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of the Board, AMES MASON, General Manager

OFFICE Monday St.

ALSO IN St. Thomas Lawrence Station

—Mrs. D. C. and son thanks to the end Virgin and St. Cecelia.

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WANTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL

RENCE TEACHER, AS Separate School, No. 2 and teach, English and Duties to commence after September 7, 1911.

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The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1911

1720

My Beads

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part with one of you for richest gem; 'Tis gleams in kindly diadem; 'Tis know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief In all the days of twenty years, And I have mourned you with my tears, And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed, And joys have died; but in my needs Ye were my friends, my blessed beads! And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and a wondrous time, in grief, My weary fingers wandered round Thy circled chain, and always found In some Hall Mary's sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell Of inner life, to all unknown; I trusted you and you alone, But ah! ye keep my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear— A sign that I am but the slave, In life, in death, beyond the grave, Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

ATHEISM AND FAKED SCIENCE

A few years ago one of the principal yellow journals of New York City was engaged in inculcating its readers with the atheistic views of Professor Haeckel. It had editorial after editorial on his principal work, which undertakes to explain everything on purely materialistic principles. The readers were urged to buy the book which had been translated into English by a renegade Catholic priest. How many of them became atheists through the reading of it is only known to the Recording Angel. Mr. Hearst's princely paid editorial writer exhorted the language of eulogy in praising it. To the untrained mind to which he addressed himself his poisonous words, reinforced by the authority of Haeckel, carried the conviction that Christianity is a sham and unworthy the serious consideration of thoughtful men. It may be said truthfully that no more deadly and insidious attacks upon the religion of thousands have been made than during the many weeks the praises of the German atheist professor were sounded in the columns of a newspaper that found its way into so many New York homes.

The character of the teachings so widely spread through the medium of yellow journalism may be judged by the following special cable dispatch to the New York Sun: "Berlin, Prof. Ernest Haeckel of the University of Jena, the champion of Monism, read a paper at the Monist Congress during the week concerning the foundation of Creeds. He argued that as a result of recent scientific investigations of profound paleontology and morphology we can accept the fact of the descent of man from a long line of extinct mammals, both man and monkeys, man's near relatives, being developed from the same type." Proceeding from the consideration of man's physical organs to that of his soul, Haeckel told his Berlin audience that the immortal part of man is nothing more than a function of a brain cell. It has been developed along with all the other productions of the human mind. "We are told that works of a sculptor, an author or an artist of any kind 'are fundamentally more muscular activities' than the most ordinary 'the immortality of the soul is a myth.'"

We have here a summary of the doctrines embodied in a book a Metropolitan yellow journal did its best to popularize. Its author was represented as being the foremost of living scientists whose statements dealing with scientific subjects carried with them unquestioned authority. The real Professor Haeckel, as known to his fellow scientists, was quite a different person from the one lauded by the New York yellow journal engaged in propagating his atheistic teachings.

With scientists it is an axiom that searches after truth should have an open mind and undertake an investigation with a determination to follow in whatever direction the evidence leads. This has not been the theory which has guided Haeckel's researches. He has now known to manufacture alleged proofs to buttress up a hypothesis. He has done what Dr. Cook is charged with doing in defence of his claims as a discoverer of the North Pole. He has not hesitated to falsify plates to serve his purpose. Professor Semper of Wurzburg, Germany, a celebrated zoologist, has devoted twenty pages to the exposure of these falsifications. Professor His, another German scientist, has called attention to the fact that Haeckel was picturing the fetuses of a dog, a chicken, and a mole with a single plate labeled in three different ways.

Professor Chvolson, an eminent physiologist of St. Petersburg, thus sums up Haeckel's qualifications to speak dogmatically on certain scientific questions: "All that Haeckel explains and affirms concerning questions of physics is false and shows an ignorance of the most elementary problems, which is hardly believable."

The criticism of the Russian Scientist, severe though it be, is not so vitriolic as that of a scientist, who is Haeckel's fellow-countryman. Professor Hansen of the Berlin University referring to the "World Riddle," the very book Mr. Hearst's yellow journal expended so much ink and paper in puffing, expresses his contempt for it in the following words: "The 'World Riddle' of Haeckel and I have reddened with shame at the thought of the general education of our people. That such a book should be possible, that it should be written, printed, bought, read, and mixed and taken seriously by the Nation, is sad indeed." We have the authority of

the recently deceased Professor Dwight Harvard for the statement that Professor Agassiz's tone in writing about Haeckel "is not that of one arguing with an equal but one exposing a knave."

Such is the "scientist" who has devoted his life and whatever talents he is endowed with to the task of convincing his fellow men that they differ from the dirt under their feet only in being more highly organized dirt capable of processes which we call mental. He tells us of his unsupportedipse dixit that the soul is merely the function of a cell which "developed along with all the other production of the human mind."

Haeckel, unlike the Agnostic, will not hold his judgment in suspense. He has settled the origin of things to his own satisfaction and expects the world to accept it with unquestioning faith. Unhappily for him, he may be called the sordidity of ignorance, he has imposed his teachings upon thousands who, as in the case of the readers of the yellow journal to which we have referred, are incapable of passing judgment on the subject with which he deals. Scientists, like those who have mentioned above, who have spent their lives in the closest study of questions Haeckel treats in or off-handed a manner, unite with Professor Agassiz in branding him as "a knave."—Freeman's Journal.

CONVERTS AND THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

Whenever a European government wants to inflict what it hopes will be an irreparable loss on the Church, it resorts to the religious orders. In their worldly wisdom, men who are opposed to religion know that these are the bulwarks of true religion and it is useless to get into thinking by reading the Record editorial writer exhorted the language of eulogy in praising it. To the untrained mind to which he addressed himself his poisonous words, reinforced by the authority of Haeckel, carried the conviction that Christianity is a sham and unworthy the serious consideration of thoughtful men. It may be said truthfully that no more deadly and insidious attacks upon the religion of thousands have been made than during the many weeks the praises of the German atheist professor were sounded in the columns of a newspaper that found its way into so many New York homes.

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A VITAL SUBJECT

The divorce question has suddenly come to the front as the result of the action of the Astor family defying the civil courts and the canons of the Episcopal Church by proposing to take to himself a second wife whilst his first wife is still living. When the actor was named as divorcee from him, the New York Court granting it did so in these terms: "It is ordered adjudged and decreed that * * * the defendant shall not marry again until the death of the plaintiff unless this court shall in this respect modify the judgment." The canons of the Episcopal Church do not permit the guilty party in a divorce suit to remarry during the lifetime of the innocent party.

So it comes that Col. Astor tells the Courts of New York and the Church to which he professes spiritual allegiance, that he doesn't care a fig for their decrees, and that he will marry as often as he pleases despite their rulings. This he does with some approval, nay, with the applause of some of the principal American newspapers, the New York Herald leading them in denouncing all who have criticized adversely Col. Astor, for showing too much respect for the sacredness of marriage.

The shameless and indecent manner in which the New York Herald enters the lists against those who hold that the relations between man and wife are of a character that should place them on an enduring basis and that death alone can disorder them, demonstrates the need of insisting upon the Catholic view of marriage. Let us quote a passage from a New York Herald editorial entitled a brazen challenge to the laws of New York's "four hundred" bents civil as well as ecclesiastical laws: "His clerical critics seem to forget that the matter is one that concerns only Mr. Astor and his posterity, and is not a matter of public concern. It is therefore as impertinent as it is iniquitous for them to incite the public to ostracize those who have sought relief from their suffering in the only way open to them in the eyes of the law."

The journal which employs this language would never think of using such terms if it were a question of adopting means for preventing the spread of physical disease. In the case of cholera, for instance, oppose the segregation of cholera-stricken patients on the grounds that their physical condition is "one that concerns" only them? The question carries its own answer. It is perfectly legal in this country. It is therefore as impertinent as it is iniquitous for them to incite the public to ostracize those who have sought relief from their suffering in the only way open to them in the eyes of the law."

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FRENCH GOVERNMENT ADOPTS PRIEST'S INVENTION

Abbe Daney gets cross of Legion of Honor for fire extinguisher

The French Government has not only adopted a fire extinguishing apparatus invented by a poor parish priest living at Tootoucan, a small village near Bordeaux, but it has decorated the inventor, Abbe Daney, with the cross of the Legion of Honor, says a special cablegram to the Public Ledger.

The forest fires which yearly devastate the vicinity of Tootoucan caused the abbe, who is an amateur chemist, to study the methods of extinguishing fires, until this summer he devised an apparatus which, by means of hydraulic pressure, forces a fine spray of a certain liquid salt, which turns into gas at one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, to a great distance.

The first public test of the invention was made in the priest's village, where a barn was filled with dry branches covered with tar and petrol and set blazing. The priest's invention was set to work, and the fire was promptly extinguished. This success led to more elaborate trials, which were conducted in many French provincial towns, and an exhibition of the powers of the new engine was given in Paris. In each case it was successful.

In Paris ordinary fire engine played on one stack of blazing material while the abbe's apparatus played on another of exactly similar construction. The new engine was not only very much quicker in putting out the fire, but when attempts were made to relight the wood on which it had been playing they failed, whereas a few minutes after the work of the ordinary engine on the other stack was apparently finished the flames broke out again. Linen which had been soaked in liquid from the abbe's engine was thrown upon the flames, and proved to be quite impervious to fire.

IMMORALITY AMONG COLLEGIANS

R. T. Crane, millionaire iron manufacturer of Chicago has convulsed society with a declaration that the great American secular universities "do more harm than good."

After laborious and expensive research, he tells us that 95 per cent. of the collegians are drunkards and most are spendthrift profligates. He ranks Columbia College the worst of all, because of its proximity to the centers of vice and corruption, but Harvard, Princeton and Cornell are far from nobly bringing up the rear. Of the students of Harvard, he says, without boasting about his statistics, that 80 per cent. drink in the first year of their college life and 95 per cent. in the last, four years later. Speaking of Yale, he quotes from a New Haven paper that tells of the immorality of students in that city, because of its proximity to the centers of vice and corruption, but Harvard, Princeton and Cornell are far from nobly bringing up the rear. Of the students of Harvard, he says, without boasting about his statistics, that 80 per cent. drink in the first year of their college life and 95 per cent. in the last, four years later. 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THE LAST RACE OF OREGON JOHN

Ellen E. McParlin

When the westbound local crawled into Palouse, Father Bourke, in the coach behind the box-cars had just finished reading his copy of Magnificat, and as his eyes turned outward upon the ugly little station, the almost landscape that stretched forward to his terminal ride, he pondered which articles he would reread. Then his eyes, somewhat tired with the glare and dust of the stuffy coach, suddenly kindled as a friendly pair looked straight into his from the platform outside. Jim Thorpe had been gazing vacantly at the passing windows of the westbound as he waited for his outgoing train, and his eyes now lit with answering gleam: "Father Bourke! Just the man I want to see," he cried, coming to the edge of the platform. He pulled a card from his vest pocket, with the nimble dispatch of a travelling salesman, bling his news the while. He had heard by chance that morning of an accident to a queer character, one MacDougal, living twenty five miles beyond Camas Prairie, the terminus.

