murphy, Secretary of State, Sir Lomer Gouin, Mayor of Montreal in his official robes, the Bar Association of Montreal, Controllers and Aldermen and students from Laval University. The last bodies in the procession were composed of devotional societies especially organized to honor the Eucharist. No unpleasant incidents nor accidents had been reported to the police when the last of the pageant had passed the city hall.

It was dusk when the Legate reached Fletcher's field. Suddenly myriad lights appeared on the mountain side and an illuminated cross over the Repository was visible for miles around. There were illuminations in all parts of the city, but the spectacle on Mount Royal was impressive. Because of the jam it had been requested that no attempt should be made to kneel when the benediction of the Eucharist was to be imparted, but the immense assembly of men and women and children fell upon their knees as the Legate, standing on the mountain sanctuary held aloft the golden monstrance. After the blessing the multitude sang the old Latin anthem "Magnificat, anima mea, Dominum," and the 21st International Eucharistic Congress was at an end.

FATHER VAUGHAN AT THE CONGRESS

Rev. Bernard Vaughan, the distinguished Jesuit, gave a lecture before the Sailor's club, Montreal, during the week of the Eucharistic Congress. We are indebted to the Montreal Gazette for the following synopsis of the brilliant discourse.

Father Bernard Vaughan lectured at the Catholic Sailors' Club last night and devoted a considerable portion of his discourse to explaining the attacks which he made in his previous speeches in Montreal on Sunday and Monday.

"I have been charged by the press with attacking my Protestant friends. I have been very distressed about it, for there was nothing further from my mind. I have no right to blame any man or blame his state of mind. I extend the hand of love to all, and I firmly believe there are many Protestants who are actuated by the best motives according to the light which they hold. We are all indebted to non-Catholics all over the earth. This club derives its chief support from them. I have nothing to say against Protestants, but I have a right to judge of Protestantism. I look and weigh Protestantism in the scales of the sanctuary. If I find it wanting I must say so."

Such was the statement which he made to a crowded audience, which included in the side gallery a gallant array of sailors and on the platform thirty dignitaries and priests, from the feudal lord and the serf; and the Christian nation with its motto, "Pro Deo, Rege Et Patria. Thus did Christianity proclaim and reduce to practice the Christian ideal of the universal brotherhood of man.

"Attempts have been made by some modern writers to persuade the world that the good influence of Christianity in times past was due to the truths of moral philosophy, which were found to be bound up with what they pleased to call silly superstitions and childish extravagances, suitable perhaps to Christianity in her infancy, but wholly out-of-date and out of place in philosophy's growth to mature years and wiser sense. But, truth to tell, there is nothing more delusive than the comparison between the teaching of Christ and the philosophy of the pagan world. Philosophy hopes to cure the vices of human nature by appealing to the head, and Christianity by educating the heart. She alone holds the key to the human heart. Greece undertook to educate man's mind, Rome to subdue his will, but it was left for the Catholic Church to win and train his heart.

"To dispense with the means to an end is practically to abandon the end itself, and this is what the world is now doing. Outside the Catholic Church the sacraments have been long since cast aside as 'fond inventions and fancies of superstition,' and now the divinity of Jesus Christ is being quietly dropped out of the so-called Christian's belief. It is gravely asserted on public platforms that 'there is no line of impassable difference of any kind between Him and His race.' What are the consequences? They are summed up in two words, religious scepticism and the schoolboard religion. It is to these two prolific sources of moral disintegration that a modern socialist leader traces that forward movement of the anarchical societies,

tempting to adjust disjointed society by offering such vague and shadowy systems of religion as are to be found in Unitarianism, in Theosophy, in Christian Science and kindred forms and shapes of religion.

"It is a healthy sign that there should be a general recognition that the religious element has some important function to perform in the evolution which society is undergoing. But religion, to be of practical use, must be definite in its dogma and doctrines; it must be able to withstand the strain which temptation and trial put upon it; and it must have the power of reforming the lives of men. Yes, it must give a man something to come back to when he has forgotten himself; it must, moreover, teach



His Excellency,  
Vincenzo Cardinal Vannutelli  
Papal Legate, Bishop of Palestrina

and help him not only to set right, but to keep right with G.

When Christ appeared in the arena of life, humanity was expiring of suicidal corruption. Society was rotten to the core. More than half the world was enslaved to the other half, and that other was enslaved more hopelessly still to its own passion. Christianity purified the heart of Europe from its grossness, and the tide of grace having passed into it, there sprang forth the Christian family with its love of home and traditions of chivalry; the Christian Church and abbey, with their religious vows and care of God's poor; Christian guilds and confraternities for the protection of the arts and crafts; Christian hospitals and asylums for the shelter of the sick and the maimed; Christian schools and universities for the education of the feudal lord and the serf; and the Christian nation with its motto, "Pro Deo, Rege Et Patria. Thus did Christianity proclaim and reduce to practice the Christian ideal of the universal brotherhood of man.

"Attempts have been made by some modern writers to persuade the world that the good influence of Christianity in times past was due to the truths of moral philosophy, which were found to be bound up with what they pleased to call silly superstitions and childish extravagances, suitable perhaps to Christianity in her infancy, but wholly out-of-date and out of place in philosophy's growth to mature years and wiser sense. But, truth to tell, there is nothing more delusive than the comparison between the teaching of Christ and the philosophy of the pagan world. Philosophy hopes to cure the vices of human nature by appealing to the head, and Christianity by educating the heart. She alone holds the key to the human heart. Greece undertook to educate man's mind, Rome to subdue his will, but it was left for the Catholic Church to win and train his heart.

"To dispense with the means to an end is practically to abandon the end itself, and this is what the world is now doing. Outside the Catholic Church the sacraments have been long since cast aside as 'fond inventions and fancies of superstition,' and now the divinity of Jesus Christ is being quietly dropped out of the so-called Christian's belief. It is gravely asserted on public platforms that 'there is no line of impassable difference of any kind between Him and His race.' What are the consequences? They are summed up in two words, religious scepticism and the schoolboard religion. It is to these two prolific sources of moral disintegration that a modern socialist leader traces that forward movement of the anarchical societies,

which would not have been possible under religious training, with a definite form of belief holding the empire of the heart. As from a belief in a future life, men are led to Theism, and from Theism to Catholicity; so, too, from disbelief in Catholicity comes disbelief in Theism, and then disbelief in a future life. Can we expect men who profess to believe in no hereafter to forego on any principle of altruism their chances of winning the prizes of this life? 'The happiness of the greatest number,' may sound well enough in theory, but in practice it has small application in the case of those who feel that the only prizes to be won are now left to open competition, and who know of no remedy for existing evils but such as are put before them by socialists, and other revolutionary leaders."

PROTESTANTS AND THEIR CREED

At this stage he began to explain the credited attacks on Protestantism and also stated: "I would be contemptible in my own eyes if I tried to make out there was nothing between us. Protestantism is not what we believe to be the true Church and if it is not then we should tell them so. Many Catholics keep Protestants out of our Church by being bland and nice about our differences. Throw out the life belt and bring them in the days to come into our ship. I hope this will in some measure explain what I have said. I have spoken it because I love them so much and I want them to share the good things which have been sent to us out of heaven. Once more I have been accused of publicly stating that Protestants are on the wane and will soon cease to be. What I did say amounts to this, which I do not hesitate to repeat: namely, that if racial suicide is not sooner or later checked among non-Catholics, their numbers must necessarily decrease till at length the death rate becoming greater than the birth rate, there will be an appreciable shrinkage in the non Catholic population. If in a single generation the birth rate in the Motherland has dropped from 38 and 37 down to 25 and 24 per thousand it seems to me I was not only justified in making my statement, but as a son of my country, and as a Christian man, I was bound not only to make it, but to ring out as loudly as I could my warning about the disastrous consequences which cannot but result from the gross practice. I cannot conceive of more short-sighted folly, or of a worse policy than that of a man and woman calling themselves husband and wife, doubling up their fists and shaking them into the face of the Divine Majesty of God Almighty, while shrieking out at Him the defiance, 'You say increase and multiply, not only do we despise the law, but we defy it.' I call racial suicide a constructive treason against God. To live the married life in order deliberately to shrink its most sacred consequences is, in my judgment, to live in a state of legalized prostitution. I thank God and every righteous minded, right thinking, human being, ought also to thank God that there is any one institution upon earth, and seemingly one only, unfortunately, which is so clear, definite and resolute about the sacred and indissoluble character of the marriage vows and about its responsibilities and duties with regard to children, that it will not for a moment tolerate even the thought of divorce, nor for less even than a moment even investigate any artificial methods of checking God's will touching the fruits of the sublime, sacred and sacramental wedded state.

