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The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1909

1622

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1909.

KEEP IT UP.

The Christian Guardian says in a recent issue that a toleration and a broad-spirited charity ought to be the very manifest fruit of our faith and teaching in this age of knowledge and enlightenment.

Very pleasant words, indeed, and indicative that the Guardian has modified its policy toward us. We remember that not so many moons ago it looked at us through the glasses of prejudice and supported men, however un-Christian and antagonistic to the best interests of society, if they were arrayed against the Catholic.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

It strikes us that many a one would never touch liquor were it not for the moderate drinker. When a young man sees a respected and respectable citizen exploring the mysteries of a cock-tail he may thereby be induced to imitate him.

QUEBEC TO THE FORE.

Quebec is in the forefront of every good movement. For example, we learn that the Catholic Total Abstinence union of Quebec is affiliated with the Dominion Alliance of the same Province.

SOME STATISTICS.

In regard to the present crusade against the Great White Plague in Austria, an interesting light on the ailments from which doctors suffer. One fact is instructive. The medical profession contributes only 7 per cent. to the mortality from tuberculosis, which speaks volumes for the efficiency of precaution.

ADVICE TO POLITICIANS.

There is a certain gratification to the human taste in the fierce political discussions we in this country give way to. But the most of this perpetual bickering and back-biting is idle, demeaning and hateful.

NOT SO HYSTERICAL.

The editors who but recently hymned the praises of Ferrer and denounced the Spanish authorities as unjust and tyrannical are growing less hysterical. They were either duped by the anarchists or urged to senseless clamour by the prejudice that a Catholic nation must necessarily be in the wrong on any question.

clap-trap unbefitting the lips of editors who have due respect for order and law in this country.

TRUTH.

When Pilate said, "What is truth," he may have jested or spoken with a sad and serious philosophy. Truth has no one face, although the ordinary mind wishes her to have a fixed expression.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

We call this the spirit of the age, but we are all the while insisting that they quit their speciality. An innocent belief that an authority in one department must be one in all, appears to be distinctly on the increase.

A TRADITION BUILT UPON FALSEHOOD.

"What does it mean, this extraordinary disregard of truth when the Catholic religion is in question? Cardinal Newman tells us quite plainly that to maintain the English Protestant tradition of Catholicity is absolutely necessary to us.

AS IF "THE END JUSTIFIED THE MEANS."

"The worst of it is that these very respectable names worn and most certainly he has held fast at the very thought of taking part in so degrading and corrupting a business were it not for their belief that it is a blessed thing to help in defaming the Catholic religion in any way they can.

POISONERS OF THE WELLS OF TRUTH

ABBOT GASQUET, FAMOUS HISTORIAN ON THE WORK OF ANTI-CATHOLIC SCANDAL MONGERS. At the recent silver jubilee conference of the English Catholic Truth Society, held in Manchester, Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, D. D., the famous historian, paid his respects to those "doctrinal poisoners of the wells of truth," the authors and distributors of libels and scandals intended to besmirch the Catholic Church.

The functions of the Catholic Truth Society, said the Abbot, are mainly two: First, to furnish Catholics with useful information and sound instruction; second, the furnishing of corrections of mistakes, contradictions of misstatements and refutations of calumnies, and in this latter work, the production of cheap but highly concentrated prophylactics for the venom of anti-Catholic scandal mongers.

MERCHANTS OF FILTH AND GARBAGE.

Continuing, Abbot Gasquet said: "The Catholic religion in this country seems destined to be ever fighting its way to recognition under a cloud of misrepresentation which it takes more than all our time to dispel. It is only what Cardinal Newman fifty years ago warned us to expect from the legacy of prejudice left to the Church in England as the result of three centuries of misrepresentation and calumny. It is this and much more. If it were only in herited prejudice we had to cope with we might in process of time be able to remove it and to show that the venerable objects of the Faith and its change of hands are not the same as those of our Protestant fellow-countrymen but a hollow sham carefully and deliberately constructed to scare them out of their seven senses, make their flesh creep and their very bones shake with terror at the mere name of the Pope and his wicked emissaries.

"It is hardly possible at times to have patience or to understand how all this can go on and on in this so-called truth-loving England of ours. We are told that we ought to believe that the purveyors of these libels, these merchants of the filth and garbage whom we see about us, are not the same as those of our Protestant fellow-countrymen but a hollow sham carefully and deliberately constructed to scare them out of their seven senses, make their flesh creep and their very bones shake with terror at the mere name of the Pope and his wicked emissaries.

WALKED SEVEN MILES, AT SEVENTYONE, TO RECEIVE COMMUNION.

A noteworthy incident in connection with the reception of their First Communion of a class of seventy-nine in the little church at Cherio Dedeaux Settlement, near DeLisle, Miss., was the fact that one of the first communicants was seventy-one years old and walked seven miles fasting to attend the services. This was Mrs. Leonie Ladner.

PRIESTLY VOCATIONS.

"Something is wrong in a Catholic community where vocations to the priesthood do not germinate and bloom. Either there is in that community a lack of the true Christian piety which rises, at least now and then, into the heights of self-sacrifice and divine love where the priesthood is born; or there is a lack of that sacred knowledge which leads and enables pastors and people to understand those sublime soarings of the soul and to aid them in their upward flight.

HOLY INDIFFERENCE.

One way by which over-sensitive people may hope to overcome and cure this fault, defect, or misfortune of their nature is by practising what we may call holy indifference. We use the words, holy indifference, with a very marked meaning. If a person says something, intentionally or unintentionally, that hurts our feelings, and we reply with a stony stare, a chilling, or supercilious manner, an ironical remark, there is surely no holy indifference there, even if we have conveyed a very strong impression that we do not care one whit what the offender may say or do to us.

vacations is the priest. Long enough before the time of grave danger for their souls, his fatherly interest will prompt him to know his spiritual children, to interest himself in their welfare, to share their childish joys and sorrows, to guide their minds and hearts towards all that is pure, noble, holy.

"Vocation should declare itself when a youth is of an age to know his own mind. The pious desire of a boy in the First Communion class may mean nothing and may mean much. Again, signs of vocation may appear and then become dormant, as it were, until the genial sun-rays of a second spring arouse them to renewed life and activity! Though the matter is full of mystery, for here the Creator is dealing with the creature in the sacred secrecy of the soul, the prudent spiritual director will not err in his decision. If the priest be so engrossed in other parish work that he feels the lack of leisure for a matter so vital, his life of labor ought to warn him that he will one day need help in his holy ministrations. Whence is it to come?"

From America.

To foresee and ward off spiritual dangers and to remedy spiritual ills is the great work of the physician of souls. Many a youth has laid by his school books for the summer with his gaze fixed on the sanctuary as his goal. But a deadly blight strikes the budding flower. The sacred ministry, with all its wonderful possibilities for helping others on the way to heaven, no longer appeals to him. Why? Because the spirit of evil, who is not longing for devoted priests, has cunningly tried not only to destroy a vocation but to bring about complete spiritual shipwreck. A few words of paternal advice and encouragement may save a vocation, even a soul. Choice plants need care; weeds thrive without it.

Monuments are raised to the memory of the dead, who may have slight claim to the grateful remembrance of the living. What nobler monument could one ask for himself than to have led some human soul to the service of the altar? What the faithful help to accomplish by giving of their abundance, the youth singled out by a priestly vocation is called to do by giving himself. The greater the offering, the greater the promised reward. D. P. S.

What is a vocation? It is a disposition of Providence which calls one to a particular state of life in which he is to work out his eternal salvation. Whoever follows his vocation cooperates with God's grace towards reaching the Creator's object in calling him into being; whoever misses or disregards or resists or rejects his vocation puts himself out of harmony with God's ordinary Providence.