From the strain of sudden hurry at a station where the natives were perishing of influenza, the missionary's nerves were still in a flutter as he settled back in his coach just as it got under way. The voice of Feely on the phone yet rang in his ears. The best horse in the stable would await Father Bourke, saddled and bridled, at the curb. Feely had never yet failed Father Bourke, and the priest had never yet lost a race with death. Already his mind went forward to the long rough stretch of unevenness between the terminal station and the hermit's cabin while his coach bumped along behind the car of live stock and the locomotive. He lived through all the jolts of the trail, through the hills, and fretted at the unresponsive slowness of the local train service. Adding to the irritation of this enforced idleness of motion came the conversation of two men seated before him who discussed speed, but with different outlooks. They were talking of the morrow's race at the carnival at Camas Prairie: "I'm putting mine on Marvin's gray mare," one was saying.

"The other winked wisely with both eyes. "I tell you something," he volunteered, "the old favorite is good enough yet for me—what? Mac would win't bring Oregon John clear from the Snake River for nothing there's ginger yet in old Oregon John."

Father Bourke, smiling patiently, again let his thoughts drift to the scene he could anticipate at Camas— the street carnival, the "events," the rural crowds, his recollection of the once famous race-horse Oregon John, from upriver, now outworn by age. These trifles were disputing warmly the chances for a final show of the old power in the famous horse. Father Bourke watched the man with a word of thanks to the astonished owner, flung himself into the saddle and bore westward.

It seemed to him that as he left the confines of the village behind him, a hubbub and an outcry and a repeated shout arose, some bawling back at the carnival grounds, no doubt; Father Bourke could not now throw his attention backward to the village when swift hoofs were beating beneath him and his heart leaped with their. "Feely's the nead!" murmured the rider gratefully. The hills of southern Washington are treeless and dusty. Where travel has worn away the brush-grass the alkali dust rises like a fine white ash in clouds that envelop the hurrying horseman. Father Bourke's trail ran now in the draw between the hills where he saw nothing but the stained sage-brush walling him in on the plain side, and it took him to the top of some gradual elevation from the height of which he might catch a refreshing glimpse of distance, and the blue mountains on the Oregon side of the border. He looked behind him on a sudden impulse. The frontiersman knows intuitively of pursuit. Not far behind him a lone horseman came at a speed that rivaled his own, and that somehow bodied trouble. And as he looked a puffing cloud of white smoke rose above the dust cloud

and something sang in the air above his soft hat. It seemed to Father Bourke that his early mission days were coming back. Of late years there had been nothing to remind him of these keen missions he had made, and his discovery now brought a little shock. Yet it was not of his own change he thought, but the chance of not reaching the injured one in time. He did not stop to consider why he, the priest, should be considered in peaceful times. He threw loose the reins, his knees pressed the ribs of the horse, and leaning out he whispered as the lover of horses knows how to speak.

There was a quick bunching of muscles beneath him, a heave of the long limbs, and then horse and rider shot forward. Over the hollows, over the hills; the silvery sabbath, the buffalo grass; the whole country seemed to swim and rock, as Father Bourke, always practical, prayed now for grace to keep his mount. What manner of beast was this horse of Feely's? The miles fled by him as rods only, it seemed. No need now to think of the pursuer behind, no need to speculate what mistake or chance of his own sent him on this whirlwind ride. Though a practiced horseman, he felt himself grow sick with the whirling changes as the great, keen animal found the trail up the mountain and then thundering down on the farther slope. On the crazy downward trail the westerner sun fell, gold and crimson. Its rays splendor, associated always with peace and beauty, now came discordantly upon the tumult of the priest's heart. Why, there must be urgent need, or such a winged-footed horse should not have been given him. To Father Bourke a man meant only a soul at such times, and the soul of a hermit of the hills rose to equality with his fellows. The loss of a soul was the great calamity of the Palouse mission. Why had the shepherd been so slow and cold to seek him out before. All the human paths, too of hermit loneliness lay in the sunset lights. What if those hoofs, spitting fire on the stones, should miss the trail!

Ah, he must leave those thoughts and calm. The cabin was at hand. He fell back on the reins and spoke again to the horse whose great bounds shortened to a canter as the cabin passed. The missionary left him in the twilight, and reeled back to the rancher's hut. There was such a hush and awe about the place as makes itself visible or audible in the homeliest and most wretched surroundings when the spirit of death is lingering or has hovered upon the place. And now in the twilight about the rancher's shack came stealing on silent feet angels of darkness and of light that gather about a death-bed. The man who had been the mock and scorn of his kind, for his chosen isolation and ill-fellowship, had now his hour, and became a soul to wrestle for, to snatch back from the shadows within and without his heart.

There was a doctor beside the sick-bed, and sent there by the same chance that brought the message to the priest. He had made MacDougal comfortable in body, but for the deeper trouble he could devise nothing. Dr. Anderson commiserated the priest's helplessness. "Too late, I'm afraid! He doesn't seem to understand—or he doesn't care to live, perhaps. But I'll make way for you."

MacDougal had been found unconscious at the foot of the rocky ravine near the spring. It was evident that he had slipped and fallen upon the jagged stones below. To reach the fountain head of the spring needed careful picking of steps, and the rancher had been once or twice careless. Always before the accident, however, he had been sullen and removed in spirit from his fellows, and now one might not be sure that it was the gash on the forehead that dulled and veiled his soul behind those staring eyes. MacDougal seemed conscious but unresponsive. The doctor, who had been some hours with the man felt a keen professional interest in examining the patient, but to the priest he seemed just then nothing whatever in the world to be desired more than to call intelligence back to that face for a few moments.

"He talked a bit, when I first got him in," said the doctor, "but he woke up, and he went outside and talked through the little open casement as he spied the drooping head of the tired horse beyond in the twilight. "The horse is old, I see—hum, hum—too late this time, I guess."

And within, Father Bourke was thinking: "We are getting old, indeed—too late perhaps for once— His lips took on a weary line of age. And presently it was not too late after all! It was a sad confession, however, that the old missionary heard, with the human plaint of a man weary with age and grief as well as soul-struggle. The last of the sunset light had strained through the window bars to rest on the stick man's face, before Father Bourke and the Aid he brought had lulled human longings to the background of a brighter hope. Yet the face on the cot showed no wish to rally back to life, the faint, a child again, lay drifting with the sunset, calling for the brother who had never forgiven him, insisting that "Alec" must come before he could depart.

Outside came suddenly the thud of hoofs and an angry voice, so loud that the sick man rose on his elbow to listen, and the priest went to the door. Mild Doctor Anderson fronted a very angry man in the dusk, whose harsh, hoarse words stood patting almost as the mysterious whirlwind dust had done. The big brown horse came whinnying to the newcomer, and the doctor exclaimed with a shout: "Why, indeed, it is Oregon John!"

And then he explained to the priest who joined them. "I phoned Feely for a horse, and this one was ready—" began Father Bourke, who was recalling the oddly dressed boy of the curb. The newcomer snorted an angry laugh. "You borrowed the best racer entered for to-morrow." "This," said the pacific doctor, "is MacDougal of Snake River, the owner of Oregon John and Spitter."

"MacDougal!" said the priest in a voice that drew an instant's silence. These words had been within said clearly: "Alec, Alec!" MacDougal of Snake River, went into the shack. It seemed a long time before he came to the door, beckoning the doctor, and then he came out himself and put a forgiving hand in Father Bourke's. "He has a chance yet—now that he cares to live," he said. Then, stroking the horse's shoulders rear him. "The best racer Oregon John ever won," he said. "Amen," said Father Bourke.

THE POWER OF THE WEAK

Sister Teresa Helen clicked her signal, and the children rose from their seats, and quietly settled themselves in their seats. They are the First Communion class of St. Mary's Sunday school, and on the morrow, the beautiful feast of the Sacred Heart, they will receive for the first time Him Who said: "Suffer little ones to come unto Me." "Now, my good children," said good Sister Teresa Helen, "the great day for which you have been so earnestly preparing is at hand. Remember, too, you during your little retreat have been very much edified. I am sure, by your recollected conduct, your fervor at your prayers and your attention to the instructions. I hope that none of you will break the silence of the retreat until after Mass to-morrow."

"Do not forget," continued the good Sister, "that you must be in this room at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning. We will then say the concluding prayers of the Novena before going into the church. To-morrow will be the greatest and happiest day of your lives, and you must be sure to invite your parents to be present at the Mass. Remember, too, what I have said about asking their forgiveness for your past faults, promising them to be better children in the future, and kneeling and asking their blessing before leaving home in the morning. You are dismissed now. Good afternoon, and God bless you."

In such an assemblage of children there are always two or three whom one naturally singles out from the rest. No one could fail to notice the little face of Catherine Crane as she fled with her companions into the street. She was the eldest of the five children of Charles Crane and Mary Kelly Crane. Her father was not a Catholic, and while he would embrace Catholicity, he made at the time of his marriage, and permitted the children to be baptized and brought up in the Catholic faith he would not allow them to attend the parochial school, saying that he wished his "children" to be able to earn their living, and religion never earned bread for any one except the priests and nuns."

Like many others, when Mary Kelly married Charles Crane she hoped that in time he would embrace Catholicity, but thus far all her efforts to convert him had been in vain. Unlike many others in her position, however, she did not drift away from the Church herself. She was very faithful in her religious duties, and as yet it that the little ones were carefully brought up in their holy faith. She never ceased to pray for the conversion of her husband, and taught their children to pray.