"Surely it requires no prophet or son of a prophet, nor even a single glance of the prophetic vision to foretell what in a few generations must be the respective populations of Catholics and non-Catholics, when the former repudiates altogether divorce and racial suicide, while the latter tolerates and practises both—I say, I repeat that wherever racial suicide is practised, whether in France, in England or in the United States or in Canada, there non-Catholics are so heavily handicapping themselves in the race for population with Catholics as to make it a walk over for us, while they will be out of the running. With all the vehemence of my soul I shout out to all whom it may concern: 'Quit yourselves as men, be real husbands, do your duty as fathers, leave yourselves in the hands of God for the accomplishment of His will. Woe to them that thwart the Divine Will!'

"France, a prominent leader in this vice to which I refer, I recommend to change her present motto and to emblazon on her flag the words 'Liberte,

Egalite, Maternite.' To England I say instead of calling together a Royal Commission to make divorce easier for the poor, summon it to make divorce more difficult for the rich. If you can, stop divorce altogether. Go forth, say I, increase and multiply.'

CATHOLICITY AND THE FUTURE

FATHER HUGH BENSON, DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH CONVERT, WRITES FOR THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY AN ARTICLE OF EXCEPTIONAL INTEREST

An article of exceptional interest and remarkable ability, by Father Robert Hugh Benson, appears under the above title in the current number of the Atlantic Monthly, a magazine ever readable because never illustrated, and always distinguishable for scholarship and fine uncommercialism. "Catholicism and the Future" is the fifth of a series of papers dealing with contemporary views of religion. Father Benson is a prolific writer, but we doubt if he has ever given us anything better than this comparatively short article, which is certain to command wide attention. The spirit in which it is written affords this assurance. The object of the paper is, not to convict the "modern thinker" of narrowness and unfairness but rather to relieve his mind of misconceptions caused by losing sight of the significance of certain great facts. In every paragraph the article makes for "sweet reasonableness," and on this account will be read by thousands who would otherwise ignore it. The time has happily come when something more than the power to excel in the use of strong language is demanded of all polemics.

Instead of attempting to give a summary of this very notable article, we shall do better to quote some of its more striking passages—"certain enormous facts," to which the "modern thinker" is blind, or which he fails to take into account. Father Benson says:

"When men in France like Bruniere, Coppee, Huysmans, Rette, and Paul Bourget, come forward from agnosticism or indifference; when Pasteur, perhaps the most widely known scientist of his day, declares that his researches have left him with the faith of the Breton peasant, and that further researches, he doubts not, would leave him with the faith of the Breton peasant's wife; when, in Great Britain, an Irish Protestant professor of biology, a professor of Greek at Glasgow, and perhaps the greatest judge on the bench, in the very height of maturity and of their reputation, deliberately make their submission to Rome; when, within the last few months, the Lutheran professor of history at Halle follows their example; when two of those who are called 'the three cleverest men in London' not only defend Catholicism, but defend it with the ardor of Preaching Friars; when, in spite of three centuries of Protestantism, enforced until recently by the law of the land, the Catholic party in the English Parliament once more has the balance of power, as also it holds it in Germany, when, as is notorious, the 'man-in-the-street' publicly declares that if he had any religion at all it would be the Catholic religion; when a Papal Legate elicits in the streets of Protestant London a devotion and an hostility that are alike the envy of all modern 'leaders of religious thought,' and sails up the Rhine into Cologne to the thunder of guns and the pealing of bells—when this kind of thing is happening everywhere; when the only successful missions in the east are the Catholic missions; the only teachers who can meet the Oriental ascetics, the Catholic ascetics—surely it is a very strange moment at which to assume that the religion of the future is to be some kind of ethical pantheism!"

Arguing that man has a heart as well as a head, that his heart continually puts him in touch with facts which transcend, though they need not contradict, mere reason; and that to neglect the evidence of the heart is to rule an eye-witness out of court because he happens not to be a philosopher or a trained detective, Father Benson has this strong paragraph:

"Ascend criticism of 'modern religious thought' is that it attempts to restrict to terms of a part of human nature that which is the affair of the whole of human nature; it tends to reject all evidence which is not the direct object of the intellect in its narrowest



Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D.  
Bishop of London, Canada

sense. Mr. Arthur Balfour, in his 'Foundations of Belief,' put the truth about the matter in a single sentence, to the effect that any system of religion which was small enough for our intellectual capacity could not be large enough for our spiritual needs. Professor Romanes traces the beginning of his return from materialism to Christianity to the discovery of that same truth. He had always rejected, he tells us, the evidence of the heart in his search for religious truth, until he reflected that without the evidence of the heart no truth worth knowing can be discovered at all. The historian can not interpret events rightly unless he is



His Eminence, Michael Cardinal Logue  
Primate of All Ireland

keenly and emotionally interested in them; the sociologist can not interpret events adequately unless he personally knows something of passion; and, more than all this, the very finest instincts of the human race, by which the greatest truths are arrived at—the principle of the sacrifice of the strong in the cause of the weak, for instance, all art, all poetry (and these are as objective as anything else), chivalry and the rest—all these things, with their exceedingly solid results in a thousand directions, could never have come into existence, much less have been formulated and classified, unless the heart had been followed, not only as well as the head, but sometimes even in apparent and transient contradiction to the head."

Passing on to consider the signs of the future, Father Benson touches upon the effect of Catholicism on the family, the service to the claims of the Church rendered by "Comparative Religion," and concludes with these stirring words on Catholicism's power of recuperation:

"Not only is it the sole religion which has arisen in the East and has dominated the West, and now once more is conquering the East; but it is also the one religion that has been proclaimed as dead, over and over again, and yet somehow has always reappeared. Once 'the world groaned to find itself Adrian,' now Arius is enshrined in text-books, and the Creed of Athanasius is repeated by living men. Once Gnosticism trampled on the ancient faith everywhere; now not one man in a hundred could write five lines on what it was that the Gnostics believed. Once the Turks overran Africa and Spain and threatened Christendom itself; now the nations trained by Christianity are wondering how they can best dispose of Constantinople. Nero thought he had crucified Christianity in Peter; now Peter sits in Nero's seat. Once Elizabeth, when she disembarked, every seminary priest she could lay hands on, and established Protestantism in Ireland; Westminster Cathedral draws immeasurably larger congregations than Westminster Abbey, where Elizabeth lies buried; and Catholic Irishmen are dictating in an English Parliament how the children in English schools are to be educated. . . . Is there any other society in the world, secular or sacred, that has passed through such vicissitudes with such a burden on its shoulders, and survived? For it is a burden which she can not shift. She can not, at least, 'recast her theology' and drop unpopular or unfashionable dogmas (as can all sects which claim merely human authority), and still live. Yet who can doubt that she is more of a force to-day than all the most accommodating denominations around her? She has lived, too, in the tumultuous rush of Western life, not in the patient lethargy of the East. She has struggled, not only with enemies in her gate, but with her own children in her own house. She has been betrayed over and over again by the treachery or wickedness or cowardice of her own rulers; she has been exiled from nearly every country which she had nursed into maturity; she has been stripped of all her treasures in nearly every one of her lands; she has finally seen her supreme Sovereign on earth driven to take refuge in his own house by the children of the men whom she raised to honor. And yet on her secular side she has seen every kingdom of Europe rise and fall and rise again; she has seen a republic give birth to a monarchy or an empire, and an empire yield to a republic; she has seen every dynasty fall except her own; she has seen, in all religious affairs, every 'modern' sect—whose own claim to efficiency lies in its modernity—fail to keep pace with herself, who has the centuries on her shoulders; and she remains to-day the one single, sacred and secular commonwealth which has faced the revolutions and the whirling religions of the West and has survived, with a continuity so unshaken that not one of her enemies can dispute it, and an authority which they can only resent; she reigns even in this day of her 'discredit' over more hearts than any other earthly sovereign, and more heads than any philosopher of the schools.