There are as many vocations as there are ways of reaching heaven, but the world is more commonly used to signify a calling relatively permanent and fixed. Hence, an occupation that entails a lasting obligation and that, without sacrifice of principle or ideal, may be readily dropped for another quite different, is not, in our sense, a vocation.

As the functions of the sacred ministry are a part of the plan of Providence, it follows that there must be vocations to the priestly state, that is, if the Church is to exist in her organic entirety, there must be a priesthood and some of her sons must be called to discharge its duties. The vocation to the priestly office is given of God as a precious anointing, the due development of which secures a worthy candidate for the Sacrament of Holy Orders. All hinges on the due development. God does not force our wills. Saul stricken to earth in a blaze of divine light, could still have become either an apostle or an apostate. If that priceless germ of vocation to the priesthood exists, how is it to be fostered until it ripens into full maturity? First, by Catholic parents, who, as the shield of innocence and piety, the mainstay of religion. Where parents set before their children the example of a truly Catholic life, they are co-operating with God's grace upon a happy eternity for themselves and their offspring.

Over and above certain pious practices, the child, according to his ability, ought to understand his faith; else what he says or does in the way of religious observance will lack purpose and soul. To understand his faith is to love it, to take a personal interest in it, to make it a part of his everyday life. He will then see in the priest not merely a respected stranger or an honored guest, but rather a revered and trusted friend, one set aside and sanctified for a divine work in the Church. A full knowledge of his faith makes the boy a better Catholic, a better citizen. The ungenerous child is not the rule but the rare exception.

Few Catholic parents, if any, are so ungrateful to God as deliberately to thwart or stifle their son's possible vocation to the priesthood, yet what their consciences would keep them from attempting expressly may be effectually accomplished in a roundabout way. For example, in a home where worldly success is the one object sought, where frivolous amusement is the noblest aim, where devotional exercises are pruned to their barest essentials, where whatever is given to God is given grudgingly, what prospect is there that the tender plant of priestly vocation will flourish? "Thy destruction is thy own, O Israel."

How ably soever he may be seconded by the Catholic home and the Catholic school, the chief factor in developing

before the time of grave danger for their souls, his fatherly interest will prompt him to know his spiritual children, to interest himself in their welfare, to share their childish joys and sorrows, to guide their minds and hearts towards all that is pure, noble, holy. While keeping high ideals before them, he will not repel them by cold indifference nor crush them with harsh, unsympathetic words.

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To-day's Chances to be Kind.

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand— The hand of a friend most dear, Who has passed from our side to the shadowy land— But what of the hand that is near?

To the living's touch is the soul inert That weeps o'er the silent urn? For the love that lives is our hand alert

To make some sweet return? Do we answer back in a fretful tone, When life's duties press us sore? Is our praise as full as if they were gone, And could hear our praise no more?

As the days go by, are our hands more swift Than to trifle beyond their share, Than to grasp—for a kindly, helpful lift— The burden some one must bear?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand And we think ourselves sincere; But what of the friends that about us stand And the touch of the hand that is here? —BRITISH WEEKLY.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The announcement is made that Mrs. Bellamy Storer has given to the Catholic University at Washington, \$10,000 as a contribution to the endowment fund.

Bishop Shanahan has received a cablegram announcing that the Pope has conferred upon the Rev. Dr. M. M. Hassett, rector of the Cathedral, Harrisburg, Pa., the honor of domestic prelature.

An important movement for the grouping together of all the Catholic forces of France in view of the coming elections in May next is taking a very tangible form. What has been named the "Entente Catholique" has been founded, with many of the leading Catholics at its head.

Oberammergau is already busy with preparations for the performances of the Passion Play which will take place next year. Thirty dates have been fixed between May 16 and September 25, of which nineteen are Sundays. Extra performances are sometimes given on Mondays, when there are more people in the village on the preceding Sundays than can find places in the theatre.

Bishop McPaul, of Trenton, N. J., announced Sunday last that he had purchased the Cox farm of 131 acres at Marshall's Corners, and in the spring would open there a sanitarium for the cure of the consumptive poor. The Bishop said everybody and anybody will be welcome, so long as they are ill. While the nurses will be nuns, and the administration Catholic, creed will not be a bar to admission to the place.

Archbishop Ryan confirmed Signor W. Fay and James M. Baker, former members of the Protestant Episcopal ministry, at the Cathedral Chapel on Tuesday. Mr. Fay was at one time archdeacon of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Fond du Lac. Mr. Baker, who, until recently had a charge in Wisconsin, is a graduate of the Department of Arts of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Fay has entered the Catholic Order of St. Cecilia, bestowed upon her in 1900 by the thousand-year-old academy of St. Cecilia in Rome, after she sang the Requiem at Verdi's funeral, and as a further honor her name was inscribed on the bronze tablet beneath the St. Cecilia window in the Vatican.

On the walls of the University of Notre Dame is proudly displayed the battle flag of the Irish brigade, which performed such heroic deeds in the Civil War under the gallant and brilliant General Thomas Francis Meagher. It is one of the finest relics in the historical collection of the university. Under its green silk, flapping in the forefront of the battle, brave men gave up their lives gladly that America might be an undivided nation, their dimming sight fastened on the embroidered harp and the shamrock. And now that flag, reduced to tattered pieces of silk, is a constant reminder of the loyalty and valor of the Irish in the 60's. The sight of it cannot fail to warm the heart of any one in whose veins red blood flows.

At a meeting of prominent Catholic women held in New York, the nucleus of an organization of Catholic women to be known as "The Daughters of Our Lady" was formed. It is the aim of the founders to make the organization national, and to enlist the co-operation of representative Catholic women throughout the United States. The scope of the organization is: to extend the influence of the Catholic press; to spread Catholic literature and to encourage Catholic writers; to exert an influence against bad books and plays; to establish a better social relationship between Catholics; to organize protection for Catholic working girls and to better their condition; and to take a special interest in the growing boys of our land, by studying their needs and providing them with proper safeguards as regards their moral, material and physical welfare.

WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD.

BY IMOGEN CLARK. CHAPTER VIII.

Beshme me but I love her heartily! For she is wise, if I can judge of her; And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true; And true she is, as she hath proved herself; And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true, Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

It was long past high noon when Hammet, with Silver tagging close at his heels, walked slowly through the market-place. At that hour it was almost deserted, though several belated housewives, who were reputed to be uncharitably washing of their clothes at the Town-pump and hanging them on the Cross to dry, the whites their tongues were more nimble than their fingers. The smocks and the hempen towels flapped softly to and fro in the faint, warm breeze, and the air was noisy with the buzzing of the flies gathered close about the meat which some butchers had also hung there earlier in the day.

Goody Baker was brushing the square industriously with her broom of twigs. She was a little, spare woman bent almost double with age and the result of her occupation, and as she moved about at her work, with her dark gown bunched up at the back, she made one think of some curious bird. So that Silver, being of that mind, forgot his dignity, and bore down upon her with a sharp, yapping noise, which made her leap a foot or more in the air, letting her arm fall to the ground with a great clatter. She turned a wrathful face upon Hammet, her small, deep-set eyes shooting forth venomous glances.

"Away w' these," she cried, brandishing her broom in menace, though she kept ever on the other side of the boy; "mind the dawg, or I'll brain he. A-frightin' o' a body this away. I will to the Bailly about it, an' a wull gi' thee a threshin' for settin' o' great beasties on an old wumman as doeth her duty in rain or shine from sun to sun. There's na idlin' here; go to Gaffer Raven—keep he to 's work. I warrant me a breshes na Sir Hughie's bridge as clean as I doeth this Market-place."