Little Catherine was, of course, well instructed in the rudiments of her religion, and, being of a gentle, loving disposition, it was a great grief to her young heart that her father was not a Catholic. When Sister Teresa started the novena in honor of the Sacred Heart and in preparation for the First Communion of the children, little Catherine at once determined to pray for the conversion of her father, and she was very diligent in her prayers. She confided the intention to her good mother, who also joined in the novena.

Early on the morning of the eventful day Mrs. Crane awakened Catherine, and she soon had her dressed in her little white gown and veil and ready. When she was ready to start for the church the child knelt at her mother's feet and, having asked her forgiveness for any pain she had caused her in the past, begged her blessing. The poor mother could not retain her tears. Placing her hand on the head of the little one, she said between sobs: "God bless and keep my little girl."

Rising from her knees with a look of determination on her little face and murmuring a prayer, Catherine ran from the room, and going straight in the bed where her father was lying asleep she stood at the foot of it and called gently: "Papa, papa, please wake up." Mr. Crane opened his eyes and, looking in the direction where the voice came, thought an angel stood at the foot of his bed, so sweet and pure did the little girl look in her pretty white dress her golden curls hanging down her back. Seeing that her father was awake, Catherine approached the side of the bed and knelt down.

"Please, forgive me for all the times I have been bad and made you cross, and I promise you I will try to be a better girl. And, papa, this is my First Communion day, and Sister said we must ask our father and mother for their blessing. Won't you please give me your blessing, papa?" "When Mr. Crane recovered from his surprise, he said with a little bitterness: "You don't want my blessing. Get your mother's. She's a Catholic, and I'm not."

"Please, papa," she said in a hesitating voice as she gazed at her father about his neck. "I have to ask you something else. You know this is my First Communion day, and all the little girls are going to invite their papas and mammas to come. Mr. Crane saw and then receive their First Communion. Mamma is coming, and I invite you to come, too, papa. I know you don't like my Church," she said hastily, seeing the frown of disapproval on his face, "but, oh, papa, if you would only come this once I am sure you would like it. All the little girls will be dressed in white like me, and the church will be decorated fine with flowers and lights. Oh, papa, it would make me so happy if you would only come," she said with fervor, as she kissed him.

"But I have to go to work," urged Mr. Crane sheepishly. "It doesn't matter if you stay home just this once," said Catherine. "You know you stayed home to go to Uncle John's funeral. Mr. Regan can tell them at the shop. Please, dear papa, promise me you will come," kissing him again.

"All right, I'll come just this once to please you," said her father. "Oh, you dear, good papa!" cried Catherine as she rose from her knees. "You don't know how happy I am. I'll pray for you every minute of the time," she said, running from the room.

True to his promise, Mr. Crane accompanied his wife to the Mass. They found a seat where they could plainly see the altar, and the priest's face and the little ones. Mr. Crane was much interested in the ceremony of the Mass, and listened attentively to the short instruction given by the good pastor to the class of children, and at the close of the Mass, he was much moved by the rapt attention of the children, who scarcely took her eyes from the altar, and when the priest placed the Sacred Host on her little tongue her father almost unconsciously bent his head in reverence, and a tear stole down his cheek.

From that time forth he showed an interest in the children's attendance at Mass and Sunday school, and often heard them recite their catechism lesson. When the school term opened the following September he suggested to his wife that the children might as well go to the parish school, much to the delight of little Catherine.

It was not long that the grace of God was working in her husband's heart, and she and the little ones redoubled their prayers in his behalf. During the following winter there was a cholera epidemic, and at the time Mrs. Crane attended. The children also were present at the exercises appointed for them, and their father listened to their childish prattle about the instructions. On the day of the opening of the men's mission, he said to his wife: "I guess I will have to go and hear this wonderful preacher who all have so much to say about it."

He attended all the services, joined the class of instruction, and at the close of the mission was baptized. Thus was a hard heart brought to the true faith by the persevering use of prayer—the power of the weak—Virginia Stone in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

STORY OF FR. HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, S. J. GRAND NEPHEW OF AUTHOR OF THE TALE OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. CONVERSION TO FAITH AND LITERARY LABORS

It is more than fifty years since I recollect the day when the special graces of my life in being admitted to the friendship of Father Coleridge, and it is already eighteen years since his eminently useful life came to an end. It is full time, therefore, to fulfill a purpose that I have long had in mind, and to bring an affectionate tribute to his memory.

Father Coleridge inherited a great name. His greatness is for most people concentrated in the gifted but far from fanciful man to whom Dr. Quincey, with amiable exaggeration, attributed the possession of "the most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, that ever existed among men."

NOTEWORTHY BEARER OF NAME Samuel Taylor Coleridge, however, was not the first noteworthy bearer of the name. His father, John Hartley was a true poet also and almost a man of genius; and many of his kinsfolk before and after him, were remarkable in various ways. The present (second) edition of Coleridge's published a very interesting book called "The Story of a Devonshire House" which might very well have been called "The Coleridges, by Lord Coleridge, K. C."

Coleridge was the first to continue practicing at the Bar after becoming a peer. He is now a judge, like his father and grandfather before him. This portly volume gives an extremely interesting account of this remarkable family, beginning with the Rev. John Coleridge who was appointed headmaster of the King's School and Vicar of Ottery St. Mary's in the year 1760. He had eight sons, of whom the youngest was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whom his family considered a disgrace, and an embarrassment. The real maker of the family was an elder brother, James, who managed on an income of \$3,500 a year to send three of his six sons to Eaton, four to the universities, to train one for the army and another for the navy, and one for the profession of solicitor.

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE One of these six sons of Captain James Coleridge—was John Taylor Coleridge, nephew of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and father of the happy James Coleridge, who was the poet's grandnephew. He was one of the three who went to Eaton and Oxford, and he worked strenuously in both places. Very slowly he made his way at the Bar, eking out his scanty income by writing for the Quarterly Review. He was married to Mary Buchanan in 1818. His first son was to be the first Lord Coleridge. His second, Henry James Coleridge, was born on December 20, 1822. "The Life and Letters" of the elder brother, written and edited admirably in two large volumes by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, gives us little infor-

mation about the younger except that he was educated at Eaton, matriculated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1840, took a first-class in Classics in 1844, and was elected to a Fellowship in Oriel in 1845.

That was Newman's College and both brothers fell under the spell of John Henry Newman, which neither of them ever threw off, though the practical consequences for each were very different. Lord Coleridge never got beyond the meagre profession of faith that he made in 1891 to Mr. T. W. Allies who allowed me to print the letter in the Irish Monthly of January 1895.

Henry Coleridge carried his convictions to their logical consequences more courageously than his elder brother, as we shall see hereafter. Writing home to his father, November 12, 1841, John Coleridge reports: "Henry is doing very well and likely to get on capably at Oxford. He has already mentioned that he did not intend to get an Oriel Fellowship at the end of his course in 1845. The quiet university life, however, which he laid out for himself, was not to be. His sympathy with the theological opinions of Newman and Pusey was distasteful to the authorities of the college. Doctor Hawkins, Provost of the Oriel, refused to admit him as one of college tutors. This was in 1848.

CRISIS IN ANGLICAN CHURCH He received deaconship (he never received a full ordination to the priesthood) and accepted the curacy of Alington about two miles from his birthplace at Ottery St. Mary's, where his father had built a church and residence and provided an endowment. With congenial work among the people whose respect and appreciation he gained quickly, surrounded by his friends and his beloved home circle, he could have settled down to a useful and happy life. But his uncertainty as to the religious crisis then going on in the Anglican Church.

After anxious thought and study, he felt compelled to break through the ties that held him back and to seek admission into the Catholic Church. What opposition he received, what distressing remonstrances and entreaties were addressed to him, we may guess from the project entertained at this time by his father.

RECEIVED INTO CATHOLIC CHURCH We can imagine the bitter things he would have said to his convert-son when he could write afterwards: "The secessions to Rome, though not numerous and with very few exceptions little noteworthy or influential examples, yet produced in the families in which they occurred the deepest and most lasting sorrow. They, indeed, who then left father and brother and sister, and made great temporal sacrifices, were not in truth generally those who suffered the most or the longest."

On Quinquagesima Sunday, February 22, 1852, Henry Coleridge gave up his post at Alington. On the 22nd of the following April, Easter Monday, 1852, after a retreat with the Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham, he was received into the Catholic Church.

HE OBTAINED A PRIEST He went to Rome in the following October where in the Academia Dei Nobili he had as companions the future Cardinal Manning, Howard, and Vaughan, along with Robert Isaac Wilberforce (who had been Protestant Archbishop of York) and some of his old Oxford friends. After four years' study of theology he was ordained priest in 1856 and then the degree of Doctor of Theology at the beginning of 1857. In May of that year he left Rome, and in the following September he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Beaumont Lodge, near Windsor, where the Master of Novices was an Irishman, Father Thomas Tracy Clarke.

THE SPELL OF COLERIDGE There was there at the time an Irish novice of six months' standing who had more of the hero-worshipping instinct than his unemotional young comrades. The novices were a most faithful preparation for his life's work; for the chair entrusted to him was that of Sacred Scripture. Here after five years separation I joined him again. He was already exercising his literary gifts in The Dublin Review. Besides many elaborate articles, such as a criticism of Renan's Vie de Jesus and another of the letters of Saint Teresa, he undertook the charge of the miscellaneous reviews which he made a most important department.

LITERARY LABORS But he did not sympathize with all the views of the editor and proprietor of the Review, Dr. W. G. Ward; and he was not long glad to obtain the direction of an independent literary organ belonging to the Society of Jesus. Even during the first six months in which The Month was nominally edited by Miss Taylor (afterwards Mother Magda- lena), and for a few months by the Mother of God) Father Coleridge had a considerable share in it; and the very first article of No. 1 was his. His expenses of even those first six months were defrayed by the Society.

WRITER AND EDITOR Father Coleridge had already much experience as a magazine writer and editor. His father before him had been editor of the Quarterly Review for a short time during Gifford and Lockhart, and had given way to the latter not quite willingly.

Father Coleridge at Oxford had taken part in founding The Guardian and had edited for a time The Christian Remembrancer. His work on The Month from 1865 to 1881 was enormous in quantity and very various and often of high quality. Yet with all this he found time to do admirable work in the pulpit and the confessional and in many other outlets of zeal; and he composed independent volumes so numerous and so solid as to seem sufficient labor for a lifetime.

In the catalogue of the library of Trinity College, Dublin, there are one hundred and eighteen items attached to the name "Coleridge" and of these thirty-four concern the writings of the Reverend Henry James Coleridge, S. J.