"I called this characteristic of her Recuperation. I call it now Resurrection; for this is the 'sign of the Prophet Jonas' to which her Divine Founder appealed. And yet our 'modern religious thinkers' are dreaming in their armchairs of another 'bread!'

We have hesitated to quote at such great length from so comparatively short a paper, but our hope is that a yet larger number of readers all over the world may thus be secured for it. "Catholicism and the Future" is an article that, as we have said, makes for "sweet reasonableness;" it is calculated to remove mountains of prejudice, to fortify Catholics in their faith, to rouse the interest of Protestants and to convince them that the claims of the Church on their allegiance are as well-grounded as they are urgent and unalterable; and, furthermore, to persuade the Modernist of whatever shade of belief, that, as Newman says, "either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."—Ave Maria.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON  
EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
PENTECOST

BAD THOUGHTS  
"Why do you think evil in your hearts?" (St. Matt. ix. 6.)

What harm can there be in mere thoughts? They are only light and momentary fancies, various and fleeting as summer clouds, coming and going as if by some will of their own, quite independent of our control. Will God regard even our thoughts? Will He judge us by what we have dreamed, rather than by what we have done?

Yes, my brethren, God does regard our thoughts. Our Lord Jesus Christ tells us that all sin has its birthplace in the heart, and as truly in the thought as in the act. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." He says it, and again: "The things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart, and those things defile a man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false testimonies, blasphemies. These are the things that defile a man."

You see what a serious matter our thoughts must be in God's sight, when they are thus put in the same catalogue with such enormous sins as murder, adultery, theft, perjury, and blasphemy. St. John Chrysostom truly said: "Men's souls are not so greatly injured by the temptations which assail them from outside, as from those evil thoughts which poison them within."

Evil thoughts are very dangerous things indeed. We must be constantly on guard against them. And if there are any who think that they are safe so long as they keep their bodies from evil, and allow their hearts and minds to indulge in all sorts of irregular imaginations, they are guilty of grievous sin; they may not be staining their bodies, but they are corrupting their souls.

And these evil thoughts are as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude—envious thoughts, profane thoughts, angry thoughts, discontented thoughts, greedy thoughts, unclean thoughts, they are only little thoughts, perhaps; but together they make a great host. And they come buzzing around the head and heart like a swarm of flies. You remember the plague of flies which afflicted the Egyptians in King Pharaoh's time. Well, I am afraid that the hearts of some of you are very much like the houses of those Egyptians—full of swarms of evil thoughts, thick as flies, making a breeding place in your souls, and rendering them foul, festering masses of corruption. When you kneel down to pray, they come to distract you. When you are with others, they influence your conversation. When you are alone, they are filling your mind with images and fancies. In church they disturb you. When you work, they interrupt you. When you walk they accompany you. And, like the plague in Egypt, "the land is corrupted by this kind of flies."

Now, my brethren, it is perfectly true that we cannot help such thoughts coming in to the mind; but we can help their staying there. We can prevent our hearts and minds from being hives and nests for them to dwell in. We can drive them away, give them nothing to feed on, clear them out as pests and nuisances. They may buzz around us and vex us, and worry us never so sorely, yet they can do no harm so long as they are not given admittance.

Though evil thoughts may come to us by hundreds and thousands, and beset us over and over again, if we always banish them, and pray against them, and refuse consent to them, so far from committing sin, we gain a victory every time, and store up merit in God's sight. Sin begins only when they are consciously admitted and willingly entertained.

You know what the custom-house is. All goods coming into this country are examined there, and if anything unlawful is discovered it is promptly seized and condemned. Would it not be a good plan for us to establish spiritual custom-houses at the door of our hearts, and subject all our thoughts to rigid inspection? If they are good, let them in gladly; if they are bad, seize, condemn, destroy them at once. Don't allow one to enter. There is no such thing as "duty" on bad thoughts; they are absolutely contraband; they must not be allowed to pass at any price.

THE TEACHER OF THE  
PASSION PLAYERS

We can not see how Protestants who behold in Oberammergau the famous Passion Play with its many scenes and tableaux from the Old and New Testaments, can ever for a moment imagine afterwards that Catholics are opposed to Bible study. Neither can we see what they suppose Protestantism could give to those villagers in the way of reverent Christian feeling, and earnest Christian living, that they do not already possess. Those peasants are simply saturated with the Bible, and their lives are lived in accordance with its teachings. This much all Protestant writers admit. But much more than this, they confess also that the villagers have the power to set forth the history of man's redemption in a way that is wonderfully striking and impressive. Yet those peasants are Catholics—simple, unspiced, unaffected Catholics, holding the same beliefs, saying the same prayers, as the Catholics of any other country throughout the world.

Of the effect produced on Protestant people by the Passion Play, we are reading a good deal now in various publications. They all seem agreed that there is nothing like the devotional, earnest manner in which the villagers assume their several parts in the great drama. The peasant players merge themselves so completely in their parts that the on-looker forgets he is not gazing on the real scenes of our Lord's Crucifixion and Death. A writer in the Christian Advocate (Protestant) in a long account of the Play, speaks thus of the principal player and the principal scene:—

The Work You do Tomorrow  
Depends on  
What You do  
Tonight



After a wearing, grinding day, you need more than food and an easy chair to make you ready for to-morrow's work. Jangling nerves and whirling thoughts must be soothed and pacified. Restful sleep would do it—"if I could only sleep."

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tremendous reserve. He never offends the most sensitive. He does not simulate the agony of the Saviour, but he shows forth the lamb led to the slaughter, patient, silent, innocent, amid a wild storm of abuse. It is heart-breaking but not shocking. The scourging is being finished as the curtains are drawn back, so that only the last flourish of the cords is seen. The blindfolded, half-naked, fainting victim, enduring without a cry or a remonstrance, opens the fountains of tears. Most pitiful is the bowed form falling by the way beneath the heavy cross amid the infuriated mob; more pitiful still, Mary the mother waiting beside the way to know the cause of the commotion; most lovely the dear Master's recognition of her as He slowly moves on with Simon of Cyrene hearing the cross. When the curtains part for the crucifixion scene, the two thieves are already hanging from their crosses, but Jesus is stretched on His, still on the ground. We had heard the sound of the hammer. Slowly the cross is lifted with its precious weight. Horror and pity and adoring gratitude sweep in a great wave of profound silence over that vast assembly.

For about twenty minutes the Saviour not Anton Lang, seems to hang before us.

Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree.

The soldiers at the foot cast lots for the seamless dress. The crowd mock, the thief on the left reviles. At the foot of the cross the women weep, and Jesus tenderly gives His mother to John. It is all very, very real. The descent from the cross, after the inhuman mob has gone away and left the body to the friends of Jesus, is most appealing. How we love Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea for the tender, reverent touch, the affectionate care, the snowy linen provided for the Master!

O, who could look on unmoved, or fail to realize that this all happened in the long ago, that we might be forgiven, that we might be good!

And, we might add, who could look on, and lose sight of the very important fact that it is the faith implanted in their hearts by the Catholic Church, the religious instruction they receive from the Catholic Church, and the reverence and devotion they owe to their membership in the Catholic Church, that enable those wood-carvers of Oberammergau to present those tremendous scenes which

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in the hands of unbelieving actors, no matter how talented, would be a profanation and a failure?—S. H. Review.

A CONVERT'S APPEAL TO HIS  
NON-CATHOLIC BRETHREN

The following statement, says the Rochester Catholic Citizen, directed chiefly to those in search of truth, is made by Mr. Walter R. Reece, of Carnegie avenue, Cleveland, a convert, who was received into the Catholic Church recently by Rev. Gilbert B. Jennings, LL. D., at St. Agnes' Church.

Mr. Reece has been engaged in the study of Catholic doctrine and practice for the past eight or nine years. After forty years of silence upon religious matters, after long meditation and upon the eve of entering the Catholic Church, the Mother Church, says Mr. Reece I am constrained to write my non-Catholic brethren and sisters, not as an apology to the Catholic Church for a narrow-self-satisfied position, and for so long having turned a deaf ear to her teachings, and for so long, having been skeptical and cynical regarding her motives and practices.