Hammet laughed and whistled Silver close. There was a feud of long standing between the two street-cleaners, each one accusing the other of idling, and each jealous of the other's supremacy. Of the two, Hammet preferred Old Raven, who had charge of the bridge, and who, besides, was a splendid hand at a story and ever ready for an excuse to pause from his labours. Goody Baker was like a little, clattering, chattering magpie, with a temper like a witch, and there were those who hinted that she did strange things with her broom when the day was done. Some of the rougher boys pestered her shamefully, tracking mud and brushwood over the places she had spent hours in cleaning, and then mocked her at a safe distance from her broom while she made the spot hideous with her imprecations and threats. Hammet had ever thought it a shame to tease her, but now he came in for a full share of her anger.

"La, Goody," he cried, soothingly, when she was forced to pause for a moment to breathe, "Silver meant no harm; he's full o' life this day, and belike he thought 'twas some kind o' game to see thee hopping about; but he'll not fright thee again."

"Na, I will see that a doan't," the old woman muttered. "An' hoppin' say'st thou? Marry, the Muster Bailly will show thee what hoppin' be-eth. I'll bet he maseff how young Muster Combe set 'a dawg on na poor healeses. I'm not Tom Combe," the lad interrupted. "My name is Hammet Shakespeare, and I live in Henley Street at my grandfather's house."

"Oh! ay, forsooth, I know thee well, Muster Wully Shaxper—a that's play-actor I Lunnun—'s thy father. A g'ied I a saxepece when it was here last, an' a sath there was na such shinin' sluns i' Lunnun as here. An' that to I an' na to you witless loon, Raven at the Bridge. An' a sath, besides, that onest i' Lunnun town, when the Queen were passing by, the stuns there be-eth so dirty she'd a-mucked her shoon, but a young galant from the court spread 's cloak down i' the mud, so that she went o'er 'thout 'filin' o' her feet, an' she made a lord o' he on the spot. Ent an' I 'bosen i' Lunnun, I'd ha' g'ied he a toungin' for usin' 's cloak that away. Wilful waste maketh woful want, an' a wull come to that some day. An' thy father saith the Queen 'ud need na ploosh cloaks here whar I be wi' ma broom. Dost think she will ever come this way?"

"I faith, I cannot tell. She was at Kenilworth when that my father was a little lad, and there was monstrous fine doings there, he'd told me o' them oft, but she came not hither. Like as not she'll not leave London, whar 'tis so grand."

"Go to! 'tis not so grand. Thy own father saith my stuns be cleaner; a sath that to I, an' a g'ied I a saxepece besides, an' a sath that onest the Queen—"

"Yea, yea, I know; but I must hasten now," Hammet interposed, "so give these good den."

"An' a did na say that to Raven nather," the old woman bawled after the boy. "Twas just to I. An' so thou mayest go thy ways; I will na tell the Muster Bailly, for thy father's sake, for a g'ied I a saxepece an' a sath—"

Happily for Hammet, however, he was already out of hearing, giving vent to the mirth which he had so manfully suppressed in Goody's presence. It was the first time she had taken him into her confidence, though Raven, with whom he often forgathered, had always much to say in praise of his father. For sweet Master Will Shakespeare, riding to and from Stratford, had ever a nod and a word for the bridge-cleaner, and something better, look you! than either. Something bright and clinking that found its way, or soon or late, to the Bear or the Crown in Bridge Street, and thence, liquefied, to Raven's

inner man; at which times he would not have exchanged his state—no, not for the Master High-Bailiff's, nor for a king's for that matter!

Hammet, once away from Goody's noisy tongue, walked quickly past the Market Cross. At one side he could see the pillory and the whipping-post, and he knew there must be a man in the stocks, for a group of idlers hanging about jeered at the unfortunate, whose case was like to be their own at no distant date unless they mended their ways. The boy tossed his head impatiently, and a hot flush crimsoned his sensitive face, while he clinched his little brown fists. He had small toleration for those who, when a man was down were ready with their taunts and mockery; that was the time, according to his mind, when one should give nothing but sympathy.

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inner man; at which times he would not have exchanged his state—no, not for the Master High-Bailiff's, nor for a king's for that matter!

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An' a wull see that a doan't," the old woman muttered. "An' hoppin' say'st thou? Marry, the Muster Bailly will show thee what hoppin' be-eth. I'll bet he maseff how young Muster Combe set 'a dawg on na poor healeses. I'm not Tom Combe," the lad interrupted. "My name is Hammet Shakespeare, and I live in Henley Street at my grandfather's house."

him within doors, they had waited at the easement until the other boys, coming after the sun had risen with their cries of 'Good-morrow, Valentine,' met with no reward but only laughter, and were told they were 'sunburnt' and bidden hence in disgrace.

Still he would not have all the giving on one side, and so he had ever some little gift for her. At Christmas-time there had come a pair of sweet-scented Cheveril gloves from London town, paid for out of Master Will Shakespeare's purse, which the little lad bestowed upon young Mistress Rogers. Proud as he was of that gift, he did not feel half so happy as when he bought her a tawdry lace from the mad pedler's pack on May-day with his last pence (for gingerbread, nuts and little gauds for all one's family soon swallow up a lad's savings). In other ways, too, he could show his thought for her. He never could come empty-handed while there were flowers in woods and meadows waiting to be gathered, or berries twinkling in the sun. He could plait a basket out of rushes, or carve some little thing with his whittles. And when these were lacking, any story that he had read was like a gift to her. Even this day, when he had not expected to stop at her new home, though outwardly he bore no present, what greater riches could he share with her than those precious words which rose and fell with his heart's beating? He thrust his hand into his jerkin, and she, noting the action, cried out:

"Prithce, sweet, show me thy letter without more ado. In truth, la, I love thy good father passing well, as who doth not? He hath ever a kind word for us all, both old and young, and what better news could'st thou bring than that he's comin' hither? I faith, I shall want to see him mightily, though when I hear o' me, she'll never plays he hath writ I could find it in my mind to be afear'd o' him, though my heart doth counsel otherwise."

"The heart's the best guide, so saith my sweet grandam oft; and sure methinks 'tis true in this case, for there is naught to be afear'd on when father's by. See, here is the letter."

He drew the paper from his breast and read the superscription proudly: "To my most loving and dutiful son, Hammet Shakespeare," then he unrolled the silken thread which bound the packet and laid it upon the cushion at his side.

"'Tis writ in my father's own hand," he said, as he smoothed out the folds with a caressing touch, "and 'tis not over easy reading, neither, though 'twas no pother to me, she'll never plays he hath writ I could find it in my mind to be afear'd o' him, though my heart doth counsel otherwise."

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What's in the brain that ink may character? Which hath not figur'd out the true spirit? What's new to speak, what new to register, That may express my love or thy dear merit? Nothing, sweet boy; but, like prayers divine, I must each day say o'er the very same, Counting no old thing old, tho' mine, I think, Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name. So that eternal love in love's fresh case Weighs not the dust and injury of age, Nor gives us necessary wrinkles place, But makes antiquity for aye his page, Finding the first conceit of love that bred Where time and outward show would show it dead."

His fresh, young voice broke as he reached the end, and the next moment he came close to Mistress Katharine and humbly kissed her hand where it lay upon the lute.

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"Well," said Mike, "what d'ye think of that?"

"Oh! Mike—there's them he's forgotten—he said so himself. May the good Lord forgive us—me, I mean! As I spoke Father—came through the porch on his way to breakfast. He caught my last words."