FATHERS RECONCILED Though his conversion has caused such distress to his parents, they were afterwards reconciled to the inevitable and doubtless were proud of their son's splendid work as a Jesuit. None of his relatives, I think, followed him into the Church except two cousins, daughters of his uncle Francis George Coleridge. One of these became a religious of the Order of Our Lady of Reparation. Lord Coleridge and his brother were tenderly attached to each other from first to last.

What more shall be told here of that very holy and richly gifted man, Henry James Coleridge? I hope to have another opportunity of proving that this grand nephew of the Ancient Mariner was far more a poet than has hitherto been suspected even by those who knew him best; but at present I will hurry on to the end.

In 1881 Father Coleridge resigned the editorship of The Month in order to devote the remainder of his declining health to his great and voluminous work, "The Life of Our Lord." He continues courageously this great labor of love, even after a paralytic seizure in 1890; and he had the happiness of printing it before his death.

He had been a devout and laborious priest of the Society of Jesus for thirty-six years. On his mortuary card was very appropriately printed the cry of the Penitent Thief which he has placed as his motto on all his writings: "Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom."

It is at rest from his labors, but his works have followed him. To his all his meritorious Judge has said "Bene scripsisti de me; et in his full measure he has received St. Thomas' reward.— Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., in The Magnificat.

MATERIALISM THE DANGER ARCHBISHOP FALCONIO SAYS CIVILIZATION IS THREATENED. EXTOLS MOTHERHOOD. CONVENTION AGAINST WOMEN SUFFRAGE

Unrest and revolutionary tendencies in the industrial, political, educational and religious activities of many nations were condemned and the nations warned against future degradation in an interview given by Diomedes Falconio, papal delegate to the United States, upon his arrival in Chicago recently to attend the fifty-sixth annual convention of the Federated German Catholic societies of the United States.

"The sense of unrest in the church characteristic of our age," said the Archbishop, "permeates the atmosphere of our educational, political, industrial and commercial world. The nations are prevailing in the direction which leads to revolutionary movements and wars, manifests the extent of the unrest as does the avidity for wealth which leads to the accumulation of colossal fortunes, to the detriment of the rational distribution of goods, and as does also the abuse of personal liberty which leads men to disregard the rights of others and to neglect the duties connected with their own state."

"There seems to be the domination of our age not only to inherit the evils of all preceding times but to do away with the supernatural entirely. New sophisms of surprising ingenuity are added an end to the religious and moral to augment worn out arguments, assault which were a thousand times victoriously refuted, all in the hope of bringing into submission the simple and unvarying."

"The efforts of enemies of religion and moral order have in some measure been successful in some Christian nations and there godless schools have been opened, religious practices discredited, monastic and religious institutions suppressed and a systematic persecution is going on even at present against whatever is allied with Christian teaching. What is to be the end of this un-Christian and ungodly movement? If it be true that history repeats itself, what a terrible warning should be for us the downfall of those nations which, after having been enlightened by Christian religion abandoned it!"

"As soon as Asia and Africa closed their eyes to the light of the gospel which had civilized and made them great, they fell back to their primitive degradation and for centuries have remained engulfed in darkness into which they fell. Unfortunately Ireland, which has become of their Christian glory, God forbid that such be the fate of any other Christian nations."

The delegate gave out the following message to Germans: "We take the same interest in the development of the Federation of German Catholic Societies as we do for all other similar associations whose aim is the religious, moral and social amelioration of the people. As to the German people in particular I do believe that their inborn respect for authority and order, their love of domestic life, their strong religious and seriousness of character are traits which lead us to admire and

to imitate them and which will prove of great advantage to the development of the nation in which the Germans live. Motherhood was paid a high tribute by Mons. Diomedes Falconio, the papal delegate to America, at a woman's meeting held in connection with the fifty-sixth annual convention of the Central Verein, in Chicago.

"Motherhood is woman's highest crown," said the papal delegate. "You Catholic women have a noble mission before you. Stand for the home and against every canker which seeks to assail or destroy it. Work, and encourage men in their work, and you will do more toward bringing upon earth the kingdom of heaven than you can realize. Without a home man is devoid of the vital principle of human happiness. It is the home which is essentially the nation's strength and all assaults upon the home are assaults upon the very heart of the nation."

"In every real Christian home there should be a mother; without a mother the place is empty and dreary. A mother should rule the place to make it a true home. The three pillars which hold up a happy home are, first, the mother's vitality are a worthy father, a pious mother and an obedient child. It is the duty of the Catholic mother to realize her God-given mission. Her duties are twofold: to bring up her children in the faith and in the practice of Christian households and in ordering all things with their native talent of inventiveness, taste and refinement, homes will possess an attractiveness and brightness which will bring comfort to all who dwell therein and which will save them from the dangerous seductions of the world."

Woman suffrage was dealt a blow by the introduction of a resolution on the woman suffrage question was the signal for a heated discussion. The women went on record as opposed to the activity of women in social and economic life. In a resolution which was adopted the members of the Verein declared that the sphere of woman is the home.

THE MIRACLE OF IRELAND "The other day," said Cardinal Moran in a recent address, "I read in a discussion among the members of an English club, 'Ireland is a miracle!' That was a short phrase; still it was very emphatic and one that could not be excelled. In the first place, Ireland was a miracle by the fact of the apostolate of St. Patrick, who in his short life gathered the whole of the country into the field of the Catholic Church. A second feature was the fact that Ireland was a sanctuary of religion and divine truth, and its people became so enthusiastic in the paths of virtue that Ireland became known as the Isle of Saints. Another feature was the wonderful missionary spirit which led the sons of Ireland to the various countries of Europe overrun by barbarians, and there to spread the blessings of enlightenment and religion, and to give to those nations true Christian civilization. There came the miracle of the industrial revolution, that great patriarch, who in the midst of his prosperity had been reduced to the greatest sufferings and humiliations, and yet submitted to God's will. So, too, Ireland, after three centuries of English invasion and persecution, Ireland retained its faith and devotion to God. That was its fourth feature. A fifth feature of the miracle was the heroism and devotion of the martyrs of Ireland which could not be surpassed. And the sixth feature was more remarkable. It was Ireland coming forth from the tomb. During the past hundred years, Ireland had laid aside its sorrows to rejoice in the path of piety and faith, to spread the good news of the Christian religion. Any one who looked forward to the decay of the Irish race would look in vain. It was an old saying that St. Patrick had prayed that the Irish race would never die, and that the day of judgment, and I may tell my good friends here that when they see the traditions of the Irish race beginning to decay, they may look out for a safe spot, as the end of the world is coming."

Would Fall in a Faint

When She Attempted to Work, so Exhausted Was the Nervous System

The Feeble, Wasted Nerves Were Restored and Revitalized by DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Nervous prostration is a terrible disease to all who understand its symptoms. At times the sufferer feels comparatively well, but with slight exertion the dreadful helplessness returns and all strength and vitality seems to leave the system. This letter from Mrs. Martin very well describes the terrible condition in which many a sufferer finds herself. She also tells how she regained health and strength by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food after all other treatments had failed.

"Mrs. Edwin Martin, Ayr's Cliff, Quebec, writes:—'Before I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was in a terrible condition from nervous exhaustion and prostration. Dizzy spells would come over me and I would fall to the floor. The weakness was so great that I could not so much as sweep the floor without fainting, but the nerve food helped me after the doctors failed. It has done wonders in building up my nervous system. I can do my own housework now and was glad to find that this great medicine has been God send to me. I think it is the best of medicines.'"

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

WITH GOLDEN TERS BLOC The In Precious anniversary commu In the O vels of larly in ly solemn tory of aim at tior lib mix with directly They are never in grounds for a ver While their work or corp or templ a useless "Why question and we bled in torred into can one is devoted Almight life and after d version welfare the thir son that prayer t Some become novels choly of cloister. Relig transito only of love. "powerful and str glory of mome the English taught in Religi impulsive sympathy when s then, I monaste Many sion the Pr foreign This o Canada Hyacin the Ya Quebec of St. Quebec Miss dress, hop of the zeal of Auro enthe the 11 on the Rosary, visible to esteem Auro three tenderly fervent At an pupil tion obly Giffat struck Her ot her t and g most oblite ty as a young elipien her ch As mod elons, lovab to lively in night the o mitor one handed hands gits. It signifi this the li a clo for th Dittle tun, you hono the boly pain! Sh leave ashy by the printi ng a sa not M vent both abaf was and world

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00. THOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher.

Advertisement for teachers, situations wanted, etc. in certain sections. Remittance to accompany the order.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1911. THE EVOLUTION OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT

There was a time, and not so long ago, when the world almost accepted Evolution as the explanation of all the mysteries of life and of creation; indeed, even Creator and creation were relegated to the realm of myths in the light of this effulgent theory of Evolution.

To the evolution of warring tribes and clans into nations, history bears witness.

The evolution of the Church of God, in its government and in its teaching, ever changing but always the same, is the most stupendous in the world's history.

The analogy of nature has given new direction and new life to social sciences. But, if the analogy holds good as to the evolution of nations and social organizations of all kinds, history teaches that it holds equally good for their inevitable decay and disintegration.

Just one institution on earth claims exemption—the Catholic Church, and she is exempt by reason of the God-imposed principle of unity, and the divine assistance by which that unity will be maintained even to the consummation of the world.

The Protestant reformers recognized that something must replace the divine authority of the Church in matters spiritual, so they substituted the principle of private interpretation of the Word of God as the only plausible one that could justify their position.

inspiration, by modern students of the Bible. The exaggerated importance given to the rigid interpretation of certain texts that gave rise to new sects, now yields to the general disregard for all doctrinal differences as puerile and unworthy of enlightened Christians emancipated from all authority, scriptural included.

Just as the jagged oak lives on, long after the signs of decay and death are evident, so Christian belief and practice remained in spite of the vicious and vitiating principle of private judgment. But decay and disintegration are now everywhere in evidence; not less so in the pronouncements of the teachers than in the indifference of the masses.

It is the Catholic view and treatment of the Bible that has been vindicated at every point by the often excessively anti-Catholic examination of the student.

A RECENT occurrence in this city should be a warning to parents. A little boy six years old was punished for some youthful escapade and probably he deserved it. His sister, aged ten years, was indignant and protested against the chastisement of her little brother, and both resolved to leave home. They had been reading a book, which they took out of the Sunday school library, on the life of the Eskimos.