Ask yourselves why you despise or are cold towards the Catholic Church? Have you any real, true knowledge regarding her faith and doctrines, or is your knowledge composed of the common gossip illustrated by coarse, irrelevant jokes and stories at her expense? Have you accepted the popular fallacies that insult common sense, and drifted upon this tide of opinion without thought or investigation, thereby insulting mentality and love of justice?

Investigate and meditate, search for the truth and having done this faithfully, being honest with yourself, if you find one thing in the Catholic Church that is not warranted by Scripture or one thing that is repulsive to your manhood or womanhood, then put it down that you have not got the true instruction in that particular, and search again. It is truth you want. Go after it until you find it. Do this in justice to yourself and to your Lord and Saviour, remembering that no one's opinions can save your soul, neither will the influence of the world's opinion upon you be accepted in the judgment day as excusing you.

It has taken time to satisfy every non-Catholic as to the doctrines, the dogmas, the ritual, the practices of the Catholic Church. If you will faithfully and truthfully study with a singleness of purpose, you will see the majesty and beautiful purity of her faith, her simple and direct teachings. There are no ifs or ands or buts about it. No speculation as to what God meant when He said thus and so. No hypothesis or premise built upon human intelligence. Her faith begins and ends with God, and her path from beginning to end is that of the Scripture. When God said so and so? It is not for our poor defective intelligence to argue and insist in devious ways that the divine intelligence, the Author and Creator of all we are and have, meant something else that suits the pure thoughts born of our weakness, deluding ourselves into a comfortable and easy rather than a safe religion. The Catholic Church teaches and practices the word of God at each value.

There is no priestcraft, there is no image worship, there is no buying forgiveness of sins, there is no empty ceremonies. What is it that fills the Catholic Church from early dawn each day, regardless of weather and other conditions or personal consideration—the real life faith of her members, and their love, their adoration for Christ in this great

sacrifice that is daily celebrated on her altars at the Mass.

What Church so alive with vibrant faith and certainty, what Church that sees so clearly the path and the end? What Church so active for the salvation of the souls in her charge? What Church that so welcomes the sinner, and so fully carries out the precepts of Christ? What Church that gives the living embodiment of the sermon on the Mount? What Church that has so striven for the purity of the home, and so fought against divorce? What Church that has so much in mind the welfare of the nations of earth, in the training of her young? What Church that has in its many institutions shown such thought and care for the bodies of all sorts and conditions of beings, looking past the worldly conditions, and ailments, looking only at the soul Christ so loves, and working for the salvation? The Catholic Church has only one aim, one desire, and that is to save souls to the glory of our Father Who art in Heaven. We shall have to die. We all hope for eternal life with Him. Jesus Christ through His death on the Cross made this possible. That divine sacrifice, so replete with sorrow and suffering, can only be realized by meditation, as one follows the Way of the Cross. The Cross with its precious burden belongs to us all. It is the emblem of faith of all Christians, it is the only way to Heaven. Why should the prominence the Catholic Church gives the Cross and its precious burden be used against her? She realizes most fully that God is not mocked, and that salvation must be worked out in fear and trembling, and uses all divine and sanctified aids to this end. Of all the attributes of God acknowledged by Christians, the Catholic Church realizes how potent is His awful justice, which must be satisfied. She takes no chances. Watch and pray, is her slogan. Keep your soul and body clear of sin, for ye know not the day or hour when the Son of Man cometh.

Go into a Catholic Church in the spirit of reverence. Think of Jesus and His atonement. Look at each Station of the Cross and meditate, then stand at the feet of the crucifix and look upon it. Look and think and pray. The statue will fade from your sight and in your soul you will see the real Saviour, you will see His agony for you, you will feel His love. Do this often, and you will realize the atmosphere of the Catholic Church is surcharged with the Divine Presence.

Talk to her clergy, and you will be surprised when you find how humble they are, how earnest for your spiritual welfare, how human, how much like Christ in His manhood, instead of the high-handed, arbitrary, to-be-shunned celibate. The aim of the clergy of the Catholic Church is to do Christ's bidding, and lead us safe through all perils, dangers, temptations, and through the last dread moments of life, leaving us only at the valley and shadow of death, delivering us safely into the hands of Him who died that we might live with Him.

Roosevelt's Ideal of a Boy

My ideal of a boy is one who will grow up and be able to support himself and wife and children. To be fit to be an American citizen he has got to preserve his self-respect and conduct himself so as to wrong no one. Fathers need the most preaching. Frequently the mothers who have had hard lives take the unwise course in attempting to benefit their daughters and sons by bringing them up free from hard knocks. Next to hardness of heart, the next least desirable quality is softness of heart, and the mother and father should not try to bring up their child in that way. You don't get the right stuff out of those children for the next war, or you don't get decent citizens when there isn't any war. Bring them up to work so that they shall recognize an obstacle is not something to be shirked, but to be overcome.

Thought and Kindness

You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore it is written, not "blessed is he who feedeth the poor," but "blessed is he that considereth the poor." A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.

HEAVY DRINKER CURED

Samaria Cured Him and He Helps Others

A man who has been released from the awful cravings of drink, and whose first thought is to help others, whose spirit of true brotherhood and philanthropy. Read this letter:

"The Samaria Remedy Co., Toronto, Ont.:—  
"Will you please send me a bottle of your circulars relating to your valued remedy for the drink habit. I wish to hand these to a friend of mine who says your remedy is the best. You will remember that I have taken your remedy, and I find it all you claim it to be. I never think of taking or using any other drink in any way, as all desire for it has left me. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful remedy. You may use my name in any way you wish in public."  
H. Lilywhite, Bridgen, Ontario."

Samaria Prescription is tasteless and odorless, and dissolves instantly in tea or coffee, or can be mixed with food. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge. It removes the craving for drink, builds up the system and restores the nerves. Drink becomes distasteful and even nauseous.

Drink is a disease, not a crime. One drink of whiskey always invites another. The inflamed nerves and stomach create a craving that must either be satisfied by more whiskey or removed by scientific treatment like Samaria Prescription. Samaria Prescription has been in regular and successful use by Physicians and Hospitals for over ten years.

If you know of any family needing Samaria Prescription, tell them about it. If you have a husband, father or friend that is drifting into drink, help him save himself. Write to-day.

A Free Trial Package of Samaria Prescription, with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co., 11 Jordan Chambers, Jordan Street, Toronto, Canada.

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That's what the "Economy" system means. Read the thermometer the coldest day in January or the stormiest in March. It always stands at 70°.

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WRIGHT FURNACE  
Send to-day for our free booklet—"The Question of Heating."

PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY  
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We manufacture, exclusively, Warm Air, Hot Water, Steam and Combination Heating Systems.



FATHER BLANCHET'S "CATHOLIC LADDER"

In the Catholic Sentinel the Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, writing an account of the missionary labors of Father Blanchet, the Apostle of Oregon, mentions an ingenious device, called the "Catholic Ladder" where the good priest explained to the Indians the teachings of the Christian religion. The great difficulty was to give these Indians an idea of religion so simple and plain as to command their attention, and which they could carry back to their tribes. Father Blanchet thought out this plan. Securing a square stick, he represented the forty centuries before Christ by forty marks, the thirty-three years of our Lord by thirty-three points followed by a cross, and the eighteen centuries and thirty-nine years since by eighteen marks and thirty-nine points. This gave him a chance to show the beginning of the world, the creation, the fall of the angels, of Adam, the promise of a Saviour, the time of His birth and of His death upon the cross as well as the mission of the Apostles. The plan was a success. He explained the marks to the chiefs, and they departed and explained it to their tribes. The same scheme was soon after worked out on a chart, at first simply, but later in a very elaborate manner. A copy of the chart in its final form as copyrighted by Archbishop Blanchet in 1859 measures five feet in length and two and a half feet in width. It is a veritable pictorial compendium of Biblical and Church history. The use of the "Catholic Ladder" spread very rapidly and a copy of the chart was to be found in every Indian camp visited by a Catholic missionary. In the absence of the priest the Indian chiefs took great pride in expounding the "Ladder" to their people. Father De Smet praised it very highly, and the view taken of it by the Protestant missionaries may be seen from the fact that they tried to counteract its influence by a "Protestant Ladder." It is certain that this concrete and pictorial presentation of religion was much better suited to the capacities of the savages than the abstract doctrinal methods employed by the Protestant missionaries, and achieved more success.