"What's the matter?" he said. "Father, I'm tempted to wish I was dead and on James Nolan's list," I said, Mike left us and went back into the church, grinning widely as he went. "You might be worse off. He'll be in with five large sheets of foolscap next Sunday. Did he call the roll for you?"

"He did," I said. "And did you stop to ask yourself how he was able to do it almost without drawing breath and without a stop?"

"Every morning of his life he calls his roll at Mass. Some of the people on it are dead these sixty to seventy years. I suspect 'twould be a waste of good prayers for most of them only there's no such thing. No I don't mean what you think—I mean they're in Heaven long ago if they are James's kind, and James's prayers are undoubtedly distributed elsewhere. I hope James is in my parish when I die."

He stopped in hesitation a moment. "I'll tell you something more if you'll promise not to laugh. How did he finish his list?—I mean after the names stopped?"

"I told him. 'I thought so. How do you suppose he came to put in the phrase, 'certain others'? Well I'll have to tell you—it's too good to keep. When I first came to this parish and James' list came in, I made a business of getting acquainted with him and he told me about it. Just for devility, I told to him—James, there's a big list of deaths every day in the Herald—why don't you pray for them, too? 'Every a good notion,' says James. And 'tis day he puts them in the 'certain others' part of his list and completes his intention later by going to the sexton's office and borrowing the Herald to read them over. James has many a friend in the next world I fancy, that he knows nothing about."

No! It was not laughing that threatened me.—Andrew Prout in America.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH. Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD. In the RECORD of the 2nd inst. notice is taken of a newspaper, which, in a manner commendably calm, distinguishes between the Holy Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic Church. The editor of the newspaper in question is not the only one that makes or supposes a difference between the two Churches; thousands of others who have heard that the Apostles Creed "may be believed" and who have, by repeating it, become familiar with "The Holy Catholic Church," have it in their minds that there is as great a difference between the Holy Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic Church as there is between light and darkness.

When it is desirable to institute a comparison between two things, it is necessary, in order to arrive at a just conclusion, to get a thorough knowledge of them; and in the case in hand it is imperative that the origin, history, and present status of the two churches should be exactly and minutely known. From Ecclesiastical History, either Catholic or non-Catholic, anyone can get a full account of the Roman Catholic Church, throughout her whole course. Our Saviour committed this Church to the guardianship of St. Peter. The New Testament tells us this. Eusebius in his Ecclesiastical History, says that St. Peter went to Rome, and was beheaded there. Not only is this confirmed by other writers of the infant Church, but is admitted by all modern historians of any consequence. St. Peter's successors have, in an unbroken series, ruled the Church down to the present. No one but a madman would deny this. St. Peter, living in his successors, has fed the sheep for nearly two thousand years. This should impress a thinking man.

For nineteen hundred years, the Roman Catholic Church—called "Roman" because St. Peter's chair was fixed in Rome—has labored unremittingly



When an undue amount of nervous energy is used in the brain there is certain to be failure in the other functions of the body. Digestion is imperfect—the head aches—you cannot sleep—you become nervous and irritable—you are easily excited and quickly tired—your memory fails and you cannot concentrate the mind. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is a creator of new, rich, red blood and hence a builder-up of the nervous system. Being mild and gentle in action it is especially suited to treatment of children at the critical period of their life when important physical and mental changes are taking place. But you must get the genuine. Look for the name Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food on the wrapper. Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cts. a box, for sale by Dr. A. W. Chase & Co., Toronto.

NOVEMBER 20, 1909.

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ly in carrying out the commands of her divine Founder: "Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," Christ said to His apostles. The Roman Catholic Church has done this. There has been no other Church to share the glory with her.

It is an historical fact that the Holy See, that is, the Roman Catholic Church, sent seven apostolic men into France to Christianize the Gauls. They went there while St. Peter was lying or very shortly afterwards, and they founded the historic churches of France. (See Alzog's Church History, Vol. I, pp. 241-43).

The Lutheran, Mosheim, in his Ecclesiastical History, says, "Celestine, the Roman Pontiff, sent Palladius into Ireland, to propagate the Christian religion among the rude inhabitants of that island. This first mission was not attended with much fruit; nor did the success of Palladius bear any proportion to his laborious and pious endeavours. After his death, the same pontiff employed in this mission Succothus, a native of Scotland, whose name he changed into that of Patrick, and who arrived among the Irish in the year 432. The success of his ministry, and the number and importance of his pious exploits, stand upon record as undoubted proofs, not only of his resolution and patience, but also of his dexterity and address. Having attacked, with much more success than his predecessor, the errors and superstitions of that uncivilized people, and brought great numbers of them over to the Christian religion, he founded, in the year 472, the archbishopric of Armagh, which has ever since remained the metropolitan see of the Irish nation. Hence this famous missionary, though not the first who brought among that people the light of the gospel, has yet been justly entitled the Apostle of the Irish, and the father of the Irish church; and is still generally acknowledged and revered in that honorable character."

In speaking of the conversion of the English, Mosheim says, "In Britain several circumstances concurred to favor the propagation of Christianity. Ehelbert, King of Kent, the most considerable of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, among whom that island was at this time divided, married Bertha, daughter of Cherebert, King of Paris, towards the close of this century. This princess, partly by her own influence, and partly by the pious efforts of the clergy who followed her into Britain, gradually formed, in the mind of Ehelbert, a certain inclination to the Christian religion. While the king was in this favorable disposition, Gregory the Great sent into Britain A. D. 596 forty Benedictine monks with Augustin at their head, in order to bring to perfection what the pious queen had so happily begun. This monk, seconded by the zeal and assistance of Bertha, converted the king and the greatest part of the inhabitants of Kent, and laid anew the foundations of the British Church." In a foot-note, Mosheim says, "After his arrival in England, he [St. Augustin] converted the heathen temples into places of Christian worship, erected Christ Church into a cathedral, opened a seminary of learning, founded the Abbey of St. Augustin, received episcopal ordination from the primate of Arles, was invested by Pope Gregory with power over all the British bishops and Saxon prelates, and was the first archbishop of Canterbury."

The Apostle of the Germans was St. Boniface. Of his mission career, Mosheim says, "This great work (the conversion of the Germans) was, however, effected in this century, by the ministry of Winifrid, a Benedictine monk, born in England of illustrious parents, and afterwards known by the name of Boniface. This famous ecclesiastic, attended by two companions of his pious labours, passed over into Friesland, A. D. 715, to preach the gospel to the people of that country, but this first attempt was unsuccessful, and a war breaking out between Radbod, the King of that country, and Charles Martel, our zealous missionary returned to England. He resumed, however, his pious undertaking in the year 719; and being solemnly empowered by the Roman pontiff, Gregory II, to preach the Gospel not only in Friesland, but all over Germany, he performed the functions of a Christian teacher among the Thuringians, Frieslanders, and Hessians, with considerable success.

"This eminent missionary was in the year 723 consecrated bishop by Gregory II, who changed the name of Winifrid into that of Boniface. Seconded by the powerful protection afforded by the generosity of Charles Martel, mayor of the palace to Chilperic, king of France, he resumed his ministerial labours among the Hessians and Thuringians, and finished with glory the task he had undertaken, in which he received considerable assistance from a number of pious and learned men, who repaired to him from England and France. As the Christian churches erected by Boniface were too numerous to be governed by one bishop, this prelate was advanced to the dignity of archbishop, in the year 738, by Gregory III, by whose authority and the auspicious protection of Carloman and Pepin, the sons of Charles Martel, he founded in Germany the bishoprics of Wurzburg, Burauburg, Erfurt, and Aichstadt; to which he added, in the year 744, the famous monastery of Fulda. His last promotion, and the last recompense of his assiduous labours in the propagation of the truth, was his advancement to the archiepiscopal see of Mentz, A. D. 748, but was, at the same time, created primate of Germany and Belgium. In his old age, he returned again to Friesland that he might finish his ministry in the same place where he had entered first upon its functions; but his piety was ill rewarded by that barbarous people, by whom he was murdered in the year 755, while fifty ecclesiastics, who accompanied him in this voyage, shared the same unhappy fate."