For long we have had numerous people in the province of Ontario pointing out the undesirability of having two sets of schools, the Public and the Separate. Various clergymen of the sects have looked upon it as a misfortune, and the Orange Lodges have passed, time and again, resolutions of the most heated character, denouncing Separate schools and glorifying the Little Red School House.

AT LAST For long we have had numerous people in the province of Ontario pointing out the undesirability of having two sets of schools, the Public and the Separate.

The evolution of the tiny acorn into the giant oak, of the grain of mustard seed into the greatest of the herbs till it becomes a tree, are examples of the evolution which is going on all the time in nature.

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years in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, when the Autonomy Bill was being discussed in the House of Commons. The Catholics were willing to establish their own system of education, and pay for it out of their own pockets. On account of the miserable stipend given all schools by the government it was sought to curtail the religious instruction to a degree that would have rendered it almost useless. They endeavored to force Catholics to make religious education merely a small taint to the secular kite. Half an hour's religious training after school hours was grudgingly conceded. It was contended that religious education during school hours would interfere with and lessen the efficiency of secular studies. But what has been the result? The Catholic schools, where religious education is imparted, have entirely out-distanced the public schools even in secular studies, as a greater percentage of Separate school children pass the entrance examination. We do not wish to pass censure upon the public school teachers. They are conscientious in their work and give of their best. The system is at fault, and under present conditions we do not see how it can be remedied.

A SUBSCRIBER has sent us a copy of a weekly paper published in Toronto given to a terminally ill man and things connected with the Catholic Church, and asking us to notice an article printed therein from another paper. We desire to say to our friend that as life is short, we have no desire to enter into a controversy with a paper which is not published for the general good of Canada, but for a set of politicians who, looking for glory and something else in public life, enroll a lot of men in a foolish secret society with the object of getting them to vote in platoons when their services are required.

THE IDLE RICH A few weeks ago, while giving confirmation to a class in one of the parishes under his jurisdiction, Cardinal Gibbons preached a sermon in which he dealt sparingly with the idle rich. He declared that those people were the curse of the country and urged the class he had confirmed to be "industrious without being too solicitous, declaring they should place their reliance upon God, using industry at the same time."

A METHODIST MISSIONARY The Irish people dearly love a bit of fun, and few things give them more amusement than the attempt to establish Methodism in Ireland.

Rev. J. Gibson Inkster, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, also of this city, took an entirely opposite view of the situation to that which was propounded by Rev. Canon Tucker in such beautifully-rounded, sinuous, saving clauses. A baseball fan would say that Rev. Mr. Inkster pitched a straight ball and Rev. Canon Tucker a curved one, difficult to hit. Here is what he said:

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come possessed of the "Governor's" wealth. Very often, too, we have this good-for-nothing rake in middle life looking for a wife whose "Governor" has money, and frequently has it occurred that some foolish feather-head of a society belle will accept the hand of a disreputable scoundrel, whose life has been spent in the path of depravity. He promises reformation, of course, and braces up for a period, but the desire for the old life springs up anew. His society wife upbraids him. Tears are shed. Remonstrances are hurled at him. But all to no purpose. His will power is gone and nothing but degradation and an unhonored grave lie before him. He not only destroys his own life but wrecks that of the one who, in a moment of weakness, consented to be his life partner. But what is responsible for this woeful condition of things? Foolish parents. In his youth they did not lay the proper foundations for making a man of their boy. He is fondled and coddled and petted and the doting parents imagine that he is made of altogether too fine a material to learn a trade or go into business. Idleness has him in plenty, and the world over idleness amongst youths approaching manhood is the greatest curse with which they may be afflicted.

THE ELECTION The election returns are almost complete and in the next House of Commons Mr. R. L. Borden will have a majority of about fifty members. This is the result by provinces:

Ontario..... 73 13
Quebec..... 29 30
New Brunswick..... 5 8
Nova Scotia..... 9 9
P. Edward Island..... 2 2
Manitoba..... 1 6
Alberta..... 1 2
Saskatchewan..... 1 6
British Columbia..... 7 0
Yukon..... 1 0
Total..... 136 85
Conservative majority—51.

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER—THE FAMILY ROSARY II "Under the Cedars and Stars," Canon Sheehan, the famous Irish author, writes these pictures for us an Irish family Rosary. The scene is laid in Lisdoonvara, the well-known Co. Clare health resort:

"Passing along the corridor of my hotel that night on my way to my own room, I was accosted by a friend. After a few minutes conversation he invited me to his room. Oysters and champagne? No. A game of nap? No. A whole family, three generations of them, were gathered into the father's bedroom. They were saying their nightly prayers before retiring for the night. The aged grandmother was reciting the first decade of the Rosary as we entered. We knelt. When she had finished she looked around and said 'Alice, go on.' Alice was a tiny tot of seven summers. She promptly took up the recitation, repeated the form of meditation as found in the Catholic prayer books, and slowly and sweetly gave out the decade to the end. The grandmother looked around again, and called out 'Go on, Willie.' Willie was the father, a grey-haired man of fifty-seven. In the mother's imagination he was still but the child she had carried in her arms half a century ago. Willie finished, and the aged mistress of ceremonies called out, now a grand-child, now the mother, until all was ended. Then the children kissed 'good night' and departed."

Is not this a beautiful picture of Catholic home life? Can we doubt that the "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary" poured down the choicest graces of her Divine Son on that family? And those of us who know Ireland, who have knelt at an Irish mother's knee, know that this scene is enacted every night in the Catholic homes of Ireland.

To the fathers and mothers who read these lines we would say, could Canon Sheehan write thus of your home life? And if not, are you not neglecting one of the great means given you by Mary's Son for your own and your children's salvation? Ah, if you admire Ireland's fidelity to the Faith, have you ever asked yourself the explanation? If Ireland is still the Island of Saints, under God it is due to her devotion to the Rosary. When priest and Mass were proscribed, she still had the Rosary, and night after night, in humble cabin and grand mansion, parents and children knelt together to "say the beads." And the Scriptural promise has been fulfilled for her, "where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." The faith of Jesus has been saved by Mary. In this Canada of ours our religion is free to exercise its functions, but that there are dangers to the faith of our people who will deny? The world calls to us. The flesh rebels against the spirit. Our beliefs are mocked at. In the city offices the learned counsel was easily at his best, and in a masterly review of the facts relating to law and tradition he estab-

lished a splendid foundation on which to carry the campaign of dissent. Evidently the reporter is in warm sympathy with Mr. S. H. Blake, possibly a satellite of the learned counsel, an obsequious dependent or follower. No doubt he is a "freshman" in the reporters' department. He needs a lesson or two from his chief, or from one of the compositors. A review of the merits or demerits of the question under consideration belongs not to the reporters', but to the editor's department.

THEY LOVE THE LIMELIGHT News comes to us from Toronto that there is to be no let up in the fight against the Ne Temere decree. The militant clergymen who have again resurrected the fight comprise the executive of the Evangelical Alliance, Rev. D. D. Silcox, secretary, says that the arrangements in view contemplate the holding of a large mass meeting in protest at an early date in Massey hall. In addition to this a canvass is being made of the country, and there will be a general distribution of literature explaining the import of the decree and its ultimate consequences. We hope these gentlemen, who represent tattered Christian dogmas, will play fair in the distribution of the promised literature, and include the presentation of the Ne Temere case made by Mr. Walter Mills, K. C., at the Anglican Synod in Stratford. Mr. Mills was a delegate to that body. Missions to the heathen abroad, overlooking the heathen at home, saying bitter and uncharitable and untruthful things about fellow-Christians at their own doors, and endeavoring to re-introduce and refurbish the Puritan Blue Laws of Connecticut in regard to Sabbath observance, seem to be the stock in trade of the members of the Evangelical Alliance. Their presentations, however, have about as much effect on the body politic as the solemn pronouncements of a Grand Jury. It makes literature for a day in the public press, and then gracefully passes into oblivion.

WARLIKE ONCE MORE The Orangemen of Ulster have been spurred into fighting mood again by the Unionist leaders. A conference of these men was held in Belfast on the 25th, when typical Orange resolutions were passed, declaring that they would not recognize the authority of any Home Rule Government. A committee was appointed to devise a provincial government operative on the day that the Irish Home Rule bill was passed. Sir Edward Carson, member of Parliament for Dublin University, was chosen as leader of the movement. Strange that men who have always preached and practised loyalty to the Crown as the most important feature in the make-up of a British subject, should so suddenly wheel about and become rebellious at the prospect of ceasing to be the pampered and petted children of Dublin Castle. We are not surprised that Mr. Carson, member of Parliament for Dublin University, takes a leading part in the movement. In all its history, this educational institution has been somewhat in the nature of a foreign garrison conducted by men whose purpose undoubtedly was to educate the young men of Ireland, as far as lay in their power, in anti-Irish and pro-English ideals. It remains to be seen what the government will do with these rebels. Not long since some of the Nationalists, under the leadership of Parnell, were sent to prison for giving utterance to much less treasonable sentiments. But it may be that the authorities will not take any notice to this ebullition of Orange disquietude. It is but Ulster bluster.

Presbyterian Church just as decidedly Liberal. Protests but few will be entered against Conservative pronouncements from the Episcopal pulpit, and protests but few will be entered against Liberal pronouncements from the Presbyterian pulpit. The clergymen of the other sects were somewhat wary in their deliverances, knowing as they did that a strong representation of both parties may be found in the pews. For long we have been accustomed to hear that the Catholic Church and the Catholic priests ruled the political consciences of their people. True it is that they speak with no uncertain voice when the moral standard is at stake or when assault is made upon the Church by political desperadoes who essay to climb to eminence by stirring up the demon of bigotry. On such occasions they speak with power and the effect is so telling that many a characterless adventurer in the field of politics has fallen as if from an aeroplane when he ventured to break a lance with "Pope and Popery." These men are fast occupying a place amongst the submerged tenth in the political life of our country. On the present occasion, however, there was no need for such interference on the part of the Catholic clergy. The question was one of purely party politics and good men in every church in the land were divided as to the merits and demerits of the reciprocity agreement. This being the case, the priest, as is his wont, both before and after the election, continued to preach from the Gospel of the day, and that only.