The indefatigable inventor of this missionary device was the first Vicar Apostolic of Oregon. An idea of the out-of-the-way place Oregon was in those days (1843-44) may be had by considering his route from that place to Montreal whither he had to go for consecration as Titular-Bishop of Philadelphia. He started for Canada, Dec. 5, 1844, boarded a steamer on the Columbia River, touched at Honolulu, doubled Cape Horn, landed at Dover, England; went by rail to Liverpool, took a vessel to Boston and thence proceeded by rail to Montreal, a journey of twenty-two thousand miles.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

ITS IMPORTANCE AS AN AID TO SALVATION

By Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.

Let it be laid down as a first principle that in every Catholic family there should be at least one Catholic weekly. Let it be laid down as a second principle that this Catholic weekly should be selected according to the tastes and the requirements of the family. Let it be laid down as a third principle that when the tastes and requirements of a family are different, there should be more than one Catholic weekly in that family.

Do not talk about expense. The price of most of our Catholic papers is only five cents—the price, let me say plainly—of one glass of common drink. Cannot a man omit one glass during the week, and bring home a Catholic paper on Saturday evening to his Catholic family? Or can he not refrain from one glass of stronger drink for which he

ON TIME

One of the most important business transactions which sensible minded men should perform on time is that of making proper provision for those who are depending on them for the necessities of life.

The only way to do this is by means of life insurance. The only way to do it on time is to act now while in health. The most satisfactory way is to insure at once in the

North American Life Assurance Company  
"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT"

Head Office Toronto

pays ten cents, and bring home another Catholic weekly? If a man has any real desire to support the Catholic press money will be no obstacle in his way. The poor man finds means of getting five cents to spend on the Sunday secular paper, perhaps for the sake of its colored comic supplement—a supplement which not long ago, at a banquet of six hundred representatives of the press in New York city, was declared by one of their principal speakers to be a "damnable sheet, when it was not puerile." The same speaker went on to say that he wondered if the men who published such a supplement ever let it fall into the hands of their own children. Still, for these colored pages and their concomitant paper the poor man, the father of a family, is willing to pay five cents on Sunday morning. No! If a Catholic has any real desire for Catholic news, or what is more important if he has any real desire for the advancement of Catholic interests, the cost of a Catholic paper will cause him no concern.

Remember, then, that the work of the Catholic press is the work of Christ. It is a work carried on for the spread of the gospel, and for the salvation of the souls for which Christ died. Therefore, if we have any real love for Christ, it is a work we should help in every way in our power.

You help the work of the missionary—the missionary among the Chinese, among the negroes, among the people of Alaska, and the missionary here at home. But a Catholic paper is a missionary in every house where it enters even though you are too busy to read the paper yourself, by being a subscriber and thus helping its circulation, you enable a copy to go into some home where it will be read, and where it may spread untold blessings.

A DREAM EXPLAINED

Denis Caucher, an artisan of the French capital, related to his wife, one morning at breakfast, a dream he had had during the night,—a strange dream that rather disquieted him. He had seen four rats approaching him. The first was big and fat, the second and third were very lean, and the fourth was blind. Madame Caucher was as helpless as her husband in discerning the significance of the dream, though he remarked that it sounded something like the dream of Pharaoh in the Bible.

In the meantime the Joseph who was, to prove the interpreter for this latter-day Pharaoh—Jean Baptiste Caucher, aged eleven—had been listening attentively, and suddenly surprised his parents by exclaiming:

A WOMAN DRUNKARD

It is horrible to see a man under the influence of liquor and to know that intoxication is frequent with him. It is still more shocking to meet a woman drunkard. She has fallen so low. She has fallen so far.

When it is a wife and mother who gets drunk habitually, the case is heart-rending. She has so many motives to lead a Christian life and set a good example. And she is false to her trust.

When a woman is so degraded as to have almost lost hope of reform, her condition is desperate. She needs love. She must have sympathy, encouragement, and companionship to enable her to get back her self-respect and to strengthen her to exert her will to resist the craving for stimulants. She should have attention from a doctor, and if possible, a change of scene, of occupation, of diet, of circumstances. She should break friendship with companions who tempt her to drink. With the help of prayer and the sacraments, and of loving affectionate support, she may resist the devil of alcohol and once more become a decent, respectable, sober woman.—Catholic Columbian.

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THE READER'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"

This is an age when empty, meaningless catch-words take the place of philosophical thinking. Persons with a little educational enameled but no real mental depth, catch hold of one or more such fallacies that pass current for truth, and straightway proceed to enlighten a world that has been sunk in the darkness of ignorance until an all-seeing providence took pity on it and raised up this new star to light its shadowy path. Liberalism is not a new cry. Neither are its apostles a new phenomena. But it seems as though this present age were especially favorable to its cult. A little learning is a dangerous thing, and people with one or two ideas, but no head to contain them, are at best but a necessary nuisance. But when we see men in high places go out of their way to demonstrate their liberalism it is altogether another question. It is time we asked ourselves where we stand and why we stand where we are.

"It is common nowadays," writes "Jem," "to hear Catholics who pride themselves on their 'liberal' ideas say, oh, we Catholics can't blame Protestants for being bigoted for we are bigoted ourselves. If we were liberal they would be liberal too." Who will say that my correspondent is one of those who are prone to seeing visions or dreaming dreams? Does he not rather put his finger on a very real danger of the present day? Liberalism in matters religious has ever been part and parcel of that strange collection of negations that is labelled Protestantism. But the pruning and trimming of Catholic dogma to make it fit in with the times "is a practice that is as deplorable as it is harmful." Those progressive (!) Catholics who would have us imitate the so-called liberality of the sects sadly need to have their ideas adjusted to facts. If to stand firmly by the truth be bigotry then we are bigots and are proud to be reckoned such. Is the mathematician who maintains that two and two make four a bigot? If a thing is so it is so, and there is no more about it. And any Catholic who is more than a nominal adherent of the Church must surely know that truth bears but one interpretation. Any amount of empty verbiage will not explain away a dogma.

Here is another important point touched upon by "Jem." "When talking about religious matters with non-Catholics, these 'liberals' never fail to say, 'we are all working for the same end and it isn't much difference what road we take.'" Now talk like that is certainly criminal.

Do these Catholics believe that one religion is as good as another? Do they hold that the doctrine of exclusive salvation in the Catholic Church is antiquated and obsolete? Do they maintain that truth and falsehood are equally pleasing before God? If these wolves in sheep's clothing really believe this then the sooner they give practical effect to it by leaving the Church the better for the Church. It reminds me of a certain journey I once made in the company of a gentleman high up in the Masonic cult. He, poor man, was not a bad sort of fellow. He would like to imagine all roads led to heaven. And seeing that, according to himself, they did so, why should we bother about what Church we belonged to. It was certainly very plausible provided his supposition was correct. But if all roads lead to heaven why do we spend millions for the conversion of the pagan? Why do the Methodists spend time and money in the attempt to proselytize the Italians? Why did the pious sowers endow the mission to the benighted Papists of Ireland? If all roads lead to heaven what need was there of Christ becoming man? Why did we need a bible? Why did Luther reform the Church? If all roads lead to heaven why did Christ tell His apostles to teach us to observe all things that He had commanded us? Why did St. Paul write though an angel from heaven were to preach another gospel than his that he should be anathema?

Either Christ gave us some definite teaching or He didn't! Every Catholic at least believes He did. Surely, then, the acceptance or non-acceptance of

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that teaching is not equally pleasing to Him. If Christ meant us to believe He was present in the Blessed Eucharist surely denial of His Sacramental Presence must make a difference? Christ came on earth to show men the way to heaven. If we are to hold that He is indifferent as to how we reach it we must pronounce Him the greatest fool that ever lived. Either He showed us the way or He didn't. If He did surely He expects us to walk that way!

"Catholics of the liberal type," continues my correspondent, "are keeping many sincere seekers of the truth out of the fold." There can be no question about it. How many a sincere inquirer is lulled into a false security by the liberal-mindedness which solves his query with, "oh, well, why should we bother about trifling differences. We all serve God, and Christ died for all men." The "liberal" Catholic will assuredly have to answer for the souls thus kept outside the fold of Christ.