St. Ausgar is the "Apostle of the North." He was a monk of Corbey and in 834 was created Papal Legate for the countries of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, in which he had converted

multitudes, Mosheim says, "Accordingly, Ausgar travelled frequently among the Danes, Cimbrians and Swedes in order to promote the cause of Christ, to form new churches, and to confirm and establish those which he had already gathered together; in all which arduous enterprises he passed his life in the most imminent dangers, until he concluded his glorious course, A. D. 865."

So, on the testimony of a Lutheran, Ireland, England, Germany, and the northern nations of Europe received their first lessons in Christianity from the Roman Catholic Church. In a letter, it is impossible to give similar accounts of other countries which the same Church has brought under the yoke of the gospel; but her spiritual conquests will occur to everyone who knows anything about the labors of the Benedictines and their off-shoots, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Jesuits, etc., in Africa, Asia, and the two Americas.

Nor is there room in a letter to give more than a few headings of the inestimable blessings that the Roman Catholic Church has conferred on mankind—her jealous care and preservation of the Sacred Scriptures, her tutoring of the nations in letters, her civilizing and refining influences, her steady protection of the oppressed from the oppressor, and her institutions for the care of the helpless and orphans. She has preached the Gospel to all the nations; and has, throughout her whole career, kept her ear ever open to the "Sermon on the Mount."

Now comes the difficulty. When, where, and under whose auspices, did the "Holy Catholic Church" begin its course? For what purpose was it instituted? Has it compassed its obligations? Where is the seat of its chief ruler? Does it ever give a decisive utterance on any question? Has it attempted to benefit the human race in any way? Has it a voice or is it voiceless? History being silent about these questions, the fair conclusion is that the "Holy Catholic Church" is a myth.

But subterfuge that the "Holy Catholic Church" is distinct from and is eminently superior to the Roman Catholic Church, has obtained so widely that the members of many religious bodies are deluded by it. Perhaps the three communities that have for some time been talking about a union of their bodies would pretend that their home and habitation is also within the precincts of the "Holy Catholic Church." If they do, all talk of an organic union of parts within the bosom of the "Holy Catholic Church" would be bald nonsense. There could be no discordant elements in a "Holy" Church; if there were, the institution could not be called "Holy," because there is no holiness in confusion and disagreement. The Holy Catholic Church, distinct from the Roman Catholic Church, has never existed; it does not exist; it never will exist.

The One Church, or the Holy Church, or the Catholic Church, or the Apostolic Church, spoken of in the Creed, is the Roman Catholic Church. In Christianity there cannot be even two churches, unless there are at least two Christs.

J. P. T.

WARNING AS TO SOCIALISM.

We take from the Pilot the following splendid deliverance of the Archbishop of Boston in reference to Socialism. It was delivered on the dedication of St. Patrick's Church in New York City.

"As I went in procession around the Church to bless it, and saw the solid phalanx of splendid specimens of Catholic manhood standing shoulder to shoulder, like a noble band of soldiers of the Faith, I thought to myself, 'This is no mere figure; this is a fact. These men are defending the Church, and, unless all signs fail, they will soon be called upon to show that in reality they are soldiers of Christ and defenders of the Faith.' For the last fifteen years a violent propaganda has been going on against every sacred truth the Church stands for, against even God Himself, and against the most sacred rights of humanity, while we, lulled by a false sense of security, have been half asleep. Conscious only of apparent prosperity and great numbers, we were unconscious of the other side of the picture; namely that while on one day of the week a large part of the flock heard our voice, the other six days of the week they were at the mercy of this violent and active agency for evil; nay, even the full seven days of the week, for thousands of our men were attending, Sunday afternoons, large meetings in which the principles which guided them in the morning were defied and denied.

"And all the time we have been living in a fool's paradise, foolishly dreaming that the socialistic propaganda now meeting the eye and ear at the very existence of every European country could never touch us. You workmen standing here before me know full well the meaning of my words. You know the deluge of pamphlets and booklets and leaflets that are put into your hands and even into your pockets in the shop and in the streets—a poisonous literature calculated to destroy your faith in God and in the Church, a literature teeming with false promises and seething with the hatred of class against class, a literature which blasphemes order, which denies the sacredness of human rights, and which substitutes the foolishness of free love for the sacredness of the marriage tie. Many of you must know that its poisonous and corrupt influences have already begun their deadly work in your minds and in your hearts—influences so insinuating and so alluring that nothing but a renewal of your faith in God and His divine providence can counteract them.

"Take heed and have warning; the enemy is not far off. The enemy is at your gates. The Church stands for the truth and the truth alone can make you free. Your King is here in the tabernacle, and His law alone means freedom and happiness and help. Stand near Him and around Him, and cast from you those who would rob you of the possession of those things which make man truly noble—sterling faith in God and obedience to His commands. This little church will be to you a reminder

of them both. Love it, cherish it, for it is the ark of your salvation."

FATE OF FRENCH CHURCHES.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, PARIS, NOW USED AS A PLACE FOR REHEARSAL BY BALLET GIRLS.

Says the Paris correspondent of the New York Sun:

"The differences between Church and State in France have resulted in some peculiar changes and chances to Paris, among the best the possibility of obtaining for a moderate rent or none at all edifices formerly used for purely religious purposes. The Jesuit Church of St. Pierre is occupied as a saloon by an American woman; another church contains a moving picture company; one or two converts. It is rumored, make very attractive pensions for American tourists and several churches are tenanted by artists. To one of these, the Church of the Sacred Heart, a Sun reporter accompanied Miss Lois Fuller and her band of coryphees, who are rehearsing for the American tour about to begin in Montreal.

"When the Church of the Sacred Heart is reached, it is found peopled with a score or more girls of all ages and sizes, their gauzy draperies and flowing hair outlined against huge canvases painted by Senor Cerf, a Spanish artist of Barcelona, who is using the church for an atelier. Here and there in the church are artists, writers, camera experts of English and French periodicals; and their frequenters of the Sacre Coeur since its transformation into atelier and saloon.

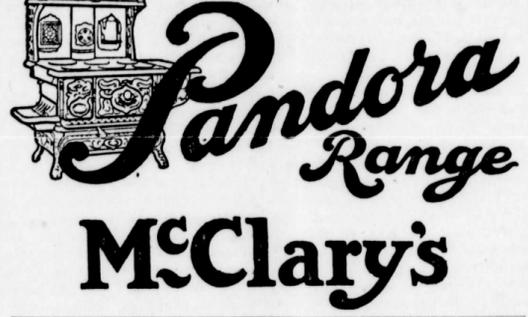
"The afternoon light falls pleasantly through the stained-glass windows; the chancel is turned into an improvised platform; the walls are covered with canvases depicting strange mythological beings only half human; scaffolding and stepladders replace the orthodox furnishing, and the odor of turpentine replaces that of incense.

"Groups of girls dance, pose and float away to make room for others. There are three attitudinizing for the Chopin 'Funeral March'; there is a dance of Diana, the huntress; there is a dance of butterflies, a fluttering of white wings about a rosebush and a chasing by tireless children. This is followed by the dance of the foolish virgins, three graceful girls, in long flowing draperies that catch every passing current and wind about them in wonderful convolutions of gauziness."