A CONTRAST The election which has just been brought to a close was a remarkable one in many ways. Grit and Tory fought to a finish and we have the result. There is one feature worthy of note. Some of the churches of our separated brethren became political rostrums, the preachers believing, as is their wont, that they have a perfect right to side-track the Scriptures and dilate upon anything or everything belonging to the world of commerce or to party politics. As usual they were hopelessly divided on the merits and demerits of reciprocity. Some thought it would be an excellent thing for the country, others that its endorsement would be injurious and lead to the relinquishment of the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze. The Church of England clergymen are, as a rule, not given as much to political harangues in their pulpits as those of the other sects. They pride themselves upon the staid and stately and seemingly conduct of their services, but Canon Tucker, Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, in this city, broke away. The Advertiser tells us that he declaimed any intention of giving utterance to political views and desired to confine himself to the religious aspect of citizenship. His intentions might have been very good, but the words that fell from his lips played havoc with the intentions. Here is what he declaimed:

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Rev

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE MOST HOLY ROSARY

Sunday last, my dear brethren was Rosary Sunday, and we cannot do better than to consider the excellence of this popular devotion and the spiritual advantages that flow from its cultivation.

The prayer of the Rosary is offered up to almighty God through the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, and six long centuries bear witness to its efficacy. The devotion of the beads was, as you know, introduced by the great St. Dominic in the thirteenth century, and ever since his time it has been a favorite form of prayer with the Saints of God.

It has been approved again and again by the Supreme Authority in the Church and several of the Popes have enriched it with indulgences, and the practice of it has come to be regarded as a mark of the true spirit of Catholic faith and loyalty, and even as an earnest of perseverance and salvation.

Our present great Pontiff, Leo XIII., has the greatest devotion to it, and has recommended it as one of the most certain means of obtaining the divine assistance for the needs of the Church in our day.

With this end in view he has established the October devotions, and he employs the faithful throughout the world to say the Rosary every day during this month for the general good of religion.

And surely every Catholic in whose heart there is any real love of God and His Holy Church will gladly unite with the Vicar of Christ in telling his beads for the religious welfare of mankind. But our devotion to the Rosary should be confined to one month in the year.

It should be as constant as the rising and setting of the sun itself. It should be a daily form of prayer with each and every one of us.

There is no household worthy of the name of a Christian home in which the Rosary should not be recited every evening as a family prayer; and there is no individual Catholic man or woman, no matter what their station or condition may be, who should not carry their beads and say them regularly; nay more, all good Catholics ought to have their names enrolled in the Confraternity of the living Rosary, and take part in their world-wide communion of prayer and propitiation.

For, besides that we are under a special obligation to the living Rosary, and that we need a special bond of union and strength, and where we find one more simple and efficacious than this? Have you troubles in your family? Say the beads every day, and see if your troubles will not cease? Have you passions to overcome? Recite the Rosary faithfully, and see if you will not gain the mastery over them?

Some time ago a poor slave of intemperance came to the lodge, and he acknowledged that he had broken through the pledge several times already. "Are you really in earnest, do you want to get rid of the cursed passion for drink?" the priest asked.

Galt ART METAL Ceilings



Let us help you solve the problem of building a new house—or of re-modelling your present one. Our Designing Department is at your service.

memory and flood the soul with messages from long ago. And it is sadness to gaze back over where our past lies prone; and it is sadness to gaze on the lawns where the shriveled leaves huddle before the wind.

And it is sadness to gaze on the lawns where the shriveled leaves huddle before the wind. But to the wind, that seems to toss about our dead hopes and dreams and friendships in its rough play with the withered leaves, mocks at our sadness, stirs our blood as with wine, and swings us about face towards the future with our shoulders squared and our gaze level and unflinching.

Our great poets with their clear vision have been attracted by the Catholic teaching about the Angels and have written their legends about them. But the clairvoyance of their art has missed the warm hues of faith and their lines are lovely but unpractical. That is the peculiar virtue of the supernatural life as it exists in the Church; it unifies beautiful ideas with useful realities; it combines high thought with conduct, it floods the mind with light to see and nerves the will with strength to do.

MR. SHELDON'S CONFESSIOAL. Is it possible that, at some future day, a throng of earnest Protestants will besiege the confessional of their minister on Saturday night?

WHISKEY HOLDS ITS VICTIMS. Until Released By Wonderful Samaria Prescription. Liquor sets up inflammation and irritation of the stomach and weakens the nerves.

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child, with a fine fervor shouldered a musket and prepared to lay down his life in defense of a holy cause. The book is mainly taken up with the boy's letters, revelations of a noble hearted nature and a strong spirit. They are characteristically French; but although that quality has spoiled some books for us, it is here a source of genuine charm.

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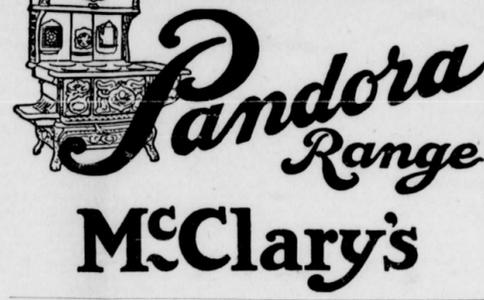
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Pays for itself in fuel saved

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.

Pandora special flue construction makes fuel do double duty. Wide fire box is another fuel-economizer. The steel oven heats quicker than a cast oven, thus saving still more fuel. Further economizing features will be explained by the McClary Agent.



In other words, these clergymen have found that their Sunday discourses and their mothers' clubs and their Christian Endeavor meetings have given them very little real influence on the souls of their people. Naturally, they are trying to obtain more—and hence the 'confessional'.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN SYSTEM MAKES LIFE COUNT

My hand of iron was not at the extremity of my arm; it was immediately attached to my body, said Napoleon. He meant that he did not win by brute force, but by gray matter, by carefully planning and effective system. Once during the battle of Waterloo, when one of his officers had gone astray with a small body of men, Napoleon, without a moment's hesitation, told him just where he could join the rest of the command. Although he had all the details of three armies in his mind, his system enabled the great general to give information to an inferior officer who had only to think of a small command.

Working or thinking without system enfeebles the mind, and leaves the mental faculties in a clogged condition, so that they do not work sharply. The mind must be kept clear and clean for the present problem, so that it may seize and grasp with all its might the thing it is attempting to accomplish. There is only one best way to learn how to act: that way is the way of system. Systematize your thoughts, your energies, your abilities. Learn early in life to do this, and it will prove the master habit that wins success. Systemless men are always surprised that the heads of great enterprises can find so much time for social life, for hobbies, for travel. They cannot understand it at all. They do not realize that a man of great organizing ability, with a splendid system, can do more effective business in a single hour at his office than a systemless man can accomplish in twelve. It is not the number of hours, but the effectiveness of the system that tells.

One of the advantages of a college course is that it trains the mind to work by system. Whether he likes it or not, the student is forced to concentrate his mind when the time comes, no matter what his mood, or how he feels. Four years of training in this should put the mind into working order. It should tune the intellect so that all the things that it has to do are done in a systematic way. A good college education should train the mind to think concisely, deeply, effectively at will.

To teach children habits of neatness, system, and order, is to insure some degree, at least of success. Yet the most common fault of parents is to be haphazard and confusion, allowed to throw things down just where they use them, and to form slovenly and slipshod habits. They are not taught to put things where they belong, and consequently they grow up shackled with handicaps which they can rarely throw off.

There is an adulation in the world, it is that doing "things just for now," dropping things wherever one may happen to be temporarily saved time. On the contrary, this is a great time-waster and a great demoralizer of character. A bad habit not only tends to repeat itself, but to increase the tendency in that direction. They grow up with a habit of slovenliness which they do not know how to take advantage of.

Resolve to put things where they belong at the right time. Do not trust to the future, for you may have less time tomorrow than to-day.

Don't leave a lot of tail-ends hanging about your office or place of business, for these are signs of weakness, evidence of a lack of executive ability. People measure you very largely by your surroundings. If they see your desk or office or your place of business all in confusion, they take it for granted that you are a poor business man. You make a bad impression and this impression is your reputation, for men communicate their impressions to others.

"Finish every task you begin before you begin another," says a writer. "Hang away in their proper places, before you sleep, garments you have worn in the evening. Straighten up tables and book stands before you retire at night; and after you retire, before you fall asleep, say to yourself, 'I am Order, System and Neatness.'"

"Ask that power be given you during sleep to grow in those virtues, and never rest until you obtain them. If strong men with highly disciplined minds say they cannot do good work amidst disorder, what can the man of ordinary mental drill, who has never been taught the art of concentration, produce but botched work? If confusion reigned in his environment, will it not be incorporated in his work?"

Our mental processes are more likely to be clean-cut and normal when system, order, and appropriateness govern our surroundings in home, office, or work-room. The great danger with the man of system is that he is likely to go to the extreme and have too much of it. I am a great believer in attention to details but there is such a thing as frittering away one's time on trifles, using up all of one's energy upon details, so that one has neither time nor energy left for the great things of life.

A great many people magnify little things by force of habit, and are kept down by them. They can somehow

manage the larger ones, but the little ones are tyrannical. In fact, some men are so constituted that the little things neglected trouble them more than the alighting of the greater ones.

The object of all system is to simplify and facilitate, to insure accuracy and despatch, to avoid constant repetition and to keep track of details in the easiest way consistent with efficiency. Any system which does not do these things is only a hindrance. Specialists who make a profession of systematizing office and business methods say that a great many concerns do business at a fearful disadvantage and a great loss by roundabout methods, by useless, foolish devices; that their business is so clogged up with cumbersome paraphernalia that it is almost impossible for any but an expert to keep track of things. Such methods hide desired knowledge instead of making it plain. To establish a good system is to avoid complexity, obscurity, so that the condition of the business can be seen at a glance.

Involved, complicated, intricate methods, endless detail, hamper a business. An unclogging set of rules and regulations, a failure to see the value of new ideas, hopelessly throw a concern into the rear when competition comes in. There is as much difference between the equipment of a business office of twenty-five years ago and one of today as there is between the old stage-coach and a railway limited express. Business methods have been simplified in the interest of directness and clearness. Cumbersome forms have disappeared. There are no longer those immense, ponderous volumes which were as much as a book-keeper could handle. Old methods of filing and copying letters and keeping track of business have gone out of vogue. The transfer and records have been revolutionized. The perpetual inventory methods of duplicating purchases and orders and the system of handling correspondence with efficiency and accuracy now in use would amaze an old-time business man. One person today can keep track of more transactions and answer more letters in a day than a dozen men could twenty-five years ago. There are to-day letter files and follow-up cabinets that almost automatically reduce the number of salesmen, cash boys, book-keepers and cashiers, saving money, time, and space. The saving of room in a city store or office is no small item where rents are from \$1.00 to \$3.50 per square foot a year. Those who cling to old methods must fall before well-equipped competitors.