If serving God according to our own sweet will were all that was necessary how do these devout Scripture readers explain the conversion of Cornelius the Centurion? He was "a religious man, and one that feared God with all his house—who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." Surely here were more than enough to satisfy our liberal friends. And yet God sent an angel from heaven to bid Cornelius be instructed in the faith! Does God send His angels and His apostles on useless errands? Surely Cornelius "knew" God, as our friends would put it. But there was something wanting that only His divinely commissioned teacher could supply. But, my dear "Jem," there is little use arguing with men of such liberal ideas! They would have it that God must be indifferent about religion just because they are disposed to be indifferent about it themselves. They would make God, not what He is, but as it pleases their fancy to imagine Him. It is no use trying to convince a fool, and the person who maintains that the God of Truth is indifferent whether we believe what is true or what is false is either a fool or a lunatic.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WANTED

Wanted, a stalwart man! The man who, when he knows the right, The same pursues against all might; The man who dares to stand alone For conscience's sake when hope is gone; Who dares to leave a beaten path And live within the light he hath, Nor shrinks to strike a deadly blow At error found in friend or foe— This is the stalwart man.

Wanted, an honest man! A man may live within the laws, Or 'scape their grasp through flimsy flaws, But he who scorns an action mean Is honest where he is not seen, Nor dares advance at other's cost, Counts an ill-gotten wealth as lost Nor grudges each his fullest due, Whose word, as is his oath, is true— This is the honest man.

Wanted, a noble man! Not one who from a favored place Claims kindred with a worn-out race, Whose empty titles, ancient name, Are all his wealth, are all his fame; But one whose usefulness men see, Though humble may his station be; For such will bless on every hand His friends, his home, his native land; This is the noble man.

THE "I DON'T KNOW" EMPLOYEE Some employees never seem to know anything definitely.

No matter what you ask them, unless it is something their work makes them perfectly familiar with, they will say, "I don't know."

They cannot tell you the commonest things in their own neighborhood, the names of streets or the location of well-known firms. They don't know how to do this; they don't know how to do that. They don't know because they don't observe; they don't go about the world with their eyes open. They don't see things. They don't think; they just mull.

Other employees seem to be able always to answer your question. They can tell you almost anything you ask them, because they have used their brains. They have observed; they have kept their eyes and ears open; they have reflected; they have drawn conclusions.

PUTTING UP A GOOD FRONT A little while ago I heard of a firm which through a circular letter, informed their salesmen on the road that their business was very poor, that they were falling behind, and that they depended upon them to pull the firm out of the hole they were in.

Such a letter would only dishearten men who were supposed to be doing their level best. They would say to themselves, "If my house is having such a hard time of it as that, it may go to the wall. There must be something wrong at the home office. It can't be the fault of the salesmen, for we have just as good men as there are on the road."

This firm's policy was extremely shortsighted. Very few men are so constituted that they can work without encouragement. Employees like to work for a successful concern.

TELL HIM SO

When an employee does a thing unusually well, takes unusual pains with it, tell him so. It will stimulate him to do it even better next time.

When you see any one trying to do his best, who, perhaps, has no one to encourage him, give him a little lift, tell him so. It will not hurt you, and may do him a great deal of good.

Form the habit of encouraging people when they do well. Give them a lift when they are down. It costs you only a little effort and it may make a vast difference to those you encourage.

See how many people you can give a lift to this year.

DON'T KNOW THE SIMPLE LIFE

One of the most unfortunate things about living in a large city is its tendency to create false ideas of what constitutes real pleasure. Take the average New Yorker for example; he has totally incapacitated himself for simple, quiet, homelike pleasures. He must plunge into excitement. He must see exciting plays, or go to big shows with powerful scenic effects, or to light, flippant vaudeville—something that will tickle the senses for the minute—that will stimulate. There must be something exciting about it to give him any pleasure.

There are thousands of people in New York who would think it a great bore to sit down to quiet parlor games or home amusements of any kind. I know old New Yorkers who say they are homesick the moment they leave the city. They must be in the swim of excitement where they can hear the roar of the great city all the time. Their lives are set to a rapid pace in everything. The country seems dull and things are in a lull. They don't know the joys of the simple life.

New York life unfits a great many people for living anywhere else, especially in small communities. It dulls their taste for the quiet evening at home, the reading of good books, the family discussions, the home story-telling. They have become used to the New York pace, attuned to the New York life, and nothing else is stimulating enough to satisfy them. They don't know how to slow down.

What many of these people call amusement is simply a nightmare when it comes to realities. What many young men in New York call having a good time is most demoralizing in its effect. It leaves behind nothing but regret and the loss of self-respect. It stimulates for the moment, lends an exhilaration to the nervous system, only to be followed by the "blues" or disgust the next day.

What a pity we should lose our old-time taste for the simple, uplifting, refined, old-time pleasures—pleasures which give real recreation, which lubricate the whole system and give elasticity to the mind, but which leave no reaction behind.—Success.

KEEP YOUR HOLE ON THE LADDER

In the long run every man gets exactly what's coming to him. No man ever went higher—on a ladder or in position—without the exertion of climbing. Effort, you see—and getting up higher is the compensation for that effort. But there's something to consider in connection with being higher up:

You have to be careful about falling. At the foot of the ladder the danger is slight. With every round the danger increases—you have to hold harder and

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These improvements are so vital—they mean so much in comfort and health and economy—that every man who is going to put in a furnace this year, should study them in detail.

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are the only permanent joints between castiron and steel. By means of these joints, we prevent gas and smoke from getting in the Air-chamber and from there into the house.

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Of course, one bar is much easier to shake than four.

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has three times the radiating surface of any other.

It never becomes red-hot—will not burn out—and will save 1/3 of your coal bill by actual test.

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up a cup and poured several quarts of water into the pan. "Now," she said, you see how a thing can be full and yet hold more—of something else. Your heart may be full of love for God, and yet have plenty of room left for father and me and for other good things."—New World.

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WOODSTOCK, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

THE LATE FATHER KENNETH M'DONALD

Another zealous priest has heard the call to the great Judgment Seat, full of years and good works, full of treasures garnered up in the garden of prayers, full of prizes won by toils and labors in uncultivated fields. This time it is a retired priest, one on whom the years had weighed so heavily that he could not attend to parish work fourteen years ago. Although then nearly eighty years of age, and suffering from an injury to his leg caused by slipping on ice, covered with light dry snow, he reluctantly gave up his charge, for he was still vigorous and attached to the work of the sacred ministry. Father Kenneth, as we lovingly called our pastor, was born in South River, Antigonish Co., N. S., in May, 1821. He was up in years of boyhood before he could attend school, but the call to the altar was so loud in his ear, that he must not stop for any difficulty that may be in his way. God gives various talents to those whom He calls to the priesthood. A certain degree of intelligence is necessary for those who would be the light of the world, but good morals were surely the flavor that Christ impressed upon the Apostles to be so essential, and without which there was nothing else to serve against corruption. The failures which we may have observed are not owing to lack of talent. Far from this being the case, we find that industry and application to one's duties have done wonderful things in the same field in which extraordinary talent without industry and a sense of duty has clearly failed. Even some of our greatest scholars, artists, statesmen and orators were not known to have more than the average, and sometimes below the average talent. But these by application to their work and a determination to succeed, and an unbounding confidence in the reward which labor necessarily brings, left footprints behind them that we cannot but admire. Perhaps there is a superficial brilliancy in which our later educationists place too much confidence. Perhaps, to our shame we have to admit it, that we sometimes place qualities of intellect above those of heart and soul. Perhaps, we have to admit of a still more regrettable blunder, that of a trivial fault in an individual to be sufficient to arouse our prejudices so as to cause us to be blind to very useful traits which he may possess.