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Don't allow a few extra dollars to prevent you from taking the perfect-cooking, sure-baking, easily-regulated Pandora in place of a cheaper stove. In a season or two Pandora will pay the difference in the fuel it will save—and it will keep on saving until it has paid for itself.

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PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC MISSIONARY WORK.

The Churchman (Protestant Episcopal) prints in its issue of Oct. 9, the following article on Catholic Missions in India:

"The activity and success of the Roman Catholic Missions in India are often passed over by Anglican and Evangelical authorities. It is pleasant, therefore, to find the Archdeacon of Malinas (Anglican) doing full justice to the work accomplished by the Roman Catholic communion. Out of a population of 294,000,000, which includes the inhabitants of India proper with Baluchistan and Burma, less than one hundred part, to be exact, 2,900,000 are Christians. Of these 1,525,000 are Roman Catholics, 470,000 Anglicans, while about 655,000 are members of various Evangelical bodies.

"At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Indian Catholic Missions, which had been founded by St. Francis Xavier, were in a feeble condition. The great work of expansion has chiefly taken place since 1830. A large number of new sees have been established; thirty-nine districts in all are now organized, each administered by a resident Bishop. There is a constant stream of men and money going into the country for missionary purposes. The Jesuits and the

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1909.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1909

REV. MR. KNOWLES AND HIS TRAVELS.

Some men should either stay home altogether; or, if they travel, they should take a guide with them. The Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Galt, is one of these.

ANGLICAN ALL SAINTS' DAY.

When an Anglican minister undertakes to explain any of the Saints' festivals he is between Scylla and Charybdis. The rock and the whirlpool are too much for him.

DR. MILLIGAN'S CHURCH UNION.

What happy thoughts some people have. We really enjoy them. How different a world it would be if newspapers had cogitations, neither poetic nor prophetic, but beaming with self-importance.

uninterrupted testimony that not to them belongs the glory but to God's Holy Name. It is shabby to have a feast of All Saints, and turn to them and say: "We do not worship you; we have no idea of praying to you."

WHAT OF THE DEAD.

A correspondent has sent us an address by a Brooklyn minister upon the question, "Where are the Dead?" He maintains they are in an unconscious state—having no experience of interior feeling and no thought of what is going on.

THE PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONS TO FRENCH CANADIANS.

It is not hard, indeed it is unsatisfactorily easy for an erroneous conscience to justify itself. As an example we have the Presbyterian excusing its French Canadian missions not because the French Canadian Catholics "are not Christians, but because their Christianity is of an imperfect kind."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

We have received a letter from our esteemed friend, J. P. T., upon a point which excites the branch theorists. It is the distinction between the Holy Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic Church.

Whatever their diversities may be now, when they enter Dr. Milligan's Catholic Church these differences will cease. They will feel that they are brethren—doing others as you know they will do you.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S RETIREMENT.

Professor Goldwin Smith announced the other day that on account of old age he had retired from active journalism. We do not hesitate to express our regret. This feeling is not based upon the fact that we were, even frequently, in accord with Dr. Smith.

A DESERVED HONOR.

A fitting recognition of personal worth and public service was the banquet lately tendered Hon. Charles Murphy, Secretary of State, in his native city, Ottawa.

IRELAND'S INDUSTRIES.

We have received from Dr. Ambrose, nationalist member of the Imperial Parliament, a very comprehensive statement of the present condition of industrial life in Ireland.

Those who maintain that these two churches are not identical, although they admit with a crimson blush Rome as a sister, do not hesitate to say that Rome fell. They would have the world believe that Rome is no longer holy. We call our correspondent's attention to what we deem an important safeguard, the insisting upon the epithet "holy" being applied to the Roman Catholic Church.

VERY OFTEN WE NOTICE DELIVERANCES.

VERY OFTEN we notice deliverances of some of our distinguished Bishops which should be indelibly impressed upon the minds of our people. "I need not tell you of the sorrow," says Bishop Hartley, of Columbus, Ohio, in a recent pastoral, "that fills the heart of many a poor old Catholic father and mother as they find their sons and daughters, surrounded as they may be with the wealth and honors of the world, but faithless to God and apostates of the faith."

WE ARE PLEASED TO NOTICE THAT THE NUNS IN BARCELONA, WHO WERE NOT MURDERED BY THE FOLLOWERS OF PROFESSOR FERRER, ARE ABOUT TO BRING THEIR SLANDERERS BEFORE A COURT OF JUSTICE.

WE ARE pleased to notice that the nuns in Barcelona, who were not murdered by the followers of Professor Ferrer, are about to bring their slanderers before a court of justice. A paper in Toulouse, France, made the statement that during the recent disorders in Barcelona numbers of murdered victims and many instruments of torture were discovered by the gentlemen who entered the convents to free the nuns from their thralldom by cutting their throats and saving them from too much worldly wealth by stealing what could be carried away and putting in flames all irremovable. Under the direction of Right Rev. Mgr. Santol, of Barcelona, the whole of the twenty-six religious communities have entered a case of libel in the law courts of Toulouse against the editor of the paper referred to.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

PREPARATION FOR ADVENT.

"For as the lightning cometh out of the East, and shineth even unto the West, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." St. Matt. xxiv, 27.

Our holy Mother the Church, in the gospel of this last Sunday of the year before Advent, fixes our attention upon the second Advent or coming of Our Lord Jesus Christ in His majesty to judge the living and the dead. She does this to excite us to examine and judge ourselves, that by a true contrition we may be prepared to receive Him with joy when He comes as a little infant at Christmas, when He comes at the hour of death, and when we meet Him at the great judgment day.

Our Lord in this gospel foretells at the same time the destruction of Jerusalem and the final destruction of the world. Jerusalem may be taken as the figure of the soul, so that what befell Jerusalem represents to us in lively colors what shall befall souls which, dying unrepentant to God, shall fall under His judgments.

Now Our Lord says of Jerusalem that she shall suddenly be surrounded by her enemies, who shall dig a trench around her, and wall her in on every side so that no one can escape from her. That her inhabitants shall die victims of pestilence, of famine, and the edge of the sword, until she shall be left an utter waste. That the anguish and distress of that time shall be greater than anything which had happened before since the world began.

He tells the exact time when all this would take place: "Amen, I say to you, this generation shall not pass away until all these things be done."

All this literally came to pass within forty years after this prophecy was spoken, when the Romans besieged the city, slaughtered over a million of people, and led the remnant army captive, to be scattered over the face of the earth.

All this horror and desolation is a mere figure and shadow of what shall take place at the end of the world. The sufferings of that time are nothing in comparison of what the wicked and disobedient shall endure at the awful day of judgment.

Jerusalem, that city of God, so beautiful and glorious, was utterly destroyed because of her sins and obstinate rejection of God's mercy offered her by the Son of God, the Messiah, our Lord Jesus Christ.

The soul, the greatest and noblest work of the Creator, capable of unbounded happiness, if she chooses sin and disobedience, if she refuses to repent and accept God's forgiveness, shall fall a prey to His justice, and for ever fall from her high estate by her own folly.

The hour of death shall shortly be upon us. Then the soul will be in great straits. The devils of hell shall surround us, and our own sinful passions shall rise against us. If we have lived to gratify them and to sin, how difficult it will be to repent. We cannot, all of a sudden, love what we have hated, and hate what we have loved. All hope of escape will be cut off and we shall be an easy prey to our enemies.

The great judgment day for the whole world may be a long way off; but after all, that is of little consequence to us, for each one of us must have his own particular judgment within a few years or months or weeks—when the time of his death comes.