There are many people who do not know how to keep a clear space about them, that they will have freedom for work. They lack the ability to drop a thing after they have finished it, to throw it off their mind, and to concentrate all their energy on the next task to be done.

"My mind," said Napoleon, "is like a chest of drawers. When I am done with one subject, I shut it up; when I have no confusion of ideas."

Systemless people age rapidly because their minds work in confusion. They do not think clearly, and hence with greater effort, at a greater expenditure of brain force. They cannot conserve their energy because they do not know how to take advantage of it.

The man of system does not worry, for he knows that provision has been made for everything, even emergencies. "If we mix and muddle our hours as some men mix and muddle their papers, no good result can be anticipated," says someone.

It is astonishing how much time one can save by having a program and carrying it out,—doing everything at a definite time as far as possible. Some people who think they have a very hard lot, and who claim they never have any leisure, will find that a program will save them more time than they are obliged to hurry the rest of the day to do their work.

Many do not keep track of the time. Instead of consulting a clock or watch, they go by impressions, and are always behind with their work, missing trains, or late for appointments.

"Most of us spend time as thriftless people money," it is said. "Some of us throw it away. Others gamble with it. Most of us spend it without any sense of values. We give an hour to work that could be done in fifteen minutes, and we frantically try to squeeze into an hour, work that to be properly accomplished requires half a day."

I have never known a person to amount to much who was indifferent as to his time. Most achievers are time savers, misers of moments, and this is impossible without orderliness and system.

The youth who would succeed must be himself in perpetual training. He must study to avoid the things which lower his ideals. He must remember that like produces like everywhere; this is an inexorable law. Disordered surroundings tend to produce shiftless thinking, shiftless acting, shiftless living.

"Palled from lack of system," would make a fitting epitaph for tens of thousands of business men. How few people really have any systematic plan in their lives! They neither live by a program nor work to a program. Their efforts are helter skelter. Yet they wonder

that the results are of the same kind. Like the child on the rocking horse, who violently canters up and down, but never gets anywhere, are people who lack the faculty of orderly, straightforward progress.

There is a great health-giving tonic in an orderly life. The mind constructed for system. Something within us says "Amen" to an orderly thing rightly done, and this sends a glow of satisfaction through the whole being. On the other hand, something within us protest against botched an slipshod, careless work, and this protest out-pictures itself in a slouchy manner, a deteriorating character. There is a dignity in an orderly, systematic life which is entirely lacking in the person of slovenly habits. Our health is largely dependent upon our being satisfied with our work and with our lives. If there is perpetual discontent, a constant protest in the mental realm against the work we are doing or the kind of life we are living, we cannot be happy; and without happiness, we cannot get perfect health.

It does not matter how much ability the boy may have, there may be deficiencies of genius in his career, but if he is allowed to work at all sorts of things in any way he pleases without system or order, if he is allowed to grow up without discipline, he will lack dignity, there will be a confusion about his life which will mar all symmetry and completeness.

Whatever career you choose, be sure that you get a fine training in the fundamental qualities which make for success, and without which no great achievement is possible. You may be a genius, and yet if you work without system, in a helter-skelter sort of a way, if you work spasmodically, just when you feel like it, you will have the habit of carelessness and indifference which will seriously mar your career, if not ruin it.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE PEANUT ROASTER

"Fresh-a roast peanuts! peanuts! p-a-nuts! Fresh p-a-n-u-t-s! The varied cry rang shrilly along the street as the vendor deftly swept his new roast into bags and dropped them into outstretched hands, the coins tinkling merrily in his pockets. Bud impulsively thrust his own hand out for a bag, but as quickly drew it back. He first thought had been that he could afford one, his second that he could not. But he moved closer to the curb, near that he could touch the peanut roaster, and stood there and watched.

Presently the last of the outstretched hands were filled, and the vendor turned to him. "Want-a some peanuts?" he asked. "No," answered Budi promptly. "Not any money to spare now."

"Then what for you watch-a me so? Think to steal?" Budi's face flushed, and his small fists clenched. "I've been watchin' you a lot lately," he snorted. "Did you ever catch me tryin' to steal?"

"No," grudgingly. "But what for you watch? Think a learn an buy?" "That's just it," quickly. "I heard you tell a man you wanted to sell-a, and that you could make two dollar a day clean. I can't make a over half that with my papers."

The peanut vender looked at him keenly. "You got-a the money?" he demanded. Budi drew back, thrusting his hands defensively into his pockets. "Mebbe I have, an' mebbe I haven't," he temporized. "What's the best price?"

"Twelve dollar, to you—if you got-a the money. It be worth more as fifteen, easy, but—"

He stopped short, for Budi had started off whistling, his hands still in his pockets. On the next corner was another news-boy, slighter in build and evidently with but little of Budi's self-confidence and aggressiveness, for he was standing on the sheltered side of the corner and holding out his papers passively. Budi went straight to him.

"Not sold a out yet, Paolo?" he queried jovially. "The afternooners will come out in an hour, an' see want some steppin' off time, an' a bit to eat. Here, give-a me hold."

He snatched the papers from the other boy and sped to the head of a well-crowded crossing, to intercept the pedestrians after their passage of the street. The momentary feeling of relief after such a passage he had found to be propitious for the selling of papers. In ten minutes he was back with the proceeds of the sales jingling in his pocket.

"Here you are, pard," he said, as he handed over the coins. "Thirty-five cent-a. Now we go an' get-a the dinner. How-a your feel?" "Hurt bad when I walk-a," replied Paolo, as he limped out beside his friend. "That why I stand so still an' sell paper. Rain an' wind day like this always make him feel-a bad. But I no want dinner. I got piece-a bread in pocket."

GILLETT'S CONFUMED LYE



FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, REMOVING PAINT, DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC. SOLD EVERYWHERE REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Not until all his afternoon papers were sold did Budi again approach the L corner and then he kept his eyes fixed ostentatiously upon the show windows instead of glancing toward the curb.

He had gone a dozen yards beyond the peanut roaster before any notice seemed to be taken of his presence, then: "Hi, you boy there! Come-a back!" Budi turned and walked slowly to the roaster.

"What you want?" he asked. You can't sell-a me any peanuts to-day. "You speak to buy this roaster," snarled Budi. "You want-a him now?" "Maybe yes, maybe no," coolly. "How you goit sell?"

"I've got it," said Budi. "You offer it to a man two weeks ago for ten," he interrupted scornfully. "An' have been main' it ever since. Think again, Luigi!"

"The man looked discomposed for a moment. "You hear that-a," he muttered. "Why, the—man was a friend, an' I offer it to him for—half price. Twelve is—"

"Too much for me," decidedly. "Sell to your friend, I guess you make-a good profit then." He turned away with seeming indifference, but was stopped by a quick: "What you give?"

"Nine dollar, cash," snarled Luigi. "An' in-e dollar!" shrieked Luigi. "Better I give it you." "All right, just as you like. But if you want to sell, think quick, before I change my mind."

He jingled a handful of coins in his pocket, and the musical sound made Luigi's eyes shine greedily. "You got-a all the money?" he queried. "Every bit, an' a little more, right here in my pocket," assured Budi, with a grin. "Yes or no?"

"Yes," grumbled Luigi; "but only 'cause I be in hurry to buy organ when I get him cheap-a. Give me the money."

He held out his hand; but the boy drew back, looking up and down the street. A policeman was standing near the corner, and Budi hurried to him. "Say Mr. Carthy," he exclaimed, "will ye come down-a to the peanut roaster a few minutes an' see I get a square deal?"

"Sure," answered the policeman good naturedly; "and I'm glad to oblige ye, but ye're one of the few boys who've never given me any trouble on the street."

Luigi's face had grown dark, and he glanced sideways toward the policeman as he approached. "Please write a few words sayin' that Luigi sold-a the roaster. An' I've bought it," he requested. "Then watch him sign an' pay the money."

The officer nodded and wrote a few lines on the paper, and handed it to Luigi. "Sign your name or make your mark," he ordered, "then give the paper to me. I'll pass it to the boy when he pays you the money. And understand, I'm a witness that the deal is a fair and square one."

WOODROW WILSON ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Under the caption title: "Some Timber?" the San Francisco Monitor asks the question: Is Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey, a future president of the United States? Many persons, says the Monitor replying to its own question, who welcomed him in California recently, think so. To our mind whatever the chances of the governor of New Jersey occupying the White House at any future time, his words as sensible as they are true, about the Church in the middle ages deserve the widest possible circulation.

"No society is renewed from the top," said Mr. Wilson; "every society is renewed from the bottom. I can give an illustration concerning that which has always interested me profoundly. The only reason why government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic systems which governed them, was that the men who were the efficient instruments of government—most of the officials of government—the men who were efficient—were drawn from the Church, from that great Church body which was the only Church, the body which we now distinguish from other church bodies as the Roman Catholic Church.

"The Roman Catholic Church then, as now, was a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest and no priest so obscure that he might not become the Pope of Christendom.

"Every chancellor in Europe, every court in Europe was ruled by these learned, trained and accomplished men, the priesthood of that great and then dominant Church.

"So, what kept government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of sap from the bottom, from the ranks, from the rank file of the great body of the people through the open channels of the Roman Catholic priesthood."

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In a few minutes the exchange had been made, and the officer walked away with a friendly "Good luck to you, boy," Luigi slouch off in the opposite direction, scowling and evidently felled of some sequel to the trade that had been in his mind. Budi grasped the handle of his cart and pushed it back and forth for a few minutes in the pride of new possession, then set industriously to the roasting and bagging and selling of his stock in trade, keeping a close watch of the sidewalk meanwhile.

At the end of an hour he saw a familiar little figure limping toward him from the corner. "Hello! Hello, there, Paolo!" he called. "Hurry up!"

The limping figure broke into a grotesque dog-trot. "Got it, have you?" he panted, as he came up. "I'm so glad. Isn't it a beauty?"