In these days it was difficult to receive an education; the schools were few and far between, the parents lately arrived as exiles, thrown penniless on a foreign shore. Discriminated also against on account of their religious belief, they despaired of being able to educate their children. The late priest appeared what time he could spare from earning his living to studies. He attended the best schools in the county and taught school himself; then went to Arichat. His course was short in the grammar school at St. Andrew's as well as at Arichat, and then at Laval where he made his theology. He was ordained in 1866, Dec. 8th. He labored for a few months at Arichat, six years at Arisaig and Bailey's Brook, three years at Pt. Hood and Mabou, and twenty seven years at Mabou and Lake Ainslie. In Oct., 1894, he retired as we have said above, and spent those years in prayer and meditation, preparing for the call to give an account of a most faithful stewardship.

About six years ago, the writer of this short and imperfect sketch heard the beloved priest tell stories of the hardships undergone by missionary priests in the diocese of Antigonish in the late 50's and 60's and 70's, which he jotted down in a diary. An item from it showing that the good Father Kenneth had his share of hardship may interest readers and cause them to utter a prayer for the holy soul. "In May, after my ordination," the venerable priest says, "the Bishop with whom I was staying received a petition from the people of Ingonish and Bay St. Lawrence asking him to send them a priest and that they would try to do everything possible in order to get accommodations for him. Father Laughlin was the nearest priest, 60 miles away, and he was getting feeble, so it was decided to send me down at least to enable the people to perform their Easter duties, and to prepare the children and they were not children either, for some who were over twenty years of age had not made their First Communion for the Sacraments. A vessel was being in a few days, but before I was ready she found favorable winds and set sail. There was nothing left but to sink it, a distance of over a hundred miles."

When the end of the journey was reached he was so foot sore and tired, that he could not wear a shoe for some time. He had to stay at a private house, where he said Mass and had to go to different parts of the country to enable them to receive instructions. Here he saw the needs of a strong temperance sentiment, for St. Piere's product was cheap, strong and plenty at that time. At St. Joseph's and Arisaig, he continued his fight against alcoholic liquors, and at Port Hood and Mabou he fought that evil with all the intrepidity of a Spartan. He was truly called, at the meeting of the Grand Council of the L. O. C., held at Port Hood a short time ago, "The Apostle of Temperance of Inverness."

Father Kenneth was not only a zealous priest, but he was a public spirited citizen. He taught, by word and deed, thrift and industry. If Mabou to-day can look with pride to its record in sending priests to be educated to the priesthood, if the parents were able and willing to give their children a higher education, it is owing as largely indeed to Father Kenneth's teaching them so well

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in their religious doctrines. He built out of his own earnings—the greater part made out of cultivating a farm—a convent, and he bought the site for the convent, the Glebe house, which he also built. Besides all this, he had collected in the parish \$8,000 to build a new church when he resigned from the charge of Mabou. We see, therefore, that he was a financier in the highest sense of the term. He taught by word and example that industry and thrift are two of the most necessary virtues for Catholics as citizens; he preached and taught by example that self-denial is not only good for the soul, but that it tends to enable man to attain to the highest degree of happiness obtainable in this life.

Father Kenneth was manly, virile, forceful, sturdy. He was intrepid as the soldier who knows that his cause is so good that he must win, and that his method—although not the easiest to pursue—is the most effective. There was no effeminacy in his manner; there was no puerility in any of his attempts. He had a little sympathy for the uncouth rowdy in the village grog shop as he had for the village beau who was intoxicated with his own importance. Truly his anger seemed that which was recommended by the sacred writer: Be angry and sin not. His readiness to reprove caused his displeasure to be feared as much as his pious and prayerful life caused the priest to be respected.

Father Kenneth's knowledge of the spiritual life was acquired at the foot of the Cross rather than from books or any other source. St. Thomas of Aquin is known to have spent hours in meditation before a crucifix before starting one of his learned theses. Even the Angel of the schools thought it necessary to spend more time learning in silence at the Cross than with Aristotle and Plato the great philosophers or even with Augustine the great ascetic and theologian.

Well the older people of Mabou remember this sturdy priest braving a storm about Easter time to reach a house in the far off end of the parish to enable the older people to approach the sacraments. Little wonder that at times he reproved those who seemed to him to love their ease too much. It was on these occasions that it was easy to preach on the text on the kingdom of Heaven suffering violence and the violent only winning the great prize.

Every social virtue is weakened by contact with the opposite vice. Sometimes friends who have many virtues may have failings or even vices that may be injurious to the one who enjoys such a friendship. Cardinal Manning says that only one friend is perfect and changeless, "others often grieve and disappoint us. But our perception of his friendship will vary in the measure in which we maintain our liberty from all unbalanced human attachments. We owe our whole heart to Him from the hour of our ordination and if we abide in this equilibrium we shall find His friendship alone sufficient." Further on the great Cardinal says: "If we be weak and wander to human friendships, we shall soon find that there is no rest anywhere else. Everything else is too narrow for a soul to rest on; too changeable to be trusted; too full of self to give room for us." And then again, "Do not let any one think that a priest who has one Divine friend will be cold or heartless or careless of flock and friends, of the lonely and forsaken. The more united to his Master the more like Him he becomes. None are so unselfish, so compassionate as the priest whose heart is sustained in its poise and balance of supreme friendship with Jesus and in absolute independence of human attachments."

A few years ago a classmate of the late priest writing from another part of the country giving reminiscences of college days said of him that he was the less sociable of the number, and seemed, in what appeared to be had taste, to imply that it was a defect in him. Cardinal Manning in the above sentences shows that this seeking excessively after human friendship is rather weakness. If friends can be kept while one is doing one's duty, well and good, if not let no one neglect what is essential for the purpose of attending what is only secondary.

An Archbishop who knew him as a boy, who heard his earnest exhortations, who observed his labors in the Archbishop's own native parish, said of him: Father Kenneth's life proves quite conclusively what God's grace can do by means of or through the instrumentality of a person of limited acquirement. St. Paul also said of himself: Of myself I am nothing, but by God's grace I am what I am. The Apostle says again: I can do everything by Him who worketh in me Christ Jesus.

In his will, his last testament, it was expressed that he be laid beside another holy and zealous priest, and that no sermon be preached at the funeral. Father Quinlan predeceased him some seven years, but now their ashes are destined one day to mingle while a later generation will read of lives that will be an inspiration. Even we wonder how they affected so much good, how they attended all the sick in those

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vast regions, how they taught so well the people that they are even to-day regarded to be well instructed. After all these years of unceasing labor and toil, they laid down the burden of their charges to live afterwards many years of honored retired life to a ripe and fruitful old age.

DIocese OF PETERBORO

SISTER ALOYSIUS

All the beautiful solemnity and touching simplicity that characterizes the church's farewell to her departed children, marked the funeral service for Sister M. Aloysius Fitzpatrick at Mount St. Joseph. The service began at 8:30 with the celebration of solemn requiem High Mass, and at that time the Chapel of the Sacred Heart was filled by the immediate relatives and friends of the deceased, the community of Mount St. Joseph, and most of the Sisters from the various other convents in the city. An added pathos was given to the morning's sad proceedings by the fact that the celebrant of the High Mass was a brother of the deceased, Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, of Ennismore. Rev. Father Bretherton, Hastings, acted as deacon, and Rev. Father Galvin, Galway, sub-deacon, with Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Sacred Heart church, master of ceremonies. Presiding at the throne was His Lordship Bishop O'Connor and in the sanctuary, gathered to show a last mark of respect to one whom everybody revered as one of the best beloved sisters of St. Joseph, were Rev. Father McCall, rector of St. Peter's cathedral; Rev. Father Conway, Peterborough; Rev. P. J. McQuire, Downeyville; Rev. P. J. Kelly, Norwood; Rev. Jas. Conner, St. Peter's, and Rev. D. A. Casey, St. Peter's.

The chief mourners were Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, Ennismore; Edward Fitzpatrick, and Phillip Fitzpatrick (Norwood) brothers; Mrs. Garvey, sister, and Mr. Garvey, Norwood, Mrs. M. Mahoney, sister, and Mr. Mahoney, Asphodel; Mrs. English, sister, and Mr. English, Westwood; Sister M. Stanislaus, sister, Fort William Convent, was unable to attend.

Mr. J. C. Sullivan, Dr. Galvin, Dr. McNulty, Inspector O'Brien, Mr. J. Lynchland Mr. LaPlante were the pallbearers. The music of the Mass was rendered very impressively by the Sisters' choir, the beautiful offertory hymn, "The Nun at Death," being exceptionally well delivered.