Let us take Our Lord's counsel then: leave Jerusalem before the enemy surrounds her; flee to the mountains; not stop to take anything with us, but flee at once, nor hesitate a moment—that is, flee from our sins, flee from all sinful practices and indulgences. Examine ourselves, deplore our sins, judge ourselves, condemn ourselves; flee to the mountains of God's mercy; retreat and beg for forgiveness; resolve over and over again not to sin again, but for the rest of our lives to be faithful and true.

God will hear our prayer: He will wipe out all our sins, receive us into the heavenly Jerusalem, where we shall rest safe and secure from all our enemies for all eternity. Amen.

AWFUL EFFECTS OF SIN.

THE CHRISTLIKE FACE OF AN ANGELIC SOUL TRANSFORMED BY CRIME AND DISSIPATION INTO A COUNTENANCE AS HIDEOUS AS THAT OF JUDAS.

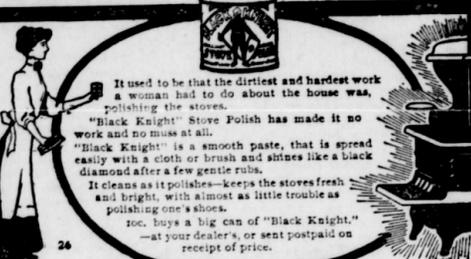
Mouldering away on the wall of the old monastery in Milan, Italy, hangs the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. Like every other masterpiece, the painting required many years of patient labor, and, as a result of that labor, it is perfect in its naturalness of expression and sublime in its story of love. In addition to these qualities it has an incident in its history that contributes not a little toward making it the greatest teacher that it is. It is said that the artist, in painting the faces of his apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When, however, he was ready to paint the face of Jesus in the picture, he could find none that would satisfy his conception, the face that would serve as a model for the face of Christ must be dignified in its simplicity, and majestic in its sweetness. After several years of careful search, the painter happened to meet one Pietro Bandinelli, a choir boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the Cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner, that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist induced the boy to come to his study for the painting of the face of Jesus. All was done most carefully and reverently, but the picture was as yet incomplete, for the face of Judas was absent. Again the painter, with zeal of a true lover of his art, set about in search of a countenance that might serve for the face of the traitor. Some years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice, the man looked up at him and said: "You have painted me before." Horrified and dumb with amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bandinelli. During those intervening years, Pietro had been at Rome, studying music, had met with evil

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for ten mornings—then keep on eating it. It keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active.

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH



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companions, had given himself up to drinking and gambling and fallen into a shameful dissipation and crime. The face that was now the model for the face of Judas, had once been the model for the face of Christ. Here is the story of a sinful life, and alas! how often has it been repeated? The soul that has lost by sin the innocence and beauty that God gives it, has in this story; the reflection of its own existence. Every soul that is without sin is Christlike; but the soul that is transfused with sin, is as hideous as the soul of Judas was. Just as the expression on a countenance often betrays a hidden life of sinful indulgence, so the soul, always in the sight of God, if blackened with sin, is hideous; but if free from sin, it is delightful and sweet. Beware, then, of the one real enemy in life—sin, that destroys soul and body.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS TO CATHOLICS

The efforts of the Catholic pastors of Ontario to defend their people against the proselytizing methods of certain evangelizers in that district have aroused the ire of The Canadian Baptist. It raises the question: "Are Protestant missions to Roman Catholics an insult?"

Leaving aside the caustic arguments employed by the Baptist, one might say in favor of our Catholic position, that while a Catholic mission to Protestants is bound in conscience to present the truth and not to malign the persons of any religion, for the Catholic Church hates error, though it is bound to love the erring, the fault with Protestant missions to Catholics lies, in part, in the fact that the preachers in expounding their doctrines quite constantly malign and calumniate the personages of the Catholic Church. Moreover, instead of holding steadily to the records of history, the promulgators of reasons, and the teachings of Holy Scripture, they found their teachings upon an individual and personal sense; hence they cannot help presenting Catholic doctrines in a wrong way. They oppose confession while showing that they have no true idea of what confession really is; they attack the Holy Eucharist, meaning thereby something entirely different from what the Catholic believes. So is it also with indulgences, the veneration of the saints, prayers for the dead, and the like. The result is that their observations upon Catholic doctrines and practices cannot help, under the circumstances, being insulting and offensive to Catholics.

Moreover, the Catholic is certain, with the certainty of faith, of the truth of his position. The same cannot be said of the Protestant Christian, who, by the very nature of his faith, must doubt and wonder in uncertainty. The Catholic pastor is thus bound to secure his flock in the untroubled peace and serenity of their faith and he cannot but regard it as supremely offensive that an unauthorized individual having rather unsettled religious convictions and not accurately informed as to the nature of Catholic doctrines, to creep and intrude into his fold and bring desolation and unhappiness.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Wood, Chief Justice of Ontario. Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario. Rev. N. Burwash, D. D., President Victoria College. Rev. Father Teely, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto. Right Rev. J. F. Sweeney, Bishop of Toronto. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

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etables, he will clothe the body, he will pamper the spirit of vanity; then, when he has gained a quasi claim to the gratitude of the individual, he will demand the surrender of the soul. This is offensive to those whose only methods of propaganda are honesty of speech, honesty of life and the conviction of a God-given authority.

A Bad Practice.

"Criticism of the priest," said an Archbishop, "has a very detrimental effect on the children who listen to the same. It does not hurt the priest, who goes on attending to his duties regardless of praise or blame. It does hurt the faith of the young, who cannot dissociate the priest from the religion which he preaches." These things cannot be repeated too often for the benefit of chronic grumblers and fault-finders who make their priests the target of their criticisms. It is an old saying



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that the children of the priest-hunters are always poor Catholics. They go through life "nursing a grudge" against the men who are devoting themselves soul and body to the furtherance of their spiritual interests. They lack the warmth and enthusiasm of those who appreciate the close sacramental relations existing between priest and people. "Never speak ill of a priest," is a good old rule handed down from the ages of faith. The honor of His priests is dear to God, for it is closely wrapped up with the honor of the religion which the priest teaches.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Be Careful in Your Reading.

Avoid the weak novel, whether in moral tone, in thought or in both. Such reading perverts the taste and incapacitates for the enjoyment of productions of genius. To satisfy the craving for such food the mind seeks something still more startling and unreal. Your life should be filled with virtuous, elevating thoughts. Read that which will make you stronger, happier and better; that which will help you, hold you up and uplift you; that which will increase your capital for intellectual comfort and helpful influence; that which will give you brain mental fibre, nerve and heart; that which will enable you to see further, judge more accurately, stand more firmly, work harder; think more of your fellows and rise higher than that which will make you more a man. When you have read such books you will have no taste for the weak novel. It not only lacks any high moral, but it contains insinuations against religion, truth and justice, and its general tone is in favor of immorality, deceit and lying. It also weakens the mind. It serves neither for mental discipline nor for the development of intellectual strength. The brain is tired. The novel-reader cannot gather up and use his mental powers and resources to advantage. The weak novel creates and fosters discontent with honest living. You should take things as they are, look the world in the face bravely, go to work with a will and do your best.

In What Vocation Is My Chance of Success Greatest?

The great question for a successful candidate to ask himself, everything considered, is, "Where is my chance in life greatest?"—that is, "In what environment shall I put myself in order to get the largest possible return from the exertion of my powers?"

A machine has been constructed for measuring expended energy, a sort of cage in which a man is put, where every motion, every bit of exertion and every expenditure of energy are registered. A successful candidate should put himself in an environment which will collect and utilize, as well as measure, all his expenditures of thought, force, and physical energy.

It is of the first importance to get into harmonious surroundings, where all the powers of mind and body may be able to work to the greatest possible advantage along the line of our ambition. We should engage in the occupation which is best fitted to our physical constitution, mental make-up, taste and ability. In other words, the surest way to win success is to get into the right niche, in a congenial environment, where we can work without friction, and where all our powers will find quick and responsive expression.

Every Sale An Advertisement.

Many a business man does not realize that in some way every sale he makes is an advertisement that is going to help or hinder his business. It is an advertisement of the policy of his firm. It advertises the attitude of his employees, whether accommodating or indifferent, polite or boorish. It advertises the honesty or dishonesty of the whole concern.

I have heard men boast of a good sale when they have taken advantage of a customer. They congratulated themselves on having obtained more than the regular price for an article sold to a customer whom they had failed to be an "easy mark." He did not try to cheat them down, but simply paid the price asked, and said nothing.

Business chickens come home to roost, and a dishonest policy of this kind will ultimately ruin a firm. It is only a question of time for every dishonest trick, every misrepresentation, every mean transaction is a boomerang which comes back to wound the thrower.

Quality is the best salesman in the world. The article that is a little better than others of the same kind, that is the best, even if the price is higher "carries in its first sale the possibility of many sales, because it makes a satisfied customer, and only a satisfied customer will come again."

Like good things to eat, a superb quality always leaves a good taste in the month, and we go again to the firm that gives us the best thing of its kind that can be obtained.

The house which has built up its business on quality does not need to do so much advertising as inferior concerns for every sale it makes is an advertisement, and every pleased customer becomes an unpaid drummer for the house. After we have once worn or used or enjoyed the best, we do not like the second best. We may be forced by circumstances to get it, but we do not like it.

Harmony as a Business Producer.

Fortunately the old-time employer, who used to go through his piece of business every day with a whip, so to speak, stirring everybody up, driving everybody, scolding and swearing, is rapidly disappearing. Men are finding that there is something better than the slave-driving methods. They are finding that harmony is a great business producer, that kindness, appealing to the best instead of the worst in employees, produces the highest results.

Up-to-date business-men find that the more comfortable and the happier they can make their employees, the more work they will accomplish, and the better its quality. Everybody does his best when appreciated.

Mr. Grumpy Employer, how can you expect your employees to apply the Golden Rule to you when you do not use it yourself? When you get your employees all stirred up and out of sorts by constant scolding, fault-finding, and

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nagging, by your failure to stand up to your contracts with them, how can you expect them in return to have your interests at heart, to live up to your expectations, to do good work? When you go all to pieces over something that troubles you, you can not write a good letter. Your mind is in no condition to make an important contract until you restore harmony. Can you, then, expect your employees to believe in you—to give you their best, when you show them the worst side of your nature?

The Man Who Acts.

During the Civil War, when Lincoln ordered McClellan to advance, he would make all sorts of excuses for delay—he did not have enough men; the cavalry horses' legs were sore; the Administration did not support him properly, or he was waiting for the enemy to get into a more favorable position for attack.

But, at last, Lincoln found a man who never made excuses, never apologized, but acted. General Grant would call a council of his generals, and smoke while they gave advice; and then he would make out his own programme and act.

What a relief for the head of a great enterprise to find a Grant among his employees, a man who does not ask if the enemy is in a favorable position for attack, or if everything is in ideal condition, but makes the best of things as they are, and pushes ahead!—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dog Stories.

Col. Kent of Burlington, Vt., has a dog that money cannot buy. Mr. Kent is foreman of the job room in the Free Press office. The other day he started for home, but a friend invited him to an auto ride, and he went, leaving the dog on the street. The dog tried to follow the auto, but lost it and returned to the Free Press office and refused to leave. A couple of hours later Mr. Kent called up and asked that the telephone receiver be put to the terrier's ear.

"Come home," he demanded, when the dog had been raised to the instrument.

The terrier gave a sharp bark, bolted out of the door, and legged it for home like a streak of lightning. He ran the mile in less than five minutes.

A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fisheries, possessed a dog remarkable for his fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril outside a line of breakers which owing to some change in the wind or weather, had since the departure of the boat rendered the return through them hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance for his fidelity and sagacity. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish.

Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware that there was great cause for anxiety in the minds of those around. Presently, however, he took to the water and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them and make various attempts to induce him to come on board. But, no! He would not go within their reach and continued swimming about a short distance away. After the crew had made several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog one of the hands suddenly suspected his apparent meaning "Give him the end of the rope," he said. "That's what he wants." The rope was thrown.

The dog seized the end in an instant, turned around and made straight for the shore, where a few minutes afterwards boat and crew, thanks to their four-footed friend, were placed safe and undamaged.

A little yellow dog is the life-saving hero of El Paso, Texas. Jose Renteria, seven years old, and his brother Alberto, aged five, went to the canal one night, and the younger brother fell in. Jose went to his assistance. Alberto threw his arms about his neck and both sank to the bottom of the ditch. Then the dog jumped in. With several hard tugs he got the older boy to the bank, and then brought the younger to his brother's side.

Carrying out a resolution made months ago, a party of prospectors of Wallace, Ida., recently climbed the hill on Placer creek to look for the remains

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of a man or men supposed to be the friends of a little black spaniel, who for many months had kept a lone vigil on top of the mountain, apparently guarding something from which he could not be coaxed or driven away. The dog had become famous, articles and pictures of him having found their way into magazines and papers all over the country. He is faithful to his self-imposed task, whatever it may be, and owing to the liberal provision that has been made by various prospectors, has not wanted for food. Every second day he comes down the mountain, grabs the meat placed in a convenient place for him, and scurries off up the hill again.

Although a long and thorough search of the ground over which the dog has been seen to go was made, no trace of human remains could be found. All the time the men were searching, heeding the brush and turning over piles of leaves and trash, the spaniel sat at a safe distance, a most interesting spectator. When the men left, however, he refused to accompany them, and the last they saw of him he was sitting by the big stump under which he has made a comfortable bed, watching their departure with apparent relief.

The cause of his refusal to leave the mountain is still a mystery, and there are many who yet believe that the faithful canine knows of a secret that hides a tragedy. Further search of the locality will be made during the summer.—Catholic Telegraph.

The Boy's Worst Enemy.

The worst that can befall a boy says an esteemed contemporary, is to have the liberty to remain out late at night. This is too often a fatal privilege, because it is mostly during the night that all the mischief is planned and executed. The boys who are permitted the freedom of our public streets at all hours of the night are the boys who fill our workhouses and bring sorrow upon their relatives and friends. All parents should keep their boys off the streets and at home at night. But are not the boys who work in shops and factories all day entitled to some recreation and amusement? They are; and it is a poorly managed home that can not provide these. Music, singing, reading—can not young people have these amusements at home? And what more does the street offer? Parents, look to it! Do not think that because the boys bring their earnings on Saturday night they are free to do as they please and go where they will. By no means. You are always supreme in the home, and God will hold you responsible for the conduct of your children as long as they live under your roof. It is simply outrageous to witness the actions of some youngsters on the public streets. And what of young girls? Many of them conduct themselves no better.—Catholic Chronicle.

"We are obliged," says St. Francis de Sales, "not only to bear with the failings of our neighbor, but likewise with our own, and to be patient at the sight of our own imperfections." We must try to correct ourselves, but we should do it tranquilly and without anxiety.—Father Quadrupani.

Never a forward step is taken by man or society without pain and suffering.—Dr. Sheehan.

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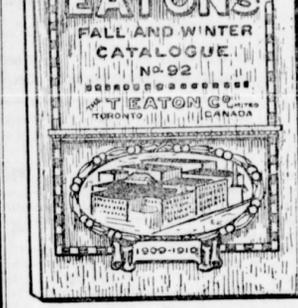
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