"Sure is," he snarled. "But hop down here an' gettin' your hand in quick, for I must rush after my papers in a few minutes. You've watched the roaster enough to run it all right-a, I guess; but I'll be round when I've sold out an' drill you a little more. Don't fill the bags to full!"

"But what—why—" began Paolo looking bewildered. "Me help-a, you mean?"

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Opinions differ on this subject, and many arguments both pro and con are thrustled out daily. We do know, however, that the old saying, "Oh, the Player Piano is purely mechanical," has been shelved, and exclamations of surprise greet the performer of the up-to-date instrument.

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you are able to produce all that is possible in music, and whether you are playing a Liszt Concerto or a simple melody, or an accompaniment to an accomplished singer, the work is always criticism.

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ACTS OF THE HOLY SEE

S. CONSISTORIAL CONGREGATION

CIRCULAR LETTER FORBIDDING DUCHESNE'S "HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH" IN ITALIAN SEMINARIES

It is known to the Holy See that Duchesne's "History of the Ancient Church" has found entrance into some seminaries and has been put into the hands of the students...

Had attention been paid to the admissions made in a recent controversy by the very persons who looked after the publication of this work...

But, apart from this confession of the persons interested, I have to put a far graver judgment before the Most Reverend Diocesan Ordinaries...

Add to this the picture he gives of the Martyrs, the great majority of whom he eliminates and whom he often represents as fanatics...

The very Fathers of the Church, those real geniuses of mankind, issue from this history diminished and in some cases annihilated.

The matter having been referred to the Holy Father, His Holiness has fully approved this opinion and has ordered me to make the necessary communications to the Most Reverend Ordinaries of Italy...

Rome, September 1, 1911. G. CARD. DE LAI, Secretary.

THE RED HELL BROTHERHOOD

"If Morgan, Guggenheim and the steel trust, and Ochs and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association want red hell they can have it, but let them take notice that when it comes to the working class alone will not furnish all the victims..."

"To unite the workers of the nation and their allies and sympathizers of all classes... to free all humanity from class rule and to realize the international brotherhood of man..."

What is socialism, anyway? Is it to be a reign of "red hell" or a true realization of the "international brotherhood of man?" Perhaps "red hell" and "brotherhood" are synonymous terms in the hopeful lexicon of the socialist propagandist...

In 1908 the socialists were making a platform of principles on which they could go before the country and ask fair consideration at the hands of the working people...

Do not suffer from hemorrhoids, piles, itching, burning, or protruding hemorrhoids. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as a certain cure you will not need a doctor's or pharmacist's advice...

ABOLISH GREASY, STREAKY CHINA AND GLASSWARE

IMMACULATE table service—sparkling glass and china—gives added zest to any meal.

Most people have bright, glistening glassware—they can see any streakiness when they are drying it and that's why it's clean.

But how about the china? It may look clean—but it's not transparent. No one can tell for certain whether there's a blue scum on it or not—and, as a rule, it doesn't get the polishing that gives the sparkle to a tumbler.



Sunlight Soap washes dishes absolutely clean. You can prove that for yourself—try it on glassware where the transparency will let you see and then you can judge how it removes grease and uncleanness.

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

SUNLIGHT SOAP

vague, at least no reference was made to the red hell portion of their political principles. When they sound the tocsin of red revolt, it is an appeal to those who have been drawn into the socialist ranks, whose minds have been poisoned by the recital of alleged crimes of the powerful and unscrupulous rich against the weak and defenseless poor.

The socialist ideal, of course, is to equalize things, so that "profit" shall be eliminated from our system of production and distribution. "Profit" must be eliminated from a man's daily wages. Everything will be run without profit. Therefore the trusts will be unable to rob the poor merchants, and the merchants will be unable to rob the poorer consumer.

They demanded an extension of the inheritance tax and a graduated income tax in the Chicago platform. How anybody is to receive an inheritance in a socialized democracy, or how he is to have an income and problems which only a capitalist can solve, perhaps, however, it would be interesting to know where the government is to get the money with which to inaugurate and carry on the public works where the socialists demand.

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Still, the socialists may be serving a useful purpose. They do call attention to industrial wrongs, even if they offer no solution; they point out political dishonesty, even if their remedy is sophistry. And their outbreaks against "foul conspiracies" hatched in the "festering brains" and executed by the "black hands of the black-hearted friends" or "blear-eyed capitalist vipers" and "plutocratic bandits," serve as a sort of balance wheel to keep self-respecting working men from becoming members of the Red Hell Brotherhood.—Intermountain Catholic.



REASONS FOR OPPOSITION OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIALISM

International Catholic Truth Society. The question is often asked, "Why does the Catholic Church oppose Socialism?" After reading the following extracts from the official organ of the Socialist Party in New York City, we will not be surprised at the attitude of the Church. Here are a few gems picked at random:

"Christianity stands to-day for what is lowest and basest in life. The Church of to-day sounds the loudest note in human life. It is the most degrading of all our institutions and the most brutalizing in its effects on the common life."

"The Christian Church, which has for centuries espoused the bloody cause of the oppressors as against the oppressed; which has everywhere and at all times been the bulwark of exploitation—the Christian Church—is now passing through the stage of decadence, from whence I do hope it will go to the regions where Pluto doth reign. The Christian religion as a whole, and the Catholic Church especially, holds women to be a vile, filthy animal. The Socialist Party, as a Martian organization, should give no support to any movement which aims to strengthen feeling among the workmen."

"Religion is probably a nice phantasy for undeveloped brains, but not for people advanced as far as to reduce every conceivable idea to a mathematical problem."

"In the light of the current material outlook and the current skepticism touching supernatural matters, some question may fairly be entertained as to the religious cult of Christianity. Its fortunes in the proximate future, as well as its intrinsic value for the current scheme of civilization, may be subject to doubt."

"The place of the Church will be taken by the socialist movement. Socialism is a political, economic and social movement primarily. But it is also a religion that has won the hearts of millions of men and women."

Such expressions coming from men who are leaders in the socialist movement have called forth the following protest from a man who loves his country and who realizes what a terrible menace socialism is to its peace and security:

An Endorsement From South Africa

Mr. B. J. Hassett, Sanitary Manager for the Bloemfontein Corporation, South Africa, sends to have formed a very high opinion of that well known Canadian remedy, Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. This is what he writes:

"Douglas' Egyptian Liniment has worked wonders in our stables, hence our repeated orders for same. I have never used a medicine to stop bleeding, cure foot rot, sprains or any old sores, with such good results. I find it equally good for human beings, and am writing this as I consider it is everyone's duty to acknowledge a good article." In every home and in every stable there is frequently an urgent need for a liniment to stop bleeding, relieve pain, heal wounds and clean out sores. What's the use of prolonging the agony and wasting time with any other liniment but the best—Douglas' Egyptian Liniment? It acts quickly and surely, and its benefits are permanent. 25c. at all dealers. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

seen that date may have to be changed. The Annual Requiem Mass for deceased members and relatives of members of which will be sent the parish priests for announcement when date is fixed. JAMES O'HAGAN, Cor. Secretary.

An Interesting Event. Woodstock, Oct. 1.—To-day was a red letter day in the history of St. Mary's Church when the congregation was joined by many townspeople in the church's celebration of her silver jubilee. Bishop Fallon of London, accompanied by his private secretary Rev. Father Tierney, his chancellor, Rev. Father McKeown, and Rev. Father Hanlon, pastor of North London, motored over and in the morning his Lordship celebrated pontifical high Mass. In the evening there was solemn musical vespers, and at both services the bishop preached eloquent sermons. Large congregations attended both services and during the day Father Stanley was the recipient of many congratulations on the success of his work in St. Mary's Church.

Death of Sheriff Brady. Toronto Globe, Sept. 30.—The death took place to-day of Mr. James Brady, who for the last twenty years has officiated as Sheriff of Oxford county. The deceased was eighty years of age and was born in Prescot county, Ireland, to be appointed Sheriff he was an auctioneer in Ingersoll, where he was one of the best known men in Oxford county and was universally respected. He was a great friend of the poorer classes, and it was his delight to assist in any work of charity that was undertaken. The deceased had only been ill a few days, having contracted pneumonia some time early in the week. In religion he was a Roman Catholic.

INTERESTED.—As soon as possible, it is a difficult matter to procure a good one.

One of the Marvels of the World. The Bollandists, "Lives of the Saints" is one of the marvels of the world. The society or group of writers known as the Bollandists was founded about three centuries ago, with the object of publishing the "Acts of the Saints" and the history of their cult, according to the order of the liturgical calendar.

The first volume of the great work was published in 1642, just 269 years ago. At least 150 years more will be required for the completion of this vast work. When it is completed the whole will occupy sixty large volumes. And it is marvelous to consider the amount and extent of the labor contributed to the perfection of this standard work.

Liverpool, N. S., Sept. 25, 1911. Editor RECORD.—Dear Sir,—In your issue of the 15th inst. appears a memorial hymn signed "P. J. M., Jobs Cove, Nfld." The hymn is of some years, and was written by a Mrs. Huis, and was composed by Ira D. Sankey. The title is "The Christian's Good Night." The early Christians, it is said, were accustomed to bid those of their friends who were passing away a "Good-Night," so sure were they of awakening at the resurrection day. CHAS. WARMAN.

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"Lives of the Saints." It is a monument of the greatest learning and the most painstaking industry of all European scholars and scientists, who in one way or another, by their discoveries, contributed to it.

CONSTANT READER.—There is no foundation whatever for the report to which you refer. It is but the silly gossip of those who wish to injure him. He not only always has been, but is now, a good practical Catholic. The publisher of THE CATHOLIC RECORD has personal knowledge that such is the case.

Editor RECORD.—Dear Sir,—In your issue of the 15th inst. appears a memorial hymn signed "P. J. M., Jobs Cove, Nfld." The hymn is of some years, and was written by a Mrs. Huis, and was composed by Ira D. Sankey. The title is "The Christian's Good Night." The early Christians, it is said, were accustomed to bid those of their friends who were passing away a "Good-Night," so sure were they of awakening at the resurrection day. CHAS. WARMAN.

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WANTED A SECOND OR THIRD CLASS teacher for the junior room of R. C. Separate school in the village of Dublin. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Salary at the rate of \$25 per annum. Address Bernard O'Connell, Sec. Treas., Dublin, Ont.

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The Union Secretary will represent Toronto at the Baltimore Congress. The next quarterly meeting of the Union will be held in St. Francis' Church the last Monday in December, unless for some reason at present unfore-