The last absolution was pronounced by His Lordship the Bishop, and then, headed by the priests, the coffin was borne to the door of the chapel by the surviving sisters, to whom the deceased nun had never been at once an inspiration and a dearly loved companion. At the graveside the last prayers were recited by Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, and then one by one the mourners departed, having looked their last upon one of the uncanonized saints of God. And so in the nun plot of St. Peter's cemetery sleeps Sister Aloysius awaiting the Eternal Dawn. To Father Fitzpatrick and the members of her family and to the community of St. Joseph's our sympathy goes out in this their sad bereavement, but we feel at the same time that the tears in those eyes this morning are not symbols of regret, for those who, like Sister Aloysius, give their lives to the Master's service, death cannot be but the beginning of life. "Thenceforth to us what seems no death for the true Christian. The final summons is but the call of the Master, bidding the faithful servant come and receive the reward He has promised. It was only this morning as I stood alone at the bier of Sister Aloysius that I realized the full import of the words so appropriately selected by His Lordship the Bishop, for his touching discourse, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." And as one listened to the funeral music re-echoing through the chapel one somehow found it easy to understand how it is that there never yet have been found wanting souls who could give up the world and all that it offers in exchange for the sister's cell. We do not weep, said His Lordship, rather rejoice that God has seen fit to take unto Himself a sister, to give her in return for her life of service, the reward of an eternal crown. For nineteen years she had worked and laboured for Christ, knowing that He who regards as done to Himself what we do to the least of his children, would accept her service to Him in the person of the poor and sick and the ignorant. She had been tried, as few have been tried. For long years she had suffered with sublime resignation pain and suffering and sickness. She had suffered with Christ, she had trusted in Him, and He would not be outdone in generosity. Those who sow in sorrow shall reap in joy in the glory that abounds forever and ever.

Of those who were present at the obsequies this morning, there was not one but prayed in the depths of their heart that theirs would be death and a judgment like that of Sister St. Aloysius.—COLUMBA.

FATHER M'MENAMIN'S DEPARTURE

It may be said with truth that heartfelt regret is felt on all hands because of the transfer of Rev. D. P. McMenamin, P. P., Biddulph, from the diocese of London to that of Sault Ste Marie. He leaves London with the blessing of his Bishop, the highest regard of his fellow priests and the heartfelt affection of the people of the whole diocese. For well nigh to a generation he has labored in our midst and during that long space of time he has been in every regard a model priest. His every thought and act was for the glory of God, the interest of God's Church and the spiritual welfare of the people committed to his charge. The prayers of all will follow him to his new field of labor. Bishop Scollard receives into his diocese one whose life work will be an inspiration. On last Sunday he preached his farewell sermon at St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph. After Mass he was presented with a testimonial of regard on behalf of the congregation in the shape of a well-filled purse by J. R. Quigley of the Grand Seminary, Montreal. The following address was read by Mr. W. S. Benn, of St. Thomas College, Houston, Texas: Rev. and dear Father:—The time has come when we must sever our connection as priest and people and we thus have assembled here to-day on the occasion of your last day amongst us, to bid you a last fond farewell and to show our appreciation of faithful service as the guardian of our souls. Time in his flight goes quickly on, but it is eight years since you came to us, and during this time we have been blessed with God's choicest gifts, spiritually as otherwise. You have been to us, truly, a father in prosperity, in sickness and in need; you have been to us even more than the good shepherd to his flock. When the yoke of cruel circumstances bore heavily upon us, your words of advice, encouragement and comfort ever lingered with us, and when Death, the Avenger, visited us, who but you could advise us unto our suffering souls such solace who could be happier than you to guard our souls, even through the portals of death? Your work as interpreter of the doctrine of the Church has been to us both inspiring and educative and many questions both of church and state have been set forth clear and unmistakable, which otherwise might be unknown to us; so it is that you have been to us the fountain of strength and knowledge. Your untiring efforts for the salvation of our souls, your fidelity, a noble, generous heart have won for you, forever, the admiration and best wishes of the people of Biddulph.

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FATHER M'MENAMIN'S DEPARTURE

Your loss is our loss, and your sacrifice, made after a life of trial and sacrifice, is a golden testimony that you are a true soldier of Christ; that you are truly worthy of the dignity of the holy priesthood, and that your ambition is to live and die in the army of armies—that of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Dear Father let our memories ever haunt you and let our words be an expression of our feelings for you and accept this purse as a parting gift from your fond parishioners, and let it convey to you our sincerest wishes for a happy and successful mission in lands afar or near. Long may you live to continue the good work for which your life was given; long may you live to light the way through the horrors of leading shades, for suffering souls, to lead them to God and when the day of life sinks gently to rest in the arms of night may your soul still cry aloud in the words of William Ernest Henley—It matters not how straight the gate, How charged with punishments the scroll, I am the master of my fate, The captain of my soul. Signed on behalf of the parish, W. S. BENN, J. R. QUIGLEY.

GLORIOUS NEWS

The aged are sometimes said to court death, or, at least, not greatly to fear its coming. The young, however, usually in love with life, do not like to think of death, and if its thought is forced upon them they look upon it as the universal fate, but not as an ordeal that immediately concerns them individually. There are exceptions, of course. One of the most striking instances, not merely of indifference to death, but of real joyousness at its coming, is found in the pages of Mr. Snead-Cox's fascinating biography of Cardinal Vaughan. The Cardinal's sister—a nun—at the age of nineteen wrote to an uncle to give him "glorious news."

I am astonished that I have enough patience to explain all this to you (why she had delayed writing) when I have such 'glorious news' to tell you—viz., that I may hope in a very short time, in a few days perhaps, to see my Celestial Spouse in heaven, and to gaze forever on that Face of beauty of which no words can tell. I am writing to you from my bed, ill in the infirmary. The doctor came to see me last Saturday and said that my recovery was an impossibility, and that I might at any time receive Extreme Unction.—Providence Visitor. The Masons Will Not Send This Item Sir Hiram Maxim, of maxim gun fame, has made public the results of his observations during a tour in Spain. He has an English factory near London, and a Spanish factory in the basque, the most thoroughly Catholic province in Spain. In the heart of that entirely Catholic country such a thing as a lock is unnecessary. By night and by day the doors of the factory and every compartment stand open. Referring to this Sir Hiram said: "Had this laxity been practiced in England the factory would have been gutted the first night it was unlocked." Therefore it is not surprising that when one of the Protestant proselytising agents called on Sir Hiram Maxim and requested a donation for the "Spanish Missions" he not only refused, but added that he was willing to subscribe instead to any movement that would make the morals of England like those of Spain.—Cardinal Moran.

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A Scientist of Miracles. The answer of so eminent a scientist as Prof. J. A. Ewing, Fellow of the Royal Society, to the objection, so often made by unbelievers, that miracles are impossible, is worth quoting. In a lecture delivered in Tokio, Japan, while filling the chair of mechanical engineering in the Imperial University he said: "The orderly uniformities of Nature, which it is the business of Science to discern, and which in our blindness we call laws, must not be supposed to carry the force of necessary truths. We have no right to assume that the generalized result of our limited experience will be found free from exception in the light of a wider knowledge. While we strive to bring apparent exceptions within the circle of scientific order, we shall be abusing the authority of Science if we asserted that no real exceptions could occur. Extensive as we find the reign of law to be, we can not logically conclude that interference will not happen again in the future."

FAVOR RECEIVED. "J. N." wishes to acknowledge gratefully, help received through prayers to the ever Blessed Virgin, and St. Joseph, St. Anthony and St. Anne, and wishes it published in the Record.

MARRIAGE. SHEILA WILKINSON—In London, Ont., Sept. 5, 1910, at St. Mary's church, by Rev. Father Tobin, Martha T. Wilkinson, to Jas. A. Shea, Lindsay.

DECEASED. McGeE.—In Haliburton, Ont., October 19, 1909 Thomas McGeE, aged fifty years. May his soul rest in peace! CARROLL.—On Thursday, Aug. 25, 1910, Miss Anne Carroll, of St. Catharines, Ont., in the seventy-seventh year of her age. May her soul rest in peace BYRICK.—In this city on July 11th, Mr. Valentine Byrick, native of Norfolk County. May his soul rest in peace!